LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

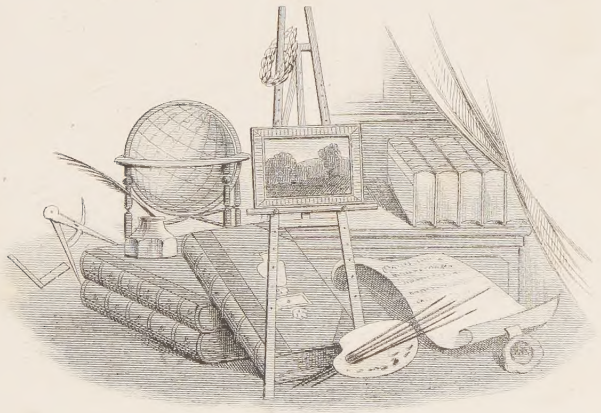
From an enamel Miniature by Zink, in the possession of Charles Colville Esqr.

THE BRITISH
Letter Writers

A COLLECTION OF THE BEST ENGLISH

LETTERS

FROM THE 15TH CENTURY TO THE PRESENT TIME.



EDINBURGH.

WILLIAM P. NIMMO & Co.

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THE

BRITISH LETTER WRITERS:

A COMPREHENSIVE COLLECTION OF THE BEST ENGLISH LETTERS

FROM THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY TO THE PRESENT TIME.

COMPRISING

LETTERS, FAMILIAR AND DOMESTIC, HISTORICAL, POLITICAL, LITERARY, AND DESCRIPTIVE.

COMPILED AND ARRANGED BY

THE EDITOR OF THE 'ENGLISH ESSAYISTS,' 'TREASURY OF MODERN BIOGRAPHY,' 'TREASURY OF BRITISH ELOQUENCE,' 'TREASURY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE,' 'ENGLISH CIRCUMNAVIGATORS,' ETC. ETC.

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PREFACE.

In adding a few prefatory sentences to the fifth volume which has passed from the hand of the present compiler into the series in which this volume appears, it may be sufficient to say, in the first place, that the idea of making a collection of the best English letters is not a new one with him. Some years before the issue of Mr. Scoone's admirable *Four Centuries of English Letters*, to which we have been indebted, the idea had taken shape which has only now been executed. The matter in this volume will be found much greater in quantity, however, than in the work we have mentioned.

The compiler has endeavoured to do his best with the materials under command. For any modern names which do not appear, the fact that their works are copyright must be held as a sufficient reason. All that the compiler claims to have done is to have made a collection of English letters from the best sources at command. No attempt has been made at the annotation of the letters beyond a brief explanatory note at the beginning of those letters which seemed to require it. In some cases an author's own words have been used as an explanatory note. The book is arranged in two sections—(1) Familiar and Domestic; (2) Historical, Literary, and Descriptive Letters. Although this distinction has been preserved as closely as possible, in many cases a letter may naturally fall as readily into one division as another, and may have characteristics common to both.

Such a collection does not need an apology. As materials for biography and history, letters have always occupied a high and indispensable place. When good and characteristic, as in the lives of Arnold, Dickens, Carlyle, Macaulay, or Kingsley, they constitute the best key to the character of the subject of the memoir, and in all probability lend the chief charm to the work for many a reader. For instance, we see the real Charles Dickens shining less or more through every letter that he wrote. The same is the case in Froude's *Carlyle*. Looked at as materials for history, letters have always held an important place; we have a part of the Sacred Writings cast in the form of letters; many gems of literature thus exist in which pathos, humour, fine feeling, and good criticism are freely displayed. The heart of a subject is sometimes laid bare in a familiar letter in a way in which we do not find it in the page of sober history; we come, too, into close contact with the mind of the now historical persons who penned them, and catch, as in a mirror, some of their faded lineaments. Of course, just as we have tedious and tiresome people, we have tedious, flippant, and tiresome letters, with small reason for historical existence; but these can be easily avoided.

It would take up too much space to mention all the works drawn upon. We have already mentioned our indebtedness to Mr. Scoone's book; in addition we might mention: *A Select Collection of Original Letters written by the most Eminent Persons*, 2 vols. (Rivington, and R. & J. Dodsley, 1755), up till that time the best selection published; also *The Letters of Eminent Persons*, selected and illustrated by R. A. Willmott (1839), many of whose valuable and discriminating notes have been adopted for this book. Acknowledgments are due to the following firms and private individuals who have kindly granted the use of valuable letters:—Messrs. Longman & Co.; Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.; Isbister & Co.; Mr. Maclehose; Bickers & Son; T. C. Jack; the Proprietors of Dr. Livingstone's *Life;* Misses Dickens and Hogarth; the late Dr. Hanna; Dr. Peter Bayne; and Mrs. Bishop (Isabella L. Bird).

'Letters, such as are written from wise men, are of all the words of men in my judgment the best.
—Lord Bacon.

TO THE KNOWING READER, TOUCHING FAMILIAR LETTERS.

Love is the life of friendship. Letters are
The life of love, the loadstones that by rare
Attraction make souls meet, and melt, and mix,
As when by fire exalted gold we fix.
They are those winged postillions that can fly
From the Antarctic to the Arctic sky;
The heralds and swift harbingers that move
From east to west on embassies of love.
They can the Tropics cut, and cross the Line,
And swim from Ganges to the Rhone or Rhine;
From Thames to Tagus, and hence to Tiber run,
And terminate their journey with the sun.
They can the cabinets of kings unscrue,
And hardest intricacies of state unclue;
They can the Tartar tell what the Mogor
Or the great Turk doth on the Asian shore.
The Knez of them may know what Prester John
Doth with his camels in the Torrid Zone:
Which made the Indian Incas think they were
Spirits who in white sheets the air did tear.
The lucky goose saved Jove's beleaguered hill,
Once by her noise, but oftener by her quill;
It twice prevented Rome, was not o'er-run,
By the tough Vandal and the rough-hewn Hun.
Letters can plot though moulded underground,
Disclose, and their fell 'complices confound.
Witness that fiery pile which would have blown
Up to the clouds prince, people, peers, and town,
Tribunals, church and chapel, and had dried
The Thames, though swelling in her highest pride,
And parboil'd the poor fish, which from her sands
Had been tossed up to the adjoining lands.
Lawyers as vultures had soared up and down,
Prelates like magpies in the air had flown,
Had not the eagle's letter brought to light
That subterranean, horrid work of night.
Credential letters states and kingdoms tie,
And monarchs knit in leagues of amity;
They are those golden links that do enchain
Whole nations, those descended by the main;
They are the soul of trade, they make commerce
Expand itself throughout the universe.
Letters may more than history enclose—
The choicest learning both in verse and prose;
They knowledge can and to our souls display
By a more gentle and familiar way.
The highest points of state and policy,
The most severe parts of philosophy,
May be their subject, and their themes enrich
As well as private businesses in which
Friends use to correspond and kindred greet,
Merchants negotiate, the whole world meet.
In Seneca's rich letters are enshrined
Whate'er the ancient sages left behind.
Tully makes his the secret symptoms tell
Of those distempers which proud Rome befell,
When in her highest flourish she would make
Her tribes from the ocean homage take.
Great Antonius the emperor did gain
More glory by his letters than his reign;
His pen outlasts his pike, each golden line
In his epistles doth his name enshrine.
Aurelius by his letters did the same,
And they in chief immortalize his fame.
Words vanish soon and vapour into air,
While letters and records stand fresh and fair,
And tell our nephews who to us were dear,
Who our choice friends, who our familiars were.
The bashful lover, when his stammering lips
Falter, and fear some unadvised slips,
May boldly court his mistress with the quill,
And his hot passions to her breast instil.
The pen can furrow a fond female heart,
And pierce it more than Cupid's feignèd dart.
Letters a kind of magic virtue have,
And like strong philtres human souls enslave.
Speech is the index, letters ideas are
Of the informing soul they can declare,
And show the inward man as we behold
A face reflecting in a crystal mould.
They serve the dead and living, they become
Attorneys and administers. In sum,
Letters, like Gordian knot, do nations tie,
Else all commerce and love 'twixt men would die.

[James Howell, prefatory to his *Epistolæ Ho-elianæ, Familiar Letters, Domestic and Forren.* 1645.]

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THE BRITISH LETTER WRITERS.

FAMILIAR AND DOMESTIC LETTERS.

[We are indebted to Sir John Fenn, of East Dereham, in Norfolk, for the first issue of the *Paston Letters* in two folio volumes in 1787. Other volumes followed, and their editor was knighted by the king, to whom they were dedicated. These letters are extremely valuable in this sense, that they reflect the political and domestic history of England from 1422 to 1500. A more complete collection of these letters, containing about 400 additional specimens, gleaned from many sources, was made by Mr. James Gardner, carefully edited and chronologically arranged. The work was completed in 1875.]

AGNES PASTON TO HER SON.

To my well-beloved Son, John Paston,—Son, I greet you well, and send you God's blessing and mine, and let you weet (*know*) that Robert Hill came homeward by Orwellbury, and Guerney telled him he had been at London for money, and could not speeden, and behested (*promised*) Robert that he should send me money by you; I pray forget it not as ye come homeward, and speak sadly (*seriously*) for another farmer. And as for tydings, Philip Berney is passed to God on Monday last past with the greatest pain that ever I saw man; and on Tuesday Sir John Hevingham yede (*went*) to his church and heard three masses, and came home again never merrier, and said to his wife that he would go say a little devotion in his garden, and then he would dine; and forthwith he felt a fainting in his leg, and syyd (*slid*) down; this was at nine of the clock, and he was dead ere noon.

My cousin Clere prays ye that you let no man see her letter, which is ensealed under my seal. I pray you that you will pay your brother William for four ounces and an half of silk as he paid, which he sent me by William Taverner, and bring with you a quarter of an ounce even like of the same that I send you closed in this letter; and say (*tell*) your brother William that his horse hath one farcy and great running sores in his legs. God have you in keeping.

Written at Norwich, on Saint Thomas' Even, in great haste, by your mother,

Agnes Paston.

Norwich, Friday, 6th of July 1453.

EDMUND CLERE TO JOHN PASTON.

January 9, 1455.

Right well-beloved Cosyn,—I recomaund me to you, latyng you wite such tidings as we have.

Blessed be God, the King is wel amended, and hath ben syn Cristemesday, and on Seint Jones day comaunded his awmener to ride to Caunterbury with his offryng, and comaunded the secretarie to offre at Seint Edwards.

And on the Moneday after noon the Queen came to him, and brought my Lord Prynce with her. And then he askid what the Princes name was, and the Queen told him Edward; and then he hild up his hands and thankid God thereof. And he seid he never knew til that tyme, nor wist not what was seid to him, nor wist not where he had be, whils he hath be seke til now. And he askid who was godfaders, and the Queen told him, and he was well apaid.

And she told him that the Cardinal[1] was dede, and he said he knew never thereof till that time; and he seid oon of the wisist Lords in his land was dede.

And my Lord of Wynchestr and my Lord of Seint Jones were with him on the morrow after Twelftheday, and he speke to hem as well as ever he did; and when thei come out thei

[1] John Kemp, Cardinal Archbishop of Canterbury and Chancellor.

wept for joye. And he seith he is in charitee with all the world, and so he wold all the Lords were. And now he seith matyns of Our Lady and evesong, and herith his masse devoutly; and Richard shall tell yow more tidings by mouth.

I pray yow recomaund me to my Lady Morley and to Maister Prior, and to my Lady Felbrigge and to my Lady Hevenyngham, and to my cosyn your moder, and to my cosyn your wife.

Wreten at Grenewich on Thursday after Twelftheday, be your cosyn,

EDMUND CLERE.

[The originals of some of these letters of Henry VIII. to Anne Boleyn are supposed to have been stolen from her in 1528, and were afterwards deposited in the Vatican, where they remained until taken from thence in the invasion of Italy by the French. They were again restored in 1815. Anne Boleyn was one of the maids of honour to Queen Catherine, and it was while residing at the palace that the King formed an attachment to her. She enjoyed her elevation for three years, when the liking of this volatile monarch fell upon Jane Seymour. She was accused of conjugal infidelities, arrested by the King's command, and executed in 1536. The determination of the King to marry her caused the rupture between England and the Church of Rome. She was the mother of Queen Elizabeth.]

HENRY VIII. TO ANNE BOLEYN.

MY SWEETHEART AND FRIEND,—I and my heart put themselves into your hands, begging of you to take them to your good favour; and that, by my being absent from you, your affection may not be diminished towards them; for it would be a great pity to augment their pain; for absence gives me enough, and more than ever, and more than I could have thought; and calls to my remembrance a point of astronomy, which is this, That by how much farther the moors are distant from the sun, the heat is notwithstanding more fervent; so it is with our love. For though we are personally distant from each other, the heat of love remains, at least on our side, and I hope the same on yours; assuring you that the anxiety of absence is already too great; and when I think of the augmentation thereof, which I must still suffer, if it was not for the firm hope I have of your inviolable affection towards me, to put you in remembrance of that, since I cannot be personally with you at present. I send you the nearest likeness to it I can, to wit, my picture set in bracelets, the only device which I have left, wishing myself in their place whenever it shall please you.

Written by the hand of

Your Servant and Friend.

TO THE SAME.

The uneasiness I bore by being uncertain of your health, gave me a great deal of trouble; nor could I enjoy any quiet without knowing the truth. But as you have as yet felt nothing, I hope I may assure you that you will escape it,[1] as I hope we have; for we were at Waltham, where two ushers, two *valets de chambre*, your brother, and master treasurer fell sick, but are now perfectly recovered; since which we betook ourselves to your house at Hondson, where, God be praised, we are very well for the present; and I believe, if you will retire from Surrey, as we have done, you will escape it without any danger. And to give you still greater comfort, I am informed, of a truth, that very few or no women have fell sick, but none of our court, and that very few in these parts have died; wherefore I beg of you, my dearly beloved, to harbour no fear, nor to give yourself uneasiness at our absence. For wheresoever I am, I am yours. Notwithstanding we must sometimes obey the will of fortune; for who will, in some things, strive against her, are often drove the farthest back; wherefore comfort yourself, and be courageous, and fling away all evil as far as you can. I hope soon to make you sing the return. Time, at present, will let me write no more, but that I wish myself in your arms, to ease you of your just thoughts.

Written by the hand of him who is, and ever shall be, Yours.

TO THE SAME.

[1528.]

The examining the contents of your letters put me into a very great agony, not knowing how to understand them, whether to my disadvantage, as in some others I understand; begging of you, with a sincere heart, to inform me of your intentions, in regard to the love between us. Necessity obliges me to insist on this answer, having, for more than a year past, been pierced by a dart of love, not being assured where to find place in your heart and affection; which certain last point has guarded me a little while in this, not to call you my mistress, with which, if you love me but with a common love, this name is not appropriated to you; for that denotes a singularity vastly different from common love. But if you have a mind to perform the part of a truly loyal mistress and friend, give yourself body and heart to me, who would be, and has been long, your most loyal

[1] The sweating sickness.

servant. If with rigour you do not forbid me, I promise, that not only the name shall be due to you, but likewise take you for my mistress; rejecting and treating others, in comparison of you, far from thought and affection, and to serve you only; begging of you to give me a full answer to this rude letter, on which and in which I may trust. But if you do not please to give an answer in writing, appoint some place where I may have it by word of mouth, and with a willing heart I will meet you at the place. No more, for fear of incommoding you.

Written with the hand of him who would willingly remain Yours.

TO THE SAME.

I heartily thank you for your handsome present, than which, well weighing the whole, nothing is more beautiful, not only for the beautiful diamond, and vessel in which the solitary damsel is tossed; but principally for the beautiful interpretation and most humble submission, by your goodness in this case made use of, well thinking, that to merit this by opportunity will be very difficult, if your great humanity and favour did not assist me, for which I have watched, watch, and will watch all opportunities of retaliation possible; to remain in which, my whole hope has placed its immutable intention, which says, *aut illic, aut nullibi.*

The demonstrances of your affection are such, the beautiful words, the letters so affectionately couched, which, in truth, oblige for ever to honour you, love and serve you; begging of you to continue in this firm and constant purpose; on my part assuring you, that I will rather augment it, than make it reciprocal, if loyalty of heart, desire of pleasing you, without any other motive, may advance it; praying you, that if any time heretofore I have given you offence, that you would give me the same pardon that you ask; assuring you, that for the future my heart shall be wholly dedicated to you, much desiring that the body might be also, as God can do it, if he pleases, to whom I beg once a day to do it, hoping that in time my prayers may be heard, wishing the time to be short, thinking it very long to our review.

Written by the hand of my secretary, who, in heart, body, and will, is

Your loyal and most assured Servant.

TO THE SAME.

Approaching near the time, which has seemed so long to me, I rejoice the more, because it seems to me almost come, notwithstanding the entire accomplishment cannot be till the two persons are met; which meeting is more desired on my part than any worldly thing; for what satisfaction can be so great in this world, as to enjoy the company of one's most dearly beloved, knowing that she has the same pleasure on her side? The thought of which gives me a deal of pleasure; then judge what must the person do, whose absence has given me more heart-achings than tongue or writing can express, and which nothing but her preference can remedy? Begging you, my dear, to tell your father on my part, to come two days before the time appointed, that he may be at court before, or at least on the day fixed; for otherwise I shall think that he made not the course of the amorous, nor answered my expectation. No more at present, for want of time; hoping very soon that, by word of mouth, I shall tell you the pains I have suffered during your absence.

Written by the hand of my secretary, who wishes himself now privately with you, who is, and ever will be,

Your loyal and most assured Servant.

TO THE SAME.

DARLING,—These shall be only to advertise you, that this bearer and his fellow be despatched with as many things to compass our matter, and to bring it to pass, as our wits could imagine or devise; which brought to pass, as I trust by their diligence it shall be shortly, you and I shall have our desired end, which should be more to my heart's ease, and more quietness to my mind than any other thing in this world, as, with God's grace, shortly I trust shall be proved; but not so soon as I would it were. Yet I will insure you there shall be no time lost that may be won, and further cannot be done, for *ultra posse non est esse.* Keep him not too long with you, but desire him, for your sake, to make the more speed; for the sooner we shall have word from him, the sooner shall our matter come to pass. And thus, upon trust of your short repair to London, I make an end of my letter, mine own sweetheart.

Written with the hand of him who desireth as much to be yours, as you do to have him.

[Probably one of the most affecting effusions ever penned is poor Anne Boleyn's last letter to her capricious lord and master, embracing as it does—to use the language of Addison—'the expostulations of a slighted lover, the resentments of an injured woman, and the sorrows of an imprisoned queen.'—Seton's *Letters and Letter Writers.*]

ANNE BOLEYN TO HENRY VIII.

SIR,—Your Grace's displeasure, and my imprisonment, are things so strange unto me, as what to write, or what to excuse, I am alto-

gether ignorant. Whereas you send unto me (willing me to confess a truth, and so obtain your favour) by such an one, whom you know to be mine ancient professed enemy, I no sooner received this message by him, than I rightly conceived your meaning; and if, as you say, confessing a truth indeed may procure my safety, I shall with all willingness and duty perform your command.

But let not your Grace ever imagine, that your poor wife will ever be brought to acknowledge a fault, where not so much as a thought thereof preceded. And to speak a truth, never Prince had wife more loyal in all duty, and in all true affection, than you have ever found in Ann Boleyn; with which name and place I could willingly have contented myself, if God and your Grace's pleasure had been so pleased. Neither did I at any time so far forget myself in my exaltation or received Queenship, but that I always looked for such an alteration as I now find; for the ground of my preferment being on no surer foundation than your Grace's fancy, the least alteration, I knew, was fit and sufficient to draw that fancy to some other object. You have chosen me, from a low estate, to be your queen and companion, far beyond my desert or desire. If, then, you find me worthy of such honour, good your Grace, let not any light fancy, or bad counsel of mine enemies, withdraw your princely favour from me; neither let that stain, that unworthy stain, of a disloyal heart towards your good Grace, ever cast so foul a blot on your most dutiful wife, and the Infant-Princess your daughter. Try me, good King, but let me have a lawful trial, and let not my sworn enemies sit as my accusers and judges; yea, let me receive an open trial, for my truth shall fear no open shame; then shall you see either mine innocence cleared, your suspicion and conscience satisfied, the ignominy and slander of the world stopped, or my guilt openly declared. So that whatsoever God or you may determine of me, your Grace may be freed from an open censure, and mine offence being so lawfully proved, your Grace is at liberty, both before God and man, not only to execute worthy punishment on me as an unlawful wife, but to follow your affection, already settled on that party for whose sake I am now as I am, whose name I could some good while since have pointed unto, your Grace not being ignorant of my suspicion therein.

But if you have already determined of me, and that not only my death, but an infamous slander must bring you the enjoying of your desired happiness; then I desire of God, that He will pardon your great sin therein, and likewise mine enemies, the instruments thereof, and that He will not call you to a strict account for your unprincely and cruel usage of me, at His general judgment-seat, where both you and myself must shortly appear, and in whose judgment I doubt not (whatsoever the world may think of me) mine innocence shall be openly and sufficiently cleared.

My last and only request shall be, that myself may only bear the burden of your Grace's displeasure, and that it may not touch the innocent souls of those poor gentlemen who (as I understand) are likewise in strait imprisonment for my sake. If ever I have found favour in your sight, if ever the name of Ann Boleyn hath been pleasing in your ears, then let me obtain this request, and I will so leave to trouble your Grace any further, with mine earnest prayers to the Trinity to have your Grace in His good keeping, and to direct you in all your actions. From my doleful prison in the Tower, this sixth of May.

Your most loyal and ever faithful wife,

ANN BOLEYN.[1]

[On receipt of the news that the greater part of his house at Chelsea, with outhouses and granaries, had been burnt.]

SIR THOMAS MORE TO HIS WIFE.

With the Court at Woodstock: September 3, 1529.

MISTRESS ALYCE,—In my most harty wise, I recomend me to you. And whereas I am enfourmed by my son Heron of the loss of our barnes, and our neighbours also, with all the corne that was therein, albeit (saving God's pleasure) it is great pitie of so much good corne lost, yet sith it hath liked Hym to send us such a chance, we must not only be content, but also be glad of His visitation. He sent us all that we have lost: and sith He hath by such a chance taken it away againe, His pleasure be fulfilled. Let us never grudge thereat, but take it in good worth, and heartely thank Him, as well for adversitie, as for prosperitie. And par adventure we have more cause to thank Him for our loss than for our winning. For His wisdom better seeth what is good for us than we do ourselves. Therefore I pray you be of good cheere, and take all the howsold with you to church, and there thank God both for that He hath given us, and for that He hath left us, which if it please Hym, he can increase when He will. And if it please Him to leave us yet lesse, at Hys pleasure be it. I pray you to make some good ensearche what my poor neighbours have lost, and bidde them take no thought therefore, and if I shold not leave myself a spoone, there shall no poore neighbour of mine bere no losse by any chance happened in my

[1] First printed in the *Life and Reign of Henry VIII.*, 1649, by Lord Herbert; but doubts are entertained by some as to its genuineness.

house. I pray you be with my children and household mery in God. And devise somewhat with your friends, what way wer best to take, for provision to be made for corne for our household and for sede thys yere coming, if ye thinke it good that we keepe the ground still in our handes.

And whether ye think it good yt we so shall do or not, yet I think it were not best sodenlye thus to leave it all up, and to put away our folk of our farme, till we have somewhat advised us thereon. Howbeit if we have more nowe than ye shall neede, and which can get the other maister's, ye may then discharge us of them. But I would not that any men wer sodenly sent away he wote nere wether. At my coming hither I perceived none other, but that I should tary still with the Kinges grace. But now I shall (I think), because of this chance, get leave this next weke to come home and se you; and then shall we further devise together uppon all things, what order shall be best to take: and thus as hartely fare you well with all our children as you can wishe.

At Woodstok the thirde daye of September, by the hand of your loving husband,

THOMAS MORE, Knight.

AN ORIGINAL LETTER FROM LADY MORE TO MR. SECRETARY CROMWELL.

RIGHT HONORABLE, AND MY ESPECYALL GUD MAISTER SECRETARYE.—In my most humble wyse I recommend me unto your gud Mastershypp, knowlegyng myself to be most deeply boundyn to your gud maistershypp, for your manyfold gudenesse, and lovyng favor, both before this tyme, and yet dayly, now also shewyd towards my poure husband and me. I pray Almyghtye God continew your gudnes so styll, for thereupon hangith the greatest part of my poure husband's comfort and myne. The cause of my wrytyng, at this tyme, is to certyfye your especiall gud maistershypp of my great and extreme necessyte; which on and besydes the charge of myn own house, doe pay weekly 15 shillings for the board-wages of my poure husband, and his servant; for the mayntaining whereof I have ben compellyd, of verey necessyte, to sell part of myn apparell, for lack of other substance to make money of. Wherefore my most humble petition and sewte to your maistershypp at this time, is to desire your maistershipp's favorable advyse and counsell whether I may be so bold to attend upon the King's most gracyouse Highnes. I trust theyr is no dowte in the cause of my impediment; for the yonge man, being a ploughman, had been dyseased with the ague by the space of three years before that he departed. And besides this, it is now fyve weeks sith he departed, and no other person dyseased in the house sith that tyme: wherefore I most humblye beseche your especyal gud maistershypp (as my only trust is, and ells knowe not what to doe, but utterly in this world to be undone) for the love of God to consyder the premisses; and therupponn of your most subundant gudnes, to shewe your most favorable helpe to the comfortyng of my poure husband and me, in this our great hevynes, extreme age, and necessyte. And thus we, and all ours, shall dayly, duryng our lyves, pray to God for the prosperous successe of your ryght honorable dygnyte.

By your poure contynuall oratryx,

DAME ALIS MORE.

To the Right Honorable, and her especyall gud Maister, Maister Secretarye.

[Sir Thomas Wyatt, an accomplished poet of the time of Henry VIII., had been sent to Spain on an embassy in 1537. While abroad, he sent these letters to his son Thomas. Wyatt was executed in 1554, because he disapproved of the marriage of Queen Mary to Philip of Spain. In the writing of these letters, Professor Morley is of opinion that he had Seneca as his model.]

SIR THOMAS WYATT FROM OUT OF SPAIN, TO HIS SON WHEN SEVENTEEN YEARS OLD.

LETTER I.

Inasmuch as now ye are come to some years of understanding, and that ye should gather within yourself some frame of honesty; I thought that I should not lese[1] my labour wholly if now I did something advertise you to take the sure foundations, and stablished opinions that leadeth to honesty.

And here, I call not honesty that men commonly call honesty, as reputation for riches, for authority, or some like thing; but that honesty, that I dare well say your grandfather (whose soul God pardon) had rather left to me than all the lands he did leave me; that was, wisdom, gentleness, soberness, desire to do good, friendliness to get the love of many, and truth above all the rest.

A great part to have all these things, is to desire to have them. And although glory and honest name are not the very ends wherefore these things are to be followed, yet surely they must needs follow them as light followeth fire, though it were kindled for warmth.

Out of these things the chiefest and infallible ground is the dread and reverence of God, whereupon shall ensue the eschewing of the contraries of these said virtues; that is to say,

[1] Early English, 'leo'san,' passed into the two forms *lese* and *lose*.

ignorance, unkindness, rashness, desire of harm, unquiet enmity, hatred, many and crafty falsehoods, the very root of all shame and dishonesty. I say, the only dread and reverence of God that seeth all things, is the defence of the creeping in of all these mischiefs into you. And for my part, although I do well say there is no man that would his son better than I, yet on my faith I had rather have you lifeless, than subject to these vices.

Think and imagine always that ye are in presence of some honest man that ye know; as Sir John Russell, your father-in-law, your Uncle Parson, or some other such, and ye shall, if at any time ye find a pleasure in naughty touches, remember what shame it were afore these men to do naughtily. And sure this imagination shall cause you remember, that the pleasure of a naughty deed is soon past, and the rebuke, shame, and the note thereof shall remain ever.

Then, if these things ye take for vain imaginations, yet remember that it is certain, and no imagination, that ye are alway in the presence and sight of God; and though ye see Him not, so much is the reverence the more to be had for that He seeth, and is not seen.

Men punish with shame as greatest punishment on earth; yea, greater than death. But His punishment is: first, the withdrawing of His favour, and grace, and, in leaving His hand to rule the stern, to let the ship run without guide to its own destruction; and suffereth so the man that He forsaketh to run headlong as subject to all mishaps, and at last with shameful end to everlasting shame and death.

Ye may see continual examples both of the one sort, and of the other; and the better, if ye mark them well that yourself are come of; and consider well your good grandfather,[1] what things there were in him, and his end. And they that knew him noted him thus. First, and chiefly to have a great reverence of God and good opinion of godly things. Next, that there was no man more pitiful; no man more true of his word; no man faster to his friend; no man diligenter nor more circumspect, which thing both the Kings his masters noted in him greatly. And if these things, and specially the grace of God that the fear of God alway kept with him, had not been, the chances of this troublesome world that he was in had long ago overwhelmed him. This preserved him in prison from the hands of the tyrant that could find in his heart to see him racked; from two years and more prisonment in Scotland in irons and stocks; from the danger of sudden changes and commotions divers, till that well beloved of many, hated of none, in his fair age, and good reputation, godly and christianly he went to Him that loved him, for that he always had Him in reverence.

[1] Sir Henry Wyatt.

And of myself, I may be a near example unto you of my folly and unthriftiness, that hath, as I well deserved, brought me into a thousand dangers and hazards, enmities, hatreds, prisonments, despites, and indignations; but that God hath of His goodness chastised me, and not cast me clean out of His favour; which thing I can impute to nothing but to the goodness of my good father, that, I dare well say purchased with continual request of God His grace towards me more than I regarded, or considered myself; and a little part to the small fear that I had of God in the most of my rage, and the little delight that I had in mischief. You therefore if you be sure, and have God in your sleeve to call you to His grace at last, venture hardily by mine example upon naughty unthriftiness, in trust of His goodness, and besides the shame, I dare lay ten to one ye shall perish in the adventure. For trust me, that my wish or desire of God for you shall not stand you in as much effect, as I think my father's did for me: we are not all accepted of Him.

Begin, therefore, betimes. Make God and goodness your foundations. Make your examples of wise and honest men: shoot at that mark: be no mocker, mocks follow them that delight therein. He shall be sure of shame that feeleth no grief in other men's shames. Have your friends in a reverence; and think unkindness to be the greatest offence, and least punished among men; but so much the more to be dread, for God is justicer upon that alone.

Love well, and agree with your wife; for where is noise and debate in the house there is unquiet dwelling; and much more, when it is in one bed. Frame well yourself to love and rule well and honestly your wife as your fellow, and she shall love and reverence you as her head. Such as you are unto her, such shall she be unto you. Obey and reverence your father-in-law, as you would me; and remember that long life followeth them that reverence their fathers and elders; and the blessing of God for good agreement between the wife and husband is fruit of many children.

Read oft this my letter, and it shall be as though I had often written to you; and think that I have herein printed a fatherly affection to you. If I may see that I have not lost my pain, mine shall be the contentation, and yours the profit. And, upon condition that you follow my advertisement, I send you God's blessing and mine, and as well to come to honesty, as to increase of years.

Letter II.

I doubt not but long ere this time my letters are come to you. I remember I wrote to you in them, that if ye read them often it shall be as though I had written often to you. For all that, I cannot so content me but still to call upon you with my letters. I would not for all

that, that if any thing be well warned in the other that ye should leave to remember it because of this new. For it is not like with advertisements as it is with apparel, that with long wearing a man casteth away when he hath new. Honest teachings never wear; unless they wear out of his remembrance that should keep and follow them, to the shame and hurt of himself. Think not also that I have any new or change of advertisements to send you; but still it is one that I would. I have nothing to cry and call upon you for but honesty, honesty. It may be diversely named, but alway it tendeth to one end. And as I wrote to you last, I mean not that honesty that the common sort calleth an honest man. Trust me, that honest man is as common a name as the name of a good fellow; that is to say, a drunkard, a tavern haunter, a rioter, a gamer, a waster. So are among the common sort of all men honest men that are not known for manifest naughty knaves.

Seek not I pray thee, my son, that honesty which appeareth, and is not indeed. Be well assured it is no common thing, nor no common man's judgment to judge well of honesty; nor it is no common thing to come by; but so much it is the more goodly, for that it is so rare and strange.

Follow not therefore the common reputation of honesty. If ye will seem honest, be honest; or else seem as ye are. Seek not the name without the thing; nor let not the name be the only mark ye shoot at. That will follow though ye regard it not; yea, the more you regard it, the less. I mean not by regard it not, esteem it not; for well I wot honest name is goodly. But he that hunteth only for that, is like him that had rather seem warm than be warm, and edgeth a single coat about with a fur. Honest name is to be kept, preserved, and defended, and not to employ all a man's wit about the study of it; for that smelleth of a glorious and ambitious fool. I say, as I wrote unto you in my last letters, get the thing, and the other must of necessity follow; as the shadow followeth the thing that it is of. And even so much is the very honesty better than the name, as the thing is better than the shadow.

The coming to this point that I would so fain have you have, is to consider a man's own self what he is, and wherefore he is. And herein let him think verily that so goodly a work as man is, for whom all other things were wrought, was not wrought but for goodly things.

After a man hath gotten a will and desire to them, is first to avoid evil, and learn that point alone: 'Never to do that, that within yourself ye find a certain grudging against.' No doubt in any thing ye do, if ye ask yourself, or examine the thing in yourself afore ye do it, ye shall find, if it be evil, a repining against it. My son, for our Lord's love keep well that repining; suffer it not to be darked and corrupted by naughty example, as though anything were to you excusable because other men do the same. That same repining, if it did punish as he doth judge, there were no such justicer. And of truth, so doth it punish; but not so apparently. Here however it is no small grief, of a conscience that condemneth itself; but be well assured, after this life it is a continual gnawing.

When there is a custom gotten of avoiding to do evil, then cometh a gentle courage. Be content to be idle, and to rest without doing any thing. Then too had ye need to gather an heap of good opinions and to get them perfectly, as it were on your fingers' ends. Rest not greatly upon the approving of them; take them as already approved, because they were of honest men's leavings. Of them of God, there is no question. And it is no small help to them, the good opinion of moral philosophers: among whom I would Seneca your study; and Epictetus, because it is little, to be ever in bosom.

These things shall lead you to know goodly [guides]; which when a man knoweth and taketh pleasure in them, he is a beast that followeth not them: no, nor he cannot but follow them.

But take this for conclusion and sum of all; that if God and His grace be not the foundation, neither can ye avoid evil, nor judge well, nor do any goodly thing. Let Him be foundation of all. Will these things; desire them earnestly, and seek them at His hands, and knowledge[1] them to come of Him, and questionless He will both give you the use and pleasure in using them, and also reward you for them that come of Him; so liberal and good is He.

I would fain see that my letters might work to frame you honest. And think that without that, I esteem nothing of you: no, not that you are my son. For I reckon it no small dishonesty to myself to have an unhonest taught child; but the fault shall not be in me. I shall do the part of a father: and if ye answer not to that I look for at your hands, I shall as well study with that that I shall leave, to make such [serve an] honest man, as you.

[A letter of condolence on the death of his son

Sturm. Ascham had the honour of directing Queen Elizabeth's studies; after being nominated as Professor of Greek and Public Orator at Cambridge, he acted as Latin Secretary and tutor to her Majesty in the learned languages. He is chiefly remem-

[1] Acknowledge.

bered for his treatises, *The Schoolmaster*, and *Toxophilus*, a treatise on archery, for which he received a pension from Henry VIII.]

ROGER ASCHAM TO HIS WIFE MARGARET.

[*November* 1568.]

MINE OWN GOOD MARGARET,—The more I think upon your sweet babe, as I do many times both day and night, the greater cause I always find of giving thanks continually to God for His singular goodness bestowed at this time upon the child, yourself, and me, even because it hath rather pleased Him to take the child to Himself into heaven, than to leave it here with us still on earth. When I mused on the matter as nature, flesh, and fatherly fantasy did carry me, I found nothing but sorrows and care, which very much did vex and trouble me, but at last forsaking these worldly thoughts, and referring me wholly to the will and order of God in the matter, I found such a change, such a cause of joy, such a plenty of God's grace towards the child, and of His goodness towards you and me, as neither my heart can comprehend, nor yet my tongue express the twentieth part thereof.

Nevertheless, because God and goodwill hath so joined you and me together as we must not only be the one a comfort to the other in sorrow, but also partakers together in any joy, I could not but declare unto you what just cause I think we both have of comfort and gladness by that God hath so graciously dealt with us as He hath. My first step from care to comfort was this, I thought God had done His will with our child, and because God by His wisdom knoweth what is best, and by His goodness will do best, I was by and by fully persuaded the best that can be is done with our sweet child; but seeing God's wisdom is unsearchable with any man's heart, and His goodness unspeakable with any man's tongue, I will come down from such high thoughts, and talk more sensibly with you, and lay open before you such matter as may be both a full comfort of all our cares past, and also a just cause of rejoicing as long as we live. You well remember our continual desire and wish, our nightly prayer together, that God would vouchsafe to us to increase the number of this world; we wished that nature should beautifully perform the work by us; we did talk how to bring up our child in learning and virtue; we had care to provide for it, so as honest fortune should favour and follow it. And see, sweet wife, how mercifully God hath dealt with us in all points, for what wish could desire, what prayer could crave, what nature could perform, what virtue could deserve, what fortune could afford, both we have received, and our child doth enjoy already. And because our desire (thanked be God) was always joined with honesty, and our prayers mingled with fear, and applied always to the world too, the will and pleasure of God hath given us more than we wished, and that which is better for us now than we could hope to think upon; but you desire to hear and know how marry, even thus, we desired to be made vessels to increase the world, and it hath pleased God to make us vessels to increase heaven, which is the greatest honour to man, the greatest joy to heaven, the greatest spite to the devil, the greatest sorrow to hell, that any man can imagine. Secondarily, when nature had performed what she would, grace stepped forth and took our child from nature, and gave it such gifts over and above the power of nature, as where it could not creep in earth by nature it was straightway well able to go to heaven by grace. It could not then speak by nature, and now it doth praise God by grace; it could not then comfort the sick and careful mother by nature, and now through prayer is able to help father and mother by grace; and yet, thanked be nature, that hath done all she could do, and blessed be grace that hath done more and better than we would wish she should have done. Peradventure yet you do wish that nature had kept it from death a little longer, yea, but grace hath carried it where now no sickness can follow, nor any death hereafter meddle with it; and instead of a short life with troubles on earth, it doth now live a life that never shall end with all manner of joy in heaven.

And now, Margaret, go to, I pray you, and tell me as you think, do you love your sweet babe so little, do you envy his happy state so much, yea, once to wish that nature should have rather followed your pleasure in keeping your child in this miserable world, than grace should have purchased such profit for your child in bringing him to such felicity in heaven? Thirdly, you may say unto me, if the child had lived in this world, it might have come to such goodness by grace and virtue as might have turned to great comfort to us, to good service to our country, and served to have deserved as high a place in heaven as he doth now. To this, in short, I answer, ought we not in all things to submit to God's good will and pleasure, and thereafter to rule our affections, which I doubt not but you will endeavour to do? And therefore I will say no more, but with all comfort to you here, and a blessing hereafter, which I doubt not but is prepared for you.

Your dearly loving husband,

ROGER ASKAM.

To my dear wife, Mrs. Margaret Askam, these.

SIR HENRY SYDNEY TO HIS SON, PHILIP SYDNEY.

[1566.]

I have received two letters from you, one written in Latin, the other in French, which I

take in good part, and will you to exercise that practice of learning often: for that will stand you in most stead, in that profession of life that you are born to live in. And, since this is my first letter that ever I did write to you, I will not that it be all empty of some advices, which my natural care of you provoked me to wish you to follow, as documents to you in this your tender age. Let your first action be, the lifting up of your mind to Almighty God, by hearty prayer, and feelingly digest the words you speak in prayer, with continual meditation, and thinking of Him to whom you pray, and of the matter for which you pray. And use this as an ordinary, and at an ordinary hour. Whereby the time itself will put you in remembrance to do that which you are accustomed to do. In that time apply your study to such hours as your discreet master doth assign you, earnestly; and the time (I know) he will so limit, as shall be both sufficient for your learning, and safe for your health. And mark the sense and the matter of that you read, as well as the words. So shall you both enrich your tongue with words, and your wit with matter; and judgment will grow as years groweth in you. Be humble and obedient to your master, for unless you frame yourself to obey others, yea, and feel in yourself what obedience is, you shall never be able to teach others how to obey you. Be courteous of gesture, and affable to all men, with diversity of reverence, according to the dignity of the person. There is nothing that winneth so much with so little cost. Use moderate diet, so as, after your meat, you may find your wit fresher, and not duller, and your body more lively, and not more heavy. Seldom drink wine, and yet sometime do, lest being enforced to drink upon the sudden, you should find yourself inflamed. Use exercise of body, but such as is without peril of your joints or bones. It will increase your force and enlarge your breath. Delight to be cleanly, as well in all parts of your body, as in your garments. It shall make you grateful in each company, and otherwise loathsome. Give yourself to be merry, for you degenerate from your father, if you find not yourself most able in wit and body, to do any thing, when you be most merry; but let your mirth be ever void of all scurrility, and biting words to any man, for a wound given by a word is oftentimes harder to be cured than that which is given with the sword. Be you rather a hearer and bearer away of other men's talk, than a beginner or procurer of speech, otherwise you shall be counted to delight to hear yourself speak. If you hear a wise sentence, or an apt phrase, commit it to your memory, with respect of the circumstance, when you shall speak it. Let never oath be heard to come out of your mouth, nor words of ribaldry; detest it in others, so shall custom make to yourself a law against it in yourself. Be modest in each assembly; and rather be rebuked of light fellows, for maiden-like shamefacedness, than of your sad friends for pert boldness. Think upon every word that you will speak, before you utter it, and remember how nature hath rampired up (as it were) the tongue with teeth, lips, yea, and hair without the lips, and all betokening reins, or bridles, for the loose use of that member. Above all things tell no untruth, no, not in trifles. The custom of it is naughty, and let it not satisfy you, that, for a time, the hearers take it for a truth; for after it will be known as it is, to your shame; for there cannot be a greater reproach to a gentleman than to be accounted a liar. Study and endeavour yourself to be virtuously occupied. So shall you make such an habit of well-doing in you, that you shall not know how to do evil, though you would. Remember, my son, the noble blood you are descended of, by your mother's side; and think that only by virtuous life and good action, you may be an ornament to that illustrious family; and otherwise, through vice and sloth, you shall be counted *labes generis*, one of the greatest curses that can happen to man. Well (my little Philip) this is enough for me, and too much, I fear, for you. But if I shall find that this light meal of digestion nourish anything the weak stomach of your young capacity, I will, as I find the same grow stronger, feed it with tougher food.

Your loving father, so long as you live in the fear of God.

[This outspoken protest by Sir Philip Sydney is a good reflection of the prevailing public feeling at the overtures made by Francis, Duke of Anjou, for the hand of Queen Elizabeth. He came over to London personally in 1580; the marriage was arranged in the following year; popular clamour rose to a great height, when the Frenchman was dismissed. He died in 1584.]

SIR PHILIP SYDNEY TO QUEEN ELIZABETH.

MOST FEARED AND BELOVED, MOST SWEET AND GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN,—To seek out excuses of this my boldness, and to arm the acknowledging of a fault with reasons for it, might better show, I know I did amiss, than any way diminish the attempt; especially in your judgment, who being able to discern lively into the nature of the thing done, it were folly to hope, by laying on better colours, to make it more acceptable. Therefore carrying no other olive-branch of intercession, than the laying of myself at your feet; nor no other insinuation, either for attention or pardon, but the true

vowed sacrifice of unfeigned love, I will in simple and direct terms (as hoping they shall only come to your merciful eyes) set down the overflowings of my mind, in this most important matter: importing, as I think, the continuance of your safety; and (as I know) the joys of my life. And because my words (I confess, shallow; but coming from the deep well-spring of most loyal affection) have delivered unto your most gracious ears, what is the general sum of my travelling thoughts therein; I will now but only declare, what be the reasons that make me think that the marriage with Monsieur will be unprofitable to you: then, will I answer the objections of those fears, which might procure so violent a refuge. The good or evils that will come to you by it, must be considered, either according to your estate, or person. To your estate: what can be added to the being an absolute born, and accordingly, respected princess? But, as they say, the Irishmen were wont to call over them that dye, They are rich, they are fair, what needed they to dye so cruelly? not unfitly to you, endowed with felicity above all others, a man might well ask, What makes you in such a calm, to change course? To so healthful a body, to apply so unsavoury a medicine? What can recompense so hazardous an adventure? Indeed, were it but the altering of a well maintained, and well approved trade: for, as in bodies natural, every sudden change is full of peril: so, this body politic, whereof you are the only head, it is so much the more dangerous, as there are more humours, to receive a hurtful impression. But hazards are then most to be regarded, when the nature of the patient is fitly composed to occasion them.

The patient I account your realm, the agent Monsieur, and his design; for neither outward accidents do much prevail against a true inward strength, nor doth inward weakness lightly subvert itself, without being thrust at by some outward force.

Your inward force (for as for your treasures indeed, the sinews of your crown, your Majesty doth best and only know) consisteth in your subjects, generally unexpert in warlike defence: and as they are divided now into mighty factions (and factions bound upon the never-dying knot of religion) the one of them to whom your happy government hath granted the free exercise of the eternal truth; with this, by the continuance of time, by the multitude of them, by the principal offices and strength they hold; and lastly, by your dealings both at home and abroad against the adverse party, your state is so entrapped, as it were impossible for you, without excessive trouble, to pull yourself out of the party so long maintained. For such a course once taken in hand, is not much unlike a ship in a tempest, which how dangerously soever it be beaten with waves, yet is there no safety or succour without it: these therefore, as their souls live by your happy government, so are they your chief, if not your sole strength. These, howsoever the necessity of humane life make them lack, yet can they not look for better conditions than presently they enjoy: these, how their hearts will be galled, if not aliened, when they see you take a husband, a Frenchman and a Papist; in whom (howsoever fine wits may find further dealings or painted excuses) the very common people well knew this, that he is the son of a Jezebel of our age; that his brother made oblation of his own sister's marriage, the easier to make massacres of our brethren on belief; that he himself, contrary to his promise, and all gratefulness, having had his liberty, and principal estate by the Hugonites means, did sack Lacharists, and utterly spoil them with fire and sword: this I say, even at the first sight, gives occasion to all truly religious to abhor such a master, and consequently to diminish much of the hopeful love they have long held to you.

The other faction (most rightly indeed to be called a faction) is the Papists; men whose spirits are full of anguish; some being infested by others, whom they accounted damnable; some having their ambition stopped, because they are not in the way of advancement; some in prison, and disgrace; some, whose best friends are banished practisers; many thinking you are an usurper; many thinking also, you had disannulled your right, because of the pope's excommunication; all burdened with the weight of their conscience; men of great numbers, of great riches (because the affairs of State have not lain on them), of united minds (as all men that deem themselves oppressed, naturally are), with these I would willingly join all discontented persons, such as want and disgrace keeps lower than they have set their hearts. Such as have resolved what to look for at your hands; such, as Cæsar said, *Quibus opus est bello civili;* and are of his mind; *Malo in acie quam in foro cadere:* these be men so much the more to be doubted, because, as they do embrace all estates, so are they, commonly, of the bravest and wakefullest sort, and that know the advantage of the world most. This double rank of people, how their minds have stood, the northern rebellion, and infinite other practices have well taught you: which, if it be said, it did not prevail, that is true indeed; for, if they had prevailed, it were too late now to deliberate. But, at this present, they want nothing so much as a head, who, in effect, needs not but to receive their instructions, since they may do mischief enough only with his countenance. Let the Signignian in Henry the Fourth's time, Perkin Warbeck in your grandfather's; but of all, the most lively and proper, is that of Louis the French king's son in Henry the Third's time, who having at all no show of title, yet did he cause the nobility,

and more, to swear direct fealty and vassalage; and they delivered the strongest holds unto him. I say, let these be sufficient to prove, that occasion gives mind and scope to stranger things than ever would have been imagined. If then the affectionate side have their affections weakened, and the discontented have a gap to utter their discontent; I think, it will seem an ill preparative for the patient, I mean your estate, to a great sickness.

Now the agent party, which is Monsieur, whether he be or not apt to work upon the disadvantage of your estate, he is to be judged by his will and power: his will to be as full of light ambition as is possible; besides the French disposition, and his own education, his inconstant attempt against his brother, his thrusting himself into the low country matters, his sometimes seeking the King of Spain's daughter, sometimes your Majesty, are evident testimonies of his being carried away with every wind of hope: taught to love greatness any way gotten, and having for the motioners and ministers of the mind, only such young men as have showed they think evil contentment a ground of any rebellion; who have seen no commonwealth but in faction, and divers of which have defiled their hands in odious murders. With such fancies, and favourites, what is to be hoped for? or that he will contain himself within the limits of your conditions, since in truth it were strange, that he that cannot be contented to be the second person in France, and heir apparent, should be content to come to be second person, where he should pretend no way to sovereignty? His power, I imagine, is not to be despised, since he is come into a country where the way of evil-doing will be presented unto him: where there needs nothing but a head to draw together all the ill-affected members: himself a prince of great revenues, of the most popular nation of the world, full of soldiery, and such as are used to serve without pay, so as they may have show of spoil; and without question shall have his brother ready to help him, as well for old revenge, as to divert him from troubling France, and to deliver his own country from evil humours. Neither is King Philip's marriage herein any example; since then it was between two of one religion; so that he in England stood only upon her strength, and had abroad King Henry of France, ready to impeach any enterprise he should make for his greatness that way. And yet, what events time would have brought forth of that marriage, your most blessed reign hath made vain all such considerations. But things holding in present state, I think, I may easily conclude, that your country, as well by long peace and fruits of peace, as by the poison of division (wherewith the faithful shall by this means be wounded, and the contrary enabled) is made fit to receive hurt; and Monsieur being every way likely to use the occasions to hurt, there can almost happen no worldly thing of more imminent danger to your estate royal. And as to your person, in the scale of your happiness, what good there may come by it, to balance with the loss of so honourable a constancy, truly yet I perceive not. I will not show so much malice, as to object the universal doubt, the race's unhealthfulness; neither will I lay to his charge the ague-like manner of proceedings, sometimes hot and sometimes cold in the time of pursuit, which always rightly is most fervent. And I will temper my speeches from any other unreverend disgracings of him in particular (though they may be never so true), this only I will say, that if he do come hither, he must live here in far meaner reputation than his mind will well brook, having no other royalty to countenance himself with; or else you must deliver him the keys of your kingdom, and live at his discretion; or lastly, he must separate himself with more dishonour, and further disuniting of heart, than ever before. Often have I heard you with protestation say, no private pleasure or self-affection could lead you unto it; but if it be both unprofitable for your kingdom, and unpleasant to you, certainly it were a dear purchase of repentance. Nothing can it add unto you, but the bliss of children, which I confess were a most unspeakable comfort. But yet no more appertaining unto him, than to any other to whom the height of all good haps were allotted, to be your husband; and therefore I may assuredly affirm, that what good soever can follow marriage, is no more his than anybody's; but the evils and dangers are peculiarly annexed to his person and condition. For as for the enriching of your country with treasure which either he hath not or hath otherwise bestowed it; or the staying of your servants' minds with new expectation and liberality, which is more dangerous than fruitful; or the easing of your Majesty of cares, which is as much as to say, the easing of you to be queen and sovereign; I think everybody perceives this way either to be full of hurt, or void of help. Now resteth to consider, what be the motives of this sudden change; as I have heard you in most sweet words deliver. Fear of standing alone, in respect of foreign dealings; and in them from whom you should have respect, doubt of contempt. Truly standing alone with good foresight of government, both in peace and warlike defence, is the honourablest thing that can be to a well-established monarchy. Those buildings being ever most strongly durable, which lean to none other, but remain from their own foundation.

So yet in the particulars of your estate presently, I will not altogether deny, that a true Massinissa were very fit to countermine the enterprise of mighty Carthage. But how this general truth can be applied unto Monsieur, in truth I perceive not. The wisest, that have

given best rules where surest leagues are to be made, have said, that it must be between such as either vehement desire of a third thing, or as vehement fear doth knit their minds together. Desire is counted the weaker bond; but yet that bound so many princes to the expedition of the Holy Land. It united that invincible Henry V. and that good duke of Burgundy; the one desiring to win the crown of France from the Dauphin, the other, desiring to revenge his father's murder upon the Dauphin, which both tended to one. That coupled Louis XII. and Ferdinando of Spain to the conquest of Naples. Of fear, there are innumerable examples. Monsieur's desires, and yours; how they should meet in public matters, I think no oracle can tell; for, as the geometricians say, that parallels, because they maintain divers lines, can never join; so truly, to having in the beginning contrary principles, to bring forth one doctrine must be some miracle. He, of the Romish religion; and, if he be a man, must needs have that manlike property, to desire that all men be of his mind. You, the erector and defender, of the contrary, and the only sun that dazzleth their eyes. He, French, and desiring to make France great; your Majesty English, and desiring nothing less than that France should grow great. He, both by his own fancy, and his youthful governors, embracing all ambitious hopes, having Alexander's image in his head, but perhaps evil painted. Your Majesty, with excellent virtue, taught what you should hope; and by no less wisdom, what you may hope; with a council renowned over all Christendom, for their well-tempered minds, having set the utmost of their ambition in your favour, and the study of their souls in your safety.

Fear hath as little show of outward appearance, as reason, to match you together; for in this estate he is in, whom should he fear? His brother? alas! his brother is afraid, since the King of Navarre is to step into his place. Neither can his brother be the safer by his fall; but he may be the greater by his brother's; whereto whether you will be an accessary, you are to determine. The King of Spain, certainly, cannot make war upon him, but it must be upon all the crown of France, which is no likelihood he will do. Well may Monsieur (as he hath done) seek to enlarge the bounds of France upon his state; which likewise, whether it be safe for you to be a countenance to, any other way, may be seen. So that if neither desire nor fear be such in him, as are to bind any public fastness, it may be said, that the only fortress of this your marriage, is of his private affection; a thing too incident to the person laying it up in such knots.

The other objection of contempt in the subjects, I assure your Majesty if I had not heard it proceed out of your mouth, which of all other I do most dearly reverence, it would as soon (considering the perfections both of body and mind have set all men's eyes by the height of your estate) have come to the possibility of my imagination, if one should have told me, on the contrary side, that the greatest princess of the world should envy the state of some poor deformed pilgrim. What is there either within you, or without you, that can possibly fall into the danger of contempt, to whom fortunes are tried by so long descent of your royal ancestors? but our minds rejoice with the experience of your inward virtues, and our eyes are delighted with the sight of you. But because your own eyes cannot see yourself, neither can there be in the world any example fit to blaze you by, I beseech you vouchsafe to weigh the grounds thereof. The natural causes are lengths of government, and uncertainty of succession. The effects, as you term them, appear by cherishing some abominable speeches which some hellish minds have uttered. The longer a good prince reigneth, it is certain the more he is esteemed. There is no man ever was weary of well-being; and good increased to good maketh the same good both greater and stronger; for it useth men to know no other cares, when either men are born in the time, and so never saw other; or have spent much part of their flourishing time, and so have no joy to seek other. In evil princes, abuse growing upon abuse, according to the nature of evil, with the increase of time, ruins itself: but in so rare a government, where neighbours' fires give us light to see our quietness, where nothing wants that true administration of justice brings forth, certainly the length of time rather breeds a mind to think there is no other life but in it, than that there is any tediousness in so fruitful a government. Examples of good princes do ever confirm this, who the longer they lived, the deeper still they sunk into the subjects' hearts. Neither will I trouble you with examples, being so many and manifest. Look into your own estate; how willingly they grant, and how dutifully they pay such subsidies as you demand of them; how they are no less troublesome to your Majesty in certain requests, than they were in the beginning of your reign: and your Majesty shall find you have a people more than ever devoted to you.

As for the uncertainty of succession, although for mine own part, I know well I have cast the utmost anchor of my hopes, yet for England's sake I would not say any thing against such determination; but that uncertain good should bring contempt to a certain good. I think it is beyond all reach of reason: nay because, if there were no other cause (as there are infinite), common reason and profit would teach us to hold that jewel dear, the lots of which would bring us to we know not what: which likewise is to be said of your Majesty's speech of the

rising sun; a speech first used by Scylla to Pompey in Rome, as then a popular city, where indeed men were to rise or fall, according to the flourish and breath of a many-headed confusion. But in so lineal a monarchy, wherever the infant sucks the love of their rightful prince, who would leave the beams of so fair a sun, for the dreadful expectation of a divided company of stars? Virtue and justice are the only bonds of people's love: and as for that point, many princes have lost their crowns, whose own children were manifest successors; and some, that had their own children used as instruments of their ruin. Not that I deny the bliss of children, but only to show religion and equity to be of themselves sufficient stays. Neither is the love, borne in the Queen your sister's days, any contradiction hereunto; for she was the oppressor of that religion which lived in many men's hearts, and whereof you are known to be the favourer. By her loss, was the most excellent prince in the world to succeed; by your loss, all blindness light upon him that sees not our misery. Lastly, and most properly to this purpose, she had made an odious marriage with a stranger (which is now in question whether your Majesty should do or no); so that if your subjects do at this time look for any after-chance, it is but as the pilot doth to the ship-boat, if his ship should perish; driven by extremity to the one; but, as long as he can with his life, tendering the other. And this I say, not only for the lively parts that be in you, but even for their own sakes, since they must needs see what tempests threaten them.

The last proof of this contempt should be the venomous matter certain men impostumed with wickedness should utter against you. Certainly not to be evil spoken of, neither Christ's holiness, nor Caesar's might, could ever prevent or warrant; there being for that no other rule, than so to do, as that they may not justly say evil of you; which whether your Majesty have not done, I leave it in you, to the sincereness of your own conscience, and wisdom of your judgment in the world, to your most manifest fruits and fame through Europe. Augustus was told, that men spoke of him much hurt; 'It is no matter,' said he, 'so long as they cannot do much hurt.' And lastly, Charles V., to one that told him, *Le Hollandour parlent mal, mais ilz patient bien;* answered, *Le.* I might make a scholar-like reckoning of many such examples. It sufficeth, that these great princes knew well enough upon what ways they flew, and cared little for the barking of a few curs. And truly in the behalf your subjects, I durst with my blood answer it, that there was never monarch held in more precious reckoning of her people; and before God, how can it be otherwise? For my own part, when I hear some lost wretch hath defiled such a name with his mouth, I consider the right name of blasphemy, whose unbridled soul doth delight to deprave that which is accounted generally most high and holy. No, no, most excellent lady, do not raze out the impression you have made in such a multitude of hearts, and let not the scum of such vile minds bear any witness against your subjects' devotions; which, to proceed one point further, if it were otherwise, could little be helped, but rather nourished, and in effect begun by this. The only means of avoiding contempt, are love and fear: love as you have by divers means sent into the depth of their souls; so if any thing can stain so true a form, it must be the trimming yourself, not in your own likeness, but in new colours unto them. Their fear by him cannot be increased without appearance of French forces, the manifest death of your estate; but well may it against him bear that face, which, as the tragic Seneca saith, *Metus in authorem regit,* as because both in will and power he is like enough to do harm. Since then it is dangerous for your State, as well because by inward weakness (principally caused by division) it is fit to receive harm; since to your person it can no way be comfortable, you not desiring marriage; and neither to person nor state he is to bring any more good than any body, but more evil he may; since the causes that should drive you to this, are either fears of that which cannot happen, or by this means cannot be prevented; I do with most humble heart say unto your Majesty (having assayed this dangerous help) for your standing alone, you must take it for a singular honour God hath done you, to be indeed the only protector of His Church; and yet in worldly respects your kingdom very sufficient so to do, if you make that religion upon which you stand, to carry the only strength; and have abroad those that still maintain the same course, who, as long as they may be kept from utter falling, your Majesty is sure enough from your mightiest enemies.

As for this man, as long as he is but Monsieur in might, and a Papist in profession, he neither can nor will greatly shield you: and if he grow to be king, his defence will be like Ajax's shield, which rather weighed down than defended those that bore it. Against contempt, if there be any, which I will never believe, let your excellent virtues of piety, justice, and liberality daily (if it be possible, more and more) shine. Let such particular actions be found out (which be easy as I think to be done) by which you may gratify all the hearts of your people. Let those in whom you find trust, and to whom you have committed trust in your weighty affairs, be held up in the eyes of your subjects. Lastly, doing as you do, you shall be as you be, the example of princes, the ornament of this age, the comfort of the afflicted, the delight of your people, the most excellent fruit of your progenitors, and the perfect mirror of your posterity!

[This letter warns the Scottish king of his 'contrarious dealings,' and supplies a hint as to her ideas upon the English succession. It is written in her usual determined and emphatic way; any intention of deceiving her would be frustrated by the sharpness of 'we old foxes.']

QUEEN ELIZABETH TO JAMES VI. OF SCOTLAND.

[1586.]

RIGHT DEARE BROTHER,—Your gladsome acceptance of my offred amitie, together with the desiar you seem to have ingraven in your mynde to make merites correspondant, makes me in ful opinion that some ennemis to our good wyl shall loose muche travel, with making frustrat thar baiting stratagems, whiche I knowe to be many, and by sondry meanes to be explored. I cannot halt with you so muche as to denye that I have seen suche evident shewes of your contrarious dealings, that if I mad not my rekening the bettar of the moneths, I might condemne you as unworthy of such as I mynd to shewe myselfe toward you, and therefor I am wel pleased to take any coulor to defend your honor, and hope that you wyl remember that who seaketh two stringes to one bowe, he may shoote strong, but never straight; and if you suppose that princes causes be vailed so couvertly that no intelligence may bewraye them, deceave not yourselfe; we old foxes can find shiftes to save ourselves by others malice, and come by knowledge of greattest secreat, spetiallye if it touche our freholde. It becometh, therefor, all our rencq to deale sincerely, lest, if we use it not, whan we do it, we be hardly beleaved. I write not this, my deare brother, for dout but for remembrances.

My ambassador writes so muche of your honorable traitment of him and of Alexandar, that I believe they be convertid Scotes. You oblige me for them; for wiche I rendar you a milion of most entire thankes, as she that meaneth to desarve many a good thoght in your brest throwe good desart. And for that your request is so honorable, retaining so muche reason, I wer out of [my] sences if I shold not suspend of any hiresay til the answer of your owne action, wiche the actor ought best to knowe, and so assure yourselfe I meane and vowe to do; with this request, that you wyl affourd me the reciproque. And thus, with my many petitions to the Almighty for your long life and preservation, I ende these skribled lines.

Your verey assured lovinge sistar and cousin,

ELIZABETH R.

[Written after the earl had been proscribed the court circle for his discourteous manner. When the appointment of Sir William Knollys to the Governor-Generalship of Ireland was under discussion, and Elizabeth boxed his ears before her councillors, the earl laid his hand on his sword, and swore he would not take such treatment from her father. When a reconciliation was effected, Essex was appointed to the government of Ireland, but being unsuccessful, some sharp letters passed between them, of which the second, here given, may serve as an example.]

ROBERT DEVEREUX, EARL OF ESSEX, TO QUEEN ELIZABETH.

[1598.]

MADAM,—When I think how I have preferred your beauty above all things, and received no pleasure in life but by the increase of your favour towards me, I wonder at myself what cause there could be to make me absent myself one day from you. But when I remember that your Majesty hath, by the intolerable wrong you have done both me and yourself, not only broken all laws of affection, but done against the honour of your sex, I think all places better than that where I am, and all dangers well undertaken, so I might retire myself from the memory of my false, inconstant, and beguiling pleasures. I am sorry to write thus much, for I cannot think your mind so dishonourable but that you punish yourself for it, how little soever you care for me. But I desire whatsoever falls out that your Majesty shall be without excuse, you knowing yourself to be the cause, and all the world wondering at the effect. I was never proud till your Majesty sought to make me too base. And now, since my destiny is no better, my despair shall be as my love was, without repentance. I will as a subject and an humble servant owe my life, my fortune, and all that is in me; but this place is not fit for me, for she which governs this world is weary of me, and I of the world. I must commend my faith to be judged by Him who judgeth all hearts, since on earth I find no right. Wishing your Majesty all comforts and joys in the world, and no greater punishment for your wrongs to me than to know the faith of him you have lost, and the baseness of those you shall keep.

Your Majesty's most humble servant,

ESSEX.

TO THE SAME.

From a mind delighting in sorrow, from spirits wasted with passion, from a heart torn in pieces with care, grief, and travel, from a man that hateth himself and all things that keepeth him alive, what service can your Majesty expect,

since your service past deserves no more than banishment or prescription in the cursedest of all other countries? Nay, nay, it is your rebel's pride and success that must give me leave to ransom my life out of this hateful prison of my loathed body; which if it happen so, your Majesty shall have no cause to mislike the fashion of my death, since the course of my life could never please you.

Your Majesty's exiled servant,

RO. ESSEX.

[Lord Bacon here deals out a good deal of sage advice to Sir George Villiers, afterwards Duke of Buckingham. That this selfish political adventurer was incapable of receiving such is evident from his after career, when his policy helped not a little to drag down the throne of the Stuarts. 'Never any man,' says Clarendon, 'in any age, nor I believe in any country, rose in such short a time to so much greatness of honour, power, or fortune, upon no other advantage or recommendation than of the beauty and gracefulness of his person.']

SIR FRANCIS BACON TO SIR GEORGE VILLIERS.

(*Upon the sending his patent for Viscount Villiers to be signed.*)

SIR,—I have sent you now your patent, of creation of Lord Bletchly of Bletchly, and of Viscount Villiers. Bletchly is your own, and I liked the sound of the name better than Whaddon; but the name will be hid, for you will be called Viscount Villiers. I have put them in a patent, after the manner of the patent for earls, where baronies are joined; but the chief reason was, because I would avoid double prefaces, which had not been fit; nevertheless the ceremony of robing and otherwise must be double.

And now, because I am in the country, I will send you some of my country fruits, which with me are good meditations; which, when I am in the city, are choked with business.

After that the King shall have watered your new dignities with the bounty of the lands which he intends you, and that some other things concerning your means, which are now likewise in intention, shall be settled upon you, I do not see, but you may think your private fortunes established; and therefore it is now time that you should refer your actions to the good of your sovereign and your country. It is the life of an ox or beast always to eat, and never exercise; but men are born (especially Christian men) not to cramb in their fortunes, but to exercise their virtues; and yet the other hath not been the unworthy, and (thanks be to God) sometimes the unlucky humour of great persons in our times. Neither will your fortune be the further off; for assure yourself, that fortune is of a woman's nature, and will sooner follow by slighting, than by too much wooing. And in this dedication of yourself to the public, I recommend unto you principally, that which, I think, was never done since I was born; and which, because it is not done, hath bred almost a wilderness and solitude in the King's service; which is, that you countenance, and encourage, and advance, able men, in all kinds, degrees, and professions. For in the time of the Cecils, the father and the son, able men were by design and of purpose suppressed; and though of late, choice goeth better, both in church and commonwealth, yet money, and turn-serving, and cunning canvasses, and importunity, prevail too much. And, in places of moment, rather make able and honest men yours, than advance those that are otherwise, because they are yours. As for cunning and corrupt men, you must (I know) sometimes use them; but keep them at a distance; and let it appear rather, that you make use of them, than that they lead you. Above all, depend wholly (next unto God) upon the King, and be ruled (as hitherto you have been) by his instructions; for that is best for yourself. For the King's care and thoughts for you, are according to the thoughts of a great king; whereas your thoughts concerning yourself, are, and ought to be, according to the thoughts of a modest man. But let me not weary you; the sum is, that you think goodness the best part of greatness: and that you remember whence your rising comes, and make return accordingly. God keep you.

August 12, 1616.

[Sir Edward Coke, Lord Chief-Justice of England, had gained the post of Attorney-General in spite of the rival claims of Bacon, and did not scruple when it lay in his power to lower Bacon's credit in the eyes of his countrymen. Here Bacon 'holds the mirror up to nature,' and lets him know what he thought of his conduct towards himself.]

SIR FRANCIS BACON TO SIR EDWARD COKE.

[1606.]

MR. ATTORNEY,—I thought best once for all to let you know in plainness what I find of you, and what you shall find of me. I am one that know both mine own wants and other men's, and it may be perchance that mine may mend when others stand at a stay. And surely I may

not in public place endure to be wronged, without repelling the same to my best advantage to right myself. You are great, and therefore have the more enviers, which would be glad to have you paid at another's cost. Since the time I missed the Solicitor's place, the rather I think, by your means, I cannot expect that you and I shall ever serve as Attorney and Solicitor; but either to serve with another upon your remove, or to step into some other course. So as I am more free than ever I was from any occasion of unworthy conforming myself to you, more than general good manners, or your particular good usage shall provoke; and if you had not been short-sighted in your own fortune (as I think) you might have had more use of me; but that tide is past. I write not this to show any friends what a brave letter I have writ to Mr. Attorney; I have none of those humours: but that I have written is to a good end, that is, to the more decent carriage of my master's service, and to our particular better understanding one another. This letter, if it shall be answered by you in deed, and not in word, I suppose it will not be worse for us both; else it is but a few lines lost, which for a much smaller matter I would adventure. So this being to yourself, I for my part rest yours, etc.,

FR. BACON.

TO THE SAME, WHEN LORD CHIEF-JUSTICE IN DISGRACE.

MY VERY GOOD LORD,—Though it be true, that who considereth the wind and the rain, shall neither sow nor reap, Eccles. ix. 15, yet there is a season for every action. And so there is a time to speak, and a time to keep silence; there is a time when the words of a poor simple man may profit; and that poor man in the Preacher which delivered the city by his wisdom, found, that without this opportunity, the power both of wisdom and eloquence lose but their labour, and cannot charm the deaf adder. God therefore, before His Son that bringeth mercy, sent His servant the trumpeter of repentance, to level a very high hill, to prepare the way before him, making it smooth and straight. And as it is in spiritual things, where Christ never comes before His way-maker hath laid even the heart with sorrow and repentance; since self-conceited and proud persons think themselves too good and too wise to learn of their inferior, and therefore need not the Physician: so in the rules of earthly wisdom, it is not possible for nature to attain any mediocrity of perfection, before she be humbled by knowing herself and her own ignorance. Not only knowledge, but also every other gift (which we call the gift of fortune) have power to pull up earthly— Afflictions only level these molehills of pride, plough the heart, and make it fit for wisdom to sow her seed, and for grace to bring forth her increase. Happy is that man therefore, both in regard of heavenly and earthly wisdom, that is thus wounded, to be cured; thus broken, to be made straight; thus made acquainted with his own imperfections, that he may be perfected.

Supposing this to be the time of your affliction, that which I have propounded to myself is, by taking this seasonable advantage, like a true friend (though far unworthy to be counted so) to show you your true shape in a glass, and that not in a false one to flatter you, nor yet in one that should make you seem worse than you are, and so offend you; but in one, made by the reflection of your own words and actions, from whose light proceeds the voice of the people, which is often not unfitly called the voice of God. But therein (since I purposed a truth) I must entreat liberty to be plain, a liberty at this time I know not whether or no I may use safely; I am sure at other times I could not: yet of this resolve yourself, it proceedeth from love, and a true desire to do you good; that you, knowing the general opinion, may not altogether neglect or contemn it, but mend what you find amiss in yourself, and retain what your judgment shall approve; for to this end shall truth be delivered as naked as if yourself were to be anatomized by the hand of opinion. All men can see their own profit; that part of the wallet hangs before. A true friend (whose worthy office I would perform, since I fear both yourself and all great men want such, being themselves true friends to few or none) is first to show the other, and which is from your eyes.

First therefore behold your errors. In discourse you delight to speak too much, not to hear other men; this some say becomes a pleader, not a judge. For by this sometimes your affections are entangled with a love of your own arguments, though they be the weaker; and rejecting of those, which when your affections were settled, your own judgment would allow for strongest. Thus while you speak in your own element, the law, no man ordinarily equals you; but when you wander (as you often delight to do) you then wander indeed, and give never such satisfaction as the curious time requires. This is not caused by any natural defect, but first for want of election, when you, having a large and fruitful mind, should not so much labour what to speak, as to find what to leave unspoken. Rich soils are often to be weeded.

Secondly, you cloy your auditory, when you would be observed. Speech must either be sweet or short.

Thirdly, you converse with books, not men, and books specially humane, and have no excellent choice with men, who are the best books; for a man of action and employment you seldom converse with, and then but with your

underlings; not freely, but as a schoolmaster with his scholars, ever to teach, never to learn. But if sometimes you would in your familiar discourse hear others, and make election of such as know what they speak, you should know many of these tales you tell to be but ordinary, and many other things which you delight to repeat, and serve in for novelties, to be but stale. As in your pleadings you were wont to insult over misery, and to inveigh bitterly at the persons (which bred you many enemies, whose poison yet swelleth, and the effects now appear), so are you still wont to be a little careless in this point to praise or dispraise upon slight grounds, and that sometimes untruly, so that your reproofs or commendations are for the most part neglected and contemned; when the censure of a judge (coming slow but sure) should be a brand to the guilty, and a crown to the virtuous. You will jest a man in public, without respect to the person's dignity, or your own. This disgraceth your gravity more than it can advance the opinion of your wit; and so do all actions which we see you do directly with a touch of vainglory, having no respect to the true end. You make the law to lean too much to your opinion, whereby you show yourself to be a legal tyrant, striking with that weapon where you please, since you are able to turn the edge any way. For thus the wise master of the law gives warning to young students, that they should be wary, lest while they hope to be instructed by your integrity and knowledge, they should be deceived with your skill, armed with authority. Your too much love of the world is too much seen, when having the living of £10,000 you relieve few or none. The hand that hath taken so much, can it give so little? Herein you show no bowels of compassion, as if you thought all too little for yourself; or that God had given you all that you have (if you think wealth to be His gift, I mean that you get well, for I know sure the rest is not) only to that end you should still gather more, and never be satisfied, but try how much you could gather, to account for all at the great and general audit-day. We desire you to amend this, and let your poor tenants in Norfolk find some comfort, where nothing of your estate is spent towards their relief, but all brought up hither, to the impoverishing of your country.

In your last, which might have been your best piece of service to the State, affectioned to follow that old rule which giveth justice leaden heels and iron hands, you used too many delays, till the delinquent's hands were loosed, and yours bound. In that work you seemed another Fabius; here the humour of Marcellus would have done better. What needed you have sought more evidences than enough? while you pretended the finding out of more (missing your aim) you discredited what you had found. This best judgments think, though you never used such speeches as are fathered upon you, yet you might well have done it, and but rightly: for this crime was second to none but the powder plot; that would have blown up all at one blow; a merciful cruelty; this would have done the same by degrees; a lingering, but a sure way: one might by one be called out, till all opposers had been removed. Besides, that other plot was scandalous to Rome, making Popery odious in the sight of the whole world. This has been scandalous to the truth of the whole gospel; and since the first nullity to this instant, when justice hath her hands bound, the devil could not have invented a more mischievous practice to our State and Church, than this hath been, is, and is like to be. God avert the evil.

But herein you committed another fault, that you were too open in your proceedings, and so taught them whereby to defend themselves; so you gave them time to undermine justice, and to work upon all advantages both of affections and honour, and opportunity, and breach of friendship, which they have so well followed, sparing neither pains nor cost, that it almost seemeth an offence in you to have done so much indeed, than that you have done no more. You stopt the confessions and accusations of some, who perhaps had they been suffered, would have spoken enough to have removed some stumbling-blocks out of your way; and that you did not this in the favour of any one, but of I know not what present unadvised humours, supposing enough behind to discover all, which fell not out so. Howsoever, as the apostle saith in another case, you went not rightly to the truth, and therefore though you were to be commended for what you did, yet you were to be reprehended for many circumstances in the doing; and doubtless God hath an eye in this cross to your negligence, and the briers are left to be pricks in your sides, and thorns in your eyes.

But that which we commend you for, are those excellent parts of nature, and knowledge in the law, which you are endued withal; but these are only good in their good use. Wherefore we thank you heartily for standing stoutly in the commonwealth's behalf, hoping it proceedeth not from a disposition to oppose greatness (as your enemies say), but to do justice, and deliver truth indifferently, without respect of persons; and in this we pray for your prosperity, and are sorry that your good actions should not always succeed happily. But in the carriage of this, you were faulty; for you took it in hand in an evil time, both in respect of the present business which it interrupted, and in regard of his present sickness whom it concerned: whereby you disunited your strength, and made a gap for the enemies to pass out at, and to return and assault you.

But now, since the case so standeth, we desire you to give way to power, and so to fight, that you be not utterly broken, but reserved entirely to serve the commonwealth again, and do what good you can, since you cannot do all the good you would. And since you are fallen upon this rock, cast out the goods to save the bottom; stop the leaks, and make towards land; learn of the steward to make friends of the unrighteous mammon. Those Spaniards in Mexico who were chased of the Indians, tell us what to do with our goods in our extremities; they being to pass over a river in their flight, as many as cast away their gold swam over safe; but some more covetous, keeping their gold, were either drowned with it, or overtaken and slain by the savages. You have received, now learn to give. The beaver learns us this lesson, who being hunted for his stones, bites them off. You cannot but have much of your estate (pardon my plainness) ill got. Think how much of that you never spake for: how much, by speaking unjustly, or in unjust causes. Account it then a blessing of God, if thus it may be laid out for your good, and not left for your heir to hasten the wasting of much of the rest, perhaps of all; for so we see God oftentimes proceeds in judgment with many hasty gatherers. You have enough to spare, being well laid, to turn the tide, and fetch all things again. But if you escape (I suppose it worthy of an if), since you know the old use, that none called in question must go away uncensured: yet consider, that accusations make wounds, and leave scars; and though you see your tail behind your back, yourself free, and the covert before; yet remember there are stands. Trust not to reconciled enemies, but think the peace is but to secure you for further advantage. Expect a second and a third encounter; the main battle, the wings are yet unbroken; they may charge you at an instant, or death before them. Walk therefore circumspectly; and if at length by means of our good endeavours and yours, you recover the favour that you have lost; give God the glory in action, not in words only; and remember us with sense of your past misfortune, whose estate hath, doth, and may hereafter lie in the power of your breath. There is a great mercy in dispatch. Delays are tortures wherewith we are by degrees rent out of our estates. Do not you (if you be restored) as some others do, fly from the service of virtue to serve the time, as if they repented their goodness, or meant not to make a second hazard in God's house. But rather let this cross make you zealous in God's cause, sensible in ours, and more sensible in all, which express thus. You have been a great enemy to Papists; if you love God, be so still, but more indeed than heretofore; for much of your zeal was heretofore wasted in words. Call to remembrance that they were the persons that prophesied of that cross of yours long before it happened; they saw the storm coming, being the principal contrivers and furtherers of the plot; the men that blew the coals, heat the iron, and made all things ready; they owe you a good turn, and will, if they can, pay it you. You see their hearts by their deeds; prove then your faith so too. The best good work you can do, is to do the best you can against them, that is, to see the law severely, justly, and diligently executed. And now we beseech you, my lord, be sensible both of the stroke, and hand that striketh. Learn of David to leave Shimei, and call upon God; He hath some great work to do, and He prepareth you for it; He would neither have you faint, nor yet bear this cross with a Stoical resolution. There is a Christian mediocrity worthy of your greatness. I must be plain, perhaps rash. Had some notes which you have taken at sermons, been written in your heart to practise, this work had been done long ago, without the envy of your enemies. But when we will not mind ourselves, God (if we belong to Him) takes us in hand; and because He seeth that we have unbridled stomachs, therefore He sends outward crosses, which while they cause us to mourn, do comfort us; being assured testimonies of His love that sends them. To humble ourselves therefore before God, is the part of a Christian; but for the world and our enemies, the counsel of the poet is apt; *Tunc cede malis, sed contra audentior ito.*

The last part of this counsel you forget, yet none need be ashamed to make use of it; that so being armed against casualties, you may stand firm against the assaults on the right hand and on the left. For this is certain; the mind that is most prone to be puffed up with prosperity, is most weak, and apt to be dejected with the least puff of adversity. Indeed she is strong enough to make an able man stagger, striking terrible blows, but true Christian wisdom gives us armour of proof against all assaults, and teacheth us in all estates to be content. For though she cause our truest friends to declare themselves our enemies, though she give heart then to the most cowardly to strike us, though an hour's continuance countervail an age of prosperity, though she cast in our dish all that ever we have done; yet hath she no power to hurt the humble and wise, but only to break such as too much prosperity hath made stiff in their own thoughts, but weak indeed and fitted for renewing, when the wise rather gather from thence profit and wisdom by the example of David, who said, 'Before I was chastised I went wrong.' Now then, he that knoweth the right way, will look better to his footing. Carden saith, 'That weeping, fasting, and sighing are the chief purgers of griefs.' Indeed naturally they help to assuage sorrow; but God in this case is the only and best physician. The means

He hath ordained are the advice of friends, the amendment of ourselves: for amendment is both physician and cure. For friends, although your lordship be scant, yet I hope you are not altogether destitute; if you be, do but look on good books, they are true friends, that will neither flatter nor dissemble; be you but true to yourself, applying what they teach unto the party grieved, and you shall need no other comfort nor counsel. To them, and to God's Holy Spirit directing you in the reading of them, I commend your lordship, beseeching Him to send you a good issue out of these troubles, and from henceforth to work a reformation in all that is amiss, and a resolute perseverance proceeding, and growth in all that is good, and that for His glory, the bettering of yourself, this church and commonwealth, whose faithful servant whilst you remain, I remain a faithful servant to you.

[Addressed to Sir Thomas Bodley, founder of the Bodleian Library, on the occasion of Bacon's presenting him with a copy of his *Advancement of Learning*.]

THE SAME TO SIR THOMAS BODLEY.

[1607.]

SIR,—I think no man may more truly say with the Psalm, *Multum incola fuit anima mea.* For I do confess, since I was of any understanding, my mind hath in effect been absent from that I have done, and in absence errours are committed, which I do willingly acknowledge; and amongst the rest, this great one that led the rest; that knowing myself by inward calling to be fitter to hold a book, than to play a part, I have led my life in civil causes; for which I was not very fit by nature, and more unfit by the pre-occupation of my mind. Therefore calling myself home, I have now for a time enjoyed myself; where likewise I desire to make the world partaker; my labours (if so I may term that which was the comfort of my other labours) I have dedicated to the King, desirous if there be any good in them, it may be as fat of a sacrifice incensed to his honour; and the second copy have sent unto you, not only in good affection, but in a kind of congruity, in regard of your great and rare desert of learning. For books are the shrines where the saint is, or is believed to be. And you having built an ark to save learning from deluge, deserve in propriety, any new instrument or engine, whereby learning should be improved or advanced.

[Raleigh had been indicted at Staines, September 21st, 1603, for an alleged conspiracy, with Lords Grey and Cobham. The plague raging in London at that time, the term was held at Winchester, whither Raleigh was removed on the 10th of November. A full account of the accusations against him may be seen in his life by Birch. The jury, after deliberating for a quarter of an hour, pronounced him guilty of treason; although some, according to Osborne, subsequently besought his pardon upon their knees. After being detained at Winchester nearly a month in daily expectation of death, Raleigh was removed to the Tower on the 15th of December, where his wife was soon allowed to join him. During his confinement, he composed his *History of the World*, and at length obtained his release, after an imprisonment of more than twelve years, in 1615–16.—*R. A. Wilmott.*]

SIR WALTER RALEIGH TO HIS WIFE.

Written the night before he expected to be beheaded at Winchester, 1603.

You shall now receive (my dear wife) my last words in these my last lines. My love I send you, that you may keep it when I am dead; and my counsel, that you may remember it when I am no more. I would not by my will present you with sorrows (dear Bess), let them go to the grave, and be buried with me in the dust; and seeing it is not the will of God that ever I shall see you more in this life, bear it patiently, and with a heart like thyself. First, I send you all the thanks my heart can conceive, or my words can express, for your many travails and cares taken for me; which, though they have not taken effect as you wished, yet my debt to you is not the less: but pay it I never shall in this world. Secondly, I beseech you, for the love you bear me living, do not hide yourself many days; but by your travail, seek to help your miserable fortune and the right of your poor child; thy mourning cannot avail me, I am but dust. Thirdly, you shall understand that my land was conveyed (*bona fide*) to my child; the writings were drawn at Midsummer was twelve months; my honest cousin Brett can testify so much, and Dalberie too can remember somewhat therein: and I trust my blood will quench their malice, that have thus cruelly murdered me; and that they will not seek also to kill thee and mine with extreme poverty. To what friend to direct thee I know not, for all mine have left me in the true time of trial; and I plainly perceive that my death was deter-

mined from the first day. Most sorry I am, (as God knows) that, being thus surprised by death, I can leave you no better estate: God is my witness, I meant you all my office of wines, or that I could have purchased by selling it; half my stuff, and all my jewels, but some one for the boy; but God hath prevented all my resolutions, even that great God that worketh all in all; but if you live free from want, care for no more, for the rest is but vanity; love God, and begin betimes to repose your trust in Him; therein shall you find true and lasting riches, and endless comfort. For the rest, when you have travailed and wearied your thoughts, over all sorts of worldly cogitation, you shall but sit down by sorrow in the end. Teach your son also to serve and fear God whilst he is yet young, that the fear of God may grow up with him; and then will God be a husband unto you, and a father unto him—a husband and a father which can never be taken from you. Bayly oweth me two hundred pounds, and Adrian Gilbert six hundred pounds. In Jersey, also, I have much money owing me; besides, the arrearages of the wines will pay my debts; and howsoever you do, for my soul's sake, pay all poor men. When I am gone, no doubt you shall be sought for by many, for the world thinks that I was very rich: but take heed of the pretences of men and their affections, for they last not but in honest and worthy men; and no greater misery can befall you in this life than to become a prey, and afterwards to be despised. I speak not this (God knows) to dissuade you from marriage, for it will be best for you, both in respect of this world and of God. As for me, I am no more yours, nor you mine, death has cut us asunder; and God hath divided me from the world, and you from me.

Remember your poor child for his father's sake, who chose you, and loved you in his happiest time. Get those letters (if it be possible) which I writ to the Lords, wherein I sued for my life. God is my witness, it was for you and yours that I desired life; but is true that I disdain myself for begging it; for know it (dear wife), that your son is the son of a true man, and one who in his own respect despiseth death, and all his misshapen and ugly forms. I cannot write much; God He knoweth how hardly I steal this time while others sleep; and it is also high time that I should separate my thoughts from the world. Beg my dead body, which living was denied thee, and either lay it at Sherborn (if the land continue), or in Exeter Church, by my father and mother: I can say no more; time and death call me away.

The everlasting God, infinite, powerful, and inscrutable; that Almighty God which is goodness itself, mercy itself, the true life and light, keep thee and thine, have mercy on me, and teach me to forgive my persecutors and false accusers, and send us to meet again in His glorious kingdom! My true wife, farewell! bless my poor boy; pray for me, and let my good God hold you both in His arms.

Written with the dying hand of sometime thy husband, but now (alas!) overthrown.

Yours that was, but now not my own.

WALTER RALEGH.

[Dr. Donne's letters were published in 1654, by his son. 'All the characteristics,' says Mr. R. A. Wilmott, 'of the poetry and prose of Donne will be found in his letters; the same eccentricity of expression, originality of thought, and liveliness of illustration surprise the reader.']

DR. DONNE TO SIR HENRY GOODERE.

SIR,—In the history or style of friendship which is best written both in deeds and words, a letter which is of a mixed nature, and hath something of both is a mixed parenthesis. It may be left out, yet it contributes, though not to the being, yet to the verdure and freshness thereof. Letters have truly the same office as oaths. As these amongst light and empty men are but fillings and pauses and interjections; but with weightier, they are sad attestations; so are letters to some compliment, and obligation to others. For mine, as I never authorized my servant to lie in my behalf (for if it were officious in him, it might be worse in me), so I allow my letters much less that civil dishonesty, both because they go from me more considerately, and because they are permanent; for in them I may speak to you in your chamber a year hence before I know not whom, and not hear myself.

They shall therefore ever keep the sincerity and intemperateness of the fountain whence they are derived. And as wheresoever these leaves fall, the root is my heart, so shall they as that sucks good affection towards you there, have ever true impressions thereof. Thus much information is in the very leaves, that they can tell what the tree is, and these can tell you I am a friend and an honest man. Of what general use the fruit should speak, and I have none; and of what particular profit to you, your application and experimenting should tell you, and you can make none of such a nothing; yet even of barren sycamores, such as I, there were use, if either any light flashings, or scorching vehemencies, or sudden showers made you need so shadowy an example or remembrancer. But, sir, your fortune and mind do you this happy injury, that they make all kinds of fruits useless unto you. Therefore I have placed my love wisely where I need communicate nothing. All this, though perchance you read it not till Michaelmas, was told you at Micham.

August 15, 1607.

TO THE SAME.—ALLUSIONS TO HIMSELF.

SIR,—Every Tuesday I make account that I turn a great hour-glass, and consider that a week's life is run out since I writ. But if I ask myself what I have done in the last watch, or would do in the next, I can say nothing; if I say that I have passed it without hurting any, so may the spider in my window. The primitive monks were excusable in their retirings and enclosures of themselves: for even of them every one cultivated his own garden and orchard, that is, his soul and body, by meditation and manufactures; and they ought the world no more, since they consumed none of her sweetness, nor begot others to burden her. But for me, if I were able to husband all my time so thriftily, as not only not to wound my soul in any minute by actual sin, but not to rob and cozen her by giving any part to pleasure to business, but bestow it all upon her in meditation, yet even in that I should wound her more, and contract another guiltiness; as the eagle were very unnatural, if, because she is able to do it, she should perch a whole day upon a tree, staring in contemplation of the majesty and glory of the sun, and let her young eaglets starve in the nest. Two of the most precious things which God hath afforded us here, for the agony and exercise of our sense and spirit, which are a thirst and inhiation after the next life, and a frequency of prayer and meditation in this, are often envenomed and putrefied, and stray into a corrupt disease: for as God doth thus occasion and positively concur to evil, that when a man is purposed to do a great sin, God infuses some good thoughts which make him choose a less sin, or leave out some circumstance which aggravated that; so the devil doth not only suffer but provoke us to some things naturally good, upon condition that we shall omit some other more necessary and more obligatory. And this is his greatest subtilty, because herein we have the deceitful comfort of having done well, and can very hardly spy our error, because it is but an insensible omission, and no accusing act. With the first of these I have often suspected myself to be overtaken; which is, with the desire of the next life: which though I know it is not merely out of a weariness of this, because I had the same desires when I went with the tide, and enjoyed fairer hopes than now: yet I doubt worldly incumbrances have increased it. I would not that death should take me asleep. I would not have him merely seize me, and only declare me to be dead, but win me, and overcome me. When I must shipwreck, I would do it in a sea, where mine impotency might have some excuse; not in a sullen weedy lake, where I could not have so much as exercise for my swimming. Therefore I would fain do something; but that I cannot tell what, is no wonder. For to choose, is to do; but to be no part of anybody, is to be nothing. At most, the greatest persons are but great wens and excrescences; men of wit and delightful conversation, but as moles for ornament, except they be so incorporated into the body of the world, that they contribute something to the sustentation of the whole. This I made account that I began early, when I undertook the study of our laws: but was diverted by the worst voluptuousness, which is an hydroptique immoderate desire of human learning and languages: beautiful ornaments to great fortunes; but mine needed an occupation, and a course which I thought I entered well into, when I submitted myself to such a service as I thought might have employed those poor advantages which I had. And there I stumbled too, yet I would try again: for to this hour I am nothing, or so little, that I am scarce subject and argument good enough for one of mine own letters: yet I fear that doth not ever proceed from a good root, that I am so well content to be less, that is dead. You, sir, are far enough from these descents; your virtue keeps you secure, and your natural disposition to mirth will preserve you. But lose none of these holds; a slip is often as dangerous as a bruise, and though you cannot fall to my lowness, yet, in a much less distraction, you may meet my sadness; for he is no safer which falls from an high tower into the leads, than he which falls from thence to the ground; make therefore to yourself some mark, and go towards it *algrement*. Though I be in such a planetary and erratic fortune, that I can do nothing constantly, yet you may find some constancy in my constant advising you to it.

Your hearty true friend,

J. DONNE.

[This letter has been commended by a competent critic as a perfect specimen of finished courtliness, and superior to any composition of a similar character in Pope's Letters.]

SIR JOHN SUCKLING TO A NOBLEMAN.—COMPLIMENTS.

MY NOBLE LORD,—Your humble servant had the honour to receive from your hand a letter, and had the grace upon the sight of it to blush; I but then found my own negligence, and but now have the opportunity to ask pardon for it. We have ever since been upon a march, and the places we have come to, have afforded rather blood than ink; and of all things, sheets have been the hardest to come by, especially those of paper. If these few lines shall have the happiness to kiss your hand, they can assure

you, that he who sent them knows no one to whom he owes more obligation than to your lordship, and to whom he would more willingly pay it; and that it must be no less than necessity itself that can hinder him from often presenting it. Germany hath no whit altered me; I am still the humble servant of my lord that I was; and when I cease to be so, I must cease to be JOHN SUCKLING.

[As James Howell has been regarded as the father of epistolary literature, we give several varied examples of his powers from his book bearing the title, '*Epistolæ Hoelianæ*. Familiar Letters Domestic and Forren; Divided into Six Sections, partly Historicall, Politicall, Philosophicall, upon Emergent Occasions: By J. H., Esq.; one of the Clerks of his Majesty's most Honourable Privy Councell. London, Printed for Humphrey Mosely; and are to be sold at his shop at the Prince's Arms in S. Paul's Churchyard, 1645.' Sergeant-Major Peter Fisher, Poet Laureate to the Protector, said of Howell, who wrote upwards of forty miscellaneous works, that he may be called 'the prodigy of the age for the variety of his volumes; he teacheth a new way of epistolizing; and that *Familiar Letters* may not only consist of words, and a bombast of complements, but that they are capable of the highest speculations and solidest kind of knowledge. And 'tis observed that in all his writings there is something still new, either in the matter, method, or fancy, and in an untrodden tract.' The specimens given amply vindicate Fisher's opinion of this master of an animated, racy, and picturesque style.]

JAMES HOWELL TO MR. J. WILSON.

SIR,—I received yours of the 10th current, and I have many thanks to give you, that you so quaintly acquaint me how variously the pulse of the pulpiters beat in your town. Touching ours here (by way of corresponding with you) I'll tell you of one whom I heard lately, for dropping casually into a church in Thames Street, I fell upon a winter-preacher, who spoke of nothing but of the fire and flames of hell, so that if a Scythian or Greenlander, who are habituated to such extreme cold, had heard and understood him, would have thought he had preached of paradice. His mouth methought did fume with the lake of brimstone, with the infernal torments, and the thunderings of the law; not a syllable of the gospel, so I concluded him to be one of those who used to preach the law in the church and the gospel in their chambers, when they make some female hearts melt into peeces. He repeated his text once, but God knows how far it was from the subject of his preachment. He had also hot and fiery incitements to war, and to swim in blood for the cause. But after he had run away from his text so long, the Spirit led him into a wilderness of prayer, and there I left him.

God amend all, and begin with me, who am your assured friend to serve you, J. H.

TO MY LORD CLIFFORD, FROM EDINBURGH.

MY LORD,—I have seen now all the King of Great Britain's dominions, and he is a good traveller that hath seen all his dominions. I was born in Wales, I have been in all the four corners of England, I have traversed the diameter of France more than once, and now I am come through Ireland into this kingdom of Scotland. This town of Edenburgh is one of the fairest streets I ever saw (excepting that of Palermo in Sicily). It is about a mile long, coming sloping down from the Castle (called of old the Castle of Virgins, and by Pliny, *Castrum alatum*) to Holyrood House, now the Royal Palace; and these two begin and terminate the town. I am come hither in a very convenient time, for here's a National Assembly and a Parliament, my Lord Traquair being his Majestie's Commissioner. The bishops are all gon to wrack, and they have had but a sorry funeral, the very name is grown so contemptible that a black dog if he hath any white marks about him, is called bishop. Our Lord of Canterbury is grown here so odious, that they call him commonly in the pulpit, the priest of Bail, and the son of Belial.

I'll tell your lordship of a passage which happen'd lately in my lodging, which is a tavern. I had sent for a shoo-maker to make me a pair of boots, and my landlord, who is a pert, smart man, brought up a chopin of white wine (and for this particular, ther are better French wines here than in England, and cheaper, for they are but at a groat a quart, and it is a crime of high nature to mingle or sophisticat any wine here). Over this chopin of white wine my vintner and shoo-maker fell into a hot dispute about bishops. The shoo-maker grew very furious, and called them the firebrands of hell, the panders of the whore of Babylon, and the instrument of the devil, and that they were of his institution, not of God's. My vintner took him up smartly and said, Hold, neighbour, there. Do you know as well as I, that Titus and Timothy were bishops? that

our Saviour is entitled, the Bishop of our souls? that the word bishop is as frequently mentioned in Scripture as the name pastor, elder, or deacon? Then why do you inveigh so bitterly against them? The shoo-maker answered, I know the name and office to be good, but they have abused it. My vintner replies, Well then you are a shoo-maker by your profession; imagine that you, or a hundred, or a thousand, or a hundred thousand of your trade, should play the knaves, and sell calfskin leather boots for neats' leather, or do other cheats, must we therefore go barefoot? Must the gentle craft of shoo-makers fall therefore to the ground? It is the fault of the men, not of the calling. The shoo-maker was so gravell'd at this, that he was put to his last, for he had not a word more to say, so my vintner got the day.

Ther is a fair Parliament House built here lately, and 'twas hoped his Majestie would have tane the maidenhead of it, and com hither to set in person; and they did ill who advised him otherwise.

I am to go hence shortly back to Dublin, and so to London, wher I hope to find your lordship, that according to my accustomed boldness, I may attend you. In the interim I rest your lordship's most humble servitor,

Edenburgh, 1639. J. H.

[The original story of Robert Browning's 'Pied Piper of Hamelin' is here given. In the Index at the end, or 'Extract of the choicest matters that go interwoven 'mongst these Letters,' the following is called 'Of a miraculous accident happened in Hamelen in Germany.' The story is also given in M. Merimée's first chapter of his *Chronique sous Charles I.*, by L. Etienne; in Verstegan's *Restitution of Decayed Intelligence* (1605); and in Gaspar Schott's *Physica Curiosa sive Mirabilia Naturæ et Artis* (1697).]

JAMES HOWELL TO MR. E. P.

Sir,—I saw such prodigious things daily don these few yeers, that I had resolv'd with my self to give over wondering at any thing; yet a passage happen'd this week, that forc'd me to wonder once more, because it is without parallell. It was, that som odd fellows went skulking up and down London streets, and with figs and reasons allur'd little children, and so pourloyn'd them away from their parents, and carried them a ship-board for beyond sea, wher, by cutting their hair, and other divises, they so disguis'd them, that their parents could not know them.

This made me think upon that miraculous passage in Hamelen, a town in Germany, which I hop'd to have pass'd through when I was in Hamburgh, had we return'd by Holland; which was thus (nor would I relate it unto you, were not there som ground of truth for it). The said town of Hamelen was annoyed with rats and mice; and it chanc'd that a pied-coated piper came thither, who covenanted with the chief burgers for such a reward, if he could free them quite from the said vermin, nor would he demand it, till a twelve-month and a day after: The agreement being made, he began to play on his pipes, and all the rats, and the mice, followed him to a great lough hard by, where they all perish'd; so the town was infested no more. At the end of the yeer, the pied piper return'd for his reward, the burgers put him off with slightings, and neglect, offring him som small matter, which he refusing, and staying som dayes in the town, one Sunday morning at high-masse, when most people were at church, he fell to play on his pipes, and all the children up and down, follow'd him out of the town, to a great hill not far off, which rent in two, and open'd, and let him and the children in, and so closed up again: this happen'd a matter of two hundred and fifty yeers since [A.D. 1643 – 250 = 1393 A.D.[1]]; and in that town, they date their bills and bonds, and other instruments in law, to this day from the yeer of the going out of their children: besides, ther is a great piller of stone at the foot of the said hill, whereon this story is engraven.

No more now, for this is enough in conscience for one time: So I am your most affectionate servitor,

[*Fleet*, 1 *Octob.* 1643.] J. H.

JAMES HOWELL TO SIR J. S—— AT LEEDS CASTLE.

Westminster: July 25, 1625.

Sir,—It was a quaint difference the ancients did put betwixt a letter and an oration; that the one should be attired like a woman, the other like a man: the latter of the two is allowed large side robes, as long periods, parentheses, similes, examples, and other parts of rhetorical flourishes; but a letter or epistle should be short-coated and closely couched; a hungerlin becomes a letter more handsomely than a gown; indeed we should write as we speak; and that's a true familiar letter which expresseth one's mind, as if he were discoursing with the party to whom he writes, in succinct and

[1] This is the year in which Chaucer, out in the cold at Greenwich, most likely wrote his *Envoy* to Scogan, then in the sun of Court-favour at Windsor. If Chaucer had but heard of the story, how he would have liked to try his hand at it!—*F. J. Furnivall.*

short terms. The tongue and the pen are both of them interpreters of the mind; but I hold the pen to be the more faithful of the two. The tongue *in udo posita*, being seated in a moist slippery place, may fail and faulter in her sudden extemporal expressions; but the pen having a greater advantage of premeditation, is not so subject to error, and leaves things behind it upon firm and authentic record. Now letters, though they be capable of any subject, yet commonly they are either narratory, objurgatory, consolatory, monitory, or congratulatory. The first consists of relations, the second of reprehensions, the third of comfort, the two last of counsel and joy: there are some who in lieu of letters write homilies; they preach when they should epistolize: there are others that turn them to tedious tractates: this is to make letters degenerate from their true nature. Some modern authors there are who have exposed their letters to the world, but most of them, I mean among your Latin epistolizers, go freighted with mere Bartholomew ware, with trite and trivial phrases only lifted with pedantic shreds of school-boy verses. Others there are among our next transmarine neighbours eastward, who write in their own language, but their style is so soft and easy, that their letters may be said to be like bodies of loose flesh without sinews, they have neither joints of art nor arteries in them; they have a kind of simpering and lank hectic expressions made up of a bombast of words and finical affected compliments only. I cannot well away with such fleazy stuff, with such cob-web compositions, where there is no strength of matter, nothing for the reader to carry away with him that may enlarge the notions of his soul. One shall hardly find an apophthegm, example, simile, or anything of philosophy, history, or solid knowledge, or as much as one new created phrase in a hundred of them; and to draw any observations out of them, were as if one went about to distil cream out of froth; insomuch that it may be said of them, what was said of the echo, 'That she is a mere sound and nothing else.'

I return you your Balzac by this bearer: and when I found these letters wherein he is so familiar with his King, so flat; and those to Richlieu so puffed with prophane hyperboles, and larded up and down with such gross flatteries, I forbore him further.

So I am your most affectionate servitor.

ROBERT HERRICK TO HIS UNCLE SIR WILLIAM HERRICK.

Cambridge: January, 1616.

Before you unsealed my letter, right Worshipful, it cannot be doubted but you had perfect knowledge of the essence of my writing, before you read it; for custom hath made you expect in my plain-song, *mitte pecuniam*, that being the cause *sine qud non*, or the power that gives life and being to each matter. I delight not to draw your imagination to inextricable perplexities, or knit up my love in indissoluble knots, but make no other exposition but the literal sense, which is to entreat you to pay to Mr. Adrian Morice the sum of ten pounds as customarily, and to take a note of his hand for the receipt, which I desire may be effected briefly, because the circumstance of the time must be expressed. I perceive I must cry with the afflicted *usquequo, usquequo, Domine.* Yet I have confidence that I live in your memory, howsoever time brings not the thing hoped for to its just maturity; but my belief is strong, and I do establish my hopes on rocks, and fear no quicksands; be you my firm assistant, and good effects, produced from virtuous causes, will follow. So shall my wishes pace with yours for the supplement of your own happiness, and the perfection of your own posterity.

Ever to be commanded,

ROBERT HERRICK.

To pay to Mr. Blunt, bookseller in Paul's Churchyard, the sum above-named.

[Hall was not justified in calling himself the first English satirist, for he had been preceded by Lodge in 1593; but he introduced a precision, a force, and a harmony, of which few previous examples had been given. His claim, however, to the earliest publication of epistles (1608-11) in our language cannot be disputed. 'Further,' he says in the Dedication to Prince Henry, 'which these times account not the least praise, your Grace shall herein perceive a new fashion of discourse by epistles; new to our language; usual to all others: and so as novelty is never without plea of use, more free, more familiar. Thus we do but talk with our friends by our pen, and express ourselves no whit less easily; somewhat more digestedly.' The Latin Letters of Ascham (and Howell's, 1645) do not of course interfere with the bishop's priority.

Lord Denny, afterwards Earl of Norwich, was the bountiful patron to whom Hall was indebted for the living of Waltham, where he passed more than twenty years of his laborious and Christian life.—*R. A. Wilmott.*]

BISHOP HALL TO LORD DENNY.

An account of his manner of life.

Every day is a little life; and our whole life is but a day repeated; whence it is that old

Jacob numbers his life by days; and Moses desires to be taught this point of holy arithmetic, to number not his years, but his days. Those, therefore, that dare lose a day, are dangerously prodigal; those that dare misspend it, desperate. We can best teach others by ourselves: let me tell your lordship how I would pass my days, whether common or sacred; that you (or whosoever others overhearing me) may either approve my thriftiness, or correct my errors; to whom is the account of my hours either more due, or more known? All days are His who gave time a beginning and continuance; yet some He hath made ours; not to command, but to use. In none may we forget Him; in some we must forget all, besides Him. First, therefore, I desire to awake at those hours, not when I will, but when I must; pleasure is not a fit rule for rest, but health; neither do I consult so much with the sun, as mine own necessity, whether of body, or in that of the mind. If this vassal could well serve me waking, it should never sleep; but now it must be pleased, that it may be serviceable. Now, when sleep is rather driven away than leaves me, I would ever awake with God; my first thoughts are for Him, who hath made the night for rest, and the day for travail; and as He gives, so blesses both. If my heart be early seasoned with His presence, it will savour of Him all day after. While my body is dressing, not with an effeminate curiosity, nor yet with rude neglect, my mind addresses itself to her ensuing task, bethinking what is to be done, and in what order, and marshalling (as it may) my hours with my work; that done, after somewhile meditation, I walk up to my masters and companions, my books; and sitting down amongst them, with the best contentment, I dare not reach forth my hand to salute any of them, till I have first looked up to heaven, and craved favour of Him to whom all my studies are duly referred; without whom I can neither profit nor labour. After this, out of no over great variety, I call forth those which may best fit my occasions; wherein I am not scrupulous of age. Sometimes I put myself to school to one of those ancients, whom the Church hath honoured with the name of fathers; whose volumes I confess not to open, without a sacred reverence of their holiness and gravity; sometimes to those later doctors, which want nothing but age to make them classical: always to God's Book. That day is lost whereof some hours are not improved in those Divine Monuments: others, I turn over out of choice; these, out of duty. Ere I can have sate unto weariness, my family, having now overcome all household distractions, invites me to our common devotions, not without some short preparation. These, heartily performed, send me up with a more strong and cheerful appetite to my former work, which I find made easy to me by intermission and variety. Now, therefore, can I deceive the hours with change of pleasures, that is, of labours. One while, mine eyes are busied; another while my hand; and sometimes my mind takes the burden from them both; wherein I would imitate the skilfullest cooks, which make the best dishes with manifold mixtures. One hour is spent in textual divinity, another in controversy: histories relieve them both. Now, when the mind is weary of other labours, it begins to undertake her own; sometimes it meditates and winds up for future use; sometimes it lays forth her conceits into present discourse; sometimes for itself, ofter for others. Neither know I whether it works or plays in these thoughts; I am sure no sport hath more pleasure, no work more use; only the decay of a weak body makes me think these delights insensibly laborious. Thus could I all day (as ringers use) make myself music with changes, and complain sooner of the day for shortness, than of the business for toil; were it not that this faint monitor interrupts me still in the midst of my busy pleasures, and enforces me both to respite and repast. I must yield to both; while my body and mind are joined together in unequal couples, the better must follow the weaker. Before my meals, therefore, and after, I let myself loose from all thoughts; and now, would forget that I ever studied: a full mind takes away the body's appetite, no less than a full body makes a dull and unwieldy mind; company, discourse, recreations, are now seasonable and welcome; these prepare me for a diet, not gluttonous, but medicinal; the palate may not be pleased, but the stomach; nor that for its own sake: neither would I think any of these comforts worth respect in themselves, but in their use, in their end; so far as they may enable me to better things. If I see any dish to tempt my palate, I fear a serpent in that apple, and would please myself in a wilful denial; I rise capable of more, not desirous; not now immediately from my trencher to my book; but after some intermission. Moderate speed is a sure help to all proceedings; where those things which are prosecuted with violence of endeavour, or desires, either succeed not, or continue not.

After my latter meal my thoughts are slight: only my memory may be charged with her task of recalling what was committed to her custody in the day; and my heart is busy in examining my hands and mouth, and all other senses, of that day's behaviour. And, now the evening is come, no tradesman doth more carefully take in his wares, clear his shop-board, and shut his windows, than I would shut up my thoughts, and clear my mind. That student shall live miserably which, like a camel, lies down under his burden. All this done, calling together my

family, we end the day with God. Thus do we rather drive the time before us, than follow it. I grant neither is my practice worthy to be exemplary, neither are our callings proportionable. The lives of a nobleman, of a courtier, of a scholar, of a citizen, of a countryman, differ no less than their dispositions; yet must all conspire in honest labour.

Sweet is the destiny of all trades, whether of the brows, or of the mind; God never allowed any man to do nothing. How miserable is the condition of those men, which spend the time as if it were given them, and not lent; as if hours were waste creatures, and such as never should be accounted for; as if God would take this for a good bill of reckoning: '*Item*, spent upon my pleasures forty years!' These men shall once find that no blood can privilege idleness, and that nothing is more precious to God than that which they desire to cast away —time. Such are my common days; but God's day calls for another respect. The same sun arises on this day, and enlightens it; yet, because that Sun of Righteousness arose upon it, and gave a new life unto the world in it, and drew the strength of God's moral precept unto it, therefore justly do we sing with the Psalmist, —This is the day which the Lord hath made. Now, I forget the world, and in a sort myself; and deal with my wonted thoughts, as great men use, who at some times of their privacy forbid the access of all suitors. Prayer, meditation, reading, hearing, preaching, singing, good conference, are the businesses of this day, which I dare not bestow on any work, or pleasure, but heavenly.

I hate superstition on the one side, and looseness on the other; but I find it hard to offend in too much devotion; easy in profaneness. The whole week is sanctified by this day; and, according to my care of this, is my blessing on the rest. I show your lordship what I would do, and what I ought; I commit my desires to the imitation of the weak; my actions, to the censures of the wise and holy; my weaknesses, to the pardon and redress of my merciful God.

[When Milton went to Cambridge, it had been with the intention that he should enter the Church. Before he had taken his Master's degree, however, this intention had been entirely or all but entirely abandoned. There exists an interesting letter of his, written about the very time when his determination against the Church began to be taken; and in this letter he describes the reasons of his hesitation at some length. The letter, of which there are two drafts in Milton's handwriting in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, must have been written in December 1631, or in the early part of 1631-2; and it was clearly sent, or meant to be sent, to some friend in Cambridge, his senior in years, who had been remonstrating with him on his aimless course of life at the University.—Masson's *Life of Milton*, Vol. i. p. 289 (1859).]

LETTER OF JOHN MILTON TO A FRIEND.

Sir,—Besides that in sundry respects I must acknowledge me to profit by you whenever we meet, you are often to me, and were yesterday especially, as a good watchman to admonish, that the hours of the night pass on (for so I call my life, as yet obscure and unserviceable to mankind), and that the day with me is at hand wherein Christ commands all to labour while there is light. Which because I am persuaded you do to no other purpose than out of a true desire that God should be honoured in every one, I therefore think myself bound, though unasked, to give you an account, as oft as occasion is, of this my tardy moving, according to the precept of my conscience, which I firmly trust is not without God. Yet now I will not strain for any set apology, but only refer myself to what my mind shall have at any time to declare herself at her best ease.

But if you think, as you said, that too much love of learning is in fault, and that I have given up myself to dream away my years in the arms of studious retirement, like Endymion with the moon, as the tale of Latmus goes; yet consider that if it were no more than the mere love of learning—whether it proceed from a principle bad, good, or natural—it could not have held out thus long against a strong opposition on the other side of every kind. For if it be bad, why should not all the fond hopes that forward youth and vanity are fledge with, together with gain, pride, and ambition, call me forward more powerfully than a poor, regardless, and unprofitable sin of curiosity should be able to withhold me; whereby a man cuts himself off from all action and becomes the most helpless, pusillanimous, and unweaponed creature in the world, the most unfit and unable to do that which all mortals most aspire to, either to be useful to his friends or to offend his enemies? Or if it be to be thought a natural proneness, there is against that a much more potent inclination inbred, which about this time of a man's life solicits most—the desire of house and family of his own, to which nothing is esteemed more helpful than the early entering into credible employment, and nothing hindering than this affected solitariness. And though this were enough, yet is there another act, if not of pure

yet of refined nature, no less available to dissuade prolonged obscurity, a desire of honour and repute and immortal fame, seated in the breast of every true scholar; which all make haste to by the readiest ways of publishing and divulging conceived merits—as well those that shall as those that never shall obtain it. Nature, therefore, would presently work the more prevalent way, if there were nothing but this inferior bent of herself to restrain her. Lastly, the love of learning, as it is the pursuit of something good, it would sooner follow the more excellent and supreme good known and presented, and so be quickly diverted from the empty and fantastic chase of shadows and notions, to the solid good flowing from due and timely obedience to that command in the gospel set out by the terrible feasing of him that hid the talent. It is more probable, therefore, that not the endless delight of speculation, but this very consideration of that great commandment does not press forward as soon as many do, to undergo, but keeps off, with a sacred reverence and religious advisement how *best* to undergo, not taking thought of being *late*, so it give advantage to be more fit; for those that were latest lost nothing when the Master of the vineyard came to give each one his hire. And here I am come to a stream head, copious enough to disburden itself, like Nilus, at seven mouths into an ocean. But then I should also run into a reciprocal contradiction of ebbing and flowing at once, and do that which I excuse myself for not doing—preach and not preach. Yet, that you may see that I am something suspicious of myself, and do take notice of a certain belatedness in me, I am the bolder to send you some of my nightward thoughts some while since, because they come in not altogether unfitly, made up in a Petrarchian stanza, which I told you of:—

[*On his being arrived at the age of twenty-three.*]

How soon hath time, the subtle thief of youth,
Stolen on his way my three-and-twentieth year!
My hasting days fly on with full career;
But my late spring no bud or blossom sheweth.
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth
That I to manhood am arrived so near;
And inward ripeness doth much less appear
Than some more timely spirits endueth.
Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure even
To that same lot, however mean or high,
Toward which time leads me, and the will of Heaven.
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great Taskmaster's eye.

By this I believe you may well repent of having made mention at all of this matter; for if I have not all this while won you to this, I have certainly wearied you of it. This, therefore, may be a sufficient reason for me to keep as I am, lest having thus tired you singly, I should deal worse with a whole congregation, and spoil all the patience of a parish; for I myself do not only see my own tediousness, but now grow offended with it. That has hindered me thus long from coming to the last and best *period* of my letter, and that which must now chiefly work my pardon, that I am,

Your true and unfeigned friend, etc.

[Written to Prince Charles of England, who in company with the Duke of Buckingham had arrived in Madrid in search of a wife. The young prince eventually married Henrietta Maria of France, after his accession as Charles I.; but her influence did not help to mitigate the evils of his reign.]

JAMES I. TO PRINCE CHARLES AND THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Theobalds: May 9, 1623.

My sweet Boys,—If the Dutch post had not been robbed and sore beaten in Kent, three days ago, ye had sooner received the duplicate of the power I put in my sweet babies' hands, which I send you for the more security, seeing the expedition of your return depends upon it; but it rejoiceth my heart that your opinion anent the three conditions annexed to the dispensation agreeth fully with mine, as ye will find by one of my letters, dated Theobalds, which Gresley will deliver unto you. Carlisle came yesterday morning to Dos Castellanos, and a devoted servant to the Condé d'Olivares; but my sweet Steenie Gossip, I heartily thank thee for thy kind, droll letter. I do herewith send thee a kind letter of thanks to that king for the elephant, as thou desired, wherein I likewise thank for him, for a letter of his which Carlisle delivered unto me, which is indeed the kindest and courtesest letter ever I received from any king. I have likewise received from Carlisle the list of the jewels which ye have already received, and which of them my baby means to present to his mistress; I pray you, sweet baby, if ye think not fit to present her the collar of great ballest rubies and knots of pearls, bring it home again, and the like I say of the head-dressing which Frank Stewart is to deliver unto you, for they are not presents fit for subjects; but if ye please, ye may present one of them to the Queen of Spain. Carlisle thinks my baby will bestow a rich jewel upon the Condé d'Olivares; but in my opinion,

horses, dogs, hawks, and such like stuff to be sent him out of England by you both, will be a far more noble, acceptable present to him. And now, my sweet Steenie Gossip, that the poor fool, Kate, hath also sent thee her pearl chain, which, by accident, I saw in a box in Frank Stewart's; I hope I need not conjure thee not to give any of her jewels away there, for thou knowest what necessary use she will have of them at your return here, besides that it is not lucky to give away that I have given her. Now as for mails, the more strong mails for carriage that ye can provide me with, I will be the better secured in my journeys, and the better cheap. If ye can get the deer handsomely here, they shall be welcome. I hope the elephant, camels, and asses are already by the way.

And so God bless you both, and after a happy success there, send you speedy and comfortable home in the arms of your dear dad.

JAMES R.

[Sir John Eliot was the recognised leader of the 'Opposition' in the first, second, and third Parliaments of Charles I. He was imprisoned more than once for his freedom of speech, and his refusal to pay the forced loan; on the last occasion he lay in the Tower until his death, which was in the November of the year in which this was written.]

SIR JOHN ELIOT TO JOHN HAMPDEN.

The Tower, 1632.

Besides the acknowledgment of your favour, that have so much compassion on your friend, I have little to return you from him that has nothing worthy of your acceptance, but the contestation that I have between an ill body and the air, that quarrel, and are friends, as the summer winds affect them. I have these three days been abroad, and as often brought in new impressions of the colds, yet, body and strength and appetite I find myself bettered by the motion. Cold at first was the occasion of my sickness, heat and tenderness by close keeping in my chamber have since increased my weakness. Air and exercise are thought most proper to repair it, which are the prescription of my doctors, though no physic. I thank God other medicines I now take not, but those catholicons, and do hope I shall not need them. As children learn to go, I shall get acquainted with the air, practice and use will compass it, and now and then a fall is an instruction for the future. These varieties He does try us with, that will have us perfect at all parts, and as He gives the trial, He likewise gives the ability that shall be necessary for the work. He has the Philistine at the disposition of His will, and those that trust Him, under His protection and defence. Oh! infinite mercy of our Master, dear friend, how it abounds to us, that are unworthy of His service! How broken! how imperfect! how perverse and crooked are our ways in obedience to Him! How exactly straight is the line of His providence to us! drawn out through all occurrents and particulars to the whole length and measure of our time! How perfect is His hand that has given His Son unto us, and through Him has promised likewise to give us all things—relieving our wants, sanctifying our necessities, preventing our dangers, freeing us from all extremities, and dying Himself for us! What can we render? What retribution can we make worthy so great a majesty? worthy such love and favour? We have nothing but ourselves who are unworthy above all, and yet that, as all other things, is His. For us to offer up that, is but to give Him of His own, and that in far worse condition than we at first received it, which yet (for infinite is His goodness for the merits of His Son) He is contented to accept. This, dear friend, must be the comfort of His children; this is the physic we must use in all our sickness and extremities; this is the strengthening of the weak, the nourishing of the poor, the liberty of the captive, the health of the diseased, the life of those that die, the death of the wretched life of sin! And this happiness have His saints. The contemplation of this happiness has led me almost beyond the compass of a letter; but the haste I use unto my friends, and the affection that does move it, will I hope excuse me. Friends should communicate their joys: this as the greatest, therefore, I could not but impart unto my friend, being therein moved by the present expectation of your letters, which always have the grace of much intelligence, and are happiness to him that is truly yours.

[The writer of this letter, after playing a decided part on the side of the Parliamentarians in 1643, conscious of the offence he had done the Royalist party, when on a political mission abroad, remained in exile for about seventeen years, when he received a pardon, and returned to England in 1677. Sidney was executed in 1687, on the strength of the suspicion that he was implicated in the Rye House Plot. Sidney's name stands high as synonymous with a love of political freedom.]

THE HON. ALGERNON SIDNEY TO HIS FRIENDS.

SIR,—I am sorry I cannot in all things conform myself to the advices of my friends; if

theirs had any joint concernment with mine, I would willingly submit my interest to theirs; but when I alone am interested, and they only advise me to come over as soon as the act of indemnity is passed, because they think it is best for me, I cannot wholly lay aside my own judgment and choice. I confess, we are naturally inclined to delight in our own country, and I have a particular love to mine; and I hope I have given some testimony of it. I think that being exiled from it is a great evil, and would redeem myself from it with the loss of a great deal of my blood. But when that country of mine, which used to be esteemed a paradise, is now like to be made a stage of injury; the liberty which we hoped to establish oppressed; all manner of profaneness, looseness, luxury, and lewdness set up in its height; instead of piety, virtue, sobriety, and modesty, which we hoped God, by our hands, would have introduced; the best of our nation made a prey to the worst; the parliament, court, and army corrupted, the people enslaved, all things vendible, and no man safe, but by such evil and infamous means as flattery and bribery; what joy can I have in my own country in this condition? Is it a pleasure to see all that I love in the world sold and destroyed? Shall I renounce all my old principles, learn the vile court arts, and make my peace by bribing some of them? Shall their corruption and vice be my safety? Ah no! Better is a life among strangers, than in my own country upon such conditions. Whilst I live, I will endeavour to preserve my liberty; or, at least, not consent to the destroying of it. I hope I shall die in the same principle in which I have lived, and will live no longer than they can preserve me. I have in my life been guilty of many follies, but, as I think of no meanness, I will not blot and defile that which is past, by endeavouring to provide for the future. I have ever had in my mind, that when God should cast me into such a condition as that I cannot save my life but by doing an indecent thing, He shows me the time is come wherein I should resign it. And when I cannot live in my own country but by such means as are worse than dying in it, I think He shows me I ought to keep myself out of it. Let them please themselves with making the King glorious, who think a whole people may justly be sacrificed for the interest and pleasure of one man and a few of his followers: let them rejoice in their subtilty, who by betraying the former powers, have gained the favour of this, not only preserved, but advanced themselves in these dangerous changes. Nevertheless (perhaps) they may find the King's glory is their shame, his plenty the people's misery; and that the gaining of an office, or a little money, is a poor reward for destroying a nation! (which if it were preserved in liberty and virtue would truly be the most glorious in the world) and that others may find they have, with much pains, purchased their own shame and misery, a dear price paid for that which is not worth keeping, nor the life that is accompanied with it: the honour of English parliaments have ever been in making the nation glorious and happy, not in selling and destroying the interest of it to satisfy the lusts of one man. Miserable nation! that, from so great a height of glory, is fallen into the most despicable condition in the world, of having all its good depending upon the breath and will of the vilest persons in it! cheated and sold by them they trusted! Infamous traffic, equal almost in guilt to that of Judas! In all preceding ages, parliaments have been the pillars of our liberty, the sure defenders of the oppressed: they, who formerly could bridle kings, and keep the balance equal between them and the people, are now become the instruments of all our oppressions, and a sword in his hand to destroy us; they themselves led by a few interested persons, who are willing to buy offices for themselves by the misery of the whole nation, and the blood of the most worthy and eminent persons in it. Detestable bribes, worse than the oaths now in fashion in this mercenary court! I mean to owe neither my life nor liberty to any such means; when the innocence of my action will not protect me, I will stay away till the storm be overpassed. In short, where Vane, Lambert, and Haslerigg cannot live in safety, I cannot live at all. If I had been in England, I should have expected a lodging with them: or, though they may be the first, as being more eminent than I, I must expect to follow their example in suffering, as I have been their companion in acting. I am most in amaze at the mistaken informations that were sent to me by my friends, full of expectations, of favours, and employments. Who can think, that they, who imprison them, would employ me, or suffer me to live, when they are put to death? If I might live, and be employed, can it be expected that I should serve a government that seeks such detestable ways of establishing itself? Ah no, I have not learnt to make my own peace! by persecuting and betraying my brethren, more innocent and worthy than myself. I must live by just means, and serve to just ends, or not at all, after such a manifestation of the ways by which it is intended the King shall govern. I should have renounced any place of favour into which the kindness and industry of my friends might have advanced me, when I found those that were better than I were only fit to be destroyed. I had formerly some jealousies, the fraudulent proclamation for indemnity increased the imprisonment of those three men; and turning out of all the officers of the army, contrary to promise, confirmed me in my resolutions not to return.

To conclude: the tide is not to be diverted,

nor the oppressed delivered; but God in His time will have mercy on His people; He will save and defend them, and avenge the blood of those who shall now perish upon the heads of those who in their pride think nothing is able to oppose them. Happy are those whom God shall make instruments of His justice in so blessed a work. If I can live to see that day, I shall be ripe for the grave, and able to say with joy, Lord! now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, &c. [So Sir Arthur Haslerigg on Oliver's death.] Farewell my thoughts, as to King and State, depending upon their actions. No man shall be a more faithful servant to him than I, if he make the good and prosperity of his people his glory; none more his enemy, if he doth the contrary. To my particular friends I shall be constant in all occasions, and to you,

A most affectionate servant,

A. SIDNEY.

[After this manner Charles I. said good-bye to a faithful servant. The assurance that he would not suffer in 'life, honour, or fortune,' did not mean much, as after his impeachment, when the King gave his assent to the attainder, he was beheaded on Tower Hill, May 12, 1641.]

CHARLES I. TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

STRAFFORD,—The misfortune that is falen upon you by the strange mistaking and conjunctur of thease tymes being such that I must lay by the thought of imploing you heereafter in my affaires; yet I cannot satisfie myself in honnor or conscience, without asseuring you (now in the midest of your trobles) that, upon the word of a King you shall not suffer in lyfe, honnor, or fortune. This is but justice, and therefore a verie meane rewarde from a maister, to so faitheful and able a servant, as you have showed yourselfe to bee; yet it is as much, as I conceave the present tymes will permitt, though none shall hinder me from being your constant, faithful friend, CHARLES R.

Whythall, Apr. 23, 1641.

EARL OF STRAFFORD TO HIS SON.

(*Written the day before he was beheaded.*)

MY DEAREST WILL,—These are the last lines that you are to receive from a father that tenderly loves you. I wish there were a greater leisure to impart my mind unto you; but our merciful God will supply all things by His grace, and guide and protect you in all your ways: to whose infinite goodness I bequeath you; and therefore be not discouraged, but serve Him, and trust in Him, and He will preserve and prosper you in all things.

Be sure you give all respect to my wife, that hath ever had a great love unto you, and therefore will be well becoming you. Never be awanting in your love and care to your sisters, but let them ever be most dear unto you; for this will give others cause to esteem and respect you for it, and is a duty that you owe them in the memory of your excellent mother and myself: therefor your care and affection to them must be the very same that you are to have of yourself; and the like regard must you have to your youngest sister; for indeed you owe it her also, both for her father and mother's sake.

Sweet Will, be careful to take the advice of those friends, which are by me desired to advise you for your education. Serve God diligently morning and evening, and recommend yourself unto Him, and have Him before your eyes in all your ways. With patience hear the instructions of those friends I leave with you, and diligently follow their counsel: for, till you come by time to have experience in the world, it will be far more safe to trust to their judgments than your own.

Lose not the time of your youth, but gather those seeds of virtue and knowledge, which may be of use to yourself, and comfort to your friends, for the rest of your life. And that this may be the better effected, attend thereunto with patience, and be sure to correct and refrain yourself from anger. Suffer not sorrow to cast you down, but with cheerfulness and good courage go on the race you have to run in all sobriety and truth. Be sure with an hallowed care to have respect to all the commandments of God, and give not yourself to neglect them in the least things, lest by degrees you come to forget them in the greatest: for the heart of man is deceitful above all things. And in all your duties and devotions towards God, rather perform them joyfully than pensively; for God loves a cheerful giver. For your religion, let it be directed according to that which shall be taught by those which are in God's church the proper teachers therefore, rather than that you ever either fancy one to yourself, or be led by men that are singular in their own opinions, and delight to go ways of their own finding out: for you will certainly find soberness and truth in the one, and much unsteadiness and vanity in the other.

The King I trust will deal graciously with you, restore you those honours and that fortune which a distempered time hath deprived you of, together with the life of your father: which I rather advise might be by a new gift and creation from himself, than by any other means, to the end you may pay the thanks to him without having obligation to any other.

Be sure to avoid as much as you can to inquire after those that have been sharp in their judgments towards me, and I charge you never to suffer thought of revenge to enter your heart, but be careful to be informed, who were my friends in this prosecution, and to them apply yourself to make them your friends also; and on such you may rely, and bestow much of your conversation amongst them.

And God Almighty of His infinite goodness bless you and your children's children; and His same goodness bless your sisters in like manner, perfect you in every good work, and give you right understandings in all things. Amen.

Your most loving father,

T. WENTWORTH.

Tower, this 11th of May 1641.

You must not fail to behave yourself towards my Lady Clare your grandmother with all duty and observance; for most tenderly doth she love you, and hath been passing kind unto me. God reward her charity for it. And both in this and all the rest, the same that I counsel you, the same do I direct also to your sisters, that so the same may be observed by you all. And once more do I, from my very soul, beseech our gracious God to bless and govern you in all, to the saving you in the day of His visitation, and join us again in the communion of His blessed saints, where is fulness of joy and bliss for evermore. Amen, amen.

[Henry Cromwell has no major-generals in Ireland, but has his anarchies there also to deal with. Let him listen to this good advice on the subject.—Carlyle's *Cromwell.*]

OLIVER CROMWELL TO HIS SON H. CROMWELL.

SONNE,—I have seen your letter writ unto Mr. Secretary Thurloe, and do finde thereby, that you are very apprehensive of the carriage of some persons with you towards your selfe, and the publique affairs. I doe believe there may be some particular persons, who are not very well pleased with the present condition of things, and may be apt to show their discontent as they have opportunitie; but this should not make too great impressions in you. Tyme and patience may worke them to a better frame of spirit, and bring them to see that, which for the present seems to be hid from them; especially if they shall see your moderation and love towards them, whilst they are found in other ways towards you; which I earnestly desire you to studye and endeavour all that lyes in you, whereof both you and I too shall have the comfort, whatsoever the issue and event thereof be.

For what you write of more help, I have longe endeavoured it, and shall not be wanting to send you some further addition to the councell, as soon as men can be found out who are fit for that trust. I am alsoe thinkinge of sending over to you a fitt person, who may command the north of Ireland, which I believe stands in great need of one, and am of your opinion, that Trevor and Colonel Mervin are very dangerous persons, and may be made the heads of a new rebellion: and therefore I would have you move the councell, that they be secured in some very safe place, and the further out of their own countryes the better.

I commend you to the Lord, and rest,

Your affectionate father,

OLIVER P.

November 21, 1655.

[It was in this year, 1650, that the resignation of Fairfax opened to Cromwell the path to supreme power. The brief communication to Colonel Hacker is highly characteristic of the writer.—*R. A. Wilmott.*]

OLIVER CROMWELL TO COLONEL HACKER.

Religious Soldiers.

SIR,—I have the best consideration I can for the present, in this business; and although I believe Captain Hubbert is a worthy man, and hear so much, yet as the case stands, I cannot with satisfaction to myself and some others, revoke the commission I had given to Captain Empson, without offence to them, and reflection upon my own judgment. I pray let Captain Hubbart know I shall not be unmindful of him, and that no disrespect is intended to him. But, indeed, I was not satisfied with your last speech to me about Empson, that he was a better preacher than a fighter, or soldier, or words to that effect. Truly I think, that he that prays and preaches best, will fight best. I know nothing will give like courage and confidence, as the knowledge of God in Christ will; and I bless God to see any in this army able and willing to impart the knowledge they have for the good of others. And I expect it be encouraged by all chief officers in this army especially; and I hope you will do so. I pray receive Captain Empson lovingly. I dare assure you he is a good man, and a good officer. I would we had no worse.

I rest, your loving friend,

O. CROMWELL.

December 25, 1650.

[The Mr. Rich mentioned here is Lord Rich's son, grandson of the Earl of Warwick, to whom the sister of the writer, Frances Cromwell, was married in 1657, while Mary married Lord Fauconberg about the same time. 'Here,' says Carlyle, 'are affairs of the heart, romances of reality, such as have to go on in all times, under all dialects and fashions of dress-caps, Puritan, Protectoral, and other.']

LADY MARY CROMWELL TO HENRY CROMWELL, MAJOR-GENERAL OF THE FORCES IN IRELAND.

DEAR BROTHER,—Your kind letters do so much engage my heart towards you, that I can never tell how to express in writing the true affection and value I have of you, who truly I think none that knows you but you may justly claim it from. I must confess myself in a great fault in the omitting of writing to you and your dear wife so long a time; but I suppose you cannot be ignorant of the reason, which truly has been the only cause, which is this business of my sister Frances and Mr. Rich. Truly I can truly say it, for these three months I think our family, and myself in particular, have been in the greatest confusion and trouble as ever poor family can be in: the Lord tell us His . . . in it, and settle us, and make us what He would have us to be. I suppose you heard of the breaking of the business, and according to your desire in your last letter, as well as I can, I shall give you a full account of it, which is this. After a quarter of a year's admittance, my father and my Lord Warwick began to treat about the estate, and it seems my lord did not offer that that my father expected. I need not name particulars, for I suppose you may have had it from better hands; but if I may say the truth, I think it was not so much estate, as some private reasons, that my father discovered to none but my sister Frances and his own family, which was a dislike to the young person, which he had from some reports of his being a vicious man, given to play, and such like things, which office was done by some that had a mind to break off the match. My sister hearing these things, was resolved to know the truth of it; and truly did find all the reports to be false that were raised of him; and to tell you the truth, they were so much engaged in affection before this, that she could not think of breaking of it off, so that my sister engaged me and all the friends she had, who truly were very few, to speak in her behalf to my father; which we did, but could not be heard to any purpose; only this my father promised, that if he were satisfied as to the report, the estate should not break it off, which she was satisfied with; but after this there was a second treaty, and my Lord Warwick deferred my father to name what it was he demanded more, and to his utmost he would satisfy him; so my father upon this made new propositions, which my Lord Warwick has answered as much as he can; but it seems there is five hundred pounds a year in my Lord Rich's hands, which he has power to sell, and there are some people that persuaded his highness, that it would be dishonourable for him to conclude of it, without these five hundred pounds a year be settled upon Mr. Rich, after his father's death; and my Lord Rich having no esteem at all of his son, because he is not bad as himself, will not agree to it; and these people upon this persuade my father, it would be a dishonour to him to yield upon these terms; it would show, that he was made a fool on by my Lord Rich; which the truth is, how it should be, I can't understand, nor very few else; and truly I must tell you privately, that they are so far engaged, as the match cannot be broke off. She acquainted none of her friends with her resolution, when she did it. Dear brother, this is as far as I can tell the state of the business. The Lord direct them what to do; and all I think ought to beg of God to pardon her in her doing of this thing, which I must say truly, she was put upon by the of things. Dear, let me beg my excuses to my sister for not writing my best respects to her. Pardon this trouble, and believe me, that I shall ever strive to approve myself, dear brother,

Your affectionate sister and servant,
MARY CROMWELL.

Hampton Court, June 23, 1656.

[Edmund Waller the poet had courted the sister of this lady for ten years under the name of Sacharissa, and on the occasion of her marriage to Lord Spencer, addressed the Lady Lucy in this lively note.]

MR. WALLER TO LADY LUCY, SISTER TO LADY DOROTHY SYDNEY.

July, 1630.

MADAM,—In this common joy at Penshurst, I know none to whom complaints may come less unseasonable than to your ladyship; the loss of a bedfellow being almost equal to that of a mistress, and therefore you ought at least to pardon, if you consent not to, the imprecations of the deserted, which just Heaven no doubt will hear. May my Lady Dorothy, if we may yet call her so, suffer as much, and have the like passion for this young lord, whom she has preferred to the rest of mankind, as others have had for her; and may this love, before the year go about, make her taste of the first curse

imposed on womankind, the pains of becoming a mother. May her first-born be none of her own sex, nor so like her, but that he may resemble her lord as much as herself. May she, that always affected silence and retiredness, have the house filled with the noise and number of her children, and hereafter of her grandchildren; and then may she arrive at that great curse so much declined by fair ladies, old age. May she live to be very old, and yet seem young; be told so by her glass, and have no aches to inform her of the truth; and when she shall appear to be mortal, may her lord not mourn for her, but go hand in hand with her to that place, where we are told there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage, that, being there divorced, we may all have an equal interest in her again. My revenge being immortal, I wish all this may also fall upon their posterity to the world's end, and afterwards. To you, madam, I wish all good things, and that this loss may in good time be happily supplied with a more constant bed-fellow of the other sex.

Madam, I humbly kiss your hands, and beg pardon for this trouble, from

Your ladyship's most humble servant,

E. WALLER.

[The Memoir of Burnet has introduced us into the family of Hale; and a few notes communicated by Baxter, who knew him in advanced life, have also illustrated the simplicity and elevation of his mind. Burnet says that he divided himself between the duties of religion and the studies of his profession. 'He took a strict account of his time, of which the reader will best judge by the scheme he drew for a day. It is set down in the same simplicity in which he writ it for his own private use:—Morning,—to lift up my heart to God in thankfulness for renewing thy life. Evening,—cast up the accounts of the day. If aught amiss, beg pardon. Gather resolution of more vigilance. If well, bless the mercy and grace of God that hath supported thee.' The same humility marked his actions. Baxter, who was himself notorious for negligence of costume, has noticed the homeliness of his dress, and the humbleness of his residence at Acton. Four letters from Sir Matthew Hale to his children have been published in his moral and religious works: they were written during the brief intervals of leisure afforded to him upon the circuit, and display the natural vigour and practical wisdom by which he was distinguished. — *R. A. Willmott.*

SIR MATTHEW HALE TO HIS CHILDREN.

Directions for the Employment of their Time.

DEAR CHILDREN,—I intended to have been at Alderley this Whitsuntide, desirous to renew those counsels and advices which I have often given you, in order to your greatest concernment; namely, the everlasting good and welfare of your souls hereafter, and the due ordering of your lives and conversations here.

And although young people are apt, through their own indiscretion, or the ill advice of others, to think these kinds of entertainments but dry and empty matters, and the morose and needless interpositions of old men; yet give me leave to tell you, that these things are of more importance and concernment to you, than external gifts and bounties, (wherein) nevertheless I have not been wanting to you, according to my ability.

This was my intention in this journey; and though I have been disappointed therein, yet I thought good, by letters and messages, to do something that might be done that way for your benefit, that I had otherwise intended to have done in person.

Assure yourselves, therefore, and believe it from one that knows what he says,—from one that can neither have any reason or end to deceive you,—that the best gift I can give you is good counsel; and the best counsel I can give you, is that which relates to your greatest import and concernment, religion.

And therefore, since I cannot at this time deliver it to you in person, I shall do so by this letter, wherein I shall not be very large, but keep myself within the bounds proper for a letter, and to those things only, at this time, which may be most of present use and moment to you; and by your due observance of these directions, I shall have a good character, both of your dutifulness to God, your obedience to your father, and also of your discretion and prudence; for it is most certain, that as religion is the best means to advance and certify human nature, so no man shall be either truly wise or truly happy without it, and the love of it; no, not in this life, much less in that which is to come.

First. Therefore, every morning and every evening, upon your knees, humbly commend yourselves to the Almighty God in prayer, begging His mercy to pardon your sins, His grace to direct you, His providence to protect you; returning Him humble thanks for all His dispensations towards you, yea, even for His very corrections and afflictions: entreating Him to give you wisdom and grace, to make a sober,

patient, humble, profitable use of them, and in His due time to deliver you from them; concluding your prayers with the Lord's Prayer. This will be a certain means to bring your mind into a right frame, to procure you comfort and blessing, and to prevent thousands of inconveniences and mischiefs, to which you will be otherwise subjected.

Secondly. Every morning, read seriously and reverently a portion of the Holy Scripture, and acquaint yourself with the history and doctrine thereof: it is a book full of light and wisdom, will make you wise to eternal life, and furnish you with direction, and principles, to guide and order your life safely and prudently.

Thirdly. Conclude every evening with reading some part of the Scripture, and prayer in your family.

Fourthly. Be strict and religious observers of the Lord's day. Resort to your parish church twice that day if your health will permit, and attend diligently and reverently to the public prayers and sermons. He cannot reasonably expect a blessing from God the rest of the week, that neglects his duty to God in the due consecration of this day to the special service and duty to God, which this day requires.

Fifthly. Receive the sacrament at least three times in the year, and oftener as there is occasion, in your parish church. The laws of the land require this, and the law of your Saviour requires it, and the law of duty and gratitude requires it of you. Prepare yourselves seriously for this service beforehand, and perform it with reverence and thankfulness. The neglect of this duty procures great inconveniences and strangeness; and commonly the neglect hereof ariseth from some conceited opinion, that people inconsiderately take up; but most ordinarily from a sluggishness of mind, and an unwillingness to fit and prepare the mind for it, or to leave some sinful or vain course that men are not willing to leave, and yet condemn themselves in the practice of.

Sixthly. Beware of those that go about to seduce you from that religion wherein you have been brought up hitherto, namely, the true Protestant religion. It is not unknown to any that observes the state of things in the world, how many erroneous religions are scattered abroad in the world; and how industrious men of false persuasions are to make proselytes. There are Antinomians, Quakers, Anabaptists, and divers others; nay, although the laws of this kingdom, and especially the statute of 23 Eliz. cap. 1, have inflicted the severest penalty upon those that go about to withdraw persons to the Romish religion from the religion established in England, as any man that reads that statute may find; yet there are scattered up and down the world divers factors and agents, that, under several disguises and pretences, endeavour the perverting of weak and easy persons. Take heed of all such persuaders. And that you may know and observe the better, you shall ever find these artifices practised by them. They will use all flattering applications and insinuations to be master of your humour; and when they have gotten that advantage,—they seemed before to serve you,—will then command you.

They will use all possible skill to raise in you jealousy and dislike towards those who may otherwise continue and keep you in the truth; as, to raise dislike in you against your minister; nay, rather than fail, to raise dissension among relations, yea, to cast jealousies and surmises among them, if it may be instrumental to corrupt them. They will endeavour to withdraw the people from the public ministry of God's Word; encourage men to slight and neglect it; and when they have once effected this, they have a fair opportunity to infuse their own corrupt principles.

They will engage you, by some means or other, to them; either by some real, but, most ordinarily, by some pretended kindness or familiarity, that, in a little time, you shall not dare to displease them: you must do and speak what they will have you, because, some way or other, you are entangled with them, or engaged to them; and then they become your governors, and you will not dare to contradict or disobey them.

These are some of those artifices whereby crafty and subtle seducers gain proselytes, and bring men under captivity.

Seventhly. Be very careful to moderate your passions, especially of choler and anger: it inflames the blood, disorders the brain, and, for the time, exterminates not only religion, but common reason; it puts the mind into confusion, and throws wild-fire into the tongue, whereby men give others great advantage against them: it renders a man incapable of doing his duty to God, and puts a man upon acts of violence, unrighteousness, and injustice to men: therefore keep your passions under discipline, and under as strict a chain as you would keep a curst, unruly mastiff. Look to it, that you give it not too much line at first; but if it hath gotten any fire within you, quench it presently with consideration, and let it not break out into passionate or unruly actions; but whatever you do, let it not gangrene into malice, envy, or spite.

Eighthly. Send your children early to learn their catechism, that they may take in the true principles of religion betimes, which may grow up with them, and habituate them both to the knowledge and practice of it; that they may escape the danger of corruption by error or vice, being antecedently seasoned with better rinciples.

Ninthly. Receive the blessings of God with very much thankfulness to Him; for He is the

root and fountain of all the good you do, or can receive.

Tenthly. Bear all afflictions and crosses patiently: it is your duty; for afflictions come not from the dust. The great God of heaven and earth is He that sends the messages to you; though, possibly, evil occurrences may be the immediate instruments of them. You owe to Almighty God an infinite subjection and obedience, and to expostulate with Him is rebellion; and as it is your duty, so it is your wisdom and your prudence; impatience will not discharge your yoke, but it will make it gall the worse, and sit the harder.

Eleventhly. Learn not only patience under your afflictions, but also profitably to improve them to your soul's good. Learn by them how vain and unprofitable things the world and all the pleasures thereof are, that a sharp or a lingering sickness renders utterly tasteless. Learn how vain and weak a thing human nature is, which is pulled down to the gates of death, and clothed with rottenness and corruption, by a little disorder in the blood, in a nerve, in a vein, in an artery. And since we have so little hold of a temporal life, which is shaken and shattered by any small occurrence, accident, or distemper, learn to lay hold of eternal life, and of that covenant of peace and salvation, which Christ hath bought for all that believe and obey the gospel of peace and salvation: there shall be no death, no sickness, no pain, no weakness, but a state of unchangeable and everlasting happiness. And if you thus improve affliction, you are gainers by it; and most certain it is, that there is no more probable way, under heaven, to be delivered from affliction (if the wise God see it fit) than thus to improve it; for affliction is a messenger, and the rod hath a voice, and that is, to require mankind to be the more patient, and the more humble, and the more to acknowledge Almighty God in all our ways. And if men listen to this voice of the rod, and conform to it, the rod hath done his errand; and either will leave a man, or at least give a man, singular comfort, even under the sharpest affliction. And this affliction, which is but for a moment, thus improved, will work for us an exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

Twelfthly. Reverence your minister: he is a wise and a good man, and one that loves you, and hath a tender care and respect for you. Do not grieve him, either by neglect or disrespect. Assure yourselves, if there be any person that sets any of you against him, or provokes, or encourageth any of you to despise or neglect him, that person, whoever he be, loves not you, nor the office he bears. And, therefore, as the laws of the land, and the Divine Providence, have placed him at Alderley, to have the care of your souls, so I must tell you, I do expect you should reverence and honour him, for his own, for your, and for his office's sake.

And now I have written this long epistle to you, to perform that office for me that I should have done in person, if I could have taken this journey. The epistle is long; but it had been longer if I had had more time. And though, perchance, some there may be in the world, that when they hear of it will interpret it to be but the excursions and morose rules of old age, unnecessary, and such as might have been spared; yet I am persuaded it will find better acceptation thereof from you that are my children. I am now on the shady side of threescore years: I write to you what you have often heard me in substance speak. And possibly when I shall leave this world, you will want such a remembrancer as I have been to you.

The words that I now and at former times have written to you, are words of truth and soberness, and words and advices that proceed from a heart full of love and affection to you all. If I should see you do amiss in anything, and should not reprove you, or if I should find you want counsel and direction, and should not give it, I should not perform the trust of a father; and if you should not thankfully receive it, you would be somewhat defective in the duty you owe to God and me, as children. As I have never spared my purse to supply you, according to my abilities, and the reasonableness of occasions, so I have never been wanting to you in good and prudent counsels; and the God of heaven give you wisdom, constancy, and fidelity, in the observance of them.

I am your ever loving father,

MATTHEW HALE.

[The next two specimens we give represent the light and lively style of John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester (1647–1680), one of the most profligate members of the court of Charles II. He died of physical exhaustion at the early age of thirty-three, but not without having made a death-bed repentance, which Dr. Burnet, his spiritual guide, believed to be genuine.]

THE EARL OF ROCHESTER TO THE HONOURABLE HENRY SAVILLE.

HARRY,—'Tis not the least of my happiness, that I think you love me; but the first of all my pretensions is to make it appear that I faithfully endeavour to deserve it. If there be a real good upon earth, 'tis in the name of friend, without which all others are mere fantastical. How few of us are fit stuff to make that thing, we have daily the melancholy experience.

However, dear Harry, let us not give out, nor despair of bringing that about, which, as it

is the most difficult and rare accident of life, is also the best; nay, (perhaps) the only good one. This thought has so entirely possessed me since I came into the country (where only one can think; for you at court think not at all, or, at least, as if you were shut up in a drum, as you think of nothing but the noise that is made about you), that I have made many serious reflections upon it, and amongst others gathered one maxim, which I desire should be communicated to our friend Mr. G——, that we are bound in morality and common honesty to endeavour after competent riches; since it is certain that few men, if any, uneasy in their fortunes, have proved firm and clear in their friendships. A very poor fellow is a very poor friend; and not one of a thousand can be good-natured to another who is not pleased within himself. But while I grow into proverbs, I forget that you may impute my philosophy to the dog-days, and living alone. To prevent the inconveniences of solitude, and many others, I intend to go to the Bath on Sunday next, in visitation to my lord treasurer. Be so politick, or be so kind (or a little of both, which is better), as to step down thither, if famous affairs at Windsor do not detain you.

Dear Harry, I am your hearty, faithful, affectionate, humble servant,

ROCHESTER.

TO THE SAME, ON HEARING THE NEWS OF HIS OWN DEATH AND BURIAL.

DEAR SAVILLE,—This day I received the unhappy news of my own death and burial. But, hearing what heirs and successors were decreed me in my place, and chiefly in my lodgings, it was no small joy to me that those tidings prove untrue; my passion for living is so increased, that I omit no care of myself; which before I never thought life worth the trouble of taking. The King, who knows me to be a very ill-natured man, will not think it an easy matter for me to die, now I live chiefly out of spite. Dear Mr. Saville, afford me some news from your land of the living; and though I have little curiosity to hear who's well, yet I would be glad my few friends are so, of whom you are no more the least than the leanest. I have better compliments for you, but that may not look so sincere as I would have you believe I am, when I profess myself,

Your faithful, affectionate, humble servant,

ROCHESTER.

Adderbury, near Banbury.

GEORGE VILLIERS (1627–1688), DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, TO THE DUKE OF SHREWSBURY.

Giving a Description of Buckingham House.

You accuse me of singularity in resigning the Privy Seal, with a good pension added to it, and yet afterwards of staying in town, at a season when everybody else leaves it, which you say is at once both despising court and country; you desire me, therefore, to defend myself, if I can, by describing very particularly in what manner I spend so many hours, that appear so long to you who know nothing of the matter, and yet methinks are but too short for me.

No part of this task which you propose is uneasy, except the necessity of using the singular number too often. That one letter (I) is a most dangerous monosyllable, and gives an air of vanity to the modestest discourse whatsoever. But you will remember, that I write this only by way of apology; and that, under accusation, it is allowable to plead anything for defence, though a little tending to one's own commendation.

To begin, then, without more preamble: I rise now in summer about seven o'clock, from a very large bed-chamber (entirely quiet, high, and free from the early sun), to walk in the garden; or, if rainy, in a saloon, filled with pictures, some good, but none disagreeable. There also, in a row above them, I have so many portraits of famous persons in several kinds, as are enough to excite ambition in any man less lazy, or less at ease than myself.

Instead of a little dozing closet (according to the unwholesome custom of most people) I choose this spacious room for all my small affairs, reading books, or writing letters, where I am never in the least tired, by the help of stretching my legs sometimes in so long a room, or of looking into the pleasantest park in the world, just underneath it.

Visits after a certain hour are not to be avoided; some of which I own a little fatiguing (though, thanks to the town's laziness, they come pretty late), if the garden was not so near as to give a seasonable refreshment between those ceremonious interruptions. And I am more sorry than my coachman himself, if I am forced to go abroad any part of the morning; for though my garden is such as, by not pretending to rarities and curiosities, has nothing in it to inveigle one's thoughts; yet, by the advantage of situation and prospect, it is able to suggest the noblest that can be, in presenting at once to view a vast town, a palace, and a magnificent cathedral. I confess the last, with all its splendour, has less share in exciting my devotion than the most common shrub in my garden. For though I am apt to be sincerely devout in any sort of religious assemblies, from the very best (that of our own church) even to those of Turks, Jews, and Indians; yet the works of nature appear to me the better sort of sermons; every flower contains in it more edifying rhetoric, to fill us with admiration of its omnipotent Creator.

After I have dined (either agreeably with friends, or, at worst, with better company than

your country neighbours), I drive away to a place of air and exercise, which some constitutions are in absolute need of, and diversion of the mind, being a composition for health above all the skill of Hippocrates.

The small distance of this place from London is just enough for recovering my weariness, and recruiting my spirits, so as to make me fitter than before I set out for either business or pleasure. At the mentioning the last of these, methinks I see you smile; but I confess myself so changed (which you maliciously will call decayed) as to my former enchanting delights, that the company I commonly find at home is agreeable enough to make me conclude the evening on a delightful terrace, or in a place free from late visits, except of familiar acquaintance.

By this you will see, that most of my time is conjugally spent at home, and consequently you will blame my laziness more than ever, for not employing it in a way which your partiality is wont to think me capable of, therefore I am obliged to go on with this trifling description, as some excuse for my idleness; but how such a description of itself is excusable, is what I should be very much in pain about, if I thought anybody could see it besides yourself, who are too good a judge in all things to mistake a friend's compliance in a private letter for the least touch of vanity.

The avenues to this house are along through St. James's Park, through rows of goodly elms on one hand, and gay flourishing limes on the other; that for coaches, this for walking, with the Mall lying between them; this reaches to my iron pallisade, that encompasses a square court, which has in the midst a great bason, with statues and water-works; and from its entrance rises all the way imperceptibly, till we mount to a terrace, in the front of a large hall, paved with square, white stone, mixed with a dark-coloured marble; the walls of it covered with a set of pictures, done in the school of Raphael. Out of this, on the right hand, we go into a parlour, thirty-three feet by thirty-nine, with a nitch fifteen feet broad for a buffet, paved with white marble, and placed within an arch, with pilasters of divers colours; the upper part of which, as high as the ceiling, is painted by Ricci.

From hence we pass through a suite of large rooms into a bed-chamber of thirty-four feet by twenty-seven; within it a large closet, that opens into a green-house.

On the left hand are three stone arches, supported by Corinthian pillars, under one of which are eight and forty steps, ten feet broad, each step of one entire Portland stone. These stairs, by the help of two resting-places, are so very easy, there is no need of leaning on the iron balluster. The walls are painted with the story of Dido, whom, though the poet was obliged to despatch away mournfully, in order to make room for Lavinia, the better-natured painter has brought no farther than to that fatal cave, where the lovers appear just entering, and languishing with desire.

The roof of this staircase, which is fifty-five feet from the ground, is of forty feet by thirty-six, filled with the figures of gods and goddesses; in which is Juno condescending to beg assistance from Venus to bring about a marriage, which the Fates intended should be the ruin of her own darling queen and people; by which that sublime poet wisely intimates, that we should never be over-eager for anything either in our pursuits or in our prayers, lest what we endeavour to ask too violently for our interest, should be granted us by Providence only in order to our ruin.

The bas reliefs, and little squares above, are all episodical paintings of the same story; and the largeness of the whole has admitted of a sure remedy against any decay of the colours from saltpetre in the wall, by making another of oak laths four inches within it, and so primed over like a picture.

From a wide landing-place on the stairs-head, a great double door opens into an apartment of the same dimensions with that below, only three feet higher, notwithstanding which, it would appear too low, if the higher saloon had not been divided from it. The first room on this floor has within it a closet of original paintings, which yet are not so entertaining as the delightful prospect from the windows. Out of the second room, a pair of great doors give entrance into the saloon, which is thirty-five feet high, thirty-six broad, and forty-five long. In the midst of its roof, a round picture of Gentileschi, eighteen feet in diameter, represents the Muses playing in concert to Apollo, lying along on a cloud to hear them. The rest of the room is adorned with paintings relating to arts and sciences; and underneath, divers original pictures hang, all in good lights, by the help of an upper row of windows, which drown the glaring.

Much of this seems appertaining to parade, and therefore I am glad to leave it to describe the rest, which is all for conveniency; as first, a covered passage from the kitchen without doors, and another down to the cellars, and all the offices within. Near this, a large and lightsome back-stairs leads up to such an entry above, as secures our private bed-chambers both from noise and cold. Here we have necessary dressing-rooms, servants' rooms, and closets, from which are the pleasantest views of all the house, with a little door for communication between this private apartment and the great one.

These stairs, and those of the same kind at the other end of the house, carry us up to the highest storey, fitted for the women and children,

with floors so contrived as to prevent all noise over my wife's head, during the mysteries of Lucina.

In mentioning the court at first, I forgot the two wings in it, built on stone arches, which join the house corridors, supported on Ionic pillars. In one of these wings is a large kitchen, thirty feet high, with an open cupola on the top; near it a larder, brewhouse, and laundry, with rooms over them for servants. The upper sort of servants are lodged in the other wing, which has also two wardrobes, and a storeroom for fruit. On the top of all, a leaden cistern, holding fifty tuns of water, driven up by an engine from the Thames, supplies all the water-works in the courts and gardens, which lie quite round the house; through one of which, a grass walk conducts to the stables, built round a court, with six coach-houses, and forty stalls.

I will add but one thing more before I carry you into the garden, and that is about walking too; but 'tis on the top of all the house, which being covered with smooth milled lead, and defended by a parapet of ballusters from all apprehension, as well as danger, entertains the eye with a far distant prospect of hills and dales, and a near one of parks and gardens.

To these gardens we go down from the house by seven steps into a gravel walk, that reaches across the whole garden, with a covered arbour at each end of it. Another of thirty feet broad, leads from the front of the house, and lies between two groves of tall lime-trees, planted in several equal ranks upon a carpet of grass; the outside of these groves are bordered with tubs of bays and orange trees.

At the end of this broad walk you go up to a terrace, four hundred paces long, with a large semi-circle in the middle, from whence is beheld the Queen's two parks, and a great part of Surrey; then going down a few steps, you walk on the bank of a canal six hundred yards long and seventeen broad, with two rows of limes on each side of it.

On one side of this terrace, a wall, covered with roses and jessamines, is made low, to admit the view of a meadow full of cattle just under it (no disagreeable object in the midst of a great city), and at each end a descent in parterres, with fountains and water-works.

From the biggest of these parterres, we pass into a little square garden that has a fountain in the middle, and two green-houses on the sides, with a convenient bathing apartment in one of them, and near another part of it lies a flower garden. Below all this, a kitchen-garden, full of the best sorts of fruits, has several walks in it, fit for the coldest weather.

Thus I have done with a tedious description, only one thing I forgot, though of more satisfaction to me than all the rest, which I fancy you guess already; and it is a little closet of books at the end of that green-house, which joins the best apartment; which, besides their being so very near, are ranked in such a method, that by its mark a very Irish footman may fetch any book I want.

Under the windows of this closet and green-house, is a little wilderness of blackbirds and nightingales. The trees, though planted by myself, require lopping already, to prevent their hindering the view of that fine canal in the park.

After all this (to a friend I will expose my weakness as an instance of the mind's unquietness under the most pleasing enjoyments) I am oftener missing a pretty gallery in the old house I pulled down, than pleased with a saloon which I built in its stead though a thousand times better in all manner of respects.

And now (*pour faire bonne bouche*, with a grave reflection) it were well for us, if this incapacity of being entirely contented was as sure a proof of our being reserved for happiness in another world, as it is of our frailty and imperfection in this; I confess the divines tell us so, but though I believe a future state more firmly than a great many of them appear to do, by their inordinate desires of the good things in this; yet I own my faith is founded, not on the fallacious arguments of preachers, but on that adorable conjunction of unbounded power and goodness, which certainly must some way recompense hereafter so many thousands of innocent wretches created to be so miserable here.

[If Sprat, to whom Cowley bequeathed by his will the revision and collection of his works, had given to us the familiar letters of his friend, we might have reaped a richer harvest from 'those seven or eight years' in which he was 'concealed in his beloved obscurity.' But Sprat was determined, to borrow his own metaphor, that the soul of the poet should not appear undressed; and the world has been defrauded of some of the tenderest and purest sentiments which ever flowed from a human heart. One of his letters is printed in the correspondence of Evelyn; Mr. D'Israeli has recovered another; and the following appears in the folio edition of his works. Of such a writer, nothing should be lost;—his verse, with all its extravagances of principle, abounds in beautiful images, and ingenious novelties of fancy; but his prose is almost perfect—clear, animated, unaffected, and eloquent.

Nor was the man less admirable than the writer; wherever he went, the love of friends seems to have waited upon him. Evelyn, a severe and a competent judge, mentions his death in terms of affection and sorrow. He says in his Diary:—'1 Aug. (1667), I received the sad news of Abr. Cowley's death; that incomparable poet, and virtuous man, my very dear friend. 3. Went to Mr. Cowley's funeral; his corps lay at Wallington House; and was thence conveyed to Westr. Abbey in a hearse with 6 horses, and all funeral decency, neare a hundred coaches of noblemen and persons of qualitie following; among these all the wits of the towne, divers bishops and cleargymen. He was interred next Geffry Chaucer, and neare Spenser.'—*R. A. Willmott.*]

COWLEY TO MR. S. L.

The Danger of Procrastination.

I am glad that you approve and applaud my design of withdrawing myself from all tumult and business of the world; and consecrating the little rest of my time to those studies, to which nature had so motherly inclined me, and from which fortune, like a step-mother, has so long detained me. But nevertheless (you say, which, *But, is ærugo mera*, a rust which spoils the good metal it grows upon. But you say), you would advise me not to precipitate that resolution, but to stay a while longer with patience and complaisance, till I had gotten such an estate as might afford me (according to the saying of that person whom you and I love very much, and would believe as soon as another man) *cum dignitate otium.* This were excellent advice to *Joshua*, who could bid the sun stay too. But there's no fooling with life when it is once turned beyond forty. The seeking for a fortune, then, is but a desperate after-game; 'tis a hundred to one if a man fling two sixes and recover all, especially if his hand be no luckier than mine. There is some help for all the defects of fortune; for if a man cannot attain to the length of his wishes, he may have remedy by cutting of them shorter. *Epicurus* writes a letter to *Idomeneus* (who was then a very powerful, wealthy, and, it seems, bountiful person), to recommend to him, who had made so many rich, one *Pythocles*, a friend of his, whom he desired might be made a rich man too; 'but I entreat you that you would not do it just the same way as you have done to many less deserving persons, but in the most gentlemanly manner of obliging him, which is not to add anything to his estate, but to take something from his desires.' The sum of this is, that for the uncertain hopes of some conveniences, we ought not to defer the execution of a work that is necessary, especially when the use of those things which we would stay for may otherwise be supplied, but the loss of time never recovered. Nay, farther yet, though we were sure to obtain all that we had a mind to, though we were sure of getting never so much by continuing the game, yet when the light of life is so near going out, and ought to be so precious, *Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*, the play is not worth the expense of the candle. After having been long tost in a tempest, if our masts be standing, and we have still sail and tackling enough to carry us to our port, it is no matter for the want of streamers and top-gallants. *Utere velis, totos pande sinus.* A gentleman in our late civil wars, when his quarters were beaten up by the enemy, was taken prisoner, and lost his life afterwards only by staying to put on a band and adjust his periwig; he would escape like a person of quality, or not at all, and died the noble martyr of ceremony and gentility. I think your counsel of *Festina lente* is as ill to a man who is flying from the world, as it would have been to that unfortunate, well-bred gentleman who was so cautious as not to fly undecently from his enemies; and therefore I prefer *Horace's* advice before yours,

—— Sapere, aude, incipe.

Begin; the getting out of doors is the greatest part of the journey. *Varro* teaches us that Latin proverb,—*Portam itineri longissimam esse.* But to return to *Horace*,

—— Sapere, aude,
Incipe, vivendi qui recte prorogat horam,
Rusticus expectat dum labitur amnis, at ille
Labitur, et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.

Begin, be bold, and venture to be wise;
He who defers this work from day to day,
Does on a river's bank expecting stay,
Till the whole stream which stopt him should be gone,
That runs, and as it runs, for ever will run on.

Cæsar (the man of expedition above all others) was so far from this folly, that whensoever, in a journey, he was to cross any river, he never went one foot out of his way for a bridge, or a ford, or a ferry, but flung himself into it immediately, and swam over; and this is the course we ought to imitate, if we meet with any stops in our way to happiness. Stay till the waters are low, stay till some boats come by to transport you, stay till a bridge be built for you; you had better stay till the river be quite past. *Persius* (who, you use to say, you do not know whether he be a good poet or no, because you cannot understand him, and whom therefore, I say, I know to be not a good poet) has an odd expression of these procrastinators, which, methinks, is full of fancy.

Jam cras hesternum consumpsimus. Ecce aliud cras, Egerit hos annos.—PERS. Sat. 5.

Our yesterday's to-morrow now is gone,
And still a new to-morrow does come on;
We by to-morrows draw up all our store,
Till the exhausted well can yield no more.

And now, I think I am even with you, for your *otium cum dignitate* and *festina lente*, and three or four other more of your new Latin sentences: if I should draw upon you all my forces out of *Seneca* and *Plutarch* upon this subject, I should overwhelm you; but I leave those as Triary for your next charge. I shall only give you now a light skirmish out of an epigrammatist, your special good friend, and so *vale*.

MART., Lib. 5, Ep. 59.

To-morrow you will live, you always cry;
In what far country does this morrow lye,
That 'tis so mighty long ere it arrive?
Beyond the *Indies* does this morrow live?
'Tis so far-fetcht this morrow, that I fear
'Twill be both very old and very dear;
To-morrow I will live, the fool does say,
To-day itself's too late, the wise liv'd yesterday.

MART., Lib. 2, Ep. 90.

Wonder not, sir (you who instruct the town
In the true wisdom of the sacred gown),
That I make haste to live, and cannot hold
Patiently out, till I grow rich and old.
Life for delays and doubts no time does give,
None ever yet made haste enough to live.
Let him defer it, whose preposterous care
Omits himself, and reaches to his heir;
Who does his father's bounded stores despise,
And whom his own too never can suffice.
My humble thoughts no glittering roofs require,
Or rooms that shine with aught but constant fire.
I well content the avarice of my sight
With the fair gildings of reflected light:
Pleasures abroad, the sport of nature yields
Her living fountains, and her smiling fields.
And then at home, what pleasure is't to see
A little cleanly chearful familie:
Which if a chaste wife crown, no less in her
Than fortune, I the golden mean prefer;
Too noble, nor too wise, she should not be,
No, nor too rich, too fair, too fond of me;
Thus let my life slide silently away,
With sleep all night, and quiet all the day.

[Watts said that he would sooner have written the *Call to the Unconverted* than *Paradise Lost;* few religious appeals have obtained such immediate and extensive celebrity. The heartiness and sincerity of Baxter's manner more than compensate for the acrimonious, pungent style which his friend Sylvester (to whom he entrusted the publication of his autobiography) supposed him to have contracted 'by his plain dealing with desperate sinners.' The following letter refers to a transaction detailed at greater length in his own interesting *Memoirs*. It appears to have originated out of a report, injurious to the character of Baxter, which he supposed to have been promulgated by Allestree, from whom Sylvester has printed a note, dated December 13, 1679, in the Preface to the *Life of Baxter*. Of Allestree, who had been his school-fellow at Mr. John Owen's, Baxter relates an anecdote:—'When my master set him up into the lower end of the highest form, where I had long been chief, I took it so ill, that I began to talk of leaving the school; whereupon my master gravely but very tenderly rebuked my pride, and gave me for my theme,—*Ne sutor ultra crepidam*' (*Life*, Part 1, p. 3).

The following passage from his *Memoirs* will illustrate some of the circumstances mentioned in the letter:—'As soon as I came to the army, Oliver Cromwell coldly bid me welcome, and never spake one word to me more while I was there; nor once all that time vouchsafed me an opportunity to come to headquarters, where the councils and meetings of the officers were, so that most of my design was thereby frustrated; and his secretary gave out that there was a reformer come to the army to undeceive them, and to save Church and State, with some other jeers; by which I perceived that all that I had said but the night before to the committee, was come to Cromwell before me. (I believe by Col. Purefoy's means.) But Col. Whalley welcomed me, and was the worse thought on for it by the rest of the cabal.'—*R. A. Willmott.*]

RICHARD BAXTER TO THE REV. RICHARD ALLESTREE.

Some Passages in his own History.

December 20, 1679.

SIR,—As your ingenuity giveth me full satisfaction, I am very desirous to give you such just satisfaction concerning myself, that you may think neither better nor worse of me than I am; we old men are prone to have kinder thoughts of our childish old acquaintance than of later, and to value most their esteem, whom we most esteem; and the current report of your honesty, as well as knowledge, commandeth a great estimation of

you from us all. I was, before the war, offended much at the multitude of ignorant, drunken readers, who had the care of souls, and the great number of worthy ministers who were cast out and ruined, and of serious Christians that were persecuted for praying together, and for little things. I was one of those that were glad that the Parliament, 1640, attempted a reformation of these things, which I expressed, perhaps, too openly. I lived in a town (Kidderminster) then famous for wickedness and drunkenness. They twice rose against me, and sought to kill me. Once for saying the infants had original sin, etc.; and, next time, for persuading the churchwardens to execute the Parliament's order (the King's being yet with them) for defacing the images of the Trinity on the cross; when they knocked down two strangers for my sake, who carried it to their graves. Then the old curate indicted me at the assizes, I never heard for what, but I was forced to begone. If any did but sing a psalm or repeat a sermon in their houses, the rabble cried, 'Down with the Round-heads!' and were ready to destroy them; so that the religious part of the town were forced to fly after me to Coventry, where we lived quietly; but having nothing of their own, they were constrained to become garrison soldiers, and I took my bare diet, to preach once a week, refusing the offered place of chaplain to the garrison. The news of 200,000 murdered by the Irish and Papist strength in the King's armies, and the great danger of the kingdom, was published by the Parliament; my judgment then was, that neither King nor Parliament might lawfully fight against each other; that dividing was dissolving and destroying; and only necessary defence of the constitution was lawful; but that the *bonum publicum* was the essential end of government; and though I thought both sides faulty, I thought that both the *defensive part* and *salus populi* lay on the Parliament's side, and I very openly published and preached accordingly, the Parliament still professing that they took not arms against the King, but against subjects that not only fled from justice, but sought by arms to destroy the Parliament, etc. In a word, my principles were the same with Bishop Bilson's (of subjection) and Jewell's, but never so popular as R. Hooker's. When I had stayed in Coventry a year, my father in Shropshire was plundered by the King's soldiers (who never was against the King or conformity). I went into Shropshire, and he was for my sake taken prisoner to Tinshull. I stayed at Longford garrison for two months, and got him exchanged for Mr. R. Fowler. In that time, the garrison being little more than a mile distance, the soldiers on each side used frequently to have small attempts against each other, in which Judge Fienne's eldest son was killed of our side, and one soldier of their side, and no more that I know of. I was present when the soldier was killed, the rest ran away and left him; and other soldiers hurt him not, but offered him quarter; but he would not take it, nor lay down his arms: and I was one that bid him lay them down, and threatened to shoot him, but hurt him not, he striking at me with his musket, and narrowly missing me. I rode from him; and Captain Holydaye, the governor, being behind me, shot him dead; and it grieved me the more, because we afterwards heard that he was a Welshman, and knew not what we said to him. I never saw man killed but this; nor this, indeed, for I rode away from him. Above twenty prisoners we there took, and all, save two or three, got away through a sink-hole, and the rest were exchanged. I returned to Coventry, and followed my studies another year; all that garrison abhorred sectarian and popular rebellious principles. The Parliament then put out the Earl of Essex, and new modelled their armies; and gave Fairfax a new commission, leaving out the King; when before, all the commissions were to fight for King and Parliament. Naseby fight suddenly followed; being near, I went, some days after, to see the field and army; when I came to them (before Leicester), divers orthodox captains told me that we were all like to be undone, and all along of the ministers, who had all (save Mr. Bowles) forsaken the army; and the sectaries had thereby turned their preachers, and possessed them with destructive principles against King, Parliament, and Church. And now they said, God's providence had put the trust of the 'people's safety in our hands, and they would, when the conquest was finished, change the government of Church and State, and become our lords.' This struck me to the heart; I went among them, and found it true. Hereupon they persuaded me yet to come among them, and got Whalley (then sober, and against those men) to invite me to his regiment (the most sectarian and powerful in the army). I went home to Coventry, and slept not till I had called together about twelve or more reverend ministers, who then lived there (divers are yet living), and told them our sad case; and that I had an invitation, and was willing to venture my life in a trial to change the soldiers' minds. They all consented. I promised presently to go. I asked leave of the committee and Government, who consented. Before midnight, the garrison reviled the committee for consenting. They sent for me again, and told me I must not go, for the garrison would mutiny. I told them I had promised, and would go. But I foolishly, to satisfy them, told my reasons, which set Lieutenant-Col. Purefoy in a rage against me, for so accusing the army. The next morning I went, and met with the consequent of my

error; for Cromwell had notice of what I had said, and came about before I could get thither: and I was met with scorn (as one that meant to save Church and State from the army). There I stayed a while, and found that being but in one place I could do little good. I got Mr. Cooke to come and help me (who since helped Mr. G. Booth into Chester for the King, and was imprisoned for it, though now he is silenced). He and I spent our time in speaking and disputing against the destroyers; and I so far prevailed as to render the seducers in the regiment contemned, except in one troop, or a few more. I told the orthodox Parliament men of their danger. But Cromwell frustrated my cherished hope, and would never suffer me to come near the general, nor the headquarters, nor himself, nor never once to speak to him. When the war seemed over, I was invited home again; but I called near twenty ministers together at Coventry, and told them that the crisis was not now far off; the army would shortly show themselves in rebellion against King, the Parliament, and Church; and I was unwilling to venture my life to try to draw off as many against them as I could. They voted me to stay. I went back, and it pleased God that the very first day they met at Nottingham in council, to *confederate*, as I foresaw, I was not only kept away, but finally separated from them, by bleeding almost to death (120 ounces at the nose). Had not that prevented it, I had hazarded my life at Triploe-heath, where they broke out, but had done little good; for when the sober part then declared against them, they drew off about 5000 or 6000 men; and Cromwell filled up their places with sectaries, and was much stronger than before. All that I could do after, was to preach and write against them. This is a *true* account of the case of your *old* friend,

R. Baxter.

[Mr. Penruddock, when he received his wife's note, was under sentence of death by Cromwell for his share in the Royalist rising at Exeter, and was beheaded there in 1655.]

Mrs. Penruddock's last letter to her husband.

May 3, 1655.

My dear Heart,—My sad parting was so far from making me forget you, that I scarce thought upon myself since, but wholly upon you. Those dear embraces which I yet feel, and shall never lose, being the faithful testimonies of an indulgent husband, have charmed my soul to such a reverence of your remembrance, that were it possible, I would, with my own blood, cement your dead limbs to live again, and (with reverence) think it no sin to rob heaven a little longer of a martyr. Oh my dear, you must now pardon my passion, this being my last (oh, fatal word!) that ever you will receive from me; and know, that until the last minute that I can imagine you shall live, I shall sacrifice the prayers of a Christian, and the groans of an afflicted wife. And when you are not (which sure by sympathy I shall know), I shall wish my own dissolution with you, that so we may go hand in hand to heaven. 'Tis too late to tell you what I have, or rather have not done for you; how being turned out of doors because I came to beg mercy; the Lord lay not your blood to their charge.

I would fain discourse longer with you, but dare not; passion begins to drown my reason, and will rob me of my devoirs, which is all I have left to serve you. Adieu, therefore, ten thousand times, my dearest dear; and since I must never see you more, take this prayer,—May your faith be so strengthened that your constancy may continue; and then I know heaven will receive you; whither grief and love will in a short time (I hope) translate,

My dear,

Your sad, but constant wife, even to love your ashes when dead,

Arundel Penruddock.

May the 3d, 1655, eleven o'clock at night. Your children beg your blessing, and present their duties to you.

Mr. Penruddock's last letter to his wife.

May 1655.

Dearest, best of Creatures!—I had taken leave of the world when I received yours: it did at once recall my fondness to life, and enable me to resign it. As I am sure I shall leave none behind me like you, which weakens my resolution to part from you, so when I reflect I am going to a place where there are none but such as you, I recover my courage. But fondness breaks in upon me; and as I would not have my tears flow to-morrow, when your husband, and the father of our dear babes, is a public spectacle, do not think meanly of me, that I give way to grief now in private, when I see my sand run so fast, and within a few hours I am to leave you helpless, and exposed to the merciless and insolent that have wrongfully put me to a shameless death, and will object the shame to my poor children. I thank you for all your goodness to me, and will endeavour so to die as to do nothing unworthy that virtue in which we have mutually supported each other, and for which I desire you not to repine that I am first to be rewarded, since you ever pre-

ferred me to yourself in all other things. Afford me, with cheerfulness, the precedence of this. I desire your prayers in the article of death; for my own will then be offered for you and yours.

J. PENRUDDOCK.

[Margaret Lucas, afterwards Duchess of Newcastle, was one of the maids of honour to Henrietta Maria, and was married to the Marquis of Newcastle in 1645. During the Commonwealth, they remained at Antwerp till the troubles were over. The duchess was indefatigable in her devotion to literature, in which she was assisted by her noble husband, and between them they filled about twelve volumes with plays, poems, etc. Returning to England on the restoration of Charles II., their lives presented a curious picture of industrious, but often ill-directed, literary effort. 'She had,' says a critic, 'invention, knowledge, and imagination, but wanted energy and taste.']

MARGARET, DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE, TO HER HUSBAND, THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

London, 1667.

Certainly, my lord, you have had as many enemies and as many friends as ever any one particular person had; nor do I so much wonder at it, since I, a woman, cannot be exempt from the malice and aspersions of spiteful tongues which they cast upon my poor writings, some denying me to be the true authoress of them; for your grace remembers well, that those books I put out first to the judgment of this censorious age were accounted not to be written by a woman, but that somebody else had writ and published them in my name; by which your lordship was moved to prefix an epistle before one of them in my vindication, wherein you assure the world, upon your honour, that what was written and printed in my name was my own; and I have also made known that your lordship was my only tutor, in declaring to me what you had found and observed by your own experience; for I, being young when your lordship married me, could not have much knowledge of the world; but it pleased God to command His servant Nature to endue me with a poetical and philosophical genius, even from my birth; for I did write some books in that kind before I was twelve years of age, which for want of good method and order I would never divulge. But though the world would not believe that those conceptions and fancies which I writ were my own, but transcended my capacity, yet they found fault, that they were defective for want of learning, and on the other side, they said I had pluckt feathers out of the universities; which was a very preposterous judgment. Truly, my lord, I confess that for want of scholarship, I could not express myself so well as otherwise I might have done in those philosophical writings I published first; but after I was returned with your lordship into my native country, and led a retired country life, I applied myself to the reading of philosophical authors, on purpose to learn those names and words of art that are used in schools; which at first were so hard to me that I could not understand them, but was fain to guess at the sense of them by the whole context, and so writ them down as I found them in those authors; at which my readers did wonder, and thought it impossible that a woman could have so much learning and understanding in terms of art and scholastical expressions; so that I and my books are like the old apologue mentioned in Æsop, of a father and his son who rid on an ass. . . . The old man, seeing he could not please mankind in any manner, and having received so many blemishes and aspersions for the sake of his ass, was at last resolved to drown him when he came to the next bridge. But I am not so passionate to burn my writings for the various humours of mankind, and for their finding fault; since there is nothing in this world, be it the noblest and most commendable action whatsoever, that shall escape blameless. As for my being the true and only authoress of them, your lordship knows best; and my attending servants are witness that I have had none but my own thoughts, fancies, and speculations, to assist me; and as soon as I set them down I send them to those that are to transcribe them, and fit them for the press; whereof, since there have been several, and amongst them such as only could write a good hand, but neither understood orthography, nor had any learning (I being then in banishment with your lordship, and not able to maintain learned secretaries), which hath been a great disadvantage to my poor works, and the cause that they have been printed so false, and so full of errors; for besides that I want also skill in scholarship and true writing, I did many time not peruse the copies that were transcribed, lest they should disturb my following conceptions; by which neglect, as I said, many errors are slipt into my works, which, yet I hope, learned and impartial men will soon rectify, and look more upon the sense than carp at words. I have been a student even from childhood; and since I have been your lordship's wife, I have lived for the most part a strict and retired life, as is best known to your lordship; and therefore my censurers cannot know much of me, since they have little or no acquaintance with me. 'Tis true I have been a traveller both before and

after I was married to your lordship, and sometimes shown myself at your lordship's command in public places or assemblies, but yet I converse with few. Indeed, my lord, I matter not the censures of this age, but am rather proud of them; for it shows that my actions are more than ordinary, and according to the old proverb, it is better to be envied than pitied; for I know well that it is merely out of spite and malice, whereof this present age is so full that none can escape them, and they'll make no doubt to stain even your lordship's loyal, noble, and heroic actions as well as they do mine; though yours have been of war and fighting, mine of contemplating and writing; yours were performed publicly in the field, mine privately in my closet: yours had many thousand eye-witnesses; mine none but my waiting-maids. But the great God, that hitherto blessed both your grace and me, will, I question not, preserve both our fames to after ages.

Your grace's honest wife and humble servant,

M. NEWCASTLE.

JEREMY TAYLOR TO JOHN EVELYN,

Upon the Loss of his Children.

February 17, 1657.

DEAR SIR,—If dividing and sharing griefs were like the cutting of rivers, I dare say to you, you would find your stream much abated; for I account myself to have a great cause of sorrow, not only in the diminution of the numbers of your joys and hopes, but in the loss of that pretty person, your strangely hopeful boy. I cannot tell all my own sorrows, without adding to yours; and the causes of my real sadness in your loss are so just and so reasonable, that I can no otherwise comfort you but by telling you that you have very great cause to mourn; so certain it is that grief does propagate as fire does. You have enkindled my funeral torch, and by joining mine to yours I do but increase the flame. *Hoc me malè urit*, is the best signification of my apprehension of your sad story. But, sir, I cannot choose, but I must hold another and a brighter flame to you, it is already burning in your heart; and if I can but remove the dark side of the lantern, you have enough within you to warm yourself and to shine to others. Remember, sir, your two boys are two bright stars, and their innocence is secured, and you shall never hear evil of them again. Their state is safe, and heaven is given to them upon very easy terms; nothing but to be born and die. It will cost you more trouble to get where they are; and amongst other things one of the [hardness] will be, that you must overcome even this just and reasonable grief; and, indeed, though the grief hath but too reasonable a cause, yet it is much more reasonable that you master it. For besides that they are no losers, but you are the person that complains, do but consider what you would have suffered for their interest: you [would] have suffered them to go from you, to be great princes in a strange country: and if you can be content to suffer your own inconvenience for their interest, you command your worthiest love, and the question of mourning is at an end. But you have said and done well, when you look upon it as a rod of God; and He that so smites will spare hereafter; and if you, by patience and submission, imprint the discipline upon your own flesh, you kill the cause, and make the effect very tolerable; because it is in some sense chosen, and therefore in no sense insufferable.

Sir, if you do not look to it, time will snatch your honour from you, and reproach you for not effecting that by Christian philosophy which time will do alone. And if you consider, that of the bravest men in the world we find the seldomest stories of their children, and the apostles had none, and thousands of the worthiest persons, that sound most in story, died childless; you will find it is a rare act of Providence so to impose upon worthy men a necessity of perpetuating their names by worthy actions and discourses, governments and reasonings. If the breach be never repaired, it is because God does not see it fit to be; and if you will be of this mind, it will be much better. But, sir, you will pardon my zeal and passion for your comfort, I will readily confess that you have no need of any discourse from me to comfort you. Sir, now you have an opportunity of serving God by passive graces; strive to be an example and a comfort to your lady, and by your wise counsel and comfort, stand in the breaches of your own family, and make it appear that you are more to her than ten sons. Sir, by the assistance of Almighty God, I purpose to wait on you some time next week, that I may be a witness of your Christian courage and bravery, and that I may see that God never displeases you as long as the main stake is preserved—I mean your hopes and confidences of heaven. Sir, I shall pray for all that you can want—that is, some degrees of comfort and a present mind; and shall always do you honour, and fain also would do you service, if it were in the power, as it is in the affections and desires of, dear sir,

Your most affectionate and obliged friend and servant,

JER. TAYLOR.

[As these letters plainly show, the two celebrated diarists could chat and gossip pleasantly with one another aside from business; and their mutual letters are only second in interest to their diaries, as they unbosom themselves in a friendly and confidential manner.]

MR. EVELYN TO MR. PEPYS.

Jan. 20, 1702–3, *Dover Street.*

My worthy Friend,—I had not deferred so long either from waiting on you, or giving you an account of my impertinent life, since I last had the happiness to kiss your hands at your Paradisian Clapham, had my own health and several other uneasy circumstances since I came here, permitted me to repay the many kind friends their visits, for which I stand yet a debtor. In the first place, it did not a little grieve me, that, coming so near you, when I past almost by your door, it was so late, that with no small difficulty we got to Lambeth whilst it was tolerably light; and with much more that, when we came to the water side, neither of the ferry-boats were there, or could be gotten to return till it was dark, very cold, and uncomfortable passing. Since I came to Dover Street I have scarcely enjoyed three or four days without incessant and pungent attacks, proceeding from gravel, disabling both my body and mind from some sort of activity, till now competently enjoyed, considering my great age. I have yet at last gained so much relaxation, as to employ the very first opportunity of sending you this volant messenger, to let you know, in whatever place or state I am, you have a most faithful servant. I was continually out of order in the country last summer; yet with such intervals as did not altogether interrupt my taking some satisfaction in the improvement I had made, partly in the dwelling-house, and without doors, for conveniences suitable to our economy, without reproach among our neighbours,—my taste for things superfluous being extremely altered from what it was: every day called upon to be ready with my packet, according to the advice of Epictetus, and a wiser Monitor, who is gone before to provide better places and more lasting habitations. In the meanwhile one of the greatest consolations I am capable of, is the virtuous progress which my grandson continues to make in an assiduous cultivation of the talents God has lent him. Having formerly seen his own country, as Bristol, Bath, Salisbury, and the little towns about Oxford, he went this summer, with his Uncle Draper, as far as the Land's End, which was an excursion of a month. The next progress, if God continue health, is designed to be northward as far as Newcastle: in the interim, he is perusing such authors and maps as may be assistant to the speculative part of these motions; and, to supply the present unfavourable period for travelling foreign countries, has learned the Italian tongue, and intends to proceed to the Spanish, having already the French from a child; whilst his inclinations more seriously lead him to History, Chronology, Mathematics, and the study of the Civil Law, which he joins with our Municipal Constitutions, without which he finds a country gentleman makes but a poor figure, and very useless. He not only keeps but greatly improves his Greek, by diligently reading their histories; and now and then, amongst other exercises, he turns some passages into Latin, translates select Epistles out of Cicero and Pliny, and letting them lie by for some time, lest the impression of the style and phrase prepossess him, turns them into Latin again, the better to judge of his improvement. He has his time for his Agrestic Flute, in which, with his tutor Mr. Bannister, they spend a morning's hour together. He is likewise Mr. Hale's scholar, and goes to the Fencing School here; and when in the country takes as much pleasure with his hand-bill and pruning-knife about our grounds and gardens, as I should do if I were able. Sometimes, if weather and neighbours invite, he hunts with them; my worthy friend Mr. Finch using that diversion when he is in tolerable health: in sum, finding him so moderately and discreetly disposed, studious, and mindful of his own improvement, I give him free liberty, and, I bless God! have never found any indulgence prejudice him. It is a great word when I assure you I never yet saw him in a passion, or do a fault for which he deserved reproof. And now you will no more believe half this, than I do of what Xenophon has written of his Cyrus: however, it entertains an old dotard, and as such I relate it. Now as for myself, I cannot but let you know the incredible satisfaction I have taken in reading my late Lord Clarendon's History of the Rebellion, so well, and so unexpectedly well written,—the preliminary so like that of the noble Polybius, leading us by the courts, avenues, and porches, into the fabric; the style masculine; the characters so just, and tempered without the least ingredient of passion or tincture of revenge, yet with such natural and lively touches, as show his lordship well knew not only the persons' outsides, but their very interiors; whilst yet he treats the most obnoxious, who deserved the severest rebuke, with a becoming generosity and freedom, even where the ill conduct of those of the pretended loyal party, as well as of the most flagitious, might have justified the worst that could be said of their miscarriages and demerits: in sum, there runs through this noble piece a thread so even, and without breach or knot in the whole contexture, with such choice and

profitable instructions naturally emerging from the subject, as persons of the sublimest rank and office need not be ashamed to learn their duty, and how to govern themselves, and from the lapses and false politics of others, how the greatest favourites and men in grace should be examples of modesty and temperance, unelated, easy, and accessible without abusing their power; whilst, being apt to forget themselves, and the slippery precipices they stand on, they too often study, not so much how to make their treading sure by the virtue of justice, moderation, and public spirit, as to raise themselves fortunes, and purchase titles and adorations, by flattering the worst and most destructive inclinations of princes in the most servile compliances and basest offices. What I have written more in this style, and from my heart, to my present Lord Clarendon, who sent me his father's books, I wish you had seen, for I acknowledge myself so transported with all the parts of this excellent History, that knowing as I did most of the persons then acting the tragedy, and those against it, I have no more to say, but much, very much to admire, not doubting but the rest which follows will be still matter of panegyric, and justify the highest epithets; and that, by the time he has done, there will need no other history or account of what passed during the reign of that suffering and unfortunate Prince, to give the world a piece equal to anything extant, not only in our own poorly furnished history of this, but of any nation about us. To conclude; it required no little skill, prudence, and dexterity, to adventure so near the truth without danger or just resentment of those who deserved so ill, as no reflections could have been severe enough. But I have done: let what I have written to his lordship speak the rest of my sentiments on this author and noble work. Thus, what I would wish for myself and all I love, as I do Mr. Pepys, should be the old man's life as described in the distich, which you deservedly have attained:

Vita Senis, libri, domus, hortus, lectus amicus,
Vina, Nepos, ignis, mens hilaris, pietas.

In the meantime I feed on the past conversation I once had in York Buildings, and starve since my friend has forsaken it.

J. Evelyn.

MR. EVELYN TO MR. PEPYS.

Wotton, July 22, 1700.

I could no longer suffer this old servant of mine to pass and repass so near Clapham without a particular account of your health and all your happy family. You will now inquire what do I do here? Why, as the patriarchs of old, I pass the day in the fields, among horses and oxen, sheep, cows, bulls, and sows, *et cetera pecora campi*. We have, thank God, finished our hay harvest prosperously. I am looking after my hinds, providing carriage and tackle against reaping time and sowing. What shall I say more? *Venio ad voluptates agricolarum*, which Cicero, you know, reckons amongst the most becoming diversions of old age; and so I render it. This without:—now within doors, never was any matron more busy than my wife, disposing of our plain country furniture for a naked old extravagant house, suitable for our employments. She has a dairy, and distaffs, for *lac, linum, et lanum*, and is become a very Sabine. But can you thus hold out? will my friend say: is philosophy, Gresham College, and the example of Mr Pepys and agreeable conversation of York Buildings, quite forgotten and abandoned? No, no! *Naturam expellas furcâ licet*. Know I have been ranging of no fewer than 30 large cases of books, destined for a competent standing library, during 4 or 5 days, wholly destitute of my young coadjutor, who upon some pretence of being much engaged in the mathematics, and desiring he may continue his course at Oxford till the beginning of August, I have wholly left it to him. You will now suspect something by this disordered hand; and truly I was too happy in these little domestic affairs, when on a sudden, as I was about my books in the library, I found myself sorely attacked with a shivering, followed by a feverish disposition, and a strangury, so as to have kept, not my chamber only, but my bed, till very lately, and with just so much strength as to scribble these lines to you. For the rest, I give God thanks for this gracious warning, my great age calling upon me *sarcinam componere*, every day expecting it, who have still enjoyed a wonderful course of bodily health for 40 years. And now to give you some further account of your favourite, I will make you part of what he wrote from Oxon, though it come somewhat late as to what he acquaints me of the most unhappy catastrophe of that excellent poet and philosopher, Mr. Creech.

MR. PEPYS TO MR. EVELYN.

Clapham, August 7, 1700.

I have no herds to mind, nor will my doctor allow me any books here. What then, will you say too, are you doing? Why, truly, nothing that will bear naming, and yet I am not, I think, idle; for who can, that has so much of past and to come to think on as I have? And thinking, I take it, is working, though many forms beneath what my lady and you are doing. But pray remember what o'clock it is with you and me; and be not now, by over-stirring, too

bold with your present complaint, any more than I dare be with mine, which too has been no less kind in giving me my warning, than the other to you, and to neither of us, I hope, and through God's mercy dare say, either unlooked for or unwelcome. I wish, nevertheless, that I were able to administer anything towards the lengthening that precious rest of life which God has thus long blessed you (and in you mankind) with; but I have always been too little regardful of my own health to be a prescriber to others. I cannot give myself the scope I otherwise should in talking now to you at this distance, on account of the care extraordinary I am now under from Mrs. Skinner's being suddenly fallen very ill; but ere long I may possibly venture at entertaining you with something from my young man in exchange—I don't say in payment—for the pleasure you gratify me with from yours, whom I pray God to bless with continuing but what he is! and I'll ask no more for him. S. P.

MR. PEPYS TO LADY CARTERET.

Woolwich, Sept. 4, 1665.

DEAR MADAM,—Your ladyship will not (I hope) imagine I expected to be provoked by letters from you to think of the duty I ought and should long since have paid your ladyship by mine, had it been fit for me (during my indispensable attendance alone in the city) to have ventured the affrighting you with anything from thence. But now that by the despatch of the fleet I am at liberty to retire wholly to Woolwich, where I have been purging my inkhorn and papers these six days, your ladyship shall find no further cause to reproach me my silence. And in amends for what's past, let me conjure you (madam) to believe that no day hath passed since my last kissing your hands without my most interested wishes for your health and uninterrupted prosperity of your ladyship and family.

I took care for the present disposal of what were enclosed in your ladyship's to me; and in answer to that to Dagenham's return these from my Lady Wright, who in hers to myself gives assurance of my Lord Hinchingbroke's being got up, and the health of the rest of her family.

My Lord Sandwich is gone to sea with a noble fleet, in want of nothing but a certainty of meeting the enemy.

My best Lady Sandwich with the flock at Hinchingbrook was by my last letters very well.

The absence of the Court and emptiness of the city takes away all occasion of news, save only such melancholy stories as would rather sadden than find your ladyship any divertisement in the hearing; I have stayed in the city till about 7400 died in one week, and of them above 6000 of the plague, and little noise heard day or night but tolling of bells; till I could walk Lumber Street, and not meet twenty persons from the one end to the other, and not 50 upon the Exchange; till whole families (10 or 12 together) have been swept away; till my very physician (Dr. Burnet), who undertook to secure me against any infection (having survived the month of his own being shut up), died himself of the plague; till the nights (though much lengthened) are grown too short to conceal the burials of those that died the day before, people being thereby constrained to borrow daylight for that service: lastly, till I could neither find meat nor drink safe, the butcheries being everywhere visited, my brewer's house shut up, and my baker with his whole family dead of the plague.

Yet (madam) through God's blessing, and the good humours begot in my attendance upon our late amours,[1] your poor servant is in a perfect state of health, as well as resolution of employing it as your ladyship and family shall find work for it.

How Deptford stands your ladyship is, I doubt not, informed from nearer hands.

Greenwich begins apace to be sickly; but we are, by the command of the King, taking all the care we can to prevent its growth; and meeting to that purpose yesterday after sermon with the town officers, many doleful informations were brought us, and among others this, which I shall trouble your ladyship with the telling.—Complaint was brought us against one in the town for receiving into his house a child newly brought from an infected house in London. Upon inquiry we found that it was the child of a very able citizen in Gracious Street, who having lost already all the rest of his children, and himself and wife being shut up and in despair of escaping, implored only the liberty of using the means for the saving of this only babe, which with difficulty was allowed, and they suffered to deliver it, stripped naked, out at a window into the arms of a friend, who, shifting it into fresh clothes, conveyed it thus to Greenwich, where upon this information from Alderman Hooker we suffer it to remain.

This I tell your ladyship as one instance of the miserable streights our poor neighbours are reduced to.

But (madam) I'll go no further in this disagreeable discourse, hoping (from the coolness of the last 7 or 8 days) my next may bring you a more welcome accompt of the lessening of the disease, which God say Amen to.

Dear madam, do me right to my good Lady Slaning in telling her that I have sent and sent again to Mr. Porter's lodging (who is in the country) for an answer to my letter about her

[1] The marriage of Lady Carteret's son and Lord Sandwich's daughter.

ladyship's business, but am yet unable to give her any accompt of it.

My wife joins with me in ten thousand happy wishes to the young couple, and as many humble services to your ladyship and them, my Lady Slaning, Lady Scott, and Mr. Sidny, whose return to Scotts-hall (if not burthensome to your ladyship) will, I am sure, be as full of content to him as it will ever be of joy and honour to me to be esteemed, dearest madam,

Your ladyship's most affectionate and obedient servant,

SAMUEL PEPYS.

[Charles Talbot, Lord Shrewsbury (1660–1718), was a good scholar, a fine gentleman, and a general favourite in society. He was a zealous promoter of the Revolution, and was made Secretary of State by the Prince of Orange. The atrocity of the Popish Plot, combined with the influence of Dr. Tillotson over him, had been the means of his forsaking the Roman Catholic religion. The concern of his spiritual adviser, that he should avoid the contamination of court life, may here be read in this model of gentlemanlike reproof.]

DR. TILLOTSON TO THE EARL OF SHREWSBURY.

[1679.]

MY LORD,—It was a great satisfaction to me to be any ways instrumental in the gaining your lordship to our religion, which I am really persuaded to be the truth; but I am, and always was, more concerned that your lordship should continue a virtuous and good man, than become a Protestant; being assured that the ignorance and errors of men's understanding will find a much easier forgiveness with God, than the faults of the will; I remember that your lordship once told me, that you would endeavour to justify the sincerity of your change, by a conscientious regard to all other parts and actions of your life; I am sure you cannot more effectually condemn your own act, than by being a worse man after your profession to have embraced a better religion. I will certainly be one of the last to believe anything of your lordship that is not good; but I always feared I should be one of the first that should hear it. The time I last waited upon your lordship, I had heard something that affected me very sensibly, but I hoped it was not true, and was therefore loth to trouble your lordship about it; but having heard the same from those who I believe bear no ill-will to your lordship, I now think it my duty to acquaint you with it. To speak plainly, I have been told that your lordship is of late fallen into a conversation, dangerous both to your reputation and virtue, two of the tenderest and dearest things in the world. I believe your lordship to have a great command and conduct of yourself; but I am very sensible of human frailty, and of the dangerous temptations to which youth is exposed in this dissolute age. Therefore I earnestly beseech your lordship to consider, besides the high provocation of Almighty God, and the hazard of your soul whenever you engage in a bad course, what a blemish you will bring upon a fair and unspotted reputation, what uneasiness and trouble you will create to yourself from the severe reflections of a guilty conscience, and how great a violence you will offer to your good principles, your nature, and your education. Do not imagine you can stop when you please: experience shows us the contrary, and that nothing is more vain than for men to think they can set bounds to themselves in anything that is bad. I hope in God no temptation has yet prevailed upon your lordship, so far as to be guilty of any loose act; if it has, as you love your soul, let it not proceed to an habit; the retreat is yet easy and open, but will every day become more difficult and obstructed. God is so merciful that upon your repentance and resolution of amendment, He is not only ready to forgive what is past, but to assist us by His grace to do better for the future. But I need not enforce these considerations upon a mind so capable of and easy to receive good counsel. I shall only desire your lordship to think again and again, how great a point of wisdom it is, in all our actions to consult the peace of our minds; and to have no quarrel with the constant and inseparable companion of our lives. If others displease us, we may quit their company, but he that is displeased with himself is unavoidably unhappy, because he has no way to get rid of himself.

My lord, for God's sake and your own, think of being happy, and resolve by all means to save yourself from this untoward generation. Determine rather upon a speedy change of your condition, than to gratify the inclinations of your youth, in anything but what is lawful and honourable; and let me have the satisfaction to be assured from your lordship, either that there has been no grounds for this report, or that there shall be none for the future; which will be the welcomest news to me in the world. I have only to beg of your lordship, to believe that I have not done this to satisfy the formality of my profession, but that it proceeds from the truest affection and good-will that one man can possibly bear to another. I pray to God every day for your lordship, with the same constancy and fervour as for myself, and do now earnestly beg that this counsel may be acceptable and effectual. I am, etc.

[Anne, the daughter of Edward Hyde, Lord Clarendon, was married to the Duke of York, afterwards James II., and the issue of this marriage, the two daughters Anne and Mary, both ascended the throne. At the Restoration, Clarendon was an able and popular Minister, and one of the King's most trusted counsellors; but becoming unpopular, he was banished by Act of Parliament. The feeling was abroad and growing at this time, that a plot was on foot for the establishment of Catholicism and despotism; the Duke of York was already at heart a Papist, and Charles had privately indicated his desire for the establishment of the Roman Catholic religion in his realm. Clarendon's earnest solicitude as to his daughter's religion may be pardoned in view of these things.]

EDWARD HYDE, EARL OF CLARENDON (1608–1704), TO THE DUKE OF YORK,

On the Duchess's turning Catholic.

I have not presumed in any manner to approach your royal presence since I have been marked with the brand of banishment; and I would still with the same forbear this presumption, if I did not believe myself bound by all the obligations of duty to make this address to you. I have been too much acquainted with the presumption and impudence of the times in raising false and scandalous reproaches upon innocent and worthy persons of all qualities and degrees, to give credit to those bold whispers which have been too long scattered abroad concerning your wife's being shaken in her religion; but when those whispers break out into noise, and public persons begin to report that the duchess is become a Roman Catholic; when I heard that many worthy persons of unquestionable devotion to your royal highness are not without some fear and apprehension of it, and many reflections are made from thence to the prejudice of your royal person, and even of the King's majesty, I hope it may not misbecome me, at what distance soever, to cast myself at your feet, and beseech you to look on this matter in time, and to apply some antidote to expel the poison of it.

It is not possible your royal highness can be without zeal and entire devotion for that church, for the purity and preservation whereof your blessed father made himself a sacrifice, and to the restoration whereof you have contributed so much yourself, and which highly deserves the King's protection, and yours, since there can be no possible defection in the hearts of the people while due reverence is made to the church.

Your wife is generally believed to have so perfect a duty and entire resignation to the will of your royal highness, that any defection in her from her religion will be for want of circumspection in you; and not using your authority, or to your connivance. I need not tell the ill consequence that such a mutation would be attended with in reference to your royal highness, and even to the King himself, whose greatest security (under God) is in the affection and duty of his Protestant subjects. Your royal highness knows how far I have always been from wishing that the Roman Catholics should be prosecuted with severity; but I less wish it should ever be in their power to be able to prosecute those who differ from them, since we well know how little moderation they would or could use.

And if this which people so much talk of (I hope without ground) should fall out, it might very probably raise a greater storm against the Roman Catholics in general, than modest men can wish; since after such a breach any jealousy of their presumption would seem reasonable. I have written to the duchess with the freedom and affection of a troubled and perplexed father. I do most humbly beseech your royal highness by your authority, to rescue her from bringing a mischief upon you and herself that can never be repaired; and to think it worthy your wisdom to remove and dispel those reproaches (how false soever) by better evidence than contempt; and hope you do believe, that no severity I have, or can undergo, shall in any degree lessen or diminish my most profound duty to his majesty and your royal highness; but that I do with all imaginable obedience submit to your good pleasure in all things.

God preserve your royal highness, and keep me in your favour.—Sir, your royal highness's most humble and obedient servant,

CLARENDON.

EARL OF CLARENDON TO THE DUCHESS OF YORK,

On the same occasion.

You have much reason to believe that I have no mind to trouble you, or displease you, especially in an argument that is so unpleasant and grievous to myself; but as no distance of a place that is between us, in respect of our residence, or the greater distance in respect of the high condition you are in, can make me less your father, or absolve me from performing those obligations which that relation requires from me; so when I receive any credible advertisement of what reflects upon you, in point of honour, conscience, or discretion, I ought not to omit the informing you of it, or administering such advice to you as to my understanding seems reasonable, and which I must still hope will have some credit with you. I will confess to you, that what you wrote to me many months since upon those reproaches, which I told you

were generally reported concerning your defection in religion, gave me so much satisfaction, that I believed them to proceed from that ill spirit of the times that delights in slander and calumny. But I must tell you, that the same report increases of late very much, and I myself saw the last week a letter from Paris, from a person who said the English ambassador assured him the day before that the duchess was become a Roman Catholic; and which makes greater impressions upon me, I am assured that many good men in England, who have great affection for you and me, and who have thought nothing more impossible than that there should be such a change in you, are at present under much affliction, with the observation of a great change in your course of life, and that constant exercise of that devotion which was so notorious; and do apprehend from your frequent discourses, that you have not the same reverence and veneration that you used to have for the Church of England; the church in which you were baptized, and the church the best constituted, and the most free from errors of any Christian church this day in the world; and that some persons by their insinuations have prevailed with you to have a better opinion of that which is most opposite to it, the Church of Rome, than the integrity thereof deserves.

It is not yet in my power to believe, that your wit and understanding (with God's blessing upon both) can suffer you to be shaken farther than with melancholy reflections upon the iniquity and wickedness of the age we live in; which discredits all religion, and which with equal licence breaks into the professors of all, and prevails upon the members of all churches, and whose manners will have no benefit from the faith of any church.

I presume you do not entangle yourself in the particular controversies between the Romanists and us, or think yourself a competent judge of all difficulties which occur therein; and therefore it must be some fallacious argument of antiquity, and universality, confidently urged by men who know less than many of those you are acquainted with, and ought less to be believed by you, that can raise any doubts and scruples in you; and if you will with equal temper hear those who are well able to instruct you in those particulars, it is not possible for you to suck in that poison which can only corrupt and prevail over you by stopping your own ears and shutting your own eyes. There are but two persons in the world who have greater authority with you than I can pretend to, and am sure they both suffer more in this rumour, and would suffer much more if there were ground for it, than I can do; and truly I am as unlikely to be deceived myself, or to deceive you, as any man that endeavours to pervert you in your religion. And therefore, I beseech you, let me have so much credit with you as to persuade you to communicate any doubts or scruples which occur to you, before you suffer them to make too deep an impression upon you.

The common argument that there is no salvation out of the church, and that the Church of Rome is that only true church, is both irrational and untrue; there are many churches in which salvation may be attained, as well as in any one of them; and were many even in the apostles' time, otherwise they would never have directed their epistles to so many several churches in which there were different opinions received, and very different doctrines taught. There is indeed but one faith in which we can be saved, the stedfast belief of the birth, passion, and resurrection of our Saviour; and every church that receives and embraces that faith is in a state of salvation. If the apostles preached true doctrine, the reception and retention of many errors does not destroy the essence of a church; if it did, the Church of Rome would be in as ill, if not in a worse condition than most other Christian churches, because its errors are of a greater magnitude, and more destructive to religion. Let not the canting discourses of the universality and extent of the church, which has as little truth as the rest, prevail over you. They who will imitate the greatest part of the world, must turn heathens; for it is generally believed, that above one-half of the world is possessed by them, and that the Mahommedans possess above one-half of the remainder. There is as little question, that of the rest, which is inhabited by Christians, one part of four is not of the communion of the Church of Rome; and God knows in that very communion there is as great discord in opinion, and in matters of as great moment, as is between the other Christians.

I hear you do in public discourses dislike some things in the Church of England, as the marriage of the clergy, which is a point which no Roman Catholic will pretend to be of the essence of religion, and is in use in many places which are of the communion of the Church of Rome; as in Bohemia, and those parts of the Greek Church which submit to the Roman; and all men know, that in the late Council of Trent the sacraments of both kinds, and liberty of the clergy to marry, were very passionately pressed both by the emperor and king of France for their dominions; and it was afterwards granted to Germany, though under such conditions as made it ineffectual, which, however, shows that it was not nor ever can be looked upon as a matter of religion. Christianity was many hundred years old before such a restraint was ever heard of in the church; and when it was endeavoured, it met with great opposition, and was never submitted to. And as the positive inhibition seems absolutely unlawful, so the inconveniences which result from thence will, upon a just disquisition, be found superior to those which

attend the liberty which the Christian religion permits. Those arguments which are not strong enough to draw persons from the Roman communion into that of the Church of England, when custom and education, and a long stupid resignation of all their faculties to their teachers, usually shuts out all reason to the contrary, may yet be abundant to retain those who have been baptized, and bred, and instructed in the grounds and principles of that religion; which are, in truth, not only founded upon the clear authority of the Scriptures, but upon the consent of antiquity, and the practice of the primitive church; and men who look into antiquity, know well by what corruption and violence, and with what constant and continual opposition, those opinions, which are contrary to ours, crept into the world, and how warrantably the authority of the Bishop of Rome, which alone supports all the rest, came to prevail; which has no more pretence of authority and power in England, than the Bishop of Paris, or Toledo, can as reasonably lay claim to; and is so far from being matter of Catholic religion, that the pope has so much and no more to do in France or Spain, or any other Catholic dominion, than the crown, and laws, and constitutions of several kingdoms give him leave; which makes him so little (if at all) considered in France, and so much in Spain, and therefore the English Catholics, which attribute so much to him, make themselves very unwarrantably of another religion than the Catholic Church professes; and without doubt those who desert the Church of England, of which they are members, and become thereby disobedient to the ecclesiastical and civil laws of their country, and therein renounce their subjection to the State as well as to the Church (which are grievous sins), had need of a better excuse than the meeting with some doubts which they could not answer; and less than a manifest evidence, that their salvation is desperate in that communion, cannot serve their turn: and they who imagine they have such an evidence, ought rather to suspect that their understanding has forsaken them, and that they are become mad, than that the church, which is replenished with all learning and piety requisite, can betray them to perdition.

I beseech you to consider (which I hope will overrule those ordinary doubts and objections which may be infused into you) that if you change your religion, you renounce all obedience and affection to your father, who loves you so tenderly that such an odious mutation would break his heart; you condemn your father and your mother (whose incomparable virtues, and piety, and devotion, have placed her in heaven) for having impiously educated you; you declare the Church and State, to both which you owe reverence and subjection, to be, in your judgment, anti-Christian; you bring irreparable dishonour, scandal, and prejudice to the duke your husband, to whom you ought to pay all imaginable duty, and whom, I presume, is much more precious to you than your own life; and all possible ruin to your children, of whose company and conversation you must look to be deprived; for God forbid, that after such an apostasy, you should have any power in the education of your children. You have many enemies, whom you would here abundantly gratify, and some friends whom you will thereby (at least as far as in you lies) perfectly destroy; and afflict many others, who have deserved well of you.

I know you are not inclined to any part of this mischief, and therefore offer these considerations as all those particulars would be infallible consequences of such a conclusion. It is to me the saddest circumstance of my banishment, that I may not be admitted in such a season as this to confer with you, when I am confident I would satisfy you in all doubts, and make it appear to you that there are many absurdities in the Roman religion inconsistent with your judgment and understanding, and many impieties inconsistent with your conscience; so that, before you can submit to the obligations of faith, you must divest yourself of your natural reason and common sense, and captivate the dictates of your conscience to the impositions of an authority which has not any pretence to oblige or advise you. If you will not with freedom communicate the doubts which occur to you to those near you, of whose learning and piety you have had such experience, let me conjure you to impart them to me, and to expect my answer before you suffer them to prevail over you. God bless you and yours.

THE DUCHESS'S ANSWER.

Whereas I have been ever from my infancy bred up in the English Protestant religion, and have had very able persons to instruct me in the grounds thereof, and I doubt not but I am exposed to the censure of an infinite number of persons, who are astonished at my quitting it to embrace the religion of the Roman Catholics (for which I have ever professed a great aversion); therefore I have thought fit to give some satisfaction to my friends, by declaring unto them the reasons upon which I have been moved to do it, without engaging myself in long and unprofitable disputes touching the matter.

I protest therefore before God, that since my coming into England, no person, either man or woman, hath at any time persuaded me to alter my religion, or hath used any discourses to me upon that subject. It hath been only a particular favour from God, who hath been graciously pleased to hear the prayers I daily made unto Him, both in France and Flanders, whilst I was there, that He would vouchsafe to

bring me into the true church before I died, in case I was not in the right. And it was the devotion I observed in the Catholics there which induced me to make that prayer, although my own devotion during all that time was very slender. I did notwithstanding, all the time I was in those countries, believe I was in the true religion; neither had I the least scruple of it, until November last, at which time, reading Dr. Heylin's *History of the Reformation*, which had been highly recommended to me, I was so far from finding the satisfaction I expected, that I found nothing but sacrileges; and looking over the reasons therein set down, which caused the separation of the Church of England from that of Rome, I read three there, which to me were great impieties. The first was, that Henry VIII. had cast off the pope's authority because he would not permit him to quit his wife and marry another.

The second, that during the minority of Edward VI., his uncle, the Duke of Somerset, who then governed all, and was the principal in that alteration, did greatly enrich himself with the goods of the church, which he engrossed.

And the third consisted in this, that Queen Elizabeth, not being rightful heir to the crown, could not keep it but by renouncing a church which would never have allowed of such injustice. I could not be persuaded the Holy Ghost would ever have made use of such motives as these were, to change religion, and was astonished that the bishops, if they had no other intention than to establish the doctrine of the primitive church, had not attempted it before the schism of Henry VIII., which was grounded upon such unjustifiable pretences.

Being troubled with these scruples, I began to make some reflections upon the points of doctrine wherein we differed from the Catholics; and to that purpose had recourse to the Holy Scriptures, and though I pretend not to be able perfectly to understand it, I found notwithstanding several points which seemed to me very plain; and I cannot but wonder that I stayed so long without taking notice of them. Amongst these were the real presence of our Saviour in the sacraments, the infallibility of the church, confession, and prayers for the dead. I treated of these particulars severally, with two of the most learned bishops of England; and advising upon these subjects, they told me, that it was to be wished that the Church of England had retained several things it altered: as, for example, confession, which, without doubt, is of divine institution. They told me also, that prayer for the dead had been in use in the primitive church during the first centuries; and that they themselves did daily observe those things, though they desired not publicly to own those doctrines. And having pressed one of them somewhat earnestly touching these things, he frankly told me, that if he had been bred up in the Catholic religion, he should not have left it; but now being a member of that church which believed all the articles necessary to salvation, he thought he should do ill to quit it, because he was beholden to that church for his baptism, and he should thereby give occasion of great scandal to others.

All these discourses were a means to increase the desire I had to embrace the Roman Catholic religion, and added much to the inward trouble of my mind; but the fear I had to be hasty in a matter of that importance, made me act warily, with all precautions necessary in such a case. I prayed incessantly to God, that He would be pleased to inform me in the truth of these points whereof I doubted. Upon Christmas-day, going to receive at the King's chapel, I found myself in greater trouble than ever I had been in, neither was it possible for me to be at quiet until I had discovered myself to a certain Catholic who presently brought me a priest. He was the first of them with whom I ever conversed, and the more I conversed with him, the more I found myself to be confirmed in the resolution I had taken. It was, I thought, impossible to doubt of these words, This is my body; and I am verily persuaded, that our Saviour, who is truth itself, and hath promised to continue with His church to the world's end, would never suffer these holy mysteries to the laity, only under one kind, if it was inconsistent with His institution of that sacrament.

I am not able to dispute touching these things with anybody, and if I were, I would not go about to do it, but I content myself to have wrote this, to justify the change I have made of my religion; and I call God to witness, I had not done it, had I believed I could have been saved in that church whereof till then I was a member. I protest seriously, I have not been induced to this by any worldly interests or motives, neither can the truth of this my protestation be rationally doubted by any person, since it was evident that thereby I lost all my friends, and very much prejudiced my reputation; but having seriously considered with myself, whether I ought to renounce my portion in the other world to enjoy the advantages of my present being here, I assure you I found it no difficulty at all to resolve the contrary, for which I render thanks to God, who is the Author of all goodness.

My only prayer to Him is, that the poor Catholics of this kingdom may not be prosecuted upon my account; and I beseech God to grant me patience in my afflictions, and that what tribulations soever His goodness has appointed for me, I may so go through with them, as that I may hereafter enjoy a happiness for all eternity.

Given at St. James's the 20th day of August, 1670.

[If Sir William Temple (1628–1699) was not, as Dr. Johnson would have it, the first writer who gave cadence to English prose, his reputation still stands high as an easy and perspicuous writer. Temple was the negotiator of the celebrated triple alliance between England, Holland, and Sweden, as a check against the designs of Louis XIV., who aimed at the subjugation of the Netherlands. Previous to this, he had acted with success on a secret mission to the Bishop of Munster, and had been appointed English resident at the court of Brussels. When recalled from his appointment as ambassador at the Hague, he retired to his residence at Sheen, near Richmond, where his interests were divided between gardening and literary work. Of Temple's other diplomatic work we shall not speak further here.]

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE TO DAME AUGUSTINE CARY.

MADAM,—I know not whether the shame of having been so long in your debt, be greater than that of paying it so ill at last, but I am sure, 'tis much harder to be excused, and therefore shall not attempt it, but leave it to Father Placid's oratory, though having failed in the substantial part of your business, I have little reason to hope he will succeed better in the ceremonial part of mine. The truth is, there is so great a difference in common sound between, it is done, and, it will be done, that I was unwilling to acknowledge the honour of having received your ladyship's commands before I had compassed that of obeying them, which the marquis here hath so often assured me would suddenly fall to my share, that I thought we had both equal reason, his Excellency to do it, and I to believe it. This right I must yet do him, that I never prest him in this concern of your ladyship's, but he told me, all my arguments were needless, for the thing should be done; and how to force a man that yields I never understood; but yet I much doubt that till the result be given upon the gross of this affair, which is and has been some time under view, your part in particular will hardly be thought ripe for either his justice or favour, which will be rather the style it must run in, if it be a desire of exemption from a general rule given in the case: whatever person (after the father's return) shall be appointed to observe the course of this affair, and pursue the lady's pretensions here, will be sure of all the assistance I can at any time give him; though I think it would prove a more public service to find some way of dissolving your society, and by that means dispersing so much worth about the world, than, by preserving you together, confine it to a corner, and suffer it to shine so much less, and go out so much sooner, than otherwise it would. The ill effects of your retreat appear too much in the ill success of your business; for I cannot think anything could fail that your ladyship would solicit; but I presume, nothing in this lower scene is worthy either that, or so much as your desire or care, which are words that enter not your grates, to disturb that perfect quiet and indifferency, which I will believe inhabit there; and by your happiness decide the long dispute, whether the greater lies in wanting nothing or possessing much.

I cannot but tell you it was unkindly done to refresh the memory of your brother Da Cary's loss, which was not a more general one to mankind than it was particular to me; but if I can succeed in your ladyship's service as well as I had the honour once to do in his friendship, I shall think I have lived to good purpose here; and for hereafter, shall leave it to Almighty God, with a submission as abandoned as you can exercise in the low common concernments of this worthless life, which I can hardly imagine was intended us for so great a misery as it is here commonly made, or to betray so large a part of the world to so much greater hereafter as is commonly believed. However, I am obliged to your ladyship for your prayers, which I am sure are well intended me, and shall return you mine. That no ill thoughts of my faith may possess your ladyship with an ill one of my works too, which I am sure cannot fail of being very meritorious, if ever I reach the intentions I have, of expressing myself upon all occasions, Madam,

Your ladyship's most humble and most obedient servant.

Brussels, Feb. 16, *S.N.* 1666.

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE TO SIR JOHN TEMPLE.

SIR,—I must make you my humble acknowledgments for so great a present as you have been pleased to send me towards that expense I have resolved to make at Sheen; and assure you, no part of it shall either go any other way or lessen what I had intended of my own. I doubt not to compass what I told you of my Lord Lisle, for enlarging my small territories there; when that is done, I propose to bestow a thousand pounds upon the conveniences of the house and garden; and hope that will reach all I care for: so that your five hundred pounds may be laid out rather for ornament than use, as you seem to desire, by ordering me to make the front perfectly uniform. Your care of that, and me, in this matter is the more obliging, the

less I find you concur with me in my thoughts of retiring wholly from public affairs, and to that purpose, of making my nest at this time as pleasant and commodious as I can afford it. Nor shall I easily resolve to offer at any of those advantages you think I might make upon such a retreat, of the King's favour or good opinion, by pretending either to pension or any other employment. The honour and pay of such posts as I have been in, ought to be esteemed sufficient for the best services of them: and if I have credit left with the present Ministers to get what is owing me upon my embassy, I shall think myself enough rewarded, considering how different a value is now like to be put upon my services in Holland from what there was when they were performed. 'Tis very likely at that time, as you believe, there were few reasonable things the King would have denied me, while the triple alliance and our league with Holland had so great a vogue; and my friends were not wanting in their advices to me to make use of it. But I have resolved never to ask him anything, otherwise than by serving him well; and you will have the less reason perhaps to reproach me this method, if you will please to remember how the two embassies of Aix-la-Chapelle and Holland were not only thrown upon me without my seeking, but also, what my Lord Arlington told me was designed for me upon Secretary Morris's removal, in case the King had not thought my embassy into Holland of the greatest necessity in pursuance of those measures we had taken with that State.

For what you think of the interest we have still to pursue them, and consequently of the use the King will still have of me upon that occasion: I will not enter into any reasonings with you upon that matter at this distance; but will only tell you some passages of fact upon which I ground the judgment I make of affairs wherein I have no part, and which I am not so solicitous to draw into the light as I doubt others are to keep them in the dark. And when I have told you these, I shall leave you to judge whether I take my measures right as to my own private conduct.

You know first the part I had in all our alliances with Holland; how far my own personal credit was engaged upon them to Monsieur de Witt; and the resolutions I not only acquainted him and you with, but his majesty too; that I would never have any part in breaking them whatever should happen: though that I confess could hardly enter into anybody's head that understood the interests of Christendom as well as our own. I have given you some intimations how cold I have observed our temper at court in those matters for this last year; and how different it was thought abroad from that warmth with which we engaged in them: so as it was a common saying at the Hague, *Qu'il faut avouer, qu'il y a eu neuf mois du plus grand ministere du monde en Angleterre;* for they would hardly allow a longer term to the vigour of that council which made the triple alliance and the peace of Aix, and sent me over into Holland this last embassy to pursue the great ends of them, and draw the emperor and princes of the empire into the common guaranty of the peace. Instead of this, our pretensions upon the business of Surinam, and the East India Companies, have grown high and been managed with sharpness between us and the States; and grounded (as Monsieur de Witt conceives) more upon a design of showing them our ill humour than our reason. I was sensible that my conduct in all these matters had fallen short for many months past of the approbation at court it used to receive; and that Mr. Warden was sent over to me only to disparage it, or espy the faults of it; though I think he returned with the opinion that the business would not bear it. 'Tis true, both my Lord Arlington and Sir John Trevor continued to the last of my stay in Holland to assure me that the King still remained firm in his measures with the States: but yet I found the business of admitting the emperor into the guaranty went downright lame; and that my Lord Keeper was in a manner out of the foreign councils; for so he writ to me himself, and gave me notice at the same time, that my Lord Arlington was not at all the same to me that he had been: which I took for an ill sign in our public business, and an ill circumstance in my own; and the more because I was sure not to have deserved it, and found nothing of it in his own letters, but only that they came seldom, and ran more upon indifferent things than they used to do.

Ever since madam's journey into England, the Dutch had grown jealous of something between us and France, and were not like to be cured by these particulars I have mentioned; but upon the invasion and seizure of Lorraine by France, and my being sent for over so suddenly after it, Monsieur de Witt himself could keep his countenance no longer, though he be neither suspicious in his nature, nor thought it the best course to discover any such disposition upon this occasion, how much soever he had of it; but yet he told me at my coming away, that he should make a judgment of us by the suddenness of my return, which the King had ordered me to assure him of.

When I came to town, I went immediately to my Lord Arlington, according to my custom. And whereas upon my several journeys over in the late conjunctures, he had ever quitted all company to receive me, and did it always with open arms, and in the kindest manner that could be, he made me this last time stay an hour and half in an outward room before he came to me, while he was in private with my

Lord Ashly. He received me with a coldness that I confess surprised me; and after a quarter-of-an-hour's talk of my journey and his friends at the Hague, instead of telling me the occasion of my being sent for over, or anything else material, he called in Tata that was in the next room, and after that my Lord Crofts, who came upon a common visit; and in that company the rest of mine passed, till I found he had nothing more to say to me, and so went away.

The next morning I went, however, to him again, desiring to be brought by him to kiss the King's hand, as I had used upon my former journeys. He thought fit to bring me to his majesty as he was walking in the Mall; who stopt to give me his hand, and ask me half-a-dozen questions about my journey, and about the Prince of Orange, and so walked on. Since which time, neither the King nor my Lord Arlington have ever said three words to me about anything of business; though I have been as often in their way as agreed with such an ill courtier as I am, or a man without business as I found myself to be.

I have seen my Lord Keeper and Mr. Secretary Trevor, and find the first uneasy and apprehensive of our present councils; the last sufficient and confident that no endeavours can break the measures between us and Holland, because they are esteemed so necessary abroad and so rational at home; but I find them both but barely in the skirts of business, and only in right of their posts; and that in the secret of it, the Duke of Buckingham, my Lord Arlington, my Lord Ashly, and Sir Thomas Clifford, at present compose the Ministry. This I tell you in short, as the constitution of our affairs here at this time, and which I believe you may reckon upon.

You know how different Sir Thomas Clifford and I have always been since our first acquaintance, in our schemes of government, and many other matters, especially concerning our alliance with Holland; and that has been the reason, I suppose, of very little commerce between us farther than common civility, in our frequent encounters at my Lord Arlington's for several years past. This made me a little surprised at his receiving me upon my first coming over, and treating me since with a most wonderful graciousness, till t'other day, which I suppose has ended that style. Upon the first visit he made me, after many civilities, he told me he must needs have two hours talk with me at some time of leisure and in private, upon our affairs in Holland, and still repeated this almost every time he saw me, till one day last week, when we appointed the hour, and met in his closet. He began with great compliments to me about my services to the King in my employments abroad, went on with the necessity of preserving our measures with Holland, and the mutual interest both nations had in it, and concluded with wondering why the States should have showed so much difficulty upon those two affairs of Surinam and the East India Company, wherein our demands seemed so reasonable. And how it came about that I had failed in compassing his majesty's satisfaction in those two matters, after having succeeded so much in all my other negotiations. I thought he might not have understood the detail of those two affairs; and so deduced it to him, with the Dutch reasons, which I confess seemed to me in many points but too well grounded. He seemed unsatisfied with them all, and told me I must undertake that matter again, and bring it to a period; and asked me whether I did not think I could bring them to reason. I said plainly I believed I never could to what we called so, and therefore was very unwilling to undertake it; that I had spent all my shot in vain; and therefore thought their best way would be to employ some person in it that had more wit or ability than I. Upon this he grew a little moved; and replied, that for my wit and ability they all knew I had enough; and all the question was, whether I was willing to employ them upon this occasion, which so much concerned the King's service and the honour of the nation. Hereupon I told him, how I had used my utmost endeavours in it already, how many representations I had made the States; how many conferences I had had with their commissioners, how long and particular accounts I had given them hitherto; and how I had valued all the reasons transmitted me from hence; and how all to no purpose; and being, I confess, a little heated after so long and unpleasant a conversation (as well as he), I asked him in the name of God what he thought a man could do more? Upon this in a great rage he answered me: yes, he would tell me what a man might do more, and what I ought to do more; which was to let the King and all the world know how basely and unworthily the States had used him; and to declare publicly how their Ministers were a company of rogues and rascals, and not fit for his majesty or any other prince to have anything to do with; and this was a part that nobody could do so well as I. My answer was very calm, that I was not a man fit to make declarations; that whenever I did upon any occasion, I should speak of all men what I thought of them; and so I should do of the States, and the Ministers I had dealt with there; which was all I could say of this business. And so our conversation ended.

Upon all these passages, and some others not fit for a letter, I have fixed my judgment of the affairs and counsels at present in design or deliberation here. I apprehend weather coming that I shall have no mind to be abroad in; and therefore resolved to get a warm house over my head as soon as I could, and neither apprehend any uneasiness of mind or fortune in the private

life I propose to myself; unless some public revolutions should draw both upon me, which cannot touch me alone, and must be borne like a common calamity.

I cannot find them willing yet to end my embassy in form, or give me leave to send over for my wife and family; which I easily apprehend the reason of, and must go through as well as I can; though my expense at the Hague be great, and my hopes little here of getting my pay, as I find affairs go and dispositions too in the Treasury, where all is disposed in a manner by Sir Thomas Clifford. In the meantime, I have sent over for my Spanish horse, and intend to send a groom away with him to Dublin, in hopes you will be pleased with him. I can be so with nothing more than the occasions of expressing always that duty wherewith I am, sir, Your, etc.

London, Nov. 22, 1670.

[We here present the greater part of Sir Thomas Browne's (1605-1682) famous *Letter to a Friend, upon the occasion of the Death of his Intimate Friend*, which was first issued as a folio pamphlet in 1690, and reprinted in his posthumous works. Some of the reflections which it contained towards the close formed the basis of a larger work on 'Christian Morals.']

SIR THOMAS BROWNE'S LETTER TO A FRIEND.

Give me leave to wonder that news of this nature should have such heavy wings that you should hear so little concerning your dearest friend, and that I must make that unwilling repetition to tell you, '*ad portam rigidos calces extendit*,' that he is dead and buried, and by this time no puny among the mighty nations of the dead; for though he left this world not very many days past, yet every hour you know largely addeth unto that dark society; and considering the incessant mortality of mankind, you cannot conceive there dieth in the whole earth so few as a thousand an hour.

Although at this distance you had no early account or particular of his death, yet your affection may cease to wonder that you had not some secret sense or intimation thereof by dreams, thoughtful whisperings, mercurisms, airy nuncios or sympathetical insinuations, which many seem to have had at the death of their dearest friends; for since we find in that famous story, that spirits themselves were fain to tell their fellows at a distance that the great Antonio was dead, we have a sufficient excuse for our ignorance in such particulars, and must rest content with the common road and Appian way of knowledge by information. Though the uncertainty of the end of this world hath confounded all human predictions, yet they who shall live to see the sun and moon darkened, and the stars to fall from heaven, will hardly be deceived in the advent of the last day; and therefore strange it is, that the common fallacy of consumptive persons who feel not themselves dying, and therefore still hope to live, should also reach their friends in perfect health and judgment;—that you should be so little acquainted with Plautus's sick complexion, or that almost an Hippocratical face should not alarm you to higher fears, or rather despair, of his continuation in such an emaciated state, wherein medical predictions fail not, as sometimes in acute diseases, and wherein 'tis as dangerous to be sentenced by a physician as a judge.

Upon my first visit I was bold to tell them who had not let fall all hopes of his recovery, that in my sad opinion he was not like to behold a grasshopper,[1] much less to pluck another fig; and in no long time after seemed to discover that odd mortal symptom in him not mentioned by Hippocrates, that is, to lose his own face, and look like some of his near relations; for he maintained not his proper countenance, but looked like his uncle, the lines of whose face lay deep and invisible in his healthful visage before; for as from our beginning we run through variety of looks, before we come to consistent and settled faces; so before our end, by sick and languishing alterations, we put on new visages, and in our retreat to earth may fall upon such looks which from community of seminal originals were before latent in us.

He was fruitlessly put in hope of advantage by change of air, and imbibing the pure aerial nitre of these parts; and therefore, being so far spent, he quickly found Sardinia in Tivoli,[2] and the most healthful air of little effect, where death had set her broad arrow;[3] for he lived not unto the middle of May, and confirmed the observation of Hippocrates of that mortal time of the year when the leaves of the fig-tree resemble a daw's claw. He is happily seated who lives in places whose air, earth, and water promote not the infirmities of his weaker parts, or is early removed into regions that correct them. He that is tabidly[4] inclined, were unwise to pass his days in Portugal; cholical persons will find little comfort in Austria or Vienna; he that is weak-legged must not be in love with Rome, nor an infirm head with Venice or Paris. Death hath not only particular stars in heaven, but malevolent places

1 Would not survive until next season.

2 'Cum mors venerit, in medio Tibure Sardinia est.'

3 In the king's forests they set the figure of a broad arrow upon trees that are to be cut down.

4 Wastefully.

on earth, which single out our infirmities, and strike at our weaker parts; in which concern, passager and migrant birds have the great advantages, who are naturally constituted for distant habitations, whom no seas nor places limit, but in their appointed seasons will visit us from Greenland and Mount Atlas, and, as some think, even from the Antipodes.[1]

Though we could not have his life, yet we missed not our desires in his soft departure, which was scarce an expiration; and his end not unlike his beginning, when the salient point scarce affords a sensible motion, and his departure so like unto sleep, that he scarce needed the civil ceremony of closing his eyes; contrary unto the common way, wherein death draws up, sleep lets fall the eyelids. With what strife and pains we came into the world we know not; but 'tis commonly no easy matter to get out of it; yet if it could be made out, that such who have easy nativities have commonly hard deaths, and contrarily, his departure was so easy that we might justly suspect his birth was of another nature, and that some Juno sat cross-legged at his nativity.

Besides his soft death, the incurable state of his disease might somewhat extenuate your sorrow, who know that monsters but seldom happen, miracles more rarely in physick.[2] Angelus Victorius gives a serious account of a consumptive, hectical, phthisical woman, who was suddenly cured by the intercession of Ignatius. We read not of any in Scripture who in this case applied unto our Saviour, though some may be contained in that large expression, that He went about Galilee healing all manner of sickness and all manner of diseases.[3] Amulets, spells, sigils, and incantations, practised in other diseases, are seldom pretended in this and we find no sigil in the Archidoxis of Paracelsus to cure an extreme consumption or marasmus, which, if other diseases fail, will put a period unto long livers, and at last makes dust of all. And therefore the Stoics could not but think that the fiery principle would wear out all the rest, and at last make an end of the world, which notwithstanding without such a lingering period the Creator may effect at His pleasure: and to make an end of all things on earth, and our planetical system of the world, He need but put out the sun.

I was not so curious to entitle the stars unto any concern of his death, yet could not but take notice that he died when the moon was in motion from the meridian; at which time an old Italian long ago would persuade me that the greatest part of men died; but herein I confess I could never satisfy my curiosity, although from the time of tides in places upon or near the sea, there may be considerable deductions; and Pliny hath an odd and remarkable passage concerning the death of men and animals upon the recess or ebb of the sea. However, certain it is, he died in the dead and deep part of the night, when Nox might be most apprehensibly said to be the daughter of Chaos, the mother of sleep and death according to old genealogy; and so went out of this world about that hour when our blessed Saviour entered it, and about what time many conceive He will return again unto it. Cardan[1] hath a peculiar and no hard observation from a man's hand to know whether he was born in the day or night, which I confess holdeth in my own. And Scaliger to that purpose hath another from the tip of the ear: most men are begotten in the night, animals in the day; but whether more persons have been born in the night or day, were a curiosity undecidable, though more have perished by violent deaths in the day; yet in natural dissolutions both times may hold an indifferency, at least but contingent inequality. The whole course of time runs out in the nativity and death of things; which, whether they happen by succession or coincidence, are best computed by the natural, not artificial day.

That Charles the Fifth[2] was crowned upon the day of his nativity, it being in his own power so to order it, makes no singular animadversion; but that he should also take King Francis prisoner upon that day, was an unexpected coincidence, which made the same remarkable. Antipater, who had an anniversary feast every year upon his birthday, needed no astrological revolution to know what day he should die on. When the fixed stars have made a revolution unto the points from whence they first set out, some of the ancients thought the world would have an end; which was a kind of dying upon the day of its nativity. Now the disease prevailing and swiftly advancing about the time of his nativity, some were of opinion that he would leave the world on the day he entered into it; but this being a lingering disease, and creeping softly on, nothing critical was found or expected, and he died not before fifteen days after. Nothing is more common with infants than to die on the day of their nativity; to behold the worldly hours, and but the fractions thereof; and even to perish before their nativity in the hidden world of the womb, and before their good angel is conceived to undertake them. But in persons who outlive many years, and when there are no less than three hundred and sixty-five days to determine their lives in every year, that the first day should make the last, that the tail of the snake

1 Bellonius, *de Avibus.*

2 'Monstra contingunt in medicina.'—Hippoc. 'Strange and rare escapes there happen sometimes in physick.'

3 Matt. iv. 23.

1 An Italian physician, who died 1576.

2 Born February 24th, 1500.

should return into its mouth precisely at that time, and they should wind up upon the day of their nativity, is indeed a remarkable coincidence, which, though astrology hath taken witty pains to solve, yet hath it been very wary in making predictions of it.[1]

In this consumptive condition and remarkable extenuation, he came to be almost half himself, and left a great part behind him, which he carried not to the grave. And though that story of Duke John Ernestus Mansfield[2] be not so easily swallowed, that at his death his heart was found not to be so big as a nut; yet if the bones of a good skeleton weigh little more than twenty pounds, his inwards and flesh remaining could make no bouffage,[3] but a light bit for the grave. I never more lively beheld the starved characters of Dante[4] in any living face; an aruspex might have read a lecture upon him without exenteration, his flesh being so consumed that he might, in a manner, have discerned his bowels without opening of him; so that to be carried, *sexta cervice*,[5] to the grave, was but a civil unnecessity; and the complements of the coffin might outweigh the subject of it.

Omnibonus Ferrarius in mortal dysenteries of children looks for a spot behind the ear; in consumptive diseases some eye the complexion of moles; Cardan eagerly views the nails, some the lines of the hand, the thenar or muscle of the thumb; some are so curious as to observe the depth of the throat-pit, how the proportion varieth of the small of the legs unto the calf, or the compass of the neck unto the circumference of the head; but all these, with many more, were so drowned in a mortal visage, and last face of Hippocrates, that a weak physiognomist might say at first eye, this was a face of earth, and that Morta[6] had set her hard seal upon his temples, easily perceiving what *caricatura*[7] draughts death makes upon pined faces, and unto what an unknown degree a man may live backward.

Though the beard be only made a distinction of sex, and sign of masculine heat by *Ulmus*, yet the precocity and early growth thereof in him was not to be liked in reference unto long life. Lewis, that virtuous but unfortunate king of Hungary, who lost his life at the battle of Mohacz,[8] was said to be born without a skin, to have bearded at fifteen, and to have shown some grey hairs about twenty; from whence the diviners conjectured that he would be spoiled of his kingdom, and have but a short life; but hairs make fallible predictions, and many temples early grey have outlived the Psalmist's period. Hairs which have most amused me have not been in the face or head, but on the back, and not in men but children, as I long ago observed in that endemial distemper of children in Languedoc, called the morgellons, wherein they critically break out with harsh hairs on their backs, which takes off the unquiet symptoms of the disease, and delivers them from coughs and convulsions.

The Egyptian mummies that I have seen, have had their mouths open, and somewhat gaping, which affordeth a good opportunity to view and observe their teeth, wherein 'tis not easy to find any wanting or decayed; and therefore in Egypt, where one man practised but one operation, or the diseases but of single parts, it must needs be a barren profession to confine unto that of drawing of teeth, and to have been little better than tooth-drawer unto King Pyrrhus,[1] who had but two in his head. How the banyans of India maintain the integrity of those parts, I find not particularly observed; who notwithstanding have an advantage of their preservation by abstaining from all flesh, and employing their teeth in such food unto which they may seem at first framed, from their figure and conformation; but sharp and corroding rheums had so early mouldered those rocks and hardest parts of his fabric, that a man might well conceive that his years were never like to double or twice tell over his teeth.[2] Corruption had dealt more severely with them than sepulchral fires and smart flames with those of burnt bodies of old; for in the burnt fragments of urns which I have inquired into, although I seem to find few incisors or shearers, yet the dog teeth and grinders do notably resist those fires.

In the years of his childhood he had languished under the disease of his country, the rickets; after which, notwithstanding many have become strong and active men; but whether any have attained unto very great years, the disease is scarce so old as to afford good observation. Whether the children of the English plantations be subject unto the same infirmity, may be worth the observing. Whether lameness and halting do still increase among the inhabitants of Rovigno in Istria, I know not; yet scarce twenty years ago Monsieur du Loyr observed that a third part of that people halted; but too certain it is, that the rickets increaseth among us; the small-pox grows more pernicious than the great; the king's purse knows that the king's evil grows more common. Quartan

1 According to the Egyptian hieroglyphic.
2 Turkish history.
3 Or swelling.
4 In the poet Dante's description.
5 *i.e.* 'by six persons.'
6 Morta, the diety of death or fate.
7 When men's faces are drawn with resemblance to some other animals, the Italians call it to be drawn *in caricatura*.
8 August 29th, 1526.

1 His upper jaw being solid, and without distinct rows of teeth.
2 Twice tell over his teeth, never live to threescore years.

agues are become no strangers in Ireland; more common and mortal in England; and though the ancients gave that disease very good words, yet now that bell makes no strange sound which rings out for the effects thereof.

Some think there were few consumptions in the old world, when men lived much upon milk; and that the ancient inhabitants of this island were less troubled with coughs when they went naked and slept in caves and woods, than men now in chambers and feather-beds. Plato will tell us, that there was no such disease as a catarrh in Homer's time, and that it was but new in Greece in his age. Polydore Virgil delivereth that pleurisies were rare in England, who lived but in the days of Henry the Eighth. Some will allow no diseases to be new, others think that many old ones are ceased, and that such which are esteemed new, will have but their time. However, the mercy of God hath scattered the great heap of diseases, and not loaded any one country with all: some may be new in one country which have been old in another. New discoveries of the earth discover new diseases; for besides the common swarm, there are endemial and local infirmities proper unto certain regions, which in the whole earth make no small number; and if Asia, Africa, and America should bring in their list, Pandora's box would swell, and there must be a strange pathology.

Most men expected to find a consumed kell,[1] empty and bladder-like guts, livid and marbled lungs, and a withered pericardium in this exsuccous corpse; but some seemed too much to wonder that two lobes of his lungs adhered unto his side; for the like I have often found in bodies of no suspected consumptions or difficulty of respiration. And the same more often happeneth in men than other animals, and some think in women than in men; but the most remarkable I have met with, was in a man, after a cough of almost fifty years, in whom all the lobes adhered unto the pleura, and each lobe unto another; who having also been much troubled with the gout, brake the rule of Cardan,[2] and died of the stone in the bladder. Aristotle makes a query, why some animals cough, as man; some not, as oxen. If coughing be taken as it consisteth of a natural and voluntary motion, including expectoration and spitting out, it may be as proper unto man as bleeding at the nose; otherwise we find that Vegetius and rural writers have not left so many medicines in vain against the coughs of cattle; and men who perish by coughs die the death of sheep, cats, and lions; and though birds have no midriff, yet we meet with divers remedies in Arrianus against the coughs of hawks. And though it might be thought that all animals who have lungs do cough; yet in cetaceous fishes, who have large and strong lungs, the same is not observed, nor yet in oviparous quadrupeds; and in the greatest thereof, the crocodile, although we read much of their tears, we find nothing of that motion.

From the thoughts of sleep, when the soul was conceived nearest unto divinity, the ancients erected an art of divination, wherein while they too widely expatiated in loose and inconsequent conjectures, Hippocrates[1] wisely considered dreams as they presaged alterations in the body, and so afforded hints toward the preservation of health and prevention of diseases; and therein was so serious as to advise alteration of diet, exercise, sweating, bathing, and vomiting; and also so religious as to order prayers and supplications unto respective deities, in good dreams unto Sol, Jupiter cœlestis, Jupiter opulentus, Minerva, Mercurius, and Apollo; in bad, unto Tellus and the heroes.

And therefore I could not but notice how his female friends were irrationally curious so strictly to examine his dreams, and in this low state to hope for the phantasms of health. He was now past the healthful dreams of the sun, moon, and stars, in their clarity and proper courses. 'Twas too late to dream of flying, of limpid fountains, smooth waters, white vestments, and fruitful green trees, which are the visions of healthful sleeps, and at good distance from the grave.

And they were also too deeply dejected that he should dream of his dead friends, inconsequently divining, that he would not be long from them; for strange it was not that he should sometimes dream of the dead, whose thoughts run always upon death; beside, to dream of the dead, so they appear not in dark habits, and take nothing away from us, in Hippocrates' sense was of good signification: for we live by the dead, and everything is or must be so before it becomes our nourishment. And Cardan, who dreamed that he discoursed with his dead father in the moon, made thereof no mortal interpretation; and even to dream that we are dead, was no condemnable phantasm in old oneiro-criticism, as having a signification of liberty, vacuity from cares, exemption and freedom from troubles unknown unto the dead.

Some dreams I confess may admit of easy and feminine exposition; he who dreamed that he could not see his right shoulder, might easily fear to lose the sight of his right eye; he that before a journey dreamed that his feet were cut off, had a plain warning not to undertake his intended journey. But why to dream of lettuce should presage some ensuing disease, why to eat

1 Caul.

2 Cardan, in his *Encomium Podagræ*, reckoneth this among the *Dona Podagræ*, that they are delivered thereby from the phthisis and stone in the bladder.

1 Hippoc. *de Insomniis.*

figs should signify foolish talk, why to eat eggs great trouble, and to dream of blindness should be so highly commended, according to the oneiro-critical verses of Astrampsychus and Nicephorus, I shall leave unto your divination.

He was willing to quit the world alone and altogether, leaving no earnest behind him for corruption or after-grave, having small content in that common satisfaction to survive or live in another, but amply satisfied that his disease should die with himself, nor revive in a posterity to puzzle physic, and make sad mementoes of their parent hereditary. Leprosy awakes not sometimes before forty, the gout and stone often later; but consumptive and tabid[1] roots sprout more early, and at the fairest make seventeen years of our life doubtful before that age. They that enter the world with original diseases as well as sin, have not only common mortality but sick traductions to destroy them, make commonly short courses, and live not at length but in figures; so that a sound Cæsarean nativity[2] may outlast a natural birth, and a knife may sometimes make way for a more lasting fruit than a midwife; which makes so few infants now able to endure the old test of the river,[3] and many to have feeble children who could scarce have been married at Sparta, and those provident states who studied strong and healthful generations; which happen but contingently in mere pecuniary matches or marriages made by the candle, wherein notwithstanding there is little redress to be hoped from an astrologer or a lawyer, and a good discerning physician were like to prove the most successful counsellor.

Julius Scaliger, who in a sleepless fit of the gout could make two hundred verses in a night, would have but five[4] plain words upon his tomb. And this serious person, though no minor wit, left the poetry of his epitaph unto others; either unwilling to commend himself, or to be judged by a distich, and perhaps considering how unhappy great poets have been in versifying their own epitaphs; wherein Petrarch, Dante, and Ariosto have so unhappily failed, that if their tombs should outlast their works, posterity would find so little of Apollo on them as to mistake them for Ciceronian poets.

In this deliberate and creeping progress unto the grave, he was somewhat too young and of too noble a mind, to fall upon that stupid symptom observable in divers persons near their journey's end, and which may be reckoned among the mortal symptoms of their last disease; that is, to become more narrow-minded, miserable, and tenacious, unready to part with anything, when they are ready to part with all, and afraid to want when they have no time to spend; meanwhile physicians, who know that many are mad but in a single depraved imagination, and one prevalent decipiency, and that beside and out of such single deliriums a man may meet with sober actions and good sense in Bedlam, cannot but smile to see the heirs and concerned relations gratulating themselves on the sober departure of their friends; and though they behold such mad covetous passages, content to think they die in good understanding, and in their sober senses.

Avarice, which is not only infidelity, but idolatry, either from covetous progeny or questuary[1] education, had no root in his breast, who made good works the expression of his faith, and was big with desires unto public and lasting charities; and surely where good wishes and charitable intentions exceed abilities, theorical beneficency may be more than a dream. They build not castles in the air who would build churches on earth; and though they leave no such structures here, may lay good foundations in heaven. In brief, his life and death were such, that I could not blame them who wished the like, and almost to have been himself: almost, I say; for though we may wish the prosperous appurtenances of others, or to be another in his happy accidents, yet so intrinsical is every man unto himself, that some doubt may be made whether any would exchange his being, or substantially become another man.

He had wisely seen the world at home and abroad, and thereby observed under what variety men are deluded in the pursuit of that which is not here to be found. And although he had no opinion of reputed felicities below, and apprehended men widely out in the estimate of such happiness, yet his sober contempt of the world wrought no democratism or cynicism, no laughing or snarling at it, as well understanding there are not felicities in this world to satisfy a serious mind; and therefore, to soften the stream of our lives, we are fain to take in the reputed contentations of this world, to unite with the crowd in their beatitudes, and to make ourselves happy by consortion, opinion, and co-existimation; for strictly to separate from received and customary felicities, and to confine unto the rigour of realities, were to contract the consolation of our beings unto too uncomfortable circumscriptions.

Not to fear death, nor desire it, was short of his resolution: to be dissolved, and be with Christ, was his dying ditty. He conceived his

1 'Tabies maxime contingunt ab anno decimo octavo ad trigesimum quintum.'—HIPPOC.

2 A sound child cut out of the body of the mother.

3 'Natos ad flumina primum deferimus sævoque gelu duramus et undis.'

4 'Julii Cæsaris Scaligeri quod fuit.'—JOSEPH SCALIGER, *in Vita Patris.*

1 Trained to love money.

thread long, in no long course of years, and when he had scarce outlived the second life of Lazarus;[1] esteeming it enough to approach the years of his Saviour, who so ordered His own human state as not to be old upon earth.

But to be content with death may be better than to desire it; a miserable life may make us wish for death, but a virtuous one to rest in it; which is the advantage of those resolved Christians, who, looking on death not only as the sting, but the period and end of sin, the horizon and isthmus between this life and a better, and the death of this world but as a nativity of another, do contentedly submit unto the common necessity, and envy not Enoch or Elias.

Not to be content with life is the unsatisfactory state of those who destroy themselves, who being afraid to live run blindly upon their own death, which no man fears by experience; and the Stoics had a notable doctrine to take away the fear thereof; that is, in such extremities, to desire that which is not to be avoided, and wish what might be feared; and so made evils voluntary, and to suit with their own desires, which took off the terror of them.

But the ancient martyrs were not encouraged by such fallacies; who, though they feared not death, were afraid to be their own executioners; and therefore thought it more wisdom to crucify their lusts than their bodies, to circumcise than stab their hearts, and to mortify than kill themselves.

His willingness to leave this world about that age, when most men think they may best enjoy it, though paradoxical unto worldly ears, was not strange unto mine, who have so often observed, that many, though old, oft stick fast unto the world, and seem to be drawn like Cacus's oxen,[2] backward, with great struggling and reluctancy, unto the grave. The long habit of living makes mere men more hardly to part with life, and all to be nothing, but what is to come. To live at the rate of the old world, when some could scarce remember themselves young, may afford no better digested death than a more moderate period. Many would have thought it an happiness to have had their lot of life in some notable conjunctures of ages past; but the uncertainty of future times has tempted few to make a part in ages to come. And surely, he that hath taken the true altitude of things, and righty calculated the degenerate state of this age, is not like to envy those that shall live in the next, much less three or four hundred years hence, when no man can comfortably imagine what face this world will carry: and therefore since every age makes a step unto the end of all things, and the Scripture affords so hard a character of the last times, quiet minds will be content with their generations, and rather bless ages past, than be ambitious of those to come.

Though age had set no seal upon his face, yet a dim eye might clearly discover fifty in his actions; and therefore, since wisdom is the grey hair, and an unspotted life old age; although his years come short, he might have been said to have held up with longer livers, and to have been Solomon's old man. And surely if we deduct all those days of our life which we might wish unlived, and which abate the comfort of those we now live; if we reckon up only those days which God hath accepted of our lives, a life of good years will hardly be a span long: the son in this sense may outlive the father, and none be climacterically old. He that early arriveth unto the parts and prudence of age, is happily old without the uncomfortable attendants of it; and 'tis superfluous to live unto grey hairs, when in precocious temper we anticipate the virtues of them. In brief, he cannot be accounted young who outliveth the old man. He that hath early arrived unto the measure of a perfect stature in Christ, hath already fulfilled the prime and longest intention of his being; and one day lived after the perfect rule of piety, is to be preferred before sinning immortality.

['It is very surprising,' observes Horace Walpole, 'how much better women write than men. I have now before me a volume of letters by the widow of the beheaded Lord Russell, which are full of the most moving and impressive eloquence.' Bishop Burnet declared in one of his letters to Lady Russell, 'You have so strange a way of expressing yourself, that I sincerely acknowledge my pen is apt to drop from my hand when I begin writing to you, for I am very sensible I cannot rise up to your strain.' Some interesting letters from Lady Russell to her husband, written during their occasional separations, in the fourteen happy years of their union, were published in 1819. Of her feelings upon that event, which over-clouded her earthly enjoyments, nothing has been recorded; but we know, that when the melancholy result of the trial was proclaimed, she neither disturbed the court, nor distracted the attention of her husband. Lady Russell survived her lord many years, dying at the advanced age

[1] Who upon some accounts and tradition is said to have lived thirty years after he was raised by our Saviour.—BARONIUS.

[2] Which, when stolen from Hercules, he drew backward into his cave, in order to mislead regarding their footsteps.

of 86 years; and that sorrow, which time could not dispel, a sincere and a Christian faith softened and reduced. No mourner ever walked through life with a more affecting resignation, or a more unostentatious dignity of demeanour.—*Willmott.*]

LADY RUSSELL TO THE BISHOP OF SALISBURY,

On the Loss of her Sister.

16*th October* 1690.

I have, my lord, so upright a heart to my friends, that though your great weight of business had forced you to a silence of this kind, yet I should have no doubt but that one I so distinguish in that little number God has left me, does join with me to lament my late losses; the one was a just, sincere man, and the only son of a sister, and a friend I loved with too much passion; the other my last sister, and I ever loved her tenderly. It pleases me to think that she deserves to be remembered by all those who knew her. But after above forty years' acquaintance with so amiable a creature, one must needs, in reflecting, bring to remembrance so many engaging endearments as are yet at present embittering and painful; and, indeed, we may be sure, that when anything below God is the object of our love, at one time or another it will be a matter of our sorrow. But a little time will put me again into my settled state of mourning; for a mourner I must be all my days upon earth, and there is no need I should be other. My glass runs low. The world does not want me, nor I want that; my business is at home, and within a narrow compass. I must not deny, as there was something so glorious in the object of my biggest sorrow, I believe that, in some measure, kept me from being then overwhelmed. So now it affords me, together with the remembrance how many years we lived together, thoughts that are joy enough for one who looks no higher than a quiet submission to her lot; and such pleasures in educating my young folks, that surmount the cares that it will afford. If I shall be spared the trial, where I have most thought of being prepared to bear the pain, I hope I shall be thankful, and I think I ask it faithfully, that it may be in mercy, not in judgment. Let me rather be tortured here, than they or I be rejected in that other blessed, *peaceful* home to all ages to which my soul aspires. There is something in the younger going before me, that I have *observed* all my life to give a sense I cannot describe; it is harder to be borne than a bigger loss, where there has been spun out a longer thread of life. Yet I see no cause for it, for every day we see the young fall with the old; but methinks it is a violence upon nature. A troubled mind has a multitude of these thoughts; yet I hope I master all murmurings: if I have had any, I am sorry, and will have no more, assisted by God's grace; and rest satisfied that whatever I think, I shall one day be entirely satisfied what God has done, and shall do, will be best, and justify both His justice and mercy. I meant this as a very short epistle; but you have been some years acquainted with my infirmity, and have endured it, though you never had waste time, I believe, in your life; and better times do not, I hope, make your patience less. However, it will become me to put an end to this, which I will do, signing myself cordially your, etc.

LADY RUSSELL TO LORD RUSSELL.

Tunbridge Wells, 1678.

After a toilsome day, there is some refreshment to be telling our story to our best friends. I have seen your girl well laid in bed, and ourselves have made our suppers upon biscuits, a bottle of white wine, and another of beer, and mingled my uncle's whey with nutmeg and sugar. None are disposing to bed, not so much as complaining of weariness. Beds and things are all very well here; our want is yourself and good weather. But now I have told you our present condition; to say a little of the past, I do really think, if I could have imagined the illness of the journey, it would have discouraged me; it is not to be expressed how bad the way is from Seven Oaks; but our horses did exceeding well, and Spencer very diligent, often off his horse to lay hold of the coach. I have not much more to say this night; I hope the quilt is remembered; and Frances must remember to send more biscuits, either when you come or soon after. I long to hear from you, my dearest soul, and truly think your absence already an age. I have no mind to my gold plate; here is no table to set it on; but if that does not come, I desire you would bid Betty Forster send the silver glass I use every day. In discretion, I haste to bed, longing for Monday, I assure you. From your

RUSSELL.

Past ten o'clock.—Lady Margaret says we are not glutted with company yet; you will let Northumberland know we are well, and Allie.

TO THE SAME.

Stratton, 1681.—*Thursday morning.*

A messenger bringing things from Ailesford this morning, gives me the opportunity of sending this by post. If he will leave it at Frimley, it will let you know we are all well; if he does not, it may let such know it as do not care, but satisfy no one's curiosity on any other

point. For having said thus much, I am ready to conclude with this one secret:—first, that as thy precious self is the most endearing husband, I believe, in the world, so I am the most grateful wife, and my heart most gladly passionate in its returns. Now you have all for this time. From your

R. RUSSELL.

Boy is asleep, girls singing abed. Lord Marquis sent a compliment yesterday, that he heard one of the girls had the measles; and if I would remove the rest, he would leave his house at an hour's warning. I hope you deliver my service to Mr. James.

For the Lord Russell, to be left at Frimley.

[In reference to a paper written in justification of his political conduct, which was handed to the sheriffs, on the scaffold, by Lord William Russell previous to his execution.]

LADY RACHEL RUSSELL TO KING CHARLES II.

[1683.]

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MAJESTY,—I find my husband's enemies are not appeased with his blood, but still continue to misrepresent him to your Majesty. 'Tis a great addition to my sorrows, to hear your Majesty is prevailed upon to believe that the paper he delivered to the sheriff at his death was not his own. I can truly say, and am ready in the solemnest manner to attest, that I often heard him discourse the chiefest matters contained in that paper, in the same expressions he therein uses, as some of those few relations that were admitted to him can likewise aver. And sure 'tis an argument of no great force, that there is a phrase or two in it that another uses, when nothing is more common than to take up such words we like, or are accustomed to in our conversation. I beg leave further to avow to your Majesty, that all that is set down in the paper read to your Majesty on Sunday night, to be spoken in my presence, is exactly true; as I doubt not but the rest of the paper is, which was written at my request; and the author of it, in all his conversation with my husband that I was privy to, showed himself a loyal subject to your Majesty, a faithful friend to him, and a most tender and conscientious minister to his soul. I do therefore humbly beg your Majesty would be so charitable to believe, that he who in all his life was observed to act with the greatest clearness and sincerity, would not at the point of death do so disingenuous and false a thing as to deliver for his own that what was not properly and expressly so.

And if, after the loss in such a manner of the best husband in the world, I were capable of any consolation, your Majesty only could afford it by having better thoughts of him, which when I was so importunate to speak with your Majesty, I thought I had some reason to believe I had inclined you to, not from the credit of my word, but upon the evidence of what I had to say. I hope I have writ nothing in this that will displease your Majesty. If I have, I humbly beg of you to consider it as coming from a woman amazed with grief; and that you will consider it as coming from the daughter of a person[1] who served your Majesty's father in his greatest extremities (and your Majesty in your greatest posts), and one that is not conscious of having ever done anything to offend you. I shall ever pray for your Majesty's long life and happy reign, who am, with all humility, may it please your Majesty, etc.

BISHOP BURNET TO LADY RUSSELL,

On the Death of her Son.

Salisbury, 30th May 1711.

I cannot keep myself from writing, though I cannot tell how to express the deep sense I have of this heavy stroke with which God is trying your faith and patience. To lose the only son of such a father, who was become so truly his son in all respects, is indeed a new opening, a deep wound which God had, by many special providences, for several years been binding up and healing. But now you will see whether you can truly say, 'Not my will, but Thy will be done.' For God's sake do not abandon yourself once more unto a deep, inconsolable melancholy. Rouse up the spirit God has given you, and say, 'The Lord has given, the Lord has taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.' When God took his blessed father, he was left as a branch to spring up in his stead: now God has taken him, but the branches are left in whom he is to live again. Remember you are now much older than when you suffered yourself to sink so much under a great though a just load. You cannot now stand under what you bore then; and you do not know but that, as God has helped you in so eminent a manner to do your duty to your own children, He may yet have a great deal for you to do to your children's children; and, therefore, study to compose your spirits into a resignation to the holy will of God, and see what remains for you yet to be done before your course is finished. I could not help giving this vent to that true and hearty concern I have in everything that touches you in so tender a part. I can do no more but follow

[1] The Earl of Southampton.

this with my most earnest prayers to the God of all comfort for you and all yours, more particularly for the sweet remnants of him whom God has taken to Himself.

I am, beyond all expression, madam, your most humble and most obedient servant.

JOHN DRYDEN TO JOHN DENNIS.

In reply to a complimentary letter from the latter upon his genius.

1693–4.

My dear Mr. Dennis,—When I read a letter so full of my commendations as your last, I cannot but consider you as the master of a vast treasure who, having more than enough for yourself, are forced to ebb out upon your friends. You have indeed the best right to give them, since you have them in propriety; but they are no more mine when I receive them, than the light of the moon can be allowed to be her own, who shines but by the reflection of her brother. Your own poetry is a more powerful example to prove that the modern writers may enter into comparison with the ancients, than any which Perrault could produce in France; yet neither he, nor you, who are a better critic, can persuade me that there is any room left for a solid commendation at this time of the day, at least for me. If I undertake the translation of Virgil, the little which I can perform will show, at least, that no man is fit to write after him in a barbarous modern tongue: neither will his machines be of any service to a Christian poet. We see how ineffectually they have been tried by Tasso and by Ariosto. 'Tis using them too dully if we only make devils of his gods: as if, for example, I would raise a storm, and make use of Æolus, with this only difference of calling him prince of the air: what invention of mine would there be in this? Or who would not see Virgil through me, only the same trick played over again by a bungling juggler? Boileau has well observed, that it is an easy matter in a Christian poem for God to bring the devil to reason. I think I have given a better hint for new machines in my preface to Juvenal, where I have particularly recommended two subjects, one of King Arthur's conquest of the Saxons, and the other of the Black Prince in his conquest of Spain. But the guardian angels of monarchies and kingdoms are not to be touched by every hand. A man must be deeply conversant in the Platonic philosophy to deal with them; and therefore I may reasonably expect that no poet of our age will presume to handle those machines for fear of discovering his own ignorance; or if he should, he might perhaps be ungrateful enough not to own me for his benefactor. After I have confessed thus much of our modern heroic poetry, I cannot but conclude with Mr. Rymer, that our English comedy is far beyond anything of the ancients. And notwithstanding our irregularities, so is our tragedy. Shakespeare had a genius for it; and we know in spite of Mr. R——, that genius alone is a greater virtue (if I may so call it) than all other qualifications put together. You see what success this learned critic has found in the world, after his blaspheming Shakespeare. Almost all the faults which he has discovered are truly there; yet who will read Mr. Rym——, or not read Shakespeare? For my own part, I reverence Mr. Rym——'s learning, but I detest his ill-nature and his arrogance. I indeed, and such as I, have reason to be afraid of him, but Shakespeare has not. There is another part of poetry in which the English stand almost upon an equal foot with the ancients; and 'tis that which we call Pindaric, introduced but not perfected by our famous Mr. Cowley; and of this, sir, you are certainly one of the greatest masters; you have the sublimity of sense as well as sound, and know how far the boldness of a poet may lawfully extend. I could wish you would cultivate this kind of ode, and reduce it either to the same measure which Pindar used, or give new measures of your own. For, as it is, it looks like a vast tract of land newly discovered; the soil is wonderfully fruitful, but unmanured, overstocked with inhabitants, but almost all savages, without laws, arts, arms, or policy. I remember poor Nat. Lee, who was then upon the verge of madness, yet made a sober and witty answer to a bad poet, who told him, It was an easy thing to write like a madman. No, said he, 'tis very difficult to write like a madman, but 'tis a very easy matter to write like a fool. Otway and he are safe by death from all attacks, but we poor poets militant (to use Mr. Cowley's expression) are at the mercy of wretched scribblers; and when they cannot fasten upon our verses, they fall upon our morals, our principles of state, and religion. For my principles of religion I will not justify them to you; I know yours are far different. For the same reason, I shall say nothing of my principles of state; I believe you in yours follow the dictates of your reason, as I in mine do those of my conscience. If I thought myself in an error, I would retract it; I am sure that I suffer for them; and Milton makes even the devil say, that no creature is in love with pain. For my morals betwixt man and man, I am not to be my own judge; I appeal to the world if I have deceived or defrauded any man; and for my private conversation, they who see me every day can be the best witnesses whether or no it be blameless and inoffensive. Hitherto I have no reason to complain that men of either party shun my company. I have never been an impudent beggar at the doors of noblemen; my visits have indeed been too rare to be unacceptable,

and but just enough to testify my gratitude for their bounty; which I have frequently received, but always unasked, as themselves will witness. I have written more than I needed to you on this subject; for I dare say you justify me to yourself. As for that which I first intended for the principal subject of this letter, which is my friend's passion, and his design of marriage, on better consideration I have changed my mind; for having had the honour to see my friend Wycherley's letter to him on that occasion, I find nothing to be added or amended. But as well as I love Mr. Wycherley, I confess I love myself so well, that I will not show how much I am inferior to him in wit and judgment, by undertaking anything after him; there is Moses and the prophets in his council. Jupiter and Juno, as the poets tell us, made Tiresias their umpire, in a certain merry dispute which fell out in heaven betwixt them; Tiresias, you know, had been of both sexes, and therefore was a proper judge; our friend Mr. Wycherley is full as competent an arbitrator; he has been a bachelor, and married man, and is now a widower. Virgil says of Ceneus,

'——Nunc vir, nunc fœmina Ceneus,
Rursus et in veterem sato revoluta figuram.'

Yet, I suppose, he will not give any large commendations to his middle state; nor, as the sailor said, will be found after a shipwreck to put to sea again. If my friend will adventure after this, I can but wish him a good wind, as being his, and, my dear Mr. Dennis,

Your most affectionate and most faithful servant, JOHN DRYDEN.

[John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough (1650–1722), had married Sarah Jennings, a penniless beauty of Charles' court, who, along with a bad temper, had the power of inspiring and retaining affection. Her influence over the Princess Anne was paramount. Marlborough had endeavoured to use the Tory influence of the time against King William; so that by causing a revolt he would be driven from the throne, and thus, without replacing James, the crown would be given to Anne, his wife's influence over whom would place him at the head of affairs. On discovering this plot, William exclaimed, 'Were I and my Lord Marlborough private persons, the sword would have to settle between us.' The duke was stripped of his offices, and with the duchess was exiled from the court for the time.]

QUEEN MARY TO THE PRINCESS ANNE.

[1692.]

Having something to say to you, which I know will not be very pleasing, I chuse rather to write it first, being unwilling to surprise you; though, I think, what I am going to tell you should not, if you give yourself the time to think, that never anybody was suffered to live at court in my Lord Marlborough's circumstances. I need not repeat the cause he has given the King to do what he has done, nor his unwillingness at all times to come to such extremities, though people do deserve it.

I hope you do me the justice to believe, it is as much against my will, that I now tell you, that, after this, it is very unfit Lady Marlborough should stay with you, since that gives her husband so just a pretence of being where he ought not.

I think, I might have expected you should have spoke to me of it. And the King and I both believing it, made us stay thus long. But seeing you were so far from it, that you brought Lady Marlborough hither last night, makes us resolve to put it off no longer, but tell you, she must not stay; and that I have all the reason imaginable to look upon your bringing her, as the strangest thing that was ever done. Nor could all my kindness for you (which is ever ready to turn all you do the best way, at any ther time) have hindered me showing you that moment, but I considered your condition, and that made me master myself so far as not to take notice of it then.

But now I must tell you, it was very unkind in a sister, would have been very uncivil in an equal, and I need not say I have more to claim. Which, though my kindness would make me never exact, yet when I see the use you would make of it, I must tell you, I know what is due to me, and expect to have it from you. 'Tis upon that account, I tell you plainly, Lady Marlborough must not continue with you in the circumstances her lord is.

I know this will be uneasy to you, and I am sorry for it; and it is very much so to me to say all this to you, for I have all the real kindness imaginable for you, and as I ever have, so will always do my part to live with you as sisters ought. That is, not only like so near relations, but like friends. And, as such, I did think to write to you. For I would have made myself believe your kindness for her made you at first forget that you should have for the King and me; and resolved to put you in mind of it myself, neither of us being willing to come to harsher ways.

But the sight of Lady Marlborough having changed my thoughts, does naturally alter my style. And since by that I see how little you seem to consider what even in common civility you owe us, I have told it you plainly; but

withal assure you, that let me have never so much reason to take anything ill of you, my kindness is so great, that I can pass over most things, and live with you as becomes me. And I desire to do so merely from that motive; for I do love you, as my sister, and nothing but yourself can make me do otherwise. And that is the reason I chuse to write this, rather than tell it you, that you may overcome your first thoughts; and when you have well considered, you will find, that though the thing be hard (which I again assure you I am sorry for), yet it is not unreasonable, but what has ever been practised, and what you yourself would do were you in my place.

I will end this with once more desiring you to consider the matter impartially, and take time for it. I do not desire an answer presently, because I would not have you give a rash one. I shall come to your drawing-room to-morrow before you play, because you know why I cannot make one: at some other time we shall reason the business calmly; which I willingly do, or anything else that may show, it shall never be my fault if we do not live kindly together: nor will I ever be other by choice,

Your truly loving and affectionate sister,

M. R.

Kensington, Feb. 5.

PRINCESS ANNE TO QUEEN MARY.

Your Majesty was in the right to think your letter would be very surprising to me. For you must needs be sensible enough of the kindness I have for my Lady Marlborough, to know, that a command from you to part with her must be the greatest mortification in the world to me; and indeed of such a nature, as I might well have hoped your kindness to me would have always prevented. I am satisfied she cannot have been guilty of any fault to you. And it would be extremely to her advantage, if I could here repeat every word that ever she had said to me of you in her whole life. I confess, it is no small addition to my trouble to find the want of your Majesty's kindness to me upon this occasion; since I am sure I have always endeavoured to deserve it by all the actions of my life.

Your care of my present condition is extremely obliging. And if you would be pleased to add to it so far, as upon my account to recall your severe command (as I must beg leave to call it in a matter so tender to me, and so little reasonable, as I think, to be imposed upon me, that you would scarce require it from the meanest of your subjects), I should ever acknowledge it as a very agreeable mark of your kindness to me. And I must as freely own, that as I think this proceeding can be for no other intent than to give me a very sensible mortification, so there is no misery that I cannot readily resolve to suffer, rather than the thoughts of parting with her. If after all this that I have said, I must still find myself so unhappy as to be farther pressed in this matter, yet your Majesty may be assured that, as my past actions have given the greatest testimony of my respect both for the King and you, so it shall always be my endeavour, wherever I am, to preserve it carefully for the time to come, as becomes

Your Majesty's very affectionate sister and servant, ANNE.

From the Cockpit, Feb. 6, 1692.

TO THE SAME.

I have now, God be thanked, recovered my strength well enough to go abroad. And though my duty and inclination would both lead me to wait upon your Majesty as soon as I am able to do it, yet I have of late had the misfortune of being so much under your Majesty's displeasure, as to apprehend there may be hard constructions made upon anything I either do, or not do, with the most respectful intentions. And I am in doubt whether the same arguments that have prevailed with your Majesty to forbid people from showing their usual respects to me, may not be carried so much farther, as not to permit me to pay my duty to you. That, I acknowledge, would be a great increase of affliction to me; and nothing but your Majesty's own command shall ever willingly make me submit to it; for whatever reason I may think in my own mind I have to complain of being hardly used, yet I will strive to hide it as much as possible. And though I will not pretend to live at the Cockpit, unless you would be so kind as make it easy to me, yet wherever I am, I will endeavour always to give the constant marks of duty and respects, which I have in my heart for your Majesty, as becomes

Your Majesty's very affectionate sister and servant, ANNE.

Sion, May 20.

QUEEN MARY TO THE PRINCESS ANNE.

I have received yours by the Bishop of Worcester, and have very little to say to it; since you cannot but know, that as I never used compliments, so now they will not serve.

'Tis none of my fault we live at this distance, and I have endeavoured to show my willingness to do otherwise. And I will do no more. Don't give yourself any unnecessary trouble; for, be assured, it is not words can make us live together as we ought. You know

what I required of you. And I now tell you, if you doubted it before, that I cannot change my mind, but expect to be complied with, or you must not wonder if I doubt of your kindness. You can give me no other marks that will satisfy me. Nor can I put any other construction upon your actions than what all the world must do that sees them. These things don't hinder me being very glad to hear you are so well, and wishing you may continue so; and that you may yet, while 'tis in power, oblige me to be,

Your affectionate sister,

MARIE R.

[The later years of the author of the *Essay concerning Human Understanding* were spent at Oates, in Essex, the residence of Sir Francis Masham and his wife, the latter of whom had been previously known by the philosopher. He was now in delicate health, and his later contemplations and works were chiefly religious. The last letter of advice seems to have been written exactly a month before his death, which took place October 28th, 1704.]

MR. LOCKE TO THE REVEREND MR. KING.

SIR,—Yours of the 4th instant I received; and though I am conscious I do not deserve those advantageous things which your civility says of me in it, give me leave to assure you, that the offer of my service to you, which you are pleased to take notice of, is that part which I shall not fail to make good on all occasions.

You ask me, what is the shortest and surest way for a young gentleman to attain a true knowledge of the Christian religion, in the full and just extent of it? For so I understand your question; if I have mistaken it, you must set me right. And to this I have a short and plain answer. Let him study the Holy Scripture, especially the New Testament, wherein are contained the words of eternal life; it has God for its author, salvation for its end, and truth, without any mixture of error, for its matter. So that it is a wonder to me how any one, professing Christianity, that would seriously set himself to know his religion, should be in any doubt where to employ his search, and lay out his pains for his information, when he knows a book wherein all is contained pure and entire, and whither, at last, every one must have recourse, to verify that of it which he finds anywhere else.

The other question, which I think I may call two or three, will require a larger answer.

As to morality, which, I take it, is the first in those things which you inquire after, that is best to be found in the book that I have already recommended to you; but because you may perhaps think that, the better to observe those rules, a little warning may not be inconvenient, and some method of ranging them be useful for the memory, I recommend to you the *Whole Duty of Man*, as a methodical system; and if you desire a larger view of the *Parts of Morality*, I know not where you will find them so well and distinctly explained, and so strongly enforced, as in the practical divines of the Church of England. The sermons of Dr. Barrow, Archbishop Tillotson, and Dr. Whichcot are masterpieces in this kind; not to name abundance of others who excel on that subject. If you have a mind to see how far human reason advanced in the discovery of morality, you'll have a good specimen in *Tully's Offices;* unless you have a mind to look farther back, into the source from whence he drew his rules, and then you must consult Aristotle, and the other Greek philosophers.

Though prudence be reckoned among the cardinal virtues, yet I do not remember any professed treatise of morality, where it is treated in its full extent, and with that accuracy it ought; for which, possibly, this may be a reason, that every imprudent action does not make a man culpable *in foro conscientiæ*. The business of morality I look upon to be, the avoiding of crimes of prudence, inconveniences; the foundation whereof lies in knowing men and manners. History teaches this best, next to experience, which is the only effectual way to get a knowledge of the world. As to the rules of prudence in the conduct of common life; though there be several that have employed their pens therein, yet these writers have their eyes so fixed on conveniency, that they sometimes lose the sight of virtue, and do not take care to keep themselves always clear from the borders of dishonesty, while they are tracing out, what they take to be sometimes the securest way to success: most of those that I have seen on this subject, having, as it seemed to me, something of this defect. So that I know none that I can confidently recommend to your young gentleman, but the son of Syrac.

To complete a man in the practice of human offices (for to that tend your inquiries), there is one thing more required; which though it be ordinarily considered as distinct from both virtue and prudence, yet I think it is so nearly allied to them, that he will scarce keep himself from slips in both who is without: that which I mean is good breeding. The school for a young gentleman to learn it in, is the conversation of those who are well bred.

As to the last part of your inquiry, which is, after books that will give an insight into the constitution of the government, and real interest of his country; to proceed orderly in this, I

think the foundation should be laid in inquiring into the ground and nature of civil society; and how it is formed on different models of government; and what are the several species of it. Aristotle is allowed a masterpiece in this science; and few enter upon the consideration of government, without reading his politics. Hereunto should be added, true notions of laws in general; and property, the subject-matter about which laws are made. He that would acquaint himself with the former of these, should thoroughly study the judicious Hooker's first book of *Ecclesiastical Polity*. And property I have nowhere found more clearly explained, than in a book intituled, *Two Treatises on Government*. But, not to load your young gentleman with too many books on this subject, which requires more meditation than reading, give me leave to recommend to him Puffendorf's little treatise, *De Officio Hominis et Civis*.

To get an insight into the particular constitution of the government of his own country, will require a little more reading, unless he will content himself with such a superficial knowledge of it as is contained in Chamberlayne's *State of England*, or Smith *de Republica Anglicana*. Your inquiry manifestly looks farther than that; and to attain such a knowledge of it as becomes a gentleman of England to have, to the purpose you mention, I think he should read our ancient lawyers, such as *Bracton, Fleta*, the *Mirror of Justice*, etc., which your cousin[1] King can better direct you to than I; joining with them the *History of England under the Romans*, and so continuing it down quite to our times, reading it always in those authors who lived nearest those times; their names you will find, and characters often, in Mr. Tyrrell's *History of England:* to which if there be added a serious consideration of the laws made in each reign, and how far any of them influenced the constitution, all these together will give him a full insight into what you desire.

As to the interest of any country: that, 'tis manifest, lies in its prosperity and security; plenty of well-employed people, and riches within, and good alliances abroad, make its strength; but the ways of attaining these comprehend all the arts of peace and war, the management of trade, the employment of the poor, and all those other things that belong to the administration of the public; which are so many, so various, and so changeable, according to the mutable state of men and things in the world, that 'tis not strange if a very small part of this consists in book-learning: he that would know it, must have his eyes open upon the present state of affairs, and from thence take his measures of what is good, or prejudicial, to the interest of his country.

[1] Sir Peter King.

You see how ready I am to obey your commands, though in matters wherein I am sensible of my own ignorance. I am so little acquainted with books, especially on these subjects relating to politics, that you must forgive me, if perhaps I have not named to you the best in every kind; and you must take it as a mark of readiness to serve you, if I have ventured so far out of what lay in my way of reading, in the days when I had leisure to converse with books. The knowledge of the Bible, and the business of his calling, is enough for an ordinary man: a gentleman ought to go farther.

Those of this place return their service and thanks for the honour of your remembrance.

I am, etc.

TO THE SAME.

Dear Sir,—I am sorry to find that the question which was the most material, and my mind was most upon, was answered so little to your satisfaction, that you are fain to ask it again: since therefore you ask me a second time, What is the best method to study religion? I must ask you, what religion you mean? for if it be, as I understood you before, the Christian religion, in its full extent and purity, I can make no other answer than what I did, viz. that the only way to attain a certain knowledge of that, is to study the Holy Scripture; and my reason is, because the Christian religion is a revelation from God Almighty, which is contained in the Bible; and so all the knowledge we can have of it must be derived from thence. But if you ask, which is the best way to get the knowledge of the Romish, Lutheran, or Reformed religion, of this or that particular church, etc., each whereof entitles itself to be the true Christian religion, with some kind of exclusion or diminution to the rest, that will not be hard to tell you: but then it is plain, that the books that best teach you any of these, do most remove you from all the rest: and, in this way of studying, you pitch upon one as the right before you know it to be so: whereas that choice should be the result of your study of the Christian religion in the Sacred Scriptures. And the method I have proposed would, I presume, bring you the surest way to that church, which I imagine you already think most conformable to the Word of God.

I find the letter you last honoured me with contains a new question, and that a very material one, viz. What is the best way of interpreting the Sacred Scripture? Taking interpreting to mean understanding, I think the best way for understanding the Scripture, or the New Testament (for of that, the question will here be in the first place), is to read it assiduously and diligently; and, if it can be, in the original. I do not mean, to read every

day some certain number of chapters, as is usual; but to read it so as to study and consider; and not leave, till you are satisfied that you have got the true meaning.

To this purpose, it will be necessary to take the assistance of interpreters and commentators; such as are those called the *Critics*, and *Pool's Synopsis Criticorum*, *Dr. Hammond on the New Testament*, and *Dr. Whitby*, etc.

I should not think it convenient to multiply books of this kind, were there any one I could direct you to that was infallible. But you will not think it strange if I tell you, that, after all, you must make use of your own judgment, when you consider that it is, and always will be, impossible to find an expositor whom you can blindfold rely upon, and cannot be mistaken in following. Such a resignation as that is due to the Holy Scriptures alone, which are dictated by the Holy Spirit of God.

Such writings as Mr. Mede's, and Dr. Lightfoot's, are very much conducive to lead us into a true sense of the Sacred Scriptures.

As to the method of reading them, order requires that the Four Evangelists should, in the first place, be well studied, and thoroughly understood: they all, treating of the same subject, do give great light to one another; and, I think, may with the greatest advantage be read in harmony. To this purpose Monsieur le Clerc's or Mr. Whiston's *Harmony of the Four Evangelists* will be of use, and save a great deal of time and trouble in turning the Bible; they are now both in English, and Monsieur le Clerc's has a paraphrase. But if you would read the Evangelists in the original, Monsieur le Clerc's edition of his *Harmony in Greek and Latin* will be the best.

If you find that by this method you advance in the knowledge of the gospel, when you have laid a foundation there to your satisfaction, it will not be hard to add what may help you forwards in the study of the other parts of the New Testament.

But I have troubled you too much already; for which I beg your pardon, and

Am, etc.

Oates, Sept. 27, 1704.

[This letter, which gives a picture of London in the early part of the eighteenth century, is a good example of 'how it strikes a stranger.' It is given anonymously in what is by far the best collection of letters published up till that date: '*A Select Collection of Original Letters*, written by the Most Eminent Persons, on various entertaining subjects, etc. 2 vols. Rivington and Dodsley, 1755.' We present it here as a picture of travel, and of the London of a past age.]

FROM MR. —— IN LONDON, TO HIS FRIEND AT EXETER.

SIR,—As it is common for all persons when deprived of a certain happiness, to use all endeavours to make their loss less grievous; so, sir, though I am by the distance between us deprived of the pleasure of your company, give me leave to keep up the friendship between us by an epistolary correspondence, and having little else to write to you, shall only send you a short account of what occurred the most remarkable in my journey to London. Though, sir, you may think that we have all the news in town, yet favour me with a letter, and draw me from the inquietude and fears of being by absence blotted from your memory.

In our first day's journey nothing signal befell us, save that the coachman stopped at least a dozen times to drink and light his pipe. Furthermore, a hard shower of rain fell upon us five miles beyond Dorchester, but wet us not, we being in the stage-coach. We dined this day upon a leg of mutton and spinage, and had good Southam cider.

As soon as we came to our inn, I took a view of Dorchester. It has a market-house in the middle of it, and there is a river running by it, in which it is credibly reported there are some fish. We supped this night upon a neck of mutton and broth, and some rare October as pale as sack, and as soft as sherry, and as strong as brandy—rare beer, indeed!

When we came to Piddle Town, they brought us some run wine; it was small and sour, so that I (being also fasting) could not drink above a quart thereof. When we came to Blandford I also took a view thereof; it has also a market-house in the centre, and a river running by it, near unto which there is store of meadow-ground. I saw there a very comely bay gelding, lame of the string-halt,—it was a thousand pities. We dined this day upon a good fat gammon and greens, and had, moreover, excellent October.

We stopt in Cranbourn Chase, at a small hut upon the highway, where I gulped a thwacking glass of rare French brandy, and ate a biscuit; the ways here are very good, being all upon the Down, and you see on every side flocks of sheep. We dined this day upon beef and carrots, the October not strong enough.

When we came to Salisbury, I walked into the market-place and round it, for at least a quarter of an hour, because I would be able to give a good account of this city. It lies low, and has water about it; it has a large market-

place, and they say they have a brave large church, but our beer at the inn was very bad. We supped this night on bacon and fowls, the October stark enough.

Stockbridge is famous for store of fish, upon which I concluded, before I saw it, that it had a good river near it, and it proved so. Here I drank some bottled ale, and a dram after it; excellent French brandy! Sutton has nothing extraordinary, but that it is a poor, little, ordinary town. We dined this day upon a hog's face and a couple of rabbits. No good beer!

Basingstoke stands upon the side of a hill, and near it there is a common; there is also, hard by, a deer park, belonging to some great duke, but I know not who it may be; it is like he has a place at court, for they say he seldom lives here. Here we drank a dram, and I jogged on.

We lay at Hertford Bridge. It stands close by a good heath, twenty miles over, for aught I know to the contrary: my landlady was a widow woman, and a very good woman she was. I never supped better in my lifetime. We had bacon and eggs and a roasted turkey, and some good brown beer. As we went through the aforesaid heath, we saw a gibbet where a highwayman had been hanged. May they all come to the same untimely fate!

Egham is a long town, not worth the pains to describe it so exactly as I have described the rest; there are two or three inns in it, but never a market-house; here I first saw the river Thames, and a lovely, sweet river it is. We dined at Tim Harris's; we had a leg of boiled pork and turnips, and some curious red port. The maid of the house knew me, but I pretended not to know her, for I suppose she expected something from me; so I thought it became us travellers to carry our wits about us.

Brentford is the longest town I ever saw; it stands upon the aforesaid river Thames, and has a market-house in it. Here I saw sitting upon a bench in the street, a grave, fat old gentleman, with whiskers and a fur cap; he had likewise on a long grave coat; I bowed to him, taking him to be the mayor of the town, but they told me he was a waterman past business. Here I drank half a pint of Lisbon. Very good!

Beyond Hammersmith, I began to see a great many houses on both sides of the aforesaid river Thames; I was surprised to hear that many of them belonged to tradesmen in the city, for I thought they all belonged to noble dukes. Just as we came into Hammersmith, a wheel broke off from the coach, and while it was mending, I went to an alehouse, where I asked the tapster several questions about the place and the people; as well knowing that we travellers should improve ourselves. He proved in conversation to be an understanding lad, for I found he had been once at a grammar school; so when I paid for my pint of ale, I gave him a penny over and above for himself. The ale here was but poor stuff. The country hereabouts is well wooded, and very full of people.

At Kensington the King has a fine house and large garden. Here are also several other gardens very fine; but (more shame is theirs) they sell whatever they produce. The ale here is stark enough. We went through Hide Park to London, which is as pretty a piece of road as ever crow flew over.

London is certainly the greatest city upon earth, at least there is nothing like it in Devonshire; but our beer is infinitely better than theirs, which is as black as bull's blood, and as thick as mustard. Everything is shamefully dear here; you pay half-a-crown or three shillings for a chicken, which with us would not yield above a groat or fivepence; but they have so many customers, that they ask and have just what they please. You see a great many coaches standing in the street ready to be hired, and they will carry a beggar for his money as soon as a lord, and sooner; for they say that persons of quality, instead of paying the coachman, do often run him through the body; and it seems there is no law against lords, which is the reason that persons of quality are greater than any sort of men whatsoever. These coaches are very convenient, if they were not so confounded dear; but if one of them carries you but three doors, he will have a shilling; whereas in our country, you may have a couple of horses a dozen miles for half-a-crown.

The houses are all built of brick, and for the most part one house holds several families; so fond are people of living in London, notwithstanding the badness of the drink!

Here are also hireling chairs; they are covered with black leather and brass nails, they have fine sashed windows, and a sashed door, and fine silk curtains, and a rare soft cushion; one of them is carried by two short fellows, with no heels to their shoes; they use two long poles, and pace along with wonderful expedition. These chairs too are devilish dear.

There are here houses called chocolate-houses, covered all over with sconces and looking-glasses. Hither gentlemen who have nothing to do but to dress themselves, repair to show their fine clothes; it is worth while to see a whole row of those beaus sit looking at one another, or at themselves; or if they do anything else, it is only to swear and take snuff, or to play at dice, and then all the while they play they are constantly damning themselves. It is almost become a proverb here, in London, that all your fine fellows are prodigiously ignorant and prodigiously wicked; insomuch that they are the jest of men of wit, and pitied by men of virtue, and shunned by both.

There is a fine river running by London full

of ships and boats; one of these boats will carry you for sixpence, and some of them for threepence, a great way; and it would be very pleasant, if it were not for the abuse and ugly language you meet with; for the people upon the water will affront you to your teeth, and call you a hundred names, though you do not say a word to them; it is to no purpose to be angry, or to threaten them: they laugh at all that. I offered to get out of the boat and to box with several of those saucy fellows, but not one of them would accept of my challenge; nay, the women are as bad as the men. The more shame is theirs!

I went to see St. Paul's Church (which is almost as big as a town, and much taller) to see my Lord Mayor. He was an elderly man in a red gown, pretty fat, and slept all the time of divine service; for which I thought he was to blame, seeing it would have better become a magistrate like him, to have reproved the people for walking about the church, as they did, and talking about their own worldly affairs.

Westminster Hall is a vast great room, where law and justice have been bought so dear, that one had oftener better go without them. The lawyers stroll about here, and look ——— sharp and greedy for fees. There are in the hall other toymen besides lawyers, and they will sell you their baubles at treble prices, so there is nothing but biting on all hands.

Not far from hence is the House of Commons. I went to see it, and to see the manner of their proceedings, and came away very much dissatisfied; for a dozen members talked at a time, and I could not understand a word of the debate. I also visited the House of Lords; there indeed I perceived more order, but neither heard nor saw anything remarkable, but some grave folks in odd habits.

In this great city they are quite another thing than what they are out of it; insomuch, that he who will be great with you in the country will scarce pull off his hat to you in London. I once dined at Exeter with a couple of judges, and they talked to me there, and drank my health, and we were very familiar together; so when I saw them again, passing through Westminster Hall, I was glad of it, with all my heart, and ran to meet them with a broad smile, and asked them how they did, and to shake hands with them; but they looked at me so coldly, and so proudly, as you cannot imagine, and did not seem to know me; at which I was confounded angry and mad; but I kept my mind to myself. At another time I was at the play-house (which is a rare place for mirth, and music, and dancing), and being in the pit, saw in one of the boxes a member of Parliament of our country, with whom I have been as great as hand and glove; so being overjoyed to see him, I called to him aloud by his name, and asked him how he did; but instead of saluting me again, or making any manner of answer, he looked plaguy sour, and never opened his mouth; though when he is in the country, he is as merry a grig as any in fifty miles, and we have cracked many a bottle together.

Thus, my good friend, I have given to you so long an account of my journey, that I fear I have tired you; but never mind it, when I come down I'll tell you as much more, when we sit over a bottle and can find no other subject to talk of. Till which time I tell you plainly that I am

Your friend and humble servant.

[Tom Brown, originally a schoolmaster at Kingston-upon-Thames, lost his situation through immoral conduct, and set up as wit, libeller, and 'merry fellow' in the metropolis. His writings are shrewdly humorous, but disfigured by vulgarity. He died in 1704.]

TOM BROWN TO A LADY WHO SMOKED TOBACCO.

MADAM,—Though the ill-natured world censures you for smoking, yet I would advise you, madam, not to part with so innocent a diversion. In the first place, it is healthful; and, as Galen rightfully observes, is a sovereign remedy for the toothache, the constant persecutor of old ladies. Secondly, tobacco, though it be a heathenish weed, it is a great help to Christian meditations; which is the reason, I suppose, that recommends it to your parsons, the generality of whom can no more write a sermon without a pipe in their mouths, than a concordance in their hands; besides, every pipe you break may serve to put you in mind of mortality, and show you upon what slender accidents man's life depends. I knew a dissenting minister who, on fast-days, used to mortify upon a rump of beef, because it put him, as he said, in mind that all flesh was grass; but, I am sure, much more is to be learnt from tobacco. It may instruct you that riches, beauty, and all the glories of the world vanish like a vapour. Thirdly, it is a pretty plaything. Fourthly, and lastly, it is fashionable, at least 'tis in a fair way of becoming so. Cold tea, you know, has been a long while in reputation at court, and the gill as naturally ushers in the pipe as the sword-bearer walks before the lord mayor.

[The most voluminous and the most natural writer in our language might be expected to excel in the familiar communication of his sufferings and hopes to a near and beloved relation. English literature contains no page of livelier pathos than the following picture of a father, broken-hearted through the cruelty of a child. Mr. Baker, whom Defoe's daughter, Sophia, had married, contributed some valuable papers to natural history. The author of *Robinson Crusoe* died, it is supposed, in insolvent circumstances, April 1731, in the parish of St. Giles, Cripplegate.—*Willmott.*]

DANIEL DEFOE TO HIS SON-IN-LAW, MR. BAKER.

Pathetic Complaints of the Cruelty of his Son.

About two miles from Greenwich, Kent, Tuesday, Aug. 12, 1730.

DEAR MR. BAKER,—I have your very kind and affectionate letter of the first, but not come to my hand until the tenth; where it had been delayed I know not. As your kind manner, and kinder thought from which it flows (for I take all you say to be as I always believed you to be, sincere and Nathaniel-like, without guile), was a particular satisfaction to me; so the stop of a letter, however it happened, deprived me of that cordial too many days, considering how much I stood in need of it, to support a mind sinking under the weight of an affliction too heavy for my strength, and looking on myself as abandoned of every comfort, every friend, and every relative, except such only as are able to give me no assistance. I was sorry you should say at the beginning of your letter you were debarred seeing me. Depend upon my sincerity for this. I am far from debarring you. On the contrary, it would be a greater comfort to me than any I now enjoy, that I could have your agreeable visits with safety, and could see both you and my dearest Sophia, could it be without giving her the grief of seeing her father *in tenebris*, and under the load of insupportable sorrows. I am sorry I must open my griefs so far as to tell her, that it is not the blow I received from a wicked, perjured, and contemptible enemy, that has broken in upon my spirit; which, as she well knows, has carried me on through greater disasters than these. But it has been the injustice, unkindness, and, I must say, inhuman dealing of my own son, which has both ruined my family, and, in a word, has broken my heart; and, as I am at this time under a weight of heavy illness, which I think will be a fever, I take this occasion to vent my grief in the breasts of those who I know will make a prudent use of it, and tell you, that nothing but this has conquered, or could conquer me. *Et tu quoque, Brute!* I depended upon him; I trusted him; I gave up my two dear unprovided children into his hands; but he has no compassion, and suffers them, and their poor dying mother, to beg their bread at his door, and to crave, as if it were an alms, what he is bound under hand and seal, besides the most sacred promises, to supply them with; himself, at the same time, living in a profusion of plenty. It is too much for me, excuse my infirmity,—I can say no more,—my heart is too full. I only ask one thing of you, as a dying request: stand by them when I am gone, and let them not be wronged, while he is able to do them right. Stand by them as a brother; and if you have anything within you owing to my memory, who have bestowed upon you the best gift I had to give, let them not be injured and trampled on by false pretences, and unnatural reflections. I hope they will want no help but that of comfort and counsel; but that they will, indeed, want, being too easy to be managed by words and promises.

It adds to my grief, that it is so difficult to me to see you. I am at a distance from London, in Kent; nor have I a lodging in London; nor have I been at that place in the Old Bailey, since I wrote to you I was removed from it. At present I am weak, having had some fits of a fever that have left me low, but those things much more. I have not seen son or daughter, wife or child, many weeks, and know not which way to see them. They dare not come by water, and by land there is no coach: and I know not what to do.

It is not possible for me to come to Enfield, unless you could find a retired lodging for me, where I might not be known, and might have the comfort of seeing you both, now and then: upon such a circumstance, I could gladly give the days to solitude, to have the comfort of an half hour, now and then, with you both for two or three weeks. But just to come and look at you, and retire immediately, it is a burden too heavy. The parting will be a price beyond the enjoyment. I would say (I hope) with comfort that it is yet well I am so near my journey's end, and am hastening to the place where the weary are at rest, and where the wicked cease to trouble; be it that the passage is rough, and the day stormy. By what way soever He please to bring me to the end of it, I desire to finish life with this temper of soul in all cases: *Te Deum laudamus.* I congratulate you on the occasion of your happy advance in your employment. May all you do be prosperous, and all you meet with pleasant; and may you both escape the tortures and troubles of uneasy life. May you sail the dangerous voyage of life with a *forcing wind*, and make the port of heaven *without a storm.* It adds to my grief, that I must never see the pledge of your mutual love, my little grandson. Give him my blessing, and

may he be to you both your joy in youth and your comfort in age, and never add a sigh to your sorrow. But, alas! that is not to be expected. Keep my dear Sophy once more for me; and if I must see her no more, tell her this is from a father that loved her above all his comforts, to his last breath.

Your unhappy

DANIEL DEFOE.

DANIEL DE FOE TO THE EARL OF HALIFAX.

[1705.]

PARDON ME, MY LORD,—If to a man that has seen nothing for some years, but the rough face of things, the exceeding goodness of your lordship's discourse softened me even to a weakness I could not conceal.

'Tis a novelty, my lord, I have not been used to, to receive obligations from persons of your lordship's character and merit, nor indeed from any part of the world, and the return is a task too hard for me to undertake.

I am, my lord, a plain and unpolished man, and perfectly unqualified to make formal acknowledgments; and a temper soured by a series of afflictions, renders me still the more awkward in the received method of common gratitude, I mean the ceremony of thanks.

But, my lord, if to be encouraged in giving myself up to that service your lordship is pleased so much to overvalue, if going on with the more cheerfulness in being useful to, and promoting the general peace and interest of this nation, if to the last vigorously opposing a stupid, distracted party, that are for ruining themselves rather than not destroy their neighbour, if this be to merit so much regard, your lordship binds me in the most durable and to me the most pleasant engagement in the world, because 'tis a service that, with my gratitude to your lordship, keeps an exact unison with my reason, my principle, my inclination, and the duty every man owes to his country and his posterity.

Thus, my lord, heavenly bounty engages mankind, while the commands are so far from being grievous, that at the same time we obey, we promote our own felicity, and join the reward to the duty.

As to the exceeding bounty I have now received, and which your lordship obliges me to reserve my acknowledgments of for a yet unknown benefactor, pardon me, my lord, to believe your lordship's favour to me has at least so much share in the conduct of it, if not in the substance, that I am persuaded I cannot be more obliged to the donor, than to your lordship's singular goodness, which though I cannot deserve, yet I shall always sensibly reflect on, and improve. And I should be doubly blest, if Providence would put it into my hands, to render your lordship some service suited to the sense I have of your lordship's extraordinary favour.

And yet I am your lordship's most humble petitioner, that if possible I may know the originals of this munificence, sure that hand that can suppose me to merit so much regard, must believe me fit to be trusted with the knowledge of my benefactor, and incapable of discovering any part of it, that should be concealed; but I submitt this to your lordship and the persons concerned. I frankly acknowledge to your lordship, and to the unknown rewarders of my mean performances, that I do not see the merit they are thus pleased to value; the most I wish and which I hope I can answer for is, that I shall always preserve the homely despicable title of an honest man. If this will recommend me, your lordship shall never be ashamed of giving me that title, nor my enemies be able by fear or reward to make me otherwise.

In all things I justly apprehend your lordship's disappointment, and that your lordship will find little else in me worth your notice.

I am, may it please your lordship, your lordship's highly obliged, most humble and most obedt. servt.,

DANIEL DE FOE.

[When this letter was written, Gay was residing in the family of the Duke of Queensberry. It is an admirable specimen of the Dean's caustic humour, and of his strong practical sense. Of Swift we should know little, but for his journals, and the occasional allusions to his peculiarities in the letters of his friends. 'You will understand me,' writes Lord Bolingbroke; 'and I conjure you to be persuaded that if I could have half-an-hour's conversation with you, for which I would barter whole hours of my life, you would stare, haul your wig, and bite paper, more than ever you did in your life.'[1] Swift shared with his friend Pope in the enmity of Lady Wortley Montagu, who undervalued his wit, and found his prototype in Caligula.—*Willmott.*]

SWIFT TO GAY.

A Portrait.

Dublin, May 4, 1732.

I am as lame as when you writ your letter, and almost as lame as your letter itself, for want of that limb from my lady duchess, which you promised, and without which I wonder how it could limp hither. I am not in

[1] To Swift, October 23, 1716.

a condition to make a true step even on Amesbury Downs, and I declare that a corporeal false step is worse than a political one; nay, worse than a thousand political ones, for which I appeal to courts and ministers, who hobble on and prosper, without the sense of feeling. To talk of riding and walking, is insulting me, for I can as soon fly as do either. It is your pride or laziness, more than chair-hire, that makes the town expensive. No honour is lost by walking in the dark; and in the day you may beckon a blackguard-boy under a gate near your visiting place (*experto crede*), save elevenpence, and get half-a-crown's worth of health. The worst of my present misfortune is, that I eat and drink, and can digest neither for want of exercise; and to increase my misery, the knaves are sure to find me at home, and make huge void spaces in my cellars. I congratulate with you for losing your great acquaintance; in such a case, philosophy teaches that we must submit, and be content with good ones. I like Lord Cornbury's refusing his pension, but I demur at his being elected for Oxford; which, I conceive, is wholly changed, and entirely devoted to new principles; so it appeared to me the two last times I was there.

I find, by the whole cast of your letter, that you are as giddy and as volatile as ever, just the reverse of Mr. Pope, who hath always loved a domestic life from his youth. I was going to wish you had some little place that you could call your own, but I profess, I do not know you well enough to contrive any one system of life that would please you. You pretend to preach up riding and walking to the duchess, yet from my knowledge of you, after twenty years, you always joined a violent desire of perpetually shifting places and company, with a rooted laziness, and an utter impatience of fatigue. A coach and six horses is the utmost exercise you can bear, and this only when you can fill it with such company as is best suited to your taste; and how glad would you be if it could waft you in the air to avoid jolting? while I, who am so much later in life, can, or at least could, ride 500 miles on a trotting horse. You mortally hate writing, only because it is the thing you chiefly ought to do; as well to keep up the vogue you have in the world, as to make you easy in your fortune. You are merciful to everything but money, your best friend, whom you treat with inhumanity. Be assured, I will hire people to watch all your motions, and to return me a faithful account. Tell me, have you cured your absence of mind? can you attend to trifles? can you at Amesbury write domestic libels to divert the family and neighbouring squires for five miles round? or venture so far on horseback, without apprehending a stumble at every step? can you set the footmen a-laughing as they wait at dinner? and do the duchess's women admire your wit? in what esteem are you with the vicar of the parish? can you play with him at backgammon? have the farmers found out that you cannot distinguish rye from barley, or an oak from a crab tree? You are sensible that I know the full extent of your country skill is in fishing for roaches, or gudgeons at the highest.

I love to do you good offices with your friends, and therefore desire you will show this letter to the duchess, to improve her grace's good opinion of your qualifications, and convince her how useful you are like to be in the family. Her grace shall have the honour of my correspondence again, when she goes to Amesbury. Hear a piece of Irish news; I buried the famous General Meredyth's father last night in my cathedral; he was ninety-six years old: so that Mrs. Pope may live seven years longer.

You saw Mr. Pope in health; pray, is he generally more healthy than when I was amongst you? I would know how your own health is, and how much wine you drink in a day; my stint in company is a pint at noon, and half as much at night; but I often dine at home like a hermit, and then I drink little or none at all. Yet I differ from you, for I would have society, if I could get what I like—people of middle understanding, and middle rank. Adieu.

SWIFT TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

Ambitious Hopes; Anecdote of his Early Days.

Dublin, April 5, 1729.

I do not think it could be possible for me to hear better news than that of your getting over your scurvy suit, which always hung as a dead weight on my heart. I hated it in all its circumstances, as it affected your fortune and quiet, and in a situation of life that must make it every way vexatious; and as I am infinitely obliged to you for the justice you do me, in supposing your affairs do at least concern me as much as my own, so I would never have pardoned your omitting it. But before I go on, I cannot forbear mentioning what I read last summer in a newspaper, that you were writing the history of your own times. I suppose such a report might arise from what was not secret among your friends, of your intention to write another kind of history, which you often promised Mr. Pope and me to do: I know he desires it very much, and I am sure I desire nothing more, for the honour and love I bear you, and the perfect knowledge I have of your public virtue. My lord, I have no other notion of economy than that it is the parent of liberty and ease; and I am not the only friend you have who hath chid you in his heart for the neglect of it, though not with his mouth, as I have done. For there is a silly error in the world, even among friends otherwise very good, not to

intermeddle with men's affairs in such nice matters; and, my lord, I have made a maxim, that should be writ in letters of diamonds, that a wise man ought to have money in his head, but not in his heart. Pray, my lord, inquire whether your prototype, my Lord Digby, after the Restoration, when he was at Bristol, did not take some care of his fortune, notwithstanding that quotation I once sent you out of his speech to the House of Commons. In my conscience, I believe fortune, like other drabs, values a man gradually less for every year he lives. I have demonstration for it; because if I play at piquet for sixpence with a man or a woman two years younger than myself, I always lose; and there is a young girl of twenty, who never fails of winning my money at backgammon, though she is a bungler, and the game be ecclesiastic. As to the public, I confess nothing could cure my itch of meddling with it but these frequent returns of deafness, which have hindered me from passing last winter in London; yet I cannot but consider the perfidiousness of some people, who I thought when I was last there, upon a change that happened, were the most impudent in forgetting their professions that I have ever known. Pray, will you please to take your pen, and blot me out that political maxim from whatever book it is in, that *Res nolunt diu male administrari;* the commonness makes me not know who is the author, but sure he must be some modern.

I am sorry for Lady Bolingbroke's ill-health; but I protest I never knew a very deserving person of that sex, who had not too much reason to complain of ill-health. I never wake without finding life a more insignificant thing than it was the day before; which is one great advantage I get by living in this country, where there is nothing I shall be sorry to lose. But my greatest misery is recollecting the scene of twenty years past, and then, all on a sudden, dropping into the present. I remember, when I was a little boy, I felt a great fish at the end of my line, which I drew up almost on the ground, but it dropped in, and the disappointment vexes me to this very day; and I believe it was the type of all my future disappointments. I should be ashamed to say this to you, if you had not a spirit fitter to bear your own misfortunes than I have to think of them. Is there patience left to reflect, by what qualities wealth and greatness are got, and by what qualities they are lost? I have read my friend Congreve's verses to Lord Cobham, which end with a vile and false moral, and I remember is not in Horace to Tibullus, which he imitates, 'that all times are equally virtuous and vicious,' wherein he differs from all poets, philosophers, and Christians that ever writ. It is more probable, that there may be an equal quantity of virtues always in the world; but sometimes there may be a peck of it in Asia, and hardly a thimbleful in Europe. But if there be no virtue, there is abundance of sincerity; for I will venture all I am worth, that there is not one human creature in power, who will not be modest enough to confess that he proceeds wholly upon a principle of corruption. I say this, because I have a scheme, in spite of your notions, to govern England upon the principles of virtue; and when the nation is ripe for it, I desire you will send for me. I have learned this by living like a hermit, by which I am got backwards about nineteen hundred years in the era of the world, and begin to wonder at the wickedness of men. I dine alone upon half a dish of meat, mix water with my wine, walk ten miles a day, and read Baronius. *Hic explicit epistola ad Dom.* Bolingbroke, *et incipit ad amicum* Pope.

Having finished my letter to Aristippus, I now begin to you. I was in great pain about Mrs. Pope, having heard from others that she was in a very dangerous way, which made me think it unseasonable to trouble you. I am ashamed to tell you, that, when I was very young, I had more desire to be famous than ever since; and fame, like all things else in this life, grows with me every day more a trifle. But you, who are so much younger, although you want that health you deserve, yet your spirits are as vigorous as if your body were sounder. I hate a crowd, where I have not an easy place to see and be seen. A great library always makes me melancholy, where the best author is as much squeezed, and as obscure, as a porter at a coronation. In my own little library, I value the compilements of Grævius and Gronovius, which make thirty-one volumes in folio (and were given me by my Lord Bolingbroke), more than all my books besides; because, whoever comes into my closet, casts his eyes immediately upon them, and will not vouchsafe to look upon Plato or Xenophon. I tell you it is almost incredible how opinions change by the decline or decay of spirits, and I will farther tell you, that all my endeavours, from a boy, to distinguish myself, were only for want of a great title and fortune, that I might be used like a lord by those who have an opinion of my parts; whether right or wrong, it is no great matter; and so the reputation of wit, or great learning, does the office of a blue ribbon, or of a coach and six horses. To be remembered for ever, on account of our friendship, is what would exceedingly please me; but yet I never loved to make a visit, or be seen walking with my betters, because they get all the eyes and civilities from me. I no sooner writ this than I corrected myself, and remembered Sir Fulk Greville's epitaph,—'Here lies, etc., who was friend to Sir Philip Sidney.' And therefore I most heartily thank you for your desire that I would record our friendship in verse, which if I can succeed in, I will never desire to write

one more line in poetry while I live. You must present my humble service to Mrs. Pope, and let her know I pray for her continuance in the world, for her own reason, that she may live to take care of you.

LORD BOLINGBROKE TO SWIFT.

A Beautiful Picture of Contemplative Life.

I am not so lazy as Pope, and therefore you must not expect from me the same indulgence to laziness; in defending his own cause, he pleads yours, and becomes your advocate, while he appeals to you as his judge: you will do the same on your part; and I, and the rest of your common friends, shall have great justice to expect from two such righteous tribunals. You remember perfectly the two alehouse-keepers in Holland, who were at the same time burgomasters of the town, and taxed one another's bills alternately. I declare beforehand I will not stand to the award; my title to your friendship is good, and wants neither deeds nor writings to confirm it: but annual acknowledgments at least are necessary to preserve it: and I begin to suspect, by your defrauding me of them, that you hope in time to dispute it, and to urge prescription against me. I would not say one word to you about myself (since it is a subject on which you appear to have no curiosity), were it not to try how far the contrast between Pope's fortune and manner of life and mine may be carried.

I have been, then, infinitely more uniform, and less dissipated, than when you knew me and cared for me. A great many misfortunes (for so they are called, though sometimes very improperly), and a retirement from the world, have made that just and nice discrimination between my acquaintance and my friends, which we have seldom sagacity enough to make for ourselves: those insects of various hues, which used to hum and buz about me, while I stood in the sunshine, have disappeared since I lived in the shade. No man comes to a hermitage but for the sake of the hermit; a few philosophical friends come often to mine, and they are such as you would be glad to live with, if a dull climate and duller company have not altered you extremely from what you were nine years ago.

The hoarse voice of party was never heard in this quiet place; gazettes and pamphlets are banished from it; and if the lucubrations of Isaac Bickerstaff be admitted, this distinction is owing to some strokes by which it is judged that this illustrious philosopher had (like the Indian Fohu, the Grecian Pythagoras, the Persian Zoroaster, and others his precursors among the Zabians, magians, and the Egyptian seers) both his outward and his inward doctrine, and that he was of no side at the bottom. When I am there, I forget I was ever of any party myself; nay, I am often so happily absorbed by the abstracted reason of things, that I am ready to imagine there never was any such monster as party. Alas! I am soon awakened from that pleasing dream by the Greek and Roman historians, by Guicciardine, by Machiavel, and Thuanus; for I have vowed to read no history of our own country till that body of it which you promise to finish, appears.

I am under no apprehension that a glut of study and retirement should cast me back into the hurry of the world; on the contrary, the single regret which I ever feel is, that I fell so late into this course of life; my philosophy grows confirmed by habit; and if you and I meet again, I will extort this approbation from you: *Jam non consilio bonus, sed more eo peractus, ut non tantum rectè facere possim, sed nisi rectè facere non possim.* The little incivilities I have met with from opposite sets of people, have been so far from rendering me violent or sour to any, that I think myself obliged to them all: some have cured me of my fears, by showing me how impotent the malice of the world is; others have cured me of my hopes, by showing how precarious popular friendships are; all have cured me of surprise. In driving me out of party, they have driven me out of cursed company; and in stripping me of titles, and rank, and estate, and such trinkets, which every man that will may spare, they have given me that which no man can be happy without.

Reflection and habit have rendered the world so indifferent to me, that I am neither afflicted nor rejoiced, angry nor pleased, at what happens in it, any further than personal friendships interest me in the affairs of it; and this principle extends my cares but a little way. Perfect tranquillity is the general tenour of my life: good digestions, serene weather, and some other mechanic springs, wind me above it now and then, but I never fall below it; I am sometimes gay, but I am never sad. I have gained new friends, and have lost some old ones; my acquisitions of this kind give me a good deal of pleasure, because they have not been made lightly: I know no vows so solemn as those of friendship, and therefore a pretty long noviciate of acquaintance should, methinks, precede them: my losses of this kind give me but little trouble; I contributed not to them; and a friend who breaks with me unjustly is not worth preserving. As soon as I leave this town (which will be in a few days) I shall fall back into that course of life which keeps knaves and fools at a great distance from me; I have an aversion to them both; but in the ordinary course of life, I think I can bear the sensible knave better than the fool. One must, indeed,

with the former be in some or other of the attitudes of those wooden men whom I have seen before a sword-cutler's shop in Germany; but even in these constrained postures, the witty rascal will divert me; and he that diverts me does me a great deal of good, and lays me under an obligation to him, which I am not obliged to pay him in another coin; the fool obliges me to be almost as much upon my guard as the knave, and he makes me no amends; he numbs me like the torpor, or he teases me like the fly. This is the picture of an old friend, and more like him than that will be which you once asked, and which he will send you, if you continue still to desire it.

Adieu, dear Swift; with all thy faults I love thee entirely; make an effort, and love me on with all mine.

TO THE SAME.

The Tranquillity of a Philosopher; with a P.S. by Pope respecting his Mother.

I have delayed several posts answering your letter of January last, in hopes of being able to speak to you about a project which concerns us both, but me the most, since the success of it would bring us together. It has been a good while in my head, and at my heart; if it can be set agoing, you shall hear more of it. I was ill in the beginning of winter for near a week, but in no danger either from the nature of my distemper, or from the attendance of three physicians. Since that bilious intermitting fever I have had, as I had before, better health than the regard I have paid to health deserves. We are both in the decline of life, my dear Dean, and have been some years going down the hill; let us make the passage as smooth as we can. Let us fence against the physical evil by care, and the use of those means which experience must have pointed out to us: let us fence against moral evil by philosophy. I renounce the alternative you propose. But we may, nay (if we will follow nature, and do not work up imagination against her plainest dictates), we shall of course grow every year more indifferent to life, and to the affairs and interests of a system out of which we are soon to go. This is much better than stupidity. The decay of passion strengthens philosophy; for passion may decay, and stupidity not succeed. Passions (says Pope, our divine, as you will see one time or other) are the *gales* of life; let us not complain that they do not blow a storm. What hurt does age do us, in subduing what we toil to subdue all our lives? It is now six in the morning; I recall the time (and am glad it is over) when about this hour I used to be going to bed surfeited with pleasure, or jaded with business: my head often full of schemes, and my heart as often full of anxiety. Is it a misfortune, think you, that I rise at this hour refreshed, serene, and calm? that the past, and even the present affairs of life stand like objects at a distance from me, where I can keep off the disagreeable so as not to be strongly affected by them, and from whence I can draw the others nearer to me? Passions in their force would bring all these, nay, even future contingencies, about my ears at once, and reason would but ill defend me in the scuffle. I leave Pope to speak for himself; but I must tell you how much my wife is obliged to you. She says, she would find strength enough to nurse you, if you were here; and yet, God knows, she is extremely weak: the slow fever works under, and mines the constitution; we keep it off sometimes, but still it returns, and makes new breaches before nature can repair the old ones. I am not ashamed to say to you, that I admire her more every hour of my life: death is not to her the king of terrors; she beholds him without the least. When she suffers much, she wishes for him as a deliverer from pain; when life is tolerable, she looks on him with dislike, because he is to separate her from those friends to whom she is more attached than to life itself. You shall not stay for my next so long as you have for this letter; and in every one Pope shall write something much better than the scraps of old philosophers, which were the presents, *Munuscula*, that stoical fop Seneca used to send in every epistle to his friend Lucilius.

P.S.—My lord has spoken justly of his lady; why not I of my mother? Yesterday was her birthday, now entering on the ninety-first year of her age; her memory much diminished, but her senses very little hurt, her sight and hearing good; she sleeps not ill, eats moderately, drinks water, says her prayers; this is all she does. I have reason to thank God for her continuing so long a very good and tender parent, and for allowing me to exercise for some years those cares which are now as necessary to her as hers have been to me. An object of this sort daily before one's eyes very much softens the mind, but perhaps may hinder it from the willingness of contracting other ties of the like domestic nature, when one finds how painful it is even to enjoy the tender pleasures. I have formerly made some strong efforts to get and to deserve a friend: perhaps it were wiser never to attempt it, but live extempore, and look upon the world only as a place to pass through: just pay your hosts their dues, disperse a little charity, and hurry on. Yet I am just now writing (or rather planning) a book,[1] to make mankind look upon this life with comfort and pleasure, and put morality in good humour. And just now too I am going to see one I love very tenderly; and to-morrow to entertain several civil people, whom if we call friends, it is by the courtesy of

[1] The *Essay on Man.*

England. *Sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras.* While we do live, we must make the best of life.

Cantantes licet usque (minus via lædet) eamus:

as the shepherd said in Virgil, when the road was long and heavy.

I am yours.

[There would be a great blank in the epistolary literature of this period, were Sir Richard Steele's name to be dropped from it. To his second wife, Mary Scurlock, a rich heiress of Llangunnor, Caermarthen, to whom he was married September 9, 1707, he addressed at least 400 letters, couched in the most endearing terms. Perhaps the majority of these were apologies for absence through late hours, and his careless and extravagant living. Still we cannot doubt the depth or sincerity of his affection any more than the easy and graceful style in which he uniformly addressed his sometimes impatient and much tried correspondent.]

RICHARD STEELE TO MARY SCURLOCK.

September 1, 1707.

It is the hardest thing in the world to be in love, and yet attend to business.

As for me, all who speak to me find me out, and I must lock myself up, or other people will do it for me.

A gentleman asked me this morning, 'What news from Lisbon?' and I answered, 'She is exquisitely handsome.' Another desired to know when I had been last at Hampton Court. I replied, 'I will be on Tuesday come se'nnight.' Pr'ythee, allow me at least to kiss your hand before that day, that my mind may be in some composure. O love!

A thousand torments dwell about thee!
Yet who would live to live without thee?

Methinks I could write a volume to you; but all the language on earth would fail in saying how much, and with what disinterested passion, I am ever yours,

RICHARD STEELE.

STEELE TO HIS WIFE.

June 20, 1717.

DEAR PRUE,—I have yours of the 14th, and am infinitely obliged to you for the length of it. I do not know another whom I could commend for that circumstance; but where we entirely love, the continuance of anything they do to please us is a pleasure. As for your relations; once for all, pray take it for granted, that my regard and conduct towards all and singular of them shall be as you direct.

I hope, by the grace of God, to continue what you wish me, every way an honest man. My wife and my children are the objects that have wholly taken up my heart; and as I am not invited or encouraged in anything which regards the public, I am easy under that neglect or envy of my past actions, and cheerfully contract that diffusive spirit within the interests of my own family. You are the head of us; and I stoop to a female reign, as being naturally made the slave of beauty. But, to prepare for our manner of living when we are again together, give me leave to say, while I am here at leisure, and come to lie at Chelsea, what I think may contribute to our better way of living. I very much approve Mrs. Evans and her husband, and, if you take my advice, I would have them have a being in our house, and Mrs. Clark the care and inspection of the nursery. I would have you entirely at leisure, to pass your time with me, in diversions, in books, in entertainments, and no manner of business intrude upon us but at stated times; for, though you are made to be the delight of my eyes, and food of all my senses and faculties, yet a turn of care and housewifery, and I know not what prepossession against conversation-pleasures, robs me of the witty and the handsome woman, to a degree not to be expressed. I will work my brains and fingers to procure us plenty of all things, and demand nothing of you but to take delight in agreeable dresses, cheerful discourses, and gay sights, attended by me. This may be done by putting the kitchen and the nursery in the hands I propose; and I shall have nothing to do but to pass as much time at home as I possibly can in the best company in the world. We cannot tell here what to think of the trial of my Lord Oxford; if the Ministry are in earnest in that, and I should see it will be extended to a length of time, I will leave them to themselves, and wait upon you.

Miss Moll grows a mighty beauty, and she shall be very prettily dressed, as likewise shall Betty and Eugene; and if I throw away a little money in adorning my brats, I hope you will forgive me. They are, I thank God, all very well; and the charming form of their mother has tempered the likeness they bear to their rough sire, who is, with the greatest fondness,

Your most obliged and most obedient husband, RICH. STEELE.

[This forms the dedication to his *Ladies' Library* (1714).]

STEELE TO HIS WIFE.

July 21, 1714.

MADAM,—If great obligations received are just motives for addresses of this kind, you have an unquestionable pretension to my acknowledgments, who have condescended to give me your very self. I can make no return for so inestimable a favour but in acknowledging the generosity of the giver. To have either wealth, wit, or beauty, is generally a temptation to a woman to put an unreasonable value upon herself; but with all these, in a degree which drew upon you the addresses of men of the amplest fortunes, you bestowed your person where you could have no expectations but from the gratitude of the receiver, though you knew he could exert that gratitude in no other returns but esteem and love. For which must I first thank you? For what you have denied yourself, or for what you have bestowed on me?

I owe to you that for my sake you have overlooked the prospect of living in pomp and plenty, and I have not been circumspect enough to preserve you from care and sorrow. I will not dwell upon this particular; you are so good a wife, that I know you think I rob you of more than I can give, when I say anything in your favour to my own disadvantage.

Whoever should see or hear you, would think it were worth leaving all the world for you; while I, habitually possessed of that happiness, have been throwing away impotent endeavours for the rest of mankind, to the neglect of her for whom any other man in his senses would be apt to sacrifice everything else.

I know not by what unreasonable prepossession it is, but methinks there must be something austere to give authority to wisdom; and I cannot account for having only rallied many seasonable sentiments of yours, but that you are too beautiful to appear judicious.

One may grow fond, but not wise, from what is said by so lovely a counsellor. Hard fate, that you have been lessened by your perfections, and lost power by your charms!

That ingenuous spirit in all your behaviour, that familiar grace in your words and actions, has for this seven years only inspired admiration and love; but experience has taught me the best counsel I ever have received has been pronounced by the fairest and softest lips, and convinced me that I am in you blest with a wise friend as well as a charming mistress.

Your mind shall no longer suffer by your person, nor shall your eyes for the future dazzle me into a blindness towards your understanding. I rejoice in this public occasion to show my esteem for you, and must do you the justice to say that there can be no virtue represented in all this collection for the female world which I have not known you exert, as far as the opportunities of your fortune have given you leave. Forgive me that my heart overflows with love and gratitude for daily instances of your prudent economy, the just disposition you make of your little affairs, your cheerfulness in despatch of them, your prudent forbearance of any reflections that they might have needed less vigilance had you disposed of your fortune suitably; in short, for all the arguments you every day give me of a generous and sincere affection.

It is impossible for me to look back on many evils and pains which I have suffered since we came together, without a pleasure which is not to be expressed, from the proofs I have had, in those circumstances, of your unwearied goodness. How often has your tenderness removed pain from my sick head! how often anguish from my afflicted heart! With how skilful patience have I known you comply with the vain projects which pain has suggested to have an aching limb removed by journeying from one side of a room to another! how often, the next instant, travelled the same ground again, without telling your patient it was to no purpose to change his situation! If there are such beings as guardian angels, thus are they employed. I will no more believe one of them more good in its inclinations, than I can conceive it more charming in its form than my wife.

But I offend and forget that what I say to you is to appear in public. You are so great a lover of home, that I know it will be irksome to you to go into the world even in an applause. I will end this without so much as mentioning your little flock, or your own amiable figure at the head of it. That I think them preferable to all other children, I know is the effect of passion and instinct. That I believe you the best of wives, I know proceeds from experience and reason.

I am, madam, your most obliged husband, and most obedient, humble servant,

RICH. STEELE.

TO THE SAME.

Dec. 13, 1716.

MY DEAR PRUE,—Mrs. Secretary Bevans[1] has acquainted me, by the 7th instant, that you are well, and very much my friend and servant. Mrs. Evans went to see Betty yesterday, who, she says, is grown a very fine lady. 'Moll sat by me a little as I was writing yesterday; she will not be at all marked, but is a dear child. Eugene is grown a very lively gentleman. After all this news, which takes in all the compass of whatever you care for,[2] you will not

1 Sister to Lady Steele's mother. She was at this time a widow.

2 By this expression it appears their first boy, Dick, was now dead. Eugene died in November 1723.

much regard politics if I should write any. But it seems my Lord Townshend is out, and Stanhope and Methven the two secretaries for England, and Duke Roxborough made a third secretary for Scotland; for which place I intend to set out this day, with an opportunity of a gentleman's coach going down.

I am, dear Prue, your most affectionate, obedient, languishing relict,

RICH. STEELE.

The machine is almost ready.

TO THE SAME.

Dec. 18, 1716.

DEAR PRUE,—Whether I love you because you are the mother of the children, or them because you are their mother, I know not; but I am sure I am growing a very covetous creature for the sake of both of you. I am making haste to Scotland; have only a small affair, which I will acquaint you with in my next, and am entirely yours,

RICH. STEELE.

TO THE SAME.

July 26, 1717.

DEAR PRUE,—I have your kind letter, which expresses your fears that I do not take care of myself as to catching cold and the like. I am careful enough when I am awake, but in the night the clothes are kicked on the floor, and I am exposed to the damp till the coolness wakes me. This I feel at present in my arms and legs, but will be carefully tucked up hereafter. I wait with impatience for the receipt of money out of the Treasury to make further payments. I believe, when I have it, I shall wholly turn off my coach-horses; for, since I am at my study whole days together, it is, I think, a senseless thing for me to pay as if I was padding all that while, and showing myself to the world. I have sent your enclosed to Mrs. Keck. She came into the dining-room to me when I sent away my last letter, and we had some tea; and, instead of such chat as should naturally arise between a great gallant and a fine lady, she took upon her to tell me that I did spend my money upon my children, but that they ought to be better accommodated as to their dress and the like. She is indeed a very good Prue; and though I divert myself with her gravity and admonition, I have a sincere respect for her. I was last night so much enamoured with an author I was reading, and some thoughts which I put together on that occasion, that I was up till morning, which makes me a little restive to-day. Your daughter Moll has stole away my very heart, but doubt not but her brother and sister will recover their share when we are all together, except their mother robs them all of him who is, dear Prue, entirely yours,

RICH. STEELE.

TO THE SAME.[1]

DEAR PRUE,—I shall not come home till five o'clock, at which time I have good news to tell you.

TO THE SAME.[2]

DEAR PRUE,—Don't be displeased that I do not come home till eleven o'clock.—Yours ever,

RICH. STEELE.

TO THE SAME.

Pray, Prue, look a little dressed, and be beautiful, or else everybody will be entertained but the entertainer; but, if you please, you can outshine the whole company, and my costly lustre. Come in good humour.—Yours,

RICH. STEELE.

TO THE SAME.[3]

DEAR PRUE,—It is a strange thing, because you are handsome, you will not behave yourself with the obedience that people of worse features do, but I must be always giving you an account of every trifle and minute of my time.

I send you this to tell you I am waiting to be sent for when my Lord Wharton is stirring.

RICH. STEELE.

STEELE TO POPE.

June 1, 1712.

SIR,—I am at a solitude, an house between Hampstead and London, wherein Sir Charles Sedley died. This circumstance set me a thinking and ruminating upon the employments in which men of wit exercise themselves. It was said of Sir Charles, who breathed his last in this room,—

> 'Sedley has that prevailing gentle art,
> Which can with a resistless charm impart
> The loosest wishes to the chastest heart.'

This was an happy talent to a man of the town; but, I dare say, without presuming to make uncharitable conjectures on the author's

[1] John Ker, Duke of Roxburgh, was appointed secretary for North Britain, December 16, 1716. He resigned that office August 25, 1725; and since that period, instead of a distinct secretary for Scotland, there has been regularly a keeper of the Signet under the other two secretaries.

[1] In Berry Street.

[2] At Mrs. Sewell's, in King Street, Westminster.

[3] At Mrs. Binn's, at a mathematical maker, Dean Street.

present condition, he would rather have had it said of him that he prayed,—

'O Thou my voice inspire,
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!'

I have turned to every verse and chapter, and think you have preserved the sublime heavenly spirit throughout the whole, especially at—'Hark, a glad voice,' and—'The lamb with wolves shall graze.'

There is but one line which I think below the original:

'He wipes the tears for ever from our eyes.'

You have expressed it with a good and pious, but not so exalted and poetical a spirit as the prophet, 'The Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces.' If you agree with me in this, alter it by way of paraphrase or otherwise, that, when it comes into a volume, it may be amended.

Your poem is already better than the 'Pollio.'

[Dr. William King (1663–1712), one of the wits of Queen Anne's reign, was trained for the law, and went to Ireland as a judge in 1702, and amused himself at times in issuing playful satires. He published in 1709 a playful poem, entitled, 'The Art of Cookery, in imitation of Horace's Art of Poetry; with some letters to Dr. Lister and others, occasioned principally by the title of a Book published by the Doctor, being the works of Apicius Cœlius, concerning the Soups and Sauces of the Ancients. With an Extract of the greatest Curiosities contained in that Book.' The following is a covert satire on waste erudition.]

LETTER IX. TO MR. ——.

DEAR SIR,—I must communicate my happiness to you, because you are so much my friend as to rejoice at it. I some days ago met with an old acquaintance, a curious person, of whom I inquired if he had seen the book concerning soups and sauces. He told me he had; but that he had but a very slight view of it, the person who was master of it not being willing to part with so valuable a rarity out of his closet. I desired him to give me what account he could of it. He says that it is a very handsome octavo; for ever since the days of Ogilby good paper, and good print, and fine cuts make a book become ingenious, and brighten up an author strangely; that there is a copious index; and at the end a catalogue of all the Doctor's works concerning cockles, English beetles, snails, spiders that get up into the air and throw us down cobwebs, a monster vomited up by a baker, and such like; which, if carefully perused, would wonderfully improve us. There is, it seems, no manuscript of it in England, nor any other country that can be heard of; so that this impression is from one of Humelbergius, who, as my friend says, he does not believe contrived it himself, because the things are so very much out of the way, that it is not probable any learned man would set himself seriously to work to invent them. He tells me of this ingenious remark made by the editor, 'That, whatever manuscripts there might have been, they must have been extremely vicious and corrupt, as being written out by the cooks themselves, or some of their friends or servants, who are not always the most accurate.' And then, as my friend observed, if the cook had used it much it might be sullied; the cook perhaps not always licking his fingers when he had occasion for it. I should think it no improvident matter for the State to order a select scrivener to transcribe receipts, lest ignorant women and housekeepers should impose upon future ages by ill-spelt and incorrect receipts for potting of lobsters or pickling of turkeys. Cœlius Apicius, it seems, passes for the author of this treatise; whose science, learning, and discipline were extremely contemned, and almost abhorred, by Seneca and the Stoics, as introducing luxury, and infecting the manners of the Romans; and so lay neglected till the inferior ages; but then were introduced, as being a help to physic, to which a learned author, called Donatus, says that 'the kitchen is a handmaid.' I remember in our days, though we cannot in every respect come up to the ancients, that by a very good author an old gentleman is introduced as making use of three doctors, Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet, and Dr. Merriman. They are reported to be excellent physicians; and, if kept at a constant pension, their fees will not be very costly.

It seems, as my friend has learnt, there were two persons that bore the name of Apicius, one under the Republic, the other in the time of Tiberius, who is recorded by Pliny 'to have had a great deal of wit and judgment in all affairs that related to eating,' and consequently has his name affixed to many sorts of omelets and pancakes. Nor were emperors less contributors to so great an undertaking, as Vitellius, Commodus, Didius Julianus, and Varius Heliogabalus, whose imperial names are prefixed to manifold receipts; the last of which emperors had the peculiar glory of first making sausages of shrimps, crabs, oysters, prawns, and lobsters. And these sausages being mentioned by the author which the editor publishes, from that and many other arguments the learned doctor irrefragably maintains that the Book, as now printed, could not be transcribed till after the

time of Heliogabalus, who gloried in the titles of Apicius and Vitellius, more than Antoninus, who had gained his reputation by a temperate, austere, and solid virtue. And, it seems, under his administration, a person that found out a new soup might have as great a reward as Drake or Dampier might expect for finding a new continent. My friend says, the editor tells us of unheard-of dainties; how 'Æsopus had a supper of the tongues of birds that could speak;' and that 'his daughter regaled on pearls,' though he does not tell us how she dressed them; how 'Hortensius left ten thousand pipes of wine in his cellar, for his heir's drinking;' how 'Vedius Pollio fed his fish-ponds with man's flesh;' and how 'Cæsar bought six thousand weight of lampreys for his triumphal supper.' He says, the editor proves equally to a demonstration, by the proportions and quantities set down, and the nauseousness of the ingredients, that the dinners of the emperors were ordered by their physicians; and that the recipe was taken by the cook as the collegiate doctors would do their bills[1] to a modern apothecary; and that this custom was taken from the Egyptians; and that this method continued till the Goths and Vandals overran the western empire; and that they, by use, exercise, and necessity of abstinence, introduced the eating of cheese and venison without those additional sauces, which the physicians of old found out to restore the depraved appetites of such great men as had lost their stomachs by an excess of luxury. Out of the ruins of Erasistratus's book of endive, Glaucus Lorrensis' of cow-heel, Mithæcus of hot-pots, Dionysius of sugar-sops, Agis of pickled broom-buds, Epinetus of sack-posset, Euthedemus of apple-dumplings, Hegesippus of black-pudding, Crito of soused mackerel, Stephanus of lemon-cream, Archites of hogs-harslet, Acestius of quince-marmalade, Hickesius of potted pigeons, Diocles of sweet-breads, and Philistion of oat-cakes, and several other such authors, the great Humelbergius composed his annotations upon Apicius; whose receipts, when parts of Tully, Livy, and Tacitus have been neglected and lost, were preserved in the utmost parts of Transylvania, for the peculiar palate of the ingenious editor. Latinus Latinius finds fault with several dishes of Apicius, and is pleased to say they are nauseous; but our editor defends that great person, by showing the difference of our customs; how Plutarch says, 'the ancients used no pepper,' whereas all, or at least five or six hundred of Apicius's delicates were seasoned with it. For we may as well admire that some West Indians should abstain from salt, as that we should be able to bear the bitterness of hops in our common drink: and therefore we should not be averse to rue, cummin, parsley-seed, marsh-mallows, or nettles, with our common meat; or to have pepper, honey, salt, vinegar, raisins, mustard and oil, rue, mastic, and cardamoms, strewn promiscuously over our dinner when it comes to table. My friend tells me of some short observations he made out of the annotations, which he owes to his memory; and therefore begs pardon if in some things he may mistake, because it is not wilfully, as that Papirius Petus was the great patron of custard: 'That the tetrapharmacon, a dish much admired by the Emperors Adrian and Alexander Severus, was made of pheasant, peacock, a wild sow's hock and udder, with a bread-pudding over it; and that the name and reason of so odd a dish are to be sought for amongst the physicians.'

The work is divided into ten books, of which the first treats of soups and pickles, and amongst other things shows that saucepans were tinned before the time of Pliny; that Gordian used a glass of bitter in the morning; that the ancients scalded their wine; and that burnt claret, as now practised, with spice and sugar, is pernicious; that the adulteration of wine was as ancient as Cato; that brawn was a Roman dish, which Apicius commends as wonderful; its sauce then was mustard and honey, before the frequent use of sugar: nor were soused hog's feet, cheeks, and ears unknown to those ages. It is very probable they were not so superstitious as to have so great a delicate only at Christmas. It were worth a dissertation between two learned persons, so it were managed with temper and candour, to know whether the Britons taught it to the Romans, or whether Cæsar introduced it into Britain: and it is strange he should take no notice of it; whereas he has recorded that they did not eat hare's flesh; that the ancients used to marinate their fish, by frying them in oil, and the moment they were taken out pouring boiling vinegar upon them. The learned annotator observes, that the best way of keeping the liquor in oysters is by laying the deep shell downwards; and by this means Apicius conveyed oysters to Tiberius when in Parthia. A noble invention, since made use of at Colchester with most admirable success! What estates might brawn or locket have got in those days, when Apicius, only for boiling sprouts after a new fashion, deservedly came into the good graces of Drusus, who then commanded the Roman armies!

The first book having treated of sauces or standing pickles for relish, which are used in most of the succeeding receipts, the second has a glorious subject, of sausages, both with skins and without, which contain matters no less remarkable than the former. The ancients that were delicate in their eating prepared their own mushrooms with an amber or at least a silver knife; where the annotator shows

[1] *Bills*, prescriptions.

elegantly, against Hardouinus, that the whole knife, and not only the handle, was of amber or silver, lest the rustiness of an ordinary knife might prove infectious. This is a nicety which I hope we may in time arrive to; for the Britons, though not very forward in inventions, yet are out-done by no nations in imitation or improvements.

The third book is of such edibles as are produced in gardens. The Romans used nitre to make their herbs look green; the annotator shows our saltpetre at present to differ from the ancient nitre. Apicius had a way of mincing them first with oil and salt, and so boiling them; which Pliny commends. But the present receipt is, to let the water boil well; throw in salt and a bit of butter; and so not only sprouts but spinage will be green. There is a most extraordinary observation of the editor's, to which I cannot but agree; that it is a vulgar error, that walnut-trees, like ruffian wives, thrive the better for being beaten; and that long poles and stones are used by boys and others to get the fruit down, the walnut-tree being so very high they could not otherwise reach it, rather out of kindness to themselves, than any regard to the tree that bears it. As for asparagus, there is an excellent remark, that, according to Pliny, they were the great care of the ancient gardeners, and that at Ravenna three weighed a pound; but that in England it was thought a rarity when a hundred of them weighed thirty; that cucumbers are apt to rise in the stomach, unless pared, or boiled with oil, vinegar, and honey: that the Egyptians would drink hard without any disturbance, because it was a rule for them to have always boiled cabbage for their first dish at supper; that the best way to roast onions is in colewort leaves, for fear of burning them; that beets are good for smiths, because they, working at the fire, are generally costive: that Petronius has recorded a little old woman, who sold the *agreste olus* of the ancients; which honour I take to be as much due to those who in our days cry nettle-tops, elder-buds, and cliver,[1] in springtime very wholesome.

The fourth book contains the universal art of cookery. As Matthæus Sylvaticus composed the pandects of physic, and Justinian those of law, so Apicius has done the pandects of his art, in this book which bears that inscription. The first chapter contains the admirable receipt of a salacacaby of Apicius. Bruise in a mortar parsley-seed, dried pennyroyal, dried mint, ginger, green coriander, raisins stoned, honey, vinegar, oil, and wine; put them into a cacabulum; three crusts of pycentine bread, the flesh of a pullet, goat stones, vestine cheese, pine kernels, cucumbers, dried onions minced small; pour a soup over it, garnish it with snow, and send it up in the cacabulum. This cacabulum being an unusual vessel, my friend went to his dictionary, where, finding an odd interpretation of it, he was easily persuaded, from the whimsicalness of the composition, and the fantasticalness of snow for its garniture, that the properest vessel for a physician to prescribe to send to table upon that occasion might be a bed-pan. There are some admirable remarks in the annotations to the second chapter, concerning the Dialogue of Asselius Sabinus, who introduces a combat between mushrooms, chats or beccafico's, oysters, and red-wings, a work that ought to be published; for the same annotator observes that this island is not destitute of red-wings, though coming to us only in the hardest weather, and therefore seldom brought fat to our tables; that the chats come to us in April and breed, and about autumn return to Africk; that experience shows us they may be kept in cages, fed with beef or wether mutton, figs, grapes, and minced filberts, being dainties not unworthy the care of such as would preserve our British hospitality. There is a curious observation concerning the diversity of Roman and British dishes; the first delighting in hodge-podge, gallimaufreys, forced meats, jussels, and salmagundies;[1] the latter in spear-ribs, surloins, chines, and barons; and thence our terms of art both as to dressing and carving, become very different; for they, lying upon a sort of couch, could not have carved those dishes which our ancestors when they sat upon forms used to do. But, since the use of cushions and elbow-chairs, and the editions of good books and authors, it may be hoped in time we may come up to them. For indeed hitherto we have been something to blame.

The fifth book is of peas porridge; under which are included frumetary, watergruel, milk-porridge, rice-milk, flummery, stir-about, and the like. The Latin or rather Greek name is Ausprios; but my friend was pleased to entitle it Pantagruel, a named used by Rabelais, an eminent physician. There are some very remarkable things in it; as the Emperor Julianus had seldom anything but spoon meat at supper: that the herb fenugreek, with pickles, oil, and wine, was a Roman dainty; upon which the annotator observes, that it is not used in our kitchens for a certain ungrateful bitterness that it has; and that it is plainly a physical diet; and that, mixed with oats, it is the best purge for horses: an excellent invention for frugality, and that nothing might be lost; for what the lord did not eat he might send to his stable!

[1] *Cliver*, goosegrass.

[1] *Gallimaufry* was a hash of several meats; *jussel*, a mince of several meats, for which old recipes are extant; *salmagundy* was a mixture of chopped meat and pickled herring, with oil, vinegar, pepper, and onions.—MORLEY.

The sixth book treats of wild-fowl; how to dress ostriches (the biggest, grossest, and most difficult of digestion of any bird), phœnicoptrices,[1] parrots, etc.

The seventh book treats of things sumptuous and costly, and therefore chiefly concerning hog-meat; in which the Romans came to that excess, that the laws forbade the usage of hogs-harslet, sweet-breads, cheeks, etc., at their public suppers; and Cato, when censor, sought to restrain the extravagant use of brawn, by several of his orations. So much regard was had then to the art of cookery, that we see it took place in the thoughts of the wisest men, and bore a part in their most important counsels. But, alas! the degeneracy of our present age is such, that I believe few besides the annotator know the excellency of a virgin sow, especially of the black kind brought from China, and how to make the most of her liver, lights, brains, and pettitoes; and to vary her into those fifty dishes which, Pliny says, were usually made of that delicious creature. Besides, Galen tells us more of its excellences: 'That fellow that eats bacon for two or three days before he is to box or wrestle, shall be much stronger than if he should eat the best roast beef or bag pudding in the parish.'

The eighth book treats of such dainties as four-footed beasts afford us; as (1) the wild boar, which they used to boil with all its bristles on. (2) The deer, dressed with broth made with pepper, wine, honey, oil, and stewed damsons, etc. (3) The wild sheep, of which there are 'innumerable in the mountains of Yorkshire and Westmoreland, that will let nobody handle them;' but if they are caught they are to be sent up with an elegant sauce, prescribed after a physical manner, in form of an electuary, made of pepper, rue, parsley-seed, juniper, thyme dried, mint, pennyroyal, honey, etc., with which any apothecary in that country can furnish you. (4) Beef, with onion sauce, and commended by Celsus, but not much approved by Hippocrates, because the Greeks scarce knew how to make oxen, and powdering-tubs were in very few families: for physicians have been very peculiar in their diet in all ages; otherwise Galen would scarce have found out that young foxes were in season in autumn. (5) The sucking pig boiled in paper. (6) The hare, the chief of the Roman dainties; its blood being the sweetest of any animal, its natural fear contributing to that excellence. Though the emperors and nobility had parks to fatten them in, yet in the time of Didianus Julianus, if any one had sent him one, or a pig, he would make it last him three days; whereas Alexander Severus had one every meal, which must have been a great expense, and is very remarkable. But the most exquisite animal was reserved for the last chapter; and that was the dormouse, a harmless creature, whose innocence might at least have defended it both from cooks and physicians. But Apicius found out an odd sort of fate for those poor creatures; some to be boned, and others to be put whole, with odd ingredients, into hogs-guts, and so boiled for sausages. In ancient times people made it their business to fatten them: Aristotle rightly observes that sleep fattened them, and Martial from thence too poetically tells us that sleep was their only nourishment. But the annotator has cleared that point; he, good man, has tenderly observed one of them for many years, and finds that it does not sleep all the winter, as falsely reported, but wakes at meals, and after its repast then rolls itself up in a ball to sleep. This dormouse, according to the author, did not drink in three years time; but whether other dormice do so, I cannot tell, because Bambouselbergius's treatise 'of fattening dormice' is lost. Though very costly, they became a common dish at great entertainments. Petronius delivers us an odd receipt for dressing them, and serving them up with poppies and honey; which must be a very soporiferous dainty, and as good as owl-pie to such as want a nap after dinner. The fondness of the Romans came to be so excessive towards them, that, as Pliny says, 'the Censorian Laws, and Marcus Scarus in his consulship, got them prohibited from public entertainments.' But Nero, Commodus, and Heliogabalus would not deny the liberty, and indeed property, of their subjects in so reasonable an enjoyment: and therefore we find them long after brought to table in the times of Ammianus Marcellinus, who tells us likewise, that 'scales were brought to table in those ages, to weigh curious fishes, birds, and dormice,' to see whether they were at the standard of excellence and perfection, and sometimes, I suppose, to vie with other pretenders to magnificence. The annotator takes hold of this occasion to show of how great use scales would be at the tables of our nobility, especially upon the bringing up of a dish of wild-fowl: 'for if twelve larks (he says) should weigh below twelve ounces, they would be very lean and scarce tolerable; if twelve and down-weight, they would be very well; but if thirteen, they would be fat to perfection.' We see upon how nice and exact a balance the happiness of eating depends!

I could scarce forbear smiling, not to say worse, at such exactness and such dainties; and told my friend, that those scales would be of extraordinary use at Dunstable; and that, if the annotator had not prescribed his dormouse, I should upon the first occasion be glad to visit it, if I knew its visiting days and hours, so as not to disturb it.

My friend said there remained but two books more, one of sea and the other of river fish, in

[1] *Phœnicoptrices*, flamingoes.

the account of which he would not be long, seeing his memory began to fail him almost as much as my patience.

> 'Tis true, in a long work, soft slumbers creep,
> And gently sink the artist into sleep;'

especially when treating of dormice.

The ninth book is concerning sea fish, where, amongst other learned annotations, is recorded that famous voyage of Apicius, who, having spent many millions, and being retired into Campania, heard that there were lobsters of a vast and unusual bigness in Africa, and thereupon impatiently got on shipboard the same day; and, having suffered much at sea, came at last to the coast. But the fame of so great a man's coming had landed before him, and all the fishermen sailed out to meet him, and presented him with their fairest lobsters. He asked if they had no larger. They answered, 'Their sea produced nothing more excellent than what they had brought.' This honest freedom of theirs, with his disappointment, so disgusted him, that he took pet, and bade the master return home again immediately: so it seems Africa lost the breed of one monster more than it had before. There are many receipts in the book to dress cramp-fish, that numb the hands of those that touch them; the cuttle-fish, whose blood is like ink; the pourcontrel, or many feet; the sea-urchin, or hedge-hog; with several others, whose sauces are agreeable to their natures. But, to the comfort of us moderns, the ancients often eat their oysters alive, and spread hard eggs minced over their sprats as we do now over our salt-fish. There is one thing very curious concerning herrings: it seems the ancients were very fantastical in making one thing pass for another; so, at Petronius's supper, the cook sent up a fat goose, fish, and wild-fowl of all sorts to appearance, but still all were made out of the several parts of one single porker. The great Nicomedes, king of Bithynia, had a very delightful deception of this nature put upon him by his cook; the king was extremely affected with fresh herrings (as indeed who is not?); but, being far up in Asia from the sea coast, his whole wealth could not have purchased one; but his cook contrived some sort of meat which, put into a frame, so resembled a herring, that it was extremely satisfactory both to this prince's eyes and gusto. My friend told me that, to the honour of the city of London, he had seen a thing of this nature there; that is, a herring, or rather a salmagundy, with the head and tail so neatly laid, that it surprised him. He says, many of the species may be found at the Sugar-loaf in Bell Yard, as giving an excellent relish to Burton ale, and not costing above sixpence, an inconsiderable price for so imperial a dainty.

The tenth book, as my friend tells me, is concerning fish sauces, which consist of variety of ingredients, amongst which is generally a kind of frumetary. But it is not to be forgotten by any person who would boil fish exactly, that they threw them alive into the water, which at present is said to be a Dutch receipt, but was derived from the Romans. It seems Seneca the philosopher (a man from whose morose temper little good in the art of cookery could be expected), in his third book of Natural Questions, correcting the luxury of the times, says, the Romans were come to that daintiness, that they would not eat a fish unless upon the same day it was taken, 'that it might taste of the sea,' as they expressed it; and therefore had them brought by persons who rode post, and made a great outcry, whereupon all other people were obliged to give them the road. It was an usual expression for a Roman to say, 'In other matters I may confide in you, but in a thing of this weight it is not consistent with my gravity and prudence. I will trust nothing but my own eyes. Bring the fish hither, let me see him breathe his last.' And when the poor fish was brought to table swimming and gasping, would cry out, 'Nothing is more beautiful than a dying mullet!' My friend says, 'the annotator looks upon these as jests made by the Stoics, and spoken absurdly and beyond nature;' though the annotator at the same time tells us, that it was a law at Athens that the fishermen should not wash their fish, but bring them as they came out of the sea. Happy were the Athenians in good laws, and the Romans in great examples! But I believe our Britons need wish their friends no longer life, than till they see London served with live herrings and gasping mackerel. It is true, we are not quite so barbarous, but that we throw our crabs alive into scalding water, and tie our lobsters to the spit to hear them squeak when they are roasted; our eels use the same peristaltic motion upon the gridiron, when their skin is off and their guts are out, as they did before; and our gudgeons, taking opportunity of jumping after they are flowered, give occasion to the admirable remark of some persons' folly, when, to avoid the danger of the frying-pan, they leap into the fire. My friend said that the mention of eels put him in mind of the concluding remark of the annotator, 'That they who amongst the Sybarites would fish for eels, or sell them, should be free from all taxes.' I was glad to hear of the word conclude; and told him nothing could be more acceptable to me than the mention of the Sybarites, of whom I shortly intend a history, showing how they deservedly banished cocks for waking them in a morning, and smiths for being useful; how one cried out because one of the rose-leaves he lay on was rumpled; how they taught their horses to dance; and so their enemies coming against them with guitars and harpsichords, set them so upon their round O's and minuets,

that the form of their battle was broken, and three hundred thousand of them slain, as Gouldman, Littleton, and several other good authors affirm. I told my friend, I had much overstayed my hour; but if, at any time, he would find Dick Humelbergius, Caspar Barthius, and another friend, with himself, I would invite him to dinner of a few but choice dishes to cover the table at once, which, except they would think of anything better, should be a salacacaby, a dish of fenugreek, a wild sheep's head and appurtenance with a suitable electuary, a *ragout* of capons' stones, and some dormouse sausages.

If, as friends do with one another at a venison-pasty, you should send for a plate, you know you may command it; for what is mine is yours, as being entirely your, etc.

[Born in 1672,—five years after the author of *Gulliver*,—Joseph Addison terminated his comparatively short career at the age of forty-seven. Only a few of his letters appear to have been preserved. Although most of them were written at an early period of his life, they exhibit many evidences of that delightful humour which is more fully developed in the classic pages of the *Spectator*, now, unfortunately, too little known. For sweetness of expression, propriety of treatment, and dignity of tone, the language of Addison can hardly be surpassed. 'Whoever wishes,' says Dr. Johnson, 'to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison.' In the capacity of Secretary of State, it has been said that he was a better man of business than Prior, but still a bad one. His business letters, however, which are extant, are clear and concise, as well as graceful, and certainly do not justify the reproach of Pope, that 'he could not issue an order without losing his time in quest of fine expressions.'—Seton's *Letters and Letter Writers.*]

JOSEPH ADDISON TO MR. CONGREVE.

DEAR SIR,—I was very sorry to hear in your last letter that you were so terribly afflicted with the gout, though for your comfort I believe you are the first English poet that has been complimented with the distemper. I was myself at that time sick of a fever, which I believe proceeded from the same cause; but at present I am so well recovered that I can scarce forbear beginning my letter with Tully's preface, *Si vales bene est, ego quidem valeo.* You must excuse me for giving you a line of Latin now and then, since I find myself in some danger of losing the tongue, for I perceive a new language, like a new mistress, is apt to make a man forget all his old ones. I assure you I met with a very remarkable instance of this nature at Paris, in a poor Irishman that had lost the little English he had brought over with him, without being able to learn any French in its stead. I asked him what language he spoke; he very innocently answered me, 'No language, Monsieur,' which, as I afterwards found, were all the words he was master of in both tongues. I am at present in a town where all the languages in Europe are spoken except English, which is not to be heard, I believe, within fifty miles of the place. My greatest diversion is to run over in my thoughts the variety of noble scenes I was entertained with before I came hither. I don't believe, as good a poet as you are, that you can make finer landscapes than those about the king's houses, or, with all your descriptions, build a more magnificent palace than Versailles. I am, however, so singular as to prefer Fontainebleau to all the rest. It is situated among rocks and woods, that give you a fine variety of savage prospects. The King has humoured the genius of the place, and only made use of so much art as is necessary to help and regulate nature without reforming her too much. . . . But I begin to talk like Dr. Lister. To pass, therefore, from works of nature to those of art: in my opinion, the pleasantest part of Versailles is the gallery. Every one sees on each side of it something that will be sure to please him, for one of them commands a view of the finest garden in the world, and the other is wainscoted with looking-glass. The history of the present king to the year 16[1] is painted on the roof by Le Brun, so that his Majesty has actions enough by him to furnish another gallery much longer than the first. He is represented with all the terror and majesty that you can imagine in every part of the picture, and sees his young face as perfectly drawn in the roof as his present one in the side. The painter has represented his Most Christian Majesty under the figure of Jupiter throwing thunderbolts, and striking terror into the Danube and Rhine, that lie astonished and blasted with lightning a little above the cornice. I believe by this time you are afraid I shall carry you from room to room, and lead you through the whole palace; truly, if I had not tired you already I could not forbear showing you a staircase that they say is the noblest in its kind; but after so tedious a letter

[1] The sixteenth year of his reign is supposed to be meant.

I shall conclude with the petition to you, that you would deliver the enclosed to Mr. Montague, for I am afraid of interrupting him with my impertinence when he is engaged in more serious affairs. *Tu faciles aditus et mollia tempora nôvis.*—I am, etc.

Blois, 10*br*, 1699.

JOSEPH ADDISON TO CHAMBERLAIN DASHWOOD.

Geneva, July 1702.

DEAR SIR,—About three days ago Mr. Bocher put a very pretty snuff-box in my hand. I was not a little pleased to hear that it belonged to myself, and was much more so when I found it was a present from a gentleman that I have so great an honour for. You did not probably foresee that it would draw on you ye trouble of a letter, but you must blame yourself for it. For my part I can no more accept of a snuff-box without returning my acknowledgments, than I can take snuff without sneezing after it. This last I must own to you is so great an absurdity that I should be ashamed to confess it, were not I in hopes of correcting it very speedily. I am observed to have my box oftener in my hand than those that have been used to one these twenty years, for I can't forbear taking it out of my pocket whenever I think of Mr. Dashwood. You know Mr. Bays recommends snuff as a great provocative to wit, but you may produce this letter as a standing evidence against him. I have since ye beginning of it taken above a dozen pinches, and still find myself much more inclined to sneeze than to jest. From whence I conclude that wit and tobacco are not inseparable, or to make a pun of it, though a man may be master of a snuff-box,

'Non cuicunque datum est habere Nasum.'

I should be afraid of being thought a pedant for my quotation did not I know that ye gentleman I am writing to always carries a Horace in his pocket. But whatever you may think me, pray, sir, do me ye justice to esteem me

Your most, etc.

[Swift painted a very agreeable portrait of Berkeley in a letter to Lord Cartaret. He seems to have possessed the art of attaching to himself all who knew him. Atterbury, after a single interview, declared his opinion of him in these emphatic words: 'So much understanding, so much knowledge, so much innocence, and such humility, I did not think had been the portion of any but angels, till I saw this gentleman.' Blackwell, whom he was desirous of taking out as a professor in the proposed college at the Bermudas, has pronounced a similar eulogium. Of the fervour and vivacity of his fancy, an illustration is afforded by a story which Lord Bathurst communicated to Dr. Warton:—'All the members of the Scriblerus Club being met at his house at dinner, they agreed to rally Berkeley, who was also his guest, on his scheme at the Bermudas. Berkeley, having listened to all the lively things they had to say, begged to be heard in his turn, and displayed his plan with such astonishing and animated force of eloquence and enthusiasm, that they were struck dumb, and, after some pause, rose up all together with earnestness, exclaiming, "Let us all set out with him immediately."' Berkeley accompanied the son of the Bishop of Clogher in a tour through the south of Europe. While at Paris, he visited the philosopher Malebranche, whom he is reported to have found in his cell preparing a medicine in a small pipkin for an inflammation of the lungs, under which he was suffering. The conversation turned upon the non-existence of matter, and Malebranche argued with an impetuosity which, by aggravating the disorder, occasioned his death a few days after. Sir James Mackintosh regretted that Berkeley had not introduced this dramatic scene into one of his own beautiful dialogues. Berkeley was at this time in his 31st, and Malebranche in his 77th year. Mackintosh has traced a resemblance in the features of their character. They were, indeed, both amply endowed with imagination and invention; but, while Malebranche regarded poetry with invincible disgust, Berkeley not only wrote harmonious verses himself, but possessed the friendship of one of the greatest masters of the art, who, in a famous line, assigned

'To Berkeley every virtue under Heaven.'

During his residence in Italy, Berkeley accumulated, with great diligence, materials for a history of Sicily, which were lost in the passage to Naples. He had the qualities of a traveller in the highest perfection. Blackwell says that he travelled over a part of Sicily on foot, climbing up moun-

tains, and creeping into caverns. To the widest views in knowledge and literature he united the minutest examinations of detail. In the island to which he gives the name of Inarime, the reader will recognise the modern Ischia.—*Willmott.*]

DEAN BERKELEY TO POPE.

Description of the Island of Inarime.

Naples, Oct. 22, N.S., 1717.

I have long had it in my thoughts to trouble you with a letter, but was discouraged for want of something that I could think worth sending fifteen hundred miles.

Italy is such an exhausted subject that, I dare say, you would easily forgive my saying nothing of it; and the imagination of a poet is a thing so nice and delicate, that it is no easy matter to find out images capable of giving pleasure to one of the few who (in any age) have come up to that character. I am, nevertheless, lately returned from an island, where I passed three or four months; which, were it set out in its true colours, might, methinks, amuse you agreeably enough for a minute or two. The island Inarime is an epitome of the whole earth, containing, within the compass of eighteen miles, a wonderful variety of hills, dales, rugged rocks, fruitful plains, and barren mountains, all thrown together in a most romantic confusion. The air is, in the hottest season, constantly refreshed by cool breezes from the sea. The vales produce excellent wheat and Indian corn; but are mostly covered with vineyards, intermixed with fruit trees. Besides the common kinds, as cherries, apricots, peaches, etc., they produce oranges, limes, almonds, pomegranates, figs, water-melons, and many other fruits unknown to our climates, which lie everywhere open to the passenger. The hills are the greater part covered to the top with vines, some with chestnut groves, and others with thickets of myrtle and lentiscus. The fields on the northern side are divided by hedge-rows of myrtle. Several fountains and rivulets add to the beauty of this landscape, which is likewise set off by the variety of some barren spots and naked rocks. But that which crowns the scene is a large mountain rising out of the middle of the island (once a terrible volcano, by the ancients called *Mons Epomeus*); its lower parts are adorned with vines and other fruits, the middle affords pasture to flocks of goats and sheep, and the top is a sandy pointed rock, from which you have the finest prospect in the world, surveying at one view, besides several pleasant islands lying at your feet, a tract of Italy about three hundred miles in length, from the promontory of Antium to the cape of Palinurus; the greater part of which hath been sung by Homer and Virgil, as making a considerable part of the travels and adventures of their two heroes. The islands Caprea, Prochyta, and Parthenope, together with Cajeta, Cumæ, Monte Miseno, the habitations of Circe, the Syrens, and the Læstrigones, the Bay of Naples, the promontory of Minerva, and the whole Campagna Felice, make but a part of this noble landscape; which would demand an imagination as warm, and numbers as flowing as your own to describe it. The inhabitants of this delicious isle, as they are without riches and honours, so they are without the vices and follies that attend them; and were they but as much strangers to revenge as they are to avarice and ambition, they might in fact answer the poetical notions of the golden age. But they have got as an alloy to their happiness an ill habit of murdering one another on slight offences. We had an instance of this the second night after our arrival, a youth of eighteen being shot dead by our door; and yet, by the sole secret of minding our own business, we found a means of living securely among these dangerous people. Would you know how we pass the time at Naples? Our chief entertainment is the devotion of our neighbours, besides the gaiety of their churches (where folks go to see what they call *una bella devotione, i.e.* a sort of religious opera). They make fireworks almost every week, out of devotion; the streets are often hung with arras, out of devotion; and (what is still more strange) the ladies invite gentlemen to their houses, and treat them with music and sweetmeats, out of devotion; in a word, were it not for this devotion of its inhabitants, Naples would have little else to recommend it beside the air and situation. Learning is in no very thriving state here, as, indeed, nowhere else in Italy; however, among many pretenders, some men of taste are to be met with. A friend of mine told me, not long since, that being to visit Salvini at Florence, he found him reading your Homer. He liked the notes extremely, and could find no other fault with the version, but that he thought it approached too near a paraphrase; which shows him not to be sufficiently acquainted with our language. I wish you health to go on with that noble work; and when you have that I need not wish you success. You will do me the justice to believe, that, whatever relates to your welfare, is sincerely wished by

Your, etc.

[Pope has recorded his intimacy with Wycherley, by whose verses he said that he was 'extremely plagued, up and down, for about two years.' Forty years before his death, Wycherley lost his memory by a fever, and would repeat the same thought two or three times in a single page. He could not retain more than a sentence at a time. Pope's troublesome task of correction was aggravated by Wycherley's custom of reading himself to sleep, out of Montaigne, Rochefoucault, and Seneca, and of producing a poem on the following morning, into which he had unconsciously transplanted the thoughts of his favourite authors. His celebrated friend justly esteemed this habit one of the most singular phenomena in the history of the human mind. Wycherley's vanity could not endure the superior taste of his critic. 'We were, however,' says Pope, 'pretty well together, to the last; only his memory was so totally bad, that he did not remember a kindness done to him, even from minute to minute. He was peevish too, latterly; so that sometimes we were out a little, and sometimes in. He never did any unjust thing to me in his whole life, and I went to see him on his deathbed.' Pope, at the commencement of their correspondence, was sixteen, and Wycherley seventy years old.—*Willmott.*]

POPE TO WYCHERLEY.

Of Dryden, his Character and Poetical Successors.

Binfield, in Windsor Forest, Dec. 26, 1704.

It was certainly a great satisfaction to me, to see and converse with a man, whom, in his writings, I had so long known with pleasure; but it was a high addition to it to hear you, at our first meeting, doing justice to your dead friend, Mr. Dryden. I was not so happy as to know him; *Virgilium tantum vidi.* Had I been born early enough, I must have known and loved him, for I have been assured, not only by yourself, but by Mr. Congreve and Sir William Turnbull, that his personal qualities were as amiable as his poetical, notwithstanding the many libellous misrepresentations of them, against which the former of these two gentlemen has told me he will one day vindicate him. I suppose those injuries were begun by the violence of party; but 'tis no doubt they were continued by envy at his success and fame: and those scribblers who attacked him in latter times were only like gnats in a summer's evening, which are never very troublesome but in the finest and most glorious season; for his fire, like the sun's, shined clearest towards its setting. You must not, therefore, imagine, that, when you told me my own performances were above those critics, I was so vain as to believe it, and yet I may not be so humble as to think myself quite below their notice. For critics, as they are birds of prey, have ever a natural inclination to carrion; and though such poor writers as I are but beggars, no beggar is so poor but he can keep a cur, and no author is so beggarly but he can keep a critic. I am far from thinking the attacks of such people either any honour or dishonour, even to me, much less to Mr. Dryden. I agree with you that whatever wits have risen since his death, are but like stars appearing when the sun is set, that twinkle only in his absence, and with the rays they have borrowed from him. Our wit, as you call it, is but reflection or imitation, therefore scarce to be called ours. True wit, I believe, may be defined a justness of thought, and a facility of expression. However, this is far from a complete definition; pray help me to a better, as I doubt not you can.

POPE TO STEELE.

Reflections upon Early Death, and Allusions to his own Infirmities.

July 15, 1712.

You formerly observed to me, that nothing made a more ridiculous figure in a man's life than the disparity we often find in him, sick and well. Thus, one of an unfortunate constitution is perpetually exhibiting a miserable example of the weakness of his mind and of his body in their turns. I have had frequent opportunities of late to consider myself in these different views, and I hope have received some advantage by it, if what Waller says be true, that

'The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made.

Then surely sickness, contributing no less than old age to the shaking down this scaffolding o the body, may discover the inward structure more plainly. Sickness is a sort of early old age; it teaches us a diffidence in our earthly state, and inspires us with thoughts of a future, better than a thousand volumes of philosophers and divines. It gives so warning a concussion to those props of our vanity, our strength and youth, that we think of fortifying ourselves within, when there is so little dependence upon our outworks. Youth, at the very best, is but a betrayer of human life in a gentler and smoother manner than age: 'tis like a stream

that nourishes a plant upon a bank, and causes it to flourish and blossom to the sight, but at the same time is undermining it at the root in secret. My youth has dealt more fairly and openly with me; it has afforded several prospects of my danger, and given me an advantage not very common to young men, that the attractions of the world have not dazzled me very much, and I begin, where most people end, with a full conviction of the emptiness of all sorts of ambition, and the unsatisfactory nature of all human pleasures, when a smart fit of sickness tells me this scurvy tenement of my body will fall in a little time; I am even as unconcerned as was that honest Hibernian, who, being in bed in the great storm some years ago, and told the house would tumble over his head, made answer, 'What care I for the house?—I am only a lodger.' I fancy it is the best time to die, when one is in the best humour; and so excessively weak as I now am, I may say with conscience, I am not at all uneasy at the thought, that many men whom I never had any esteem for are likely to enjoy this world after me. When I reflect what an inconsiderable little atom every single man is, with respect to the whole creation, methinks 'tis a shame to be concerned at the removal of such a trivial animal as I am. The morning after my exit, the sun will rise as bright as ever, the flowers smell as sweet, the plants spring as green, the world will proceed in its old course, people will laugh as heartily and marry as fast as they were used to do. The memory of man (as it is elegantly expressed in the Book of Wisdom) passeth away as the remembrance of a guest that tarrieth but one day. There are reasons enough, in the fourth chapter of the same book, to make any young man contented with the prospect of death. 'For honourable age is not that which standeth in length of time, or is measured by number of years. But wisdom is grey hairs to men, and an unspotted life is old age. He was taken away speedily, lest wickedness should alter his understanding, or deceit beguile his soul.'

POPE TO A FRIEND.

Upon the Vanity of Human Learning and Ambition.

July 13, 1714.

You mention the account I gave you some time ago of the things which Phillips said in his foolishness, but I cannot tell from anything in your letter, whether you received a long one from me about a fortnight since. It was principally intended to thank you for the last obliging favour you did me, and perhaps for that reason you pass it in silence. I there launched into some account of my temporal affairs, and intend now to give you some hints of my spiritual. The conclusion of your letter draws this upon you, where you tell me you prayed for me. Your proceeding, sir, is contrary to that of most other friends, who never talk of praying for a man after they have done him a service, but only when they will do him none. Nothing can be more kind than the hint you give me of the vanity of human sciences, which, I assure you, I am daily more convinced of; and, indeed, I have for some years past looked upon all of them as no better than amusements. To make them the ultimate end of our pursuit, is a miserable and short ambition, which will drop from us at every little disappointment here, and even in case of no disappointment here, will infallibly desert us hereafter. The utmost fame they are capable of bestowing is never worth the pains they cost us, and the time they lose us. If you attain the top of your desires that way, all those who envy you will do you harm; and of those who admire you, few will do you good. The unsuccessful writers are your declared enemies, and probably the successful your secret ones; for those hate not more to be excelled, than these to be rivalled. And at the upshot, after a life of perpetual application, you reflect that you have been doing nothing for yourself, and that the same, or less industry, might have gained you a friendship that can never deceive or end, a satisfaction which praise cannot bestow, nor vanity feel, and a glory which (though in one respect, like fame, not to be had till after death) yet shall be felt and enjoyed to eternity. These, dear sir, are unfeignedly my sentiments, whenever I think at all; for half the things that employ our heads deserve not the name of thoughts, they are only stronger dreams of impressions upon the imagination: our schemes of government, our systems of philosophy, our golden words of poetry, are all but so many shadowy images and airy prospects, which arise to us but so much the livelier and more frequent, as we are overcast with the darkness, and disturbed with the fumes of human vanity. The same thing that makes old men willing to leave this world makes me willing to leave poetry,—long habit, and weariness of the same track. Homer will work a cure upon me; fifteen thousand verses are equivalent to fourscore years, to make one old in rhyme; and I should be sorry and ashamed to go on jingling to the last step, like a waggoner's horse in the same road, and so leave my bells to the next silly animal that will be proud of them. That man makes a mean figure in the eyes of reason, who is measuring syllables and coupling rhymes, when he should be mending his own soul, and securing his own immortality. If I had not this opinion, I should be unworthy even of those small and limited parts which God has given me, and unworthy the friendship of such a man as you.

['Pope,' writes Lady Montagu in one of her latest letters, 'courted, with the utmost assiduity, all the old men from whom he could hope a legacy,—the Duke of Buckingham, Lord Peterborough, Sir G. Kneller, Lord Bolingbroke, Mr. Wycherley, Mr. Congreve, Lord Harcourt, etc., and I do not doubt projected to sweep the Dean's whole inheritance, if he could have persuaded him to throw up his deanery, and come to reside in his house; and his general preaching against money was meant to induce people to throw it away, that he might pick it up.' This was said in the bitterness of her heart, after her quarrel with the poet had obliterated the recollection of his flattery and his song.]

POPE TO SWIFT.

On his Departure from Twickenham.

Aug. 22, 1726.

Many a short sigh you cost me the day I left you, and many more you will cost me till the day you return. I really walked about like a man banished, and when I came home, found it no home. 'Tis a situation like that of a limb lopped off; one is trying every minute unawares to use it, and finds it is not. I may say you have used me more cruelly than you have any other man; you have made it more impossible for me to live at ease without you; habitude itself would have done that, if I had less friendship in my nature than I have. Besides my natural memory of you, you have made a local one, which presents you to me in every place I frequent; I shall never more think of Lord Cobham's, the woods of Ciceter, or the pleasing prospect of Byberry, but your idea must be joined with them; nor see one seat in my own garden, or one room in my house, without a phantom of you sitting or walking before me. I travelled with you to Chester, I felt the extreme heat of the weather, the inns, the roads, the confinement and closeness of the uneasy coach, and wished a hundred times I had either a deanery or a horse in my gift. In real truth, I have felt my soul peevish ever since with all about me, from a warm, uneasy desire after you. I am gone out of myself to no purpose, and cannot catch you. *Inhiat in pedes* was not more properly applied to a poor dog after a hare, than to me after your departure. I wish I could think no more of it, but lie down and sleep till we meet again, and let that day (how far soever off it be) be the morrow. Since I cannot, may it be my amends, that everything you wish may attend you where you are, and that you may find every friend you have there in the state you wish him or her, so that your visits to us may have no other effect than the progress of a rich man to a remote estate, which he finds greater than he expected, which knowledge only serves to make him live happier where he is, with no disagreeable prospect if ever he should choose to remove. May this be your state till it become what I wish. But, indeed, I cannot express the warmth with which I wish you all things, and myself you. Indeed you are engraved elsewhere than on the cups you sent me (with so kind an inscription), and I might throw them into the Thames without injury to the giver. I am not pleased with them, but take them very kindly too; and had I suspected any such usage from you, I should have enjoyed your company less than I really did, for at this rate I may say,

Nec tecum possum vivere, nec sine te.

I will bring you over just such another present when I go to the Deanery of St. Patrick's, which I promise you to do, if ever I am enabled to return your kindness. *Donarem pateras*, etc. Till then I'll drink (or Gay shall drink) daily healths to you, and I add to your inscription the old Roman vow for years to come, *Votis X. votis XX.* My mother's age gives me authority to hope it for yours. Adieu.

TO THE SAME.

Binfield, Dec. 8, 1713.

Sir,—Not to trouble you at present with a recital of all my obligations to you, I shall only mention two things, which I take particularly kind of you; your desire that I should write to you, and your proposal of giving me twenty guineas to change my religion, which last you must give me leave to make the subject of this letter.

Sure no clergyman ever offered so much out of his own purse for the sake of any religion. 'Tis almost as many pieces of gold as an apostle could get of silver from the priests of old, on a much more valuable consideration. I believe it will be better worth my while to propose a change of my faith by subscription, than a translation of Homer. And to convince you how well disposed I am to the reformation, I shall be content if you can prevail with my Lord Treasurer and the Ministry to rise to the same sum, each of them, on this pious account, as my Lord Halifax has done on the profane one. I am afraid there is no being at once a poet and a good Christian; and I am very much straitened between two, while the Whigs seem willing to contribute as much, to continue me the one, as you would to make me the other. But if you can move every man in the Government, who has above ten thousand pounds a year, to subscribe as much as yourself, I shall

become a convert, as most men do, when the Lord turns it to my interest. I know they have the truth of religion so much at heart, that they would certainly give more to have one good subject translated from Popery to the Church of England, than twenty heathenish authors out of any unknown tongue in ours. I therefore commission you, Mr. Dean, with full authority, to transact this affair in my name, and to propose as follows :—First, that as to the head of our Church, the Pope, I may engage to renounce his power whensoever I shall receive any particular indulgences from the head of your Church, the Queen.

As to communion in one kind, I shall also promise to change it for communion in both, as soon as the Ministry will allow me.

For invocations to saints, mine shall be turned to dedications to sinners, when I shall find the great ones of this world as willing to do me any good as I believe those of the other are.

You see I shall not be obstinate in the main points ; but there is one article I must reserve, and which you seemed not unwilling to allow me,—prayer for the dead. There are people to whose souls I wish as well as to my own ; and I must crave leave humbly to lay before them, that though the subscriptions above-mentioned will suffice for myself, there are necessary perquisites and additions, which I must demand on the score of this charitable article. It is also to be considered, that the greater part of those whose souls I am most concerned for, were unfortunately heretics, schismatics, poets, painters, or persons of such lives and manners as few or no churches are willing to save. The expense will therefore be the greater to make an effectual provision for the souls.

Old Dryden, though a Roman Catholic, was a poet ; and 'tis revealed in the visions of some ancient saints, that no poet was ever saved under some hundred of masses. I cannot set his delivery from purgatory at less than fifty pounds sterling.

Walsh was not only a Socinian, but (what you will own is harder to be saved) a Whig. He cannot modestly be rated at less than a hundred.

L'Estrange, being a Tory, we compute him but at twenty pounds, which I hope no friend of the party can deny to give, to keep him from damning in the next life, considering they never gave him sixpence to keep him from starving in this.

All this together amounts to one hundred and seventy pounds.

In the next place, I must desire you to represent that there are several of my friends yet living, whom I design, God willing, to outlive, in consideration of legacies ; out of which it is a doctrine in the reformed church, that not a farthing shall be allowed to save their souls who gave them.

There is one . . . who will die within these few months, with . . . one Mr. Jervas, who hath grievously offended in making the likeness of almost all things in heaven above and earth below ; and one Mr. Gay, an unhappy youth, who writes pastorals during the time of divine service, whose case is the more deplorable, as he hath miserably lavished away all that silver he should have reserved for his soul's health, in buttons and loops for his coat.

I can't pretend to have these people honestly saved under some hundred pounds, whether you consider the difficulty of such a work, or the extreme love and tenderness I bear them, which will infallibly make me push this charity as far as I am able. There is but one more whose salvation I insist upon, and then I have done ; but indeed it may prove of so much greater charge than all the rest, that I will only lay the case before you and the Ministry, and leave to their prudence and generosity what sum they shall think fit to bestow upon it.

The person I mean is Dr. Swift, a dignified clergyman, but one who, by his own confession, has composed more libels than sermons. If it be true, what I have heard often affirmed by innocent people, that too much wit is dangerous to salvation, this unfortunate gentleman must certainly be damned to all eternity. But I hope his long experience in the world, and frequent conversation with great men, will cause him (as it has some others) to have less and less wit every day. Be it as it will, I should not think my own soul deserved to be saved, if I did not endeavour to save his ; for I have all the obligations in nature to him. He has brought me into better company than I cared for, made me merrier when I was sick than I had a mind to be, and put me upon making poems, on purpose that he might alter them, etc.

I once thought I could never have discharged my debt to his kindness, but have lately been informed, to my unspeakable comfort, that I have more than paid it all. For Monsieur de Montaigne has assured me, 'that the person who receives a benefit obliges the giver ;' for since the chief endeavour of one friend is to do good to the other, he who administers both the matter and occasion is the man who is liberal. At this rate it is impossible Dr. Swift should be ever out of my debt, as matters stand already ; and, for the future, he may expect daily more obligations from his most faithful, affectionate, humble servant,

A. POPE.

[Swift, in his reply to the following letter, gives his friend an account of the comforts he would find at the Deanery. 'I say one thing, that both summers and winters are milder here than with you: all things for life in general better for a middling fortune: you will have an absolute command of your time and company, with whatever obsequiousness or freedom you may expect or allow. I have an elderly housekeeper who hath been my wolf above thirty years, whenever I lived in this kingdom. I have the command of one or two villas near this town. You have a warm apartment in this house, and two gardens for amusement.' In another letter, he confessed that he did not 'converse with one creature of station or title,' but could command the attendance of 'a set of easy people,' when he desired their company. Four years later he presented Gay with a more melancholy picture of his situation, living in a large house, thankful for the society of a friend, and usually obliged to 'hire one' with a bottle of wine. Pope, after many ingenious devices and courtly expressions of regard, finally settled the question of an Irish journey, by expressing his belief that 'a sea-sickness would kill' him. Pope's filial affection is the most beautiful feature in his moral character. Who has forgotten his pathetic lines, warm from the heart:—

'Me, let the tender office long engage,
To rock the cradle of reposing Age;
With lenient acts extend a Mother's breath,
Make Languor smile, and smooth the bed of Death.
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep awhile one parent from the sky.'

—*Willmott.*]

POPE TO SWIFT.

Gulliver—The Beggars' Opera, etc.

I send you a very odd thing, a paper printed in Boston in New England; wherein you'll find a real person, a member of their parliament, of the name of Jonathan Gulliver. If the fame of that traveller has travelled thither, it has travelled very quick, to have folks christened already by the name of the supposed author. But if you object, that no child so lately christened could be arrived at years of maturity to be elected into parliament, I reply (to solve the riddle), that the person is an Anabaptist, and not christened till full age, which sets all right. However it be, the accident is very singular, that these two names should be united.

Mr. Gay's opera has been acted near forty days running, and will certainly continue the whole season. So he has more than a fence about his thousand pounds; he'll soon be thinking of a fence about his two thousand. Shall no one of us live as we would wish each other to live? Shall we have no annuity: you no settlement on this side, and I no prospect of getting to you on the other? This world is made for Cæsar; as Cato said, for ambitious, false, or flattering people to domineer in; nay, they would not, by their own good-will, leave us our very books, thoughts, or words in quiet. I despise the world; yet, I assure you, more than either Gay or you, and the court more than all the rest of the world. As for those scribblers for whom you apprehend I would suppress my dulness (which, by the way, for the future you are to call by a more pompous name, *The Dunciad*), how much that nest of hornets are my regard, will easily appear to you when you read the *Treatise of the Bathos.*

At all adventures, yours and my name shall stand linked as friends to posterity, both in verse and prose; and as Tully calls it, 'in consuetudine Studiorum;' would to God, our persons could but as well, and as surely, be inseparable. I find my other ties dropping from me; some worn off, some torn off, some relaxing daily. My greatest, both by duty, gratitude, and humanity, time is shaking every moment, and it now hangs but by a thread! I am many years the older for living so much with one so old; much the more helpless, for having been so long helped and tended by her; much the more considerate and tender, for a daily commerce with one who required me justly to be both to her; and consequently the more melancholy and thoughtful, and the less fit for others, who want only in a companion or a friend to be amused or entertained. My constitution, too, has had its share of decay, as well as my spirits; and I am as much in the decline at forty, as you at sixty. I believe we should be fit to live together, could I get a little more health, which might make me not quite insupportable; your deafness would agree with my dulness; you would not want me to speak when you could not hear. But God forbid you should be as destitute of the social comforts of life, as I must when I lose my mother; or that ever you should lose your more useful acquaintance so utterly, as to turn your thoughts to such a broken reed as I am, who could so ill supply your wants! I am extremely troubled at the return of your deafness; you cannot be too particular in the accounts of your health to me; everything you do or say in this kind obliges me, nay, delights me, to see the justice you do me, in thinking me concerned in all your concerns; so that though the pleasantest thing you can tell me be that you are better or easier, next to that it pleases me, that you make me the person you would complain to.

As the obtaining the love of valuable men is the happiest end I know of in this life, so the next felicity is to get rid of fools and scoundrels; which I can't but own to you, was one part of my design in falling upon these authors, whose incapacity is not greater than their insincerity, and of whom I have always found (if I may quote myself),

That each bad Author is as bad a Friend.

This poem will rid me of these insects,—

Cedite, Romani Scriptores, cedite, Graii;
Nescio quid *majus nascitur Iliade.*

I mean than *my Iliad;* and I call it *Nescio quid,* which is a degree of modesty; but however, if it silence those fellows, it must be something greater than any *Iliad* in Christendom.

Adieu.

POPE TO STEELE.

June 18, 1712.

You have obliged me with a very kind letter, by which I find you shift the scene of your life from the town to the country, and enjoy that mixed state which wise men both delight in and are qualified for. Methinks the moralists and philosophers have generally run too much into extremes in commending entirely either solitude or public life. In the former, men for the most part grow useless by too much rest; and in the latter, are destroyed by too much precipitation; as waters, lying still, putrefy and are good for nothing; and running violently on, do but the more mischief in their passage to others, and are swallowed up and lost the sooner themselves. Those, indeed, who can be useful to all states, should be like gentle streams, that not only glide through lonely valleys and forests amidst the flocks and the shepherds, but visit populous towns in their course, and are at once of ornament and service to them. But there are another sort of people who seem designed for solitude; such, I mean, as have more to hide than to show. As for my own part, I am one of those of whom Seneca says, 'Tam umbratiles sunt, ut putent in turbido esse quicquid in luce est.' Some men, like some pictures, are fitter for a corner than a full light; and I believe such as have a natural bent to solitude (to carry on the former similitude) are like waters which may be forced into fountains, and, exalted into a great height, may make a noble figure, and a louder noise; but, after all, they would run more smoothly, quietly, and plentifully, in their own natural course upon the ground. The consideration of this would make me very well contented with the possession of that quiet which Cowley calls the companion of obscurity. But whoever has the Muses, too, for his companions, can never be idle enough to be uneasy. Thus, sir, you see I would flatter myself into a good opinion of my own way of living. Plutarch just now told me that it is in human life as in a game at tables, where a man may wish for the highest cast, but, if his chance be otherwise, he is e'en to play it as well as he can, and to make the best of it.

POPE TO MRS. ARABELLA FERMOR.

On her Marriage.

You are by this time satisfied how much the tenderness of one man of merit is to be preferred to the addresses of a thousand. And by this time the gentleman you have made choice of is sensible how great is the joy of having all those charms and good qualities which have pleased so many, now applied to please one only. It was but just that the same virtues which gave you reputation should give you happiness; and I can wish you no greater than that you may receive it in as high a degree yourself, as so much good-humour must infallibly give it to your husband.

It may be expected, perhaps, that one who has the title of a poet should say something more polite on this occasion; but I am really more a well-wisher to your felicity than a celebrator of your beauty. Besides, you are now a married woman, and in a way to be a great many better things than a fine lady; such as an excellent wife, a faithful friend, a tender parent, and at last, as the consequence of them all, a saint in heaven. You ought now to hear nothing but that which was all you ever desired to hear (whatever others may have spoken to you), I mean truth; and it is with the utmost pleasure that I assure you, no friend you have can more rejoice in any good that befalls you, is more sincerely delighted with the prospect of your future happiness, or more unfeignedly desires a long continuance of it. I hope you will think it but just that a man who will certainly be spoken of as your admirer after he is dead, may have the happiness to be esteemed while he is living,

Yours, etc.

POPE TO THE POET GAY.

September 23, 1714.

DEAR MR. GAY,—Welcome to your native soil! welcome to your friends! thrice welcome to me! whether returned in glory, blessed with court interest, the love and familiarity of the great, and filled with agreeable hopes; or melancholy with dejection, contemplative of the changes of fortune, and doubtful for the future; whether returned a triumphant Whig

or a desponding Tory, equally all hail! equally beloved and welcome to me! If happy, I am to partake in your elevation; if unhappy, you have still a warm corner in my heart, and a retreat at Binfield in the worst of times at your service. . . . I knew not whither to aim a letter after you; that was a sort of shooting flying: add to this the demand Homer had upon me, to write fifty verses a day, besides learned notes, all which are at a conclusion for this year. Rejoice with me, O my friend, that my labour is over; come and make merry with me in much feasting. We will feed among the lilies (by the lilies I mean the ladies). Are not the Rosalindas of Britain as charming as the Blousalindas of the Hague? . . . Talk not of expenses. Homer shall support his children. . . . I shall never know where to end, and am confounded in the many things I have to say to you, though they all amount but to this, that I am entirely, as ever, Yours, etc.

[Samuel Richardson to Miss Mulso (afterwards Mrs. Chapone), on correct ideas of love, a discussion occasioned by his sketching the character of Sir Charles Grandison in his novel as handsome and attractive, while profligate. The interest in the letters to and from the clique of literary ladies with whom he corresponded has now almost died out.]

SAMUEL RICHARDSON TO MISS MULSO.

Sept. 3, 1751.

You tell me, my dear Miss Mulso, 'that I am really such a bamboozler on the subject of love, that you can't tell what to make of me.' Sometimes, say you, I am persuaded that 'you have a noble and just idea of the noblest kind of love;' and sometimes I think that 'you and I have different ideas of the passion.'

In another place you are offended with the word gratitude; as if your idea of love excluded gratitude.

And further on, you are offended that I call this same passion, 'a little selfish passion.'

And you say that you have known few girls, and still fewer men, whom you have thought 'capable of being in love.'

'By this,' proceed you, 'you will see, that my ideas of the word love are different from yours, when you call it a little selfish passion.'

Now, madam, if that passion is not little and selfish that makes two vehement souls prefer the gratification of each other, often to a sense of duty, and always to the whole world without them, be pleased to tell me what it is. And pray be so good as to define to me what the noble passion is, of which so few people of either sex are capable. Give me your ideas of it.

I put not this question as a puzzler, a bamboozler, but purely for information; and that I may make my Sir Charles susceptible of the generous (may I say generous?) flame; and yet know what he is about, yet be a reasonable man.

Harriet's passion is founded in gratitude for relief given her in a great exigence. But the man who rescued her is not, it seems, to have such a word as gratitude in his head in return for her love.

I repeat that I will please you if I can; please you, Miss Mulso, I here mean (before, I meant not you particularly, my dear, but your sex), in Sir Charles's character; and I sincerely declare, that I would rather form his character to your liking, than to the liking of three parts out of four of the persons I am acquainted with.

You are one of my best girls, and best judges. Of whom have I the opinion that I have of Miss Mulso on these nice subjects?—I ask, therefore, repeatedly for your definition of the passion which you dignify by the word noble, and from which you exclude everything mean, little, or selfish.

And you really think it marvellous that a young woman should find a man of exalted merit to be in love with?—Why, truly, I am half of your mind; for how should people find what, in general, they do not seek?—Yet what good creatures are many girls!—They will be in love for all that.

Why, yes, to be sure, they would be glad of a Sir Charles Grandison, and prefer him even to a Lovelace, were he capable of being terribly in love. And yet, I know one excellent girl who 'is afraid that ladies in general will think him too wise.'—Dear, dear girls, help me to a few monkey tricks to throw into his character, in order to shield him from contempt for his wisdom.

'It is one of my maxims,' you say, 'that people even of bad hearts will admire and love people of good ones.' Very true!—And yet admiration and love, in the sense before us, do not always shake hands, except at parting, and with an intention never to meet again. I have known women who professed to admire good men; but have chosen to marry men—not so good, when lovers of both sorts have tendered themselves to their acceptance. There is something very pretty in the sound of the word wild, added to the word fellow; and good sense is a very grateful victim to be sacrificed on the altar of love. Fervour and extravagance in expression will please. How shall a woman, who, moreover, loves to be admired, know a man's heart, but from his lips?—Let him find flattery, and she will find credulity. Sweet souls! can they be always contradicting?

'You believe it is not in human nature, how-

ever depraved, to prefer evil to good in another, whatever people may do in themselves.' Why, no one would really think so, did not experience convince us that many, very many young women, in the article of marriage, though not before thought to be very depraved, are taken by this green sickness of the soul, and prefer dirt and rubbish to wholesome diet.

The result of the matter is this, with very many young women:—They will admire a good man, but they will marry a bad one. Are not rakes pretty fellows?

But one thing let me add to comfort you in relation to Harriet's difficulties, I intend to make her shine by her cordial approbation, as she goes along, of every good action of her beloved. She is humbled by her love (suspense in love is a mortifier) to think herself inferior to his sisters; but I intend to raise her above them, even in her own just opinion, and when she shines out the girl worthy of the man, not exalt but reward her, and at the same time make him think himself highly rewarded by the love of so frank and so right an heart.

There now!—Will that do, my Miss Mulso?

I laid indeed a heavy hand on the good Clarisso. But I had begun with her, with a view to the future saint in her character: and could she, but by sufferings, shine as she does? Do you, my dear child, look upon me as your paternal friend, S. RICHARDSON.

SAMUEL RICHARDSON TO AARON HILL.

October 27, 1748.

DEAR SIR,—With regard to some parts of your favour of the nineteenth, I will only say that I am too much pained on your account to express anything but my pain. A mind so noble! so generous! so underrating intentional good from himself! so overrating trifling benefits from others! But no more on this subject. You are an alien, sir, in this world; and no wonder that the base world treat you as such.

You are so very earnest about transferring to me the copyright to all your works, that I will only say, that that point must be left to the future issues of things. But I will keep account. I will, though I were to know how to use the value of your favours as to those issues (never can I the value of your generous intentions). You will allow me to repeat, *I will keep account.* It is therefore time enough to think of the bank receipt you have had the goodness to send me to fill up.

Would to heaven that all men had the same (I am sure I may call it just) opinion of your works that I have! But—shall I tell you, sir?—the world, the taste of the world, is altered since you withdrew from it. Your writings required thought to read, and to take in their whole force; and the world has no thought to bestow. Simplicity is all their cry; yet hardly do these criers know what they mean by the noble word. They may see a thousand beauties obvious to the eye; but if there lie jewels in the mine that require labour to come at, they will not dig. I do not think, that were Milton's *Paradise Lost* to be now published as a new work, it would be well received. Shakespeare, with all his beauties, would, as a modern writer, be hissed off the stage. Your sentiments, even they will have it who allow them to be noble, are too munificently adorned; and they want you to descend to their level. Will you, sir, excuse me this freedom? Yet I can no longer excuse myself, to the love and to the veneration mingled that I bear to you, if I do not acquaint you with what the world you wish to mend says of your writings. And yet for my own part, I am convinced that the fault lies in that indolent (that lazy, I should rather call it) world. You would not, I am sure, wish to write to a future age only.—A chance too so great, that posterity will be mended by what shall be handed down to them by this. And few, very few are they who make it their study and their labour to stem the tide of popular disapprobation or prejudice. Besides, I am of opinion that it is necessary for a genius to accommodate itself to the mode and taste of the world it is cast into, since works published in this age must take root in it to flourish in the next.

As to your title, sir, which you are pleased to require my opinion of, let me premise, that there was a time, and that within my own remembrance, when a pompous title was almost necessary to promote the sale of a book. But the booksellers, whose business is to watch the taste and foibles of the public, soon (as they never fail on such occasions to do) wore out that fashion; and now, verifying the old observation, that good wine needs no bush, a pompous or laboured title is looked upon as a certain sign of want of merit in the performance, and hardly ever becomes an invitation to the purchaser.

As to your particular title to this great work, I have your pardon to beg, if I refer to your consideration, whether epic, truly epic, as the piece is, you would choose to call it epic in the title page; since hundreds who will see the title, will not, at the time, have seen your admirable definition of the word. Excuse, sir, this freedom also, and excuse these excuses.—I am exceedingly pressed in time, and shall be for some time to come, or, sloven as I am in my pen, this should not have gone.

God forbid that I should have given you cause to say, as a recommendation, that there will be more prose than verse in your future works! I believe, sir, that Mr. Garrick in

particular has not in any manner entered into vindictive reflections. I never saw him on the stage; but of late I am pretty well acquainted with him. I know he honours you. But he thinks you above the present low taste (this I speak in confidence), and once I heard him say as much, and wish that you could descend to it. Hence one of the reasons that have impelled me to be so bold as I have been in this letter.

The occasion of the black wax I use is the loss of an excellent sister. We loved each other tenderly! But my frequent, I might say constant, disorders of the nervous kind ought to remind me, as a consolation, of David's self-comfort on the death of his child, perhaps oftener than it does, immersed as I am in my own trifles, and in business, that the common parental care permits me not to quit, though it becomes every day more irksome to me than another.

I am, sir, with true affection, your most faithful and obedient servant,

S. RICHARDSON.

[Lady Mary Pierrepont, afterwards Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, wrote in this sprightly and animated fashion, displayed in the first letter, to her future husband. When he became ambassador to the Porte in 1716, she accompanied him in his sojourn abroad, and we quote a few of the letters sent home to friends, which contain a record of her travels. 'Keep my letters,' she said to one of her correspondents, 'they will be as good as Madame Sévigné's forty years hence.' But a certain critic has said, that 'the Frenchwoman speaks out of the abundance of her *heart*, and the Englishwoman out of the clearness of her *head*.' If less admired now than they once were, they have been read with pleasure by many readers of a past generation.]

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU (THEN PIERREPONT) TO E. W. MONTAGU.

March 1711.

Though your letter is far from what I expected, having once promised to answer it, with the sincere account of my inmost thoughts, I am resolved you shall not find me worse than my word, which is (whatever you may think) inviolable.

'Tis no affectation to say, that I despise the pleasure of pleasing people whom I despise: all the fine equipages that shine in the ring never gave me another thought than either pity or contempt gave me for the owners, that could place happiness in attracting the eyes of strangers. Nothing touches me with satisfaction but what touches my heart, and I should find more pleasure in the secret joy I should feel at a kind expression from a friend I esteemed, than at the admiration of a whole playhouse, or the envy of those of my own sex who could not attain to the same number of jewels, fine clothes, etc., supposing I was at the very summit of this sort of happiness.

You may be this friend if you please. Did you really esteem me, had you any tender regard for me, I could, I think, pass my life in any station, happier with you than in all the grandeur of the world with any other. You have some humours, that would be disagreeable to any woman that married with an intention of finding her happiness abroad. That is not my resolution. If I marry, I propose to myself a retirement; there is few of my acquaintance I should ever wish to see again; and the pleasing one, and only one, is the way in which I design to please myself. Happiness is the natural design of all the world; and everything we see done, is meant in order to attain it. My imagination places it in friendship. By friendship, I mean an entire communication of thoughts, wishes, interests, and pleasures, being undivided; a mutual esteem, which naturally carries with it a pleasing sweetness of conversation, and terminates in the desire of making one or another happy, without being forced to run into visits, noise, and hurry, which serve rather to trouble than compose the thoughts of any reasonable creature. There are few capable of a friendship such as I have described, and 'tis necessary for the generality of the world to be taken up with trifles. Carry a fine lady or a fine gentleman out of town, and they know no more what to say. To take from them plays, operas, and fashions, is taking away all their topics of discourse; and they know not how to form their thoughts on any other subjects. They know very well what it is to be admired, but are perfectly ignorant of what it is to be loved. I take you to have sense enough not to think this science romantic: I rather choose to use the word friendship than love, because in the general sense that word is spoke, it signifies a passion rather founded on fancy than reason; and when I say friendship, I mean a mixture of friendship and esteem, and which a long acquaintance increases, not decays; how far I deserve such a friendship, I can be no judge of myself: I may want the good sense that is necessary to be agreeable to a man of merit, but I know I want the vanity to believe I have; and can promise you shall never like me less, upon knowing me better; and that I shall never forget that you have a better understanding than myself.

And now let me entreat you to think (if possible) tolerably of my modesty, after so bold a

declaration: I am resolved to throw off reserve, and use me ill if you please. I am sensible to own an inclination for a man is putting oneself wholly in his power; but sure you have generosity enough not to abuse it. After all I have said, I pretend no tie but on your heart: if you do not love me, I shall not be happy with you; if you do I need add no further. I am not mercenary, and would not receive an obligation that comes not from one who loves me. I do not desire my letter back again: you have honour, and I dare trust you. I am going to the same place I went last spring. I shall think of you there: it depends upon you in what manner. M. P.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Rotterdam, Aug. 3, O.S., 1716.

I flatter myself, dear sister, that I shall give you some pleasure in letting you know that I have safely passed the sea, though we had the ill fortune of a storm. We were persuaded by the captain of the yacht to set out in a calm, and he pretended there was nothing so easy as to tide it over; but after two days slowly moving, the wind blew so hard that none of the sailors could keep their feet, and we were all Sunday night tossed very handsomely. I never saw a man more frighted than the captain. For my part I have been so lucky neither to suffer from fear nor sea-sickness; though, I confess, I was so impatient to see myself once more upon dry land, that I would not stay till the yacht could get to Rotterdam, but went in the long boat to Helvoetsluys, where we had *voitures* to carry us to the Briel. I was charmed with the neatness of that little town; but my arrival at Rotterdam presented me a new scene of pleasure. All the streets are paved with broad stones, and before many of the meanest artificers' doors are placed seats of various-coloured marble, so neatly kept that, I'll assure you, I walked almost all over the town yesterday, *incognito*, in my slippers, without receiving one spot of dirt; and you may see the Dutch maids washing the pavement of the street, with more application than ours do our bed-chambers. The town seems so full of people with such busy faces, all in motion, that I can hardly fancy it is not some celebrated fair; but I see it is every day the same. 'Tis certain no town can be more advantageously situated for commerce. Here are seven large canals, on which the merchants' ships come up to the very doors of their houses. The shops and warehouses are of a surprising neatness and magnificence, filled with an incredible quantity of fine merchandise, and so much cheaper than what we see in England, that I have much ado to persuade myself I am still so near it. Here is neither dirt nor beggary to be seen. One is not shocked with those loathsome cripples so common in London, nor teased with the importunity of idle fellows and wenches that choose to be nasty and lazy. The common servants and little shop-women here are more nicely clean than most of our ladies, and the great variety of neat dresses (every woman dressing her head after her own fashion) is an additional pleasure in seeing the town. You see, hitherto, I make no complaints, dear sister, and if I continue to like travelling as well as I do at present, I shall not repent my project. It will go a great way in making me satisfied with it, if it affords me an opportunity of entertaining you. But it is not from Holland that you may expect a disinterested offer. I can write enough in the style of Rotterdam, to tell you plainly, in one word, that I expect returns of all the London news. You see I have already learnt to make a good bargain, and that it is not for nothing I will so much as tell you.

I am, your affectionate sister.

TO THE SAME.

Vienna, Sept. 8, O.S., 1716.

I am now, my dear sister, safely arrived at Vienna, and, I thank God, have not at all suffered in my health, nor (what is dearer to me) in that of my child, by all our fatigues. We travelled by water from Ratisbon, a journey perfectly agreeable, down the Danube, in one of those little vessels that they, very properly, call wooden houses, having in them all the conveniences of a palace, stoves in the chambers, kitchens, etc. They are rowed by twelve men each, and move with such an incredible swiftness, that in the same day you have the pleasure of a vast variety of prospects, and within the space of a few hours you have the pleasure of seeing a populous city, adorned with magnificent palaces, and the most romantic solitudes, which appear distant from the commerce of mankind, the banks of the Danube being charmingly diversified with woods, rocks, mountains covered with vines, fields of corn, large cities, and ruins of ancient castles. I saw the great towns of Passau and Lintz, famous for the retreat of the imperial court, when Vienna was besieged. This town, which has the honour of being the Emperor's residence, did not at all answer my expectations nor ideas of it, being much less than I expected to find it; the streets are very close, and so narrow, one cannot observe the fine fronts of the palaces, though many of them very well deserve observation, being truly magnificent. They are built of fine white stone, and are excessive high. For as the town is too little for the number of the people that desire to live in it, the builders seem to have projected to repair that misfortune by clapping one town on the top of another, most

of the houses being of five, and some of them of six storeys. You may easily imagine, that the streets being so narrow, the rooms are extremely dark, and what is an inconveniency much more intolerable, in my opinion, there is no house which has so few as five or six families in it. The apartments of the greatest ladies, and even of the Ministers of State, are divided but by a partition from that of a tailor or shoemaker, and I know nobody that has above two floors in any house, one for their own use, and one higher for their servants. Those that have houses of their own let out the rest of them to whoever will take them, and thus the great stairs (which are all of stone) are as common and as dirty as the street. 'Tis true, when you have once travelled through them, nothing can be more surprisingly magnificent than the apartments. They are commonly a suite of eight or ten large rooms, all inlaid, the doors and windows richly carved and gilt, and the furniture such as is seldom seen in the palaces of sovereign princes in other countries. Their apartments are adorned with hangings of the finest tapestry of Brussels, prodigious large looking-glasses in silver frames, fine japan tables, beds, chairs, canopies and window curtains of the richest Genoa damask or velvet, almost covered with gold lace or embroidery. All this is made gay by pictures and vast jars of japan china, and large lustres of rock crystal. I have already had the honour of being invited to dinner by several of the first people of quality, and I must do them the justice to say, the good taste and magnificence of their tables very well answer to that of their furniture. I have been more than once entertained with fifty dishes of meat, all served in silver, and well dressed; the dessert proportionable, served in the finest china. But the variety and richness of their wines is what appears the most surprising. The constant way is, to lay a list of their names upon the plates of the guests along with the napkins, and I have counted several times to the number of eighteen different sorts, all exquisite in their kinds. I was yesterday at Count Schoonbourn the vice-chancellor's garden, where I was invited to dinner. I must own I never saw a place so perfectly delightful as the Fauxbourg of Vienna. It is very large, and almost wholly composed of delicious palaces. If the Emperor found it proper to permit the gates of the town to be laid open, that the Fauxbourgs might be joined to it, he would have one of the largest and best built cities in Europe. Count Schoonbourn's villa is one of the most magnificent; the furniture all rich brocades, so well fancied and fitted up, nothing can look more gay and splendid; not to speak of a gallery full of rarities of coral, mother-of-pearl, and throughout the whole house a profusion of gilding, carving, fine paintings, the most beautiful porcelain, statues of alabaster and ivory, and vast orange and lemon trees in gilt pots. The dinner was perfectly fine and well ordered, and made still more agreeable by the good-humour of the Count. I have not yet been at court, being forced to stay for my gown, without which there is no waiting on the Empress; though I am not without great impatience to see a beauty that has been the admiration of so many different nations. When I have had that honour, I will not fail to let you know my real thoughts, always taking a particular pleasure in communicating them to my dear sister.

TO THE SAME.

Vienna, Jan. 16, O.S., 1717.

I am now, dear sister, to take leave of you for a long time, and of Vienna for ever, designing to-morrow to begin my journey through Hungary in spite of the excessive cold and deep snows, which are enough to damp a greater courage than I am mistress of. But my principle of passive obedience carries me through everything. I have had my audience of leave of the Empress. His Imperial Majesty was pleased to be present when I waited on the reigning Empress, and, after a very obliging conversation, both their Imperial Majesties invited me to take Vienna on my road back; but I have no thoughts of enduring over again so great a fatigue. I delivered a letter from the Duchess of Blankenburg. I stayed but a few days at that court, though her highness pressed me very much to stay, and when I left her, engaged me to write to her. I wrote you a long letter from thence, which I hope you have received, though you don't mention it; but I believe I forgot to tell you one curiosity in all the German courts, which I cannot forbear taking notice of,—all the princes keep favourite dwarfs. The Emperor and Empress have two of these little monsters, as ugly as devils, especially the female; but they are all bedaubed with diamonds, and stand at her Majesty's elbow in all public places. The Duke of Wolfenbuttle has one, and the Duchess of Blankenburg is not without hers, but indeed the most proportionable I ever saw. I am told the King of Denmark has so far improved upon this fashion, that his dwarf is his chief Minister. I can assign no reason for their fondness for these pieces of deformity, but the opinion all the absolute princes have, that 'tis below them to converse with the rest of mankind; and not to be quite alone, they are forced to seek their companions among the refuse of human nature, these creatures being the only part of their court privileged to talk freely to them. I am at present confined to my chamber by a sore throat, and am really glad of the excuse to avoid seeing people, that I love well enough, to be very much mortified when I think I am going

to part with them for ever. 'Tis true, the Austrians are not commonly the most polite people in the world, nor the most agreeable. But Vienna is inhabited by all nations, and I had formed to myself a little society of such as were perfectly to my own taste. And though the number was not great, I could never pick up, in any other place, such a number of reasonable, agreeable people. We were almost always together, and you know I have ever been of opinion that a chosen conversation, composed of a few that one esteems, is the greatest happiness of life. Here are some Spaniards of both sexes, that have all the vivacity and generosity of sentiments anciently ascribed to their nation; and could I believe that the whole kingdom were like them, I should wish nothing more than to end my days there. The ladies of my acquaintance have so much goodness for me, they cry whenever they see me, since I am determined to undertake this journey. And, indeed, I am not very easy when I reflect on what I am going to suffer. Almost everybody I see frights me with some new difficulty. Prince Eugene has been so good as to say all the things he could to persuade me to stay till the Danube is thawed, that I might have the conveniency of going by water, assuring me that the houses in Hungary are such as are no defence against the weather, and that I shall be obliged to travel three or four days between Buda and Essek without finding any house at all, through desert plains covered with snow; where the cold is so violent, many have been killed by it. I own these terrors have made a very deep impression on my mind, because I believe he tells me things truly as they are, and nobody can be better informed of them.

Now I have named that great man, I am sure you expect I should say something particular of him, having the advantage of seeing him very often; but I am as unwilling to speak of him at Vienna, as I should be to talk of Hercules in the court of Omphale, if I had seen him there. I don't know what comfort other people find in considering the weakness of great men (because, perhaps, it brings them nearer to their level), but 'tis always a mortification to me to observe that there is no perfection in humanity. The young Prince of Portugal is the admiration of the whole court; he is handsome and polite, with a great vivacity. All the officers tell wonders of his gallantry the last campaign. He is lodged at court with all the honours due to his rank. Adieu, dear sister, this is the last account you will have from me of Vienna. If I survive my journey, you shall hear from me again. I can say, with great truth, in the words of Moneses, 'I have long learnt to hold myself as nothing,' but when I think of the fatigue my poor infant must suffer, I have all a mother's fondness in my eyes, and all her tender passions in my heart.

P.S.—I have written a letter to my Lady ——, that I believe she won't like, and upon cooler reflection, I think I had done better to have let it alone; but I was downright peevish at all her questions, and her ridiculous imagination that I have certainly seen abundance of wonders which I keep to myself out of mere malice. She is very angry that I won't lie like other travellers. I verily believe she expects I should tell her of the Anthropophagi, men whose heads grow below their shoulders; however, pray say something to pacify her.

TO MR. POPE.

Belgrade, Feb. 12, O.S., 1717.

I did verily intend to write you a long letter from Peterwaradin, where I expected to stay three or four days, but the bassa here was in such haste to see us, that he despatched the courier back (which Mr. W—— had sent to know the time he would send the convoy to meet us) without suffering him to pull off his boots. My letters were not thought important enough to stop our journey, and we left Peterwaradin the next day, being waited on by the chief officers of the garrison, and a considerable convoy of Germans and Russians. The Emperor has several regiments of these people; but, to say the truth, they are rather plunderers than soldiers; having no pay, and being obliged to furnish their own arms and horses; they rather look like vagabond gipsies, or stoot beggars, than regular troops. I cannot forbear speaking a word of this race of creatures, who are very numerous all over Hungary. They have a patriarch of their own at Grand Cairo, and are really of the Greek Church, but their extreme ignorance gives their priests occasion to impose several new notions upon them. These fellows, letting their hair and beard grow inviolate, make exactly the figure of the Indian Brahmins. They are heirs-general to all the money of the laity; for which, in return, they give them formal passports signed and sealed for heaven; and the wives and children only inherit the house and cattle. In most other points they follow the Greek Church.—This little digression has interrupted my telling you we passed over the field of Carlowitz, where the last great victory was obtained by Prince Eugene over the Turks. The marks of that glorious bloody day are yet recent, the field being yet strewed with the skulls and carcases of unburied men, horses, and camels. I could not look without horror on such numbers of mangled human bodies, nor without reflecting on the injustice of war, that makes murder not only necessary, but meritorious. Nothing seems to be a plainer proof of the irrationality of mankind (whatever fine claims we pretend to reason) than the rage

with which they contest for a small spot of ground, when such vast parts of fruitful earth lie quite uninhabited. 'Tis true, custom has now made it unavoidable; but can there be a greater demonstration of want of reason, than a custom being firmly established so plainly contrary to the interest of man in general? I am a good deal inclined to believe Mr. Hobbes, that the state of nature is a state of war; but thence I conclude human nature, not rational, if the word reason means common sense, as I suppose it does. I have a great many admirable arguments to support this reflection; I won't, however, trouble you with them, but return, in a plain style, to the history of my travels.

We were met at Betsko (a village in the midway between Belgrade and Peterwaradin) by an aga of the janizaries, with a body of Turks, exceeding the Germans by one hundred men, though the bassa had engaged to send exactly the same number. You may judge by this of their fears. I am really persuaded that they hardly thought the odds of one hundred men set them even with the Germans; however, I was very uneasy till they were parted, fearing some quarrel might arise notwithstanding the parole given. We came late to Belgrade, the deep snows making the ascent to it very difficult. It seems a strong city, fortified on the east side by the Danube; and on the south by the river Save, and was formerly the barrier of Hungary. It was first taken by Solyman the Magnificent; and since, by the Emperor's forces, led by the Elector of Bavaria. The Emperor held it only two years, it being retaken by the Grand Vizier. It is now fortified with the utmost care and skill the Turks are capable of, and strengthened by a very numerous garrison of their bravest janizaries, commanded by a Bassa Seraskier (*i.e.* general), though this last expression is not very just; for to say truth, the Seraskier is commanded by the janizaries. These troops have an absolute authority here, and their conduct carries much more the aspect of rebellion than the appearance of subordination. You may judge of this by the following story, which, at the same time, will give you an idea of the admirable intelligence of the governor of Peterwaradin, though so few hours distant. We were told by him at Peterwaradin that the garrison and inhabitants of Belgrade were so weary of the war, they had killed their bassa about two months ago, in a mutiny, because he had suffered himself to be prevailed upon by a bribe of five purses (five hundred pound sterling) to give permission to the Tartars to ravage the German frontiers. We were very well pleased to hear of such favourable dispositions in the people; but when we came hither we found the governor had been ill informed, and the real truth of the story to be this. The late bassa fell under the displeasure of his soldiers, for no other reason but restraining their incursions on the Germans. They took it into their heads from that mildness that he had intelligence with the enemy, and sent such information to the Grand Signior at Adrianople; but redress not coming quick enough from thence, they assembled themselves in a tumultuous manner, and by force dragged their bassa before the Cadi and Mufti, and there demanded justice in a mutinous way; one crying out, why he protected the infidels? another, why he squeezed them of their money? The bassa, easily guessing their purpose, calmly replied to them that they asked him too many questions, and that he had but one life, which must answer for all. They then immediately fell upon him with their scimitars (without waiting the sentence of their heads of the law), and in a few moments cut him in pieces. The present bassa has not dared to punish the murder; on the contrary, he affected to applaud the actors of it, as brave fellows that knew how to do themselves justice. He takes all pretences of throwing money amongst the garrison, and suffers them to make little excursions into Hungary, where they burn some poor Russian houses.

You may imagine I cannot be very easy in a town which is really under the government of an insolent soldiery.—We expected to be immediately dismissed, after a night's lodging here; but the bassa detains us till he receives orders from Adrianople, which may possibly be a month coming. In the meantime we are lodged in one of the best houses, belonging to a very considerable man amongst them, and have a whole chamber of janizaries to guard us. My only diversion is the conversation of our host, Achmet-beg, a title something like that of count in Germany. His father was a great bassa, and he has been educated in the most polite Eastern learning, being perfectly skilled in the Arabic and Persian languages, and an extraordinary scribe, which they call Effendi. This accomplishment makes way to the greatest preferments; but he has had the good sense to prefer an easy, quiet, secure life to all the dangerous honours of the Porte. He sups with us every night, and drinks wine very freely. You cannot imagine how much he is delighted with the liberty of conversing with me. He has explained to me many pieces of Arabian poetry, which, I observe, are in numbers not unlike ours, generally of an alternate verse, and of a very musical sound. Their expressions of love are very passionate and lively. I am so much pleased with them, I really believe I should learn to read Arabic if I was to stay here a few months. He has a very good library of their books of all kind; and, as he tells me, spends the greatest part of his life there. I pass for a great scholar with

him, by relating to him some of the Persian tales, which I find are genuine. At first he believed I understood Persian. I have frequent disputes with him concerning the difference of our customs, particularly the confinement of women. He assures me there is nothing at all in it; only, says he, we have the advantage that when our wives cheat us nobody knows it. He has wit, and is more polite than many Christian men of quality. I am very much entertained with him. He has had the curiosity to make one of our servants set him an alphabet of our letters, and can already write a good Roman hand. But these amusements do not hinder my wishing heartily to be out of this place; for the weather is colder than I believe it ever was anywhere but in Greenland. We have a very large stove constantly kept hot, and yet the windows of the room are frozen on the inside. God knows when I may have an opportunity of sending this letter, but I have written it for the discharge of my own conscience; and you cannot now reproach me that one of yours makes ten of mine. Adieu.

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WALES.[1]

Adrianople, April 1, O.S., 1717.

I have now, madam, finished a journey that has not been undertaken by any Christian since the time of the Greek emperors; and I shall not regret all the fatigues I have suffered in it, if it gives me an opportunity of amusing your R.H. by an account of places utterly unknown amongst us: the Emperor's ambassadors, and those few English that have come hither, always going on the Danube to Nicopolis. But the river was now frozen, and Mr. W—— was so zealous for the service of his Majesty, that he would not defer his journey to wait for the conveniency of that passage. We crossed the deserts of Servia, almost quite over-grown with wood, though a country naturally fertile. The inhabitants are industrious; but the oppression of the peasants is so great, they are forced to abandon their houses, and neglect their tillage, all they have being a prey to the janizaries, whenever they please to seize upon it. We had a guard of five hundred of them, and I was almost in tears every day to see their insolences in the poor villages through which we passed. After seven days' travelling through thick woods, we came to Nissa, once the capital of Servia, situated in a fine plain on the river Nissava, in a very good air, and so fruitful a soil that the great plenty is hardly credible. I was certainly assured that the quantity of wine last vintage was so prodigious, that they were forced to dig holes in the earth to put it in, not having vessels enough in the town to hold it. The happiness of this plenty is scarce perceived by the oppressed people. I saw here a new occasion for my compassion; the wretches that had provided twenty waggons for our baggage from Belgrade hither for a certain hire, being all sent back without payment, some of their horses lamed, and others killed, without any satisfaction made for them. The poor fellows came round the house weeping and tearing their hair and beards in a most pitiful manner, without getting anything but drubs from the insolent soldiers. I cannot express to your R.H. how much I was moved at this scene. I would have paid them the money out of my own pocket with all my heart, but it would only have been giving so much to the aga, who would have taken it from them without any remorse. After four days' journey from this place over the mountains, we came to Sophia, situated in a large, beautiful plain on the river Isca, and surrounded with distant mountains. 'Tis hardly possible to see a more agreeable landscape. The city itself is very large, and extremely populous. Here are hot baths, very famous for their medicinal virtues. Four days' journey from hence we arrived at Philippopolis, after having passed the ridges between the mountains of Hæmus and Rhodope, which are always covered with snow. This town is situated on a rising ground near the river Hebrus, and is almost wholly inhabited by Greeks; here are still some ancient Christian churches. They have a bishop; and several of the richest Greeks live here; but they are forced to conceal their wealth with great care, the appearance of poverty (which includes part of its inconveniences) being all their security against feeling it in earnest. The country from hence to Adrianople is the finest in the world. Vines grow wild on all the hills, and the perpetual spring they enjoy makes everything gay and flourishing. But this climate, happy as it seems, can never be preferred to England, with all its frosts and snows, while we are blessed with an easy government under a king who makes his own happiness consist in the liberty of his people, and chooses rather to be looked upon as their father than their master.—This theme would carry me very far, and I am sensible I have already tired your R.H.'s patience. But my letter is in your hands, and you may make it as short as you please by throwing it into the fire when weary of reading it. I am, madam, with the greatest respect.

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[1] Queen Caroline.

TO THE ABBOT ——.

Adrianople, May 17, O.S.

I am going to leave Adrianople, and I would not do it without giving you some account of all that is curious in it, which I have taken a great deal of pains to see. I will not trouble you with wise dissertations whether or no this is the same city that was anciently called Orestesit or Oreste, which you know better than I do. It is now called from the Emperor Adrian, and was the first European seat of the Turkish empire, and has been the favourite residence of many sultans. Mahomet the 4th, and Mustapha, the brother of the reigning emperor, were so fond of it that they wholly abandoned Constantinople, which humour so far exasperated the janizaries, that it was a considerable motive to the rebellions that deposed them. Yet this man seems to love to keep his court here. I can give you no reason for this partiality. 'Tis true, the situation is fine, and the country all round very beautiful, but the air is extremely bad, and the seraglio itself is not free from the ill effect of it. The town is said to be eight miles in compass, I suppose they reckon in the gardens. There are some good houses in it, I mean large ones, for the architecture of their palaces never makes any great show. It is now very full of people, but they are, most of them, such as follow the court or camp, and when they are removed, I am told 'tis no populous city. The river Maritza (anciently the Hebrus), on which it is situated, is dried up every summer, which contributes very much to make it unwholesome. It is now a very pleasant stream. There are two noble bridges built over it. I had the curiosity to go to see the Exchange in my Turkish dress, which is disguise sufficient. Yet I own I was not very easy when I saw it crowded with janizaries; but they dare not be rude to a woman, and made way for me with as much respect as if I had been in my own figure. It is half a mile in length, the roof arched, and kept extremely neat. It holds three hundred and sixty-five shops, furnished with all sorts of rich goods, exposed to sale in the same manner as at the New Exchange in London. But the pavement is kept much neater, and the shops are all so clean, they seem just new painted. Idle people of all sorts walk here for their diversion, or amuse themselves with drinking coffee or sherbet, which is cried about as oranges and sweetmeats are in our playhouses. I observed most of the rich tradesmen were Jews. That people are in incredible power in this country. They have many privileges above all the natural Turks themselves, and have formed a very considerable commonwealth here, being judged by their own laws. They have drawn the whole trade of the empire into their hands, partly by the firm union amongst themselves, and partly by the idle temper and want of industry in the Turks. Every bassa has his Jew, who is his *homme d'affaires;* he is let into all his secrets, and does all his business. No bargain is made, no bribe received, no merchandise disposed of, but what passes through their hands. They are the physicians, the stewards, and the interpreters of all the great men. You may judge how advantageous this is to a people who never fail to make use of the smallest advantages. They have found the secret of making themselves so necessary, that they are certain of the protection of the court, whatever Ministry is in power. Even the English, French, and Italian merchants, who are sensible of their artifices, are, however, forced to trust their affairs to their negotiation, nothing of trade being managed without them, and the meanest among them being too important to be disobliged, since the whole body take care of his interests with as much vigour as they would those of the most considerable of their members. They are many of them vastly rich, but they care to make little public show of it, though they live in their houses in the utmost luxury and magnificence. This copious subject has drawn me from my description of the Exchange, founded by Ali Bassa, whose name it bears. Near it is the Sherski, a street of a mile in length, full of shops of all kinds of fine merchandise, but excessive dear, nothing being made here. It is covered on the top with boards to keep out the rain, that merchants may meet conveniently in all weathers. The Besiten, near it, is another exchange built upon pillars, where all sorts of horse furniture is sold. Glittering everywhere with gold, rich embroidery, and jewels, it makes a very agreeable show. From this place I went in my Turkish coach to the camp, which is to move in a few days to the frontiers. The Sultan is already gone to his tents, and all his court; the appearance of them is, indeed, very magnificent. Those of the great men are rather like palaces than tents, taking up a great compass of ground, and being divided into a vast number of apartments. They are all of green, and the bassas of three tails have those ensigns of their power placed in a very conspicuous manner before their tents, which are adorned on the top with gilded balls, more or less, according to their different ranks. The ladies go in coaches to see the camp, as eagerly as ours did to that of Hyde Park, but 'tis very easy to observe that the soldiers do not begin the campaign with any great cheerfulness. The war is a general grievance upon the people, but particularly hard upon the tradesmen, now that the Grand Signior is resolved to lead his army in person. Every company of them is obliged, upon this occasion, to make a present according to their ability.

I took the pains of rising at six in the

morning to see the ceremony, which did not, however, begin till eight. The Grand Signior was at the Seraglio window to see the procession, which passed through the principal streets. It was preceded by an Effendi, mounted on a camel, richly furnished, reading aloud the Alcoran, finely bound, laid upon a cushion. He was surrounded by a parcel of boys, in white, singing some verses of it, followed by a man dressed in green boughs, representing a clean husbandman sowing seed. After him several reapers with garlands of ears of corn, as Ceres is pictured, with scythes in their hands, seeming to mow. Then a little machine drawn by oxen, in which was a wind-mill and boys employed in grinding corn, followed by another machine drawn by buffaloes carrying an oven, and two more boys, one employed in kneading the bread and another in drawing it out of the oven. These boys threw little cakes on both sides amongst the crowd, and were followed by the whole company of bakers, marching on foot, two by two, in their best clothes, with cakes, loaves, pasties, and pies of all sorts on their heads, and after them two buffoons or jack puddings, with their faces and clothes smeared with meal, who diverted the mob with their antic gestures. In the same manner followed all the companies of trade in the empire; the nobler sort, such as jewellers, mercers, etc., finely mounted, and many of the pageants that represent their trades perfectly magnificent, amongst which that of the furriers made one of the best figures, being a very large machine set round with the skins of ermines, foxes, etc., so well stuffed that the animals seemed to be alive, and followed by music and dancers. I believe they were, upon the whole, twenty thousand men, all ready to follow his highness if he commanded them. The rear was closed by the volunteers, who came to beg the honour of dying in his service. This part of the show seemed to me so barbarous that I removed from the window upon the first appearance of it. They were all naked to the middle. Some had their arms pierced through with arrows left sticking in them. Others had them sticking in their heads, the blood trickling down their faces. Some slashed their arms with sharp knives, making the blood spring out upon those that stood there, and this is looked upon as an expression of their zeal for glory. I am told that some make use of it to advance their love, and when they are near the window where their mistress stands (all the women in town being veiled to see this spectacle), they stick another arrow for her sake, who gives some sign of approbation and encouragement to this gallantry. The whole show lasted for near eight hours, to my great sorrow, who was heartily tired, though I was in the house of the widow of the captain bassa (admiral), who refreshed me with coffee, sweetmeats, sherbet, etc., with all possible civility.

I went two days after to see the mosque of Sultan Selim I., which is a building very well worth the curiosity of a traveller. I was dressed in my Turkish habit, and admitted without scruple, though I believe they guessed who I was, by the extreme officiousness of the doorkeeper to show me every part of it. It is situated very advantageously in the midst of the city, and in the highest part of it, making a very noble show. The first court has four gates, and the innermost three. They are both of them surrounded with cloisters, with marble pillars of the Ionic order, finely polished, and of very lively colours; the whole pavement is of white marble, and the roof of the cloisters divided into several cupolas or domes, headed with gilt balls on the top. In the midst of each court are fine fountains of white marble, and before the great gate of the mosque, a portico with green marble pillars, which has five gates, the body of the mosque being one prodigious dome. I understand so little of architecture, I dare not pretend to speak of the proportions. It seemed to be very regular; this I am sure of, it is vastly high, and I thought it the noblest building I ever saw. It has two rows of marble galleries on pillars, with marble balusters; the pavement is also marble, covered with Persian carpets. In my opinion, it is a great addition to its beauty that it is not divided into pews, and encumbered with forms and benches like our churches; nor the pillars (which are the most of them red and white marble) disfigured by the little tawdry images and pictures that give Roman Catholic churches the air of toy-shops. The walls seem to me inlaid with such very lively colours in small flowers, that I could not imagine what stones had been made use of. But going nearer, I saw they were crusted with Japan china, which has a very beautiful effect. In the midst hangs a vast lamp of silver gilt, besides which, I do verily believe, there were at least two thousand of a lesser size. This must look very glorious when they are all lighted, but being at night no women are suffered to enter. Under the large lamp is a great pulpit of carved wood gilt, and just by, a fountain to wash, which you know is an essential part of their devotion. In one corner is a little gallery enclosed with gilded lattices for the Grand Signior. At the upper end a large niche, very like an altar, raised two steps, covered with gold brocade, and standing before it two silver-gilt candlesticks, the height of a man, and in them white wax candles as thick as a man's waist. The outside of the mosque is adorned with towers vastly high, gilt on the top, from whence the Imaums call the people to prayers. I had the curiosity to go up one of them, which is contrived so artfully as to give surprise to all that see it. There is but one door, which leads to three different staircases, going to the three different storeys of

the tower in such a manner that three priests may ascend, rounding, without ever meeting each other, a contrivance very much admired. Behind the mosque is an exchange full of shops, where poor artificers are lodged gratis. I saw several dervishes at their prayers here. They are dressed in a plain piece of woollen, with their arms bare, and a woollen cap on their heads, like a high-crowned hat without brims. I went to see some other mosques, built much after the same manner, but not comparable in point of magnificence to this I have described, which is infinitely beyond any church in Germany or England; I won't talk of other countries I have not seen. The Seraglio does not seem a very magnificent palace. But the gardens are very large, plentifully supplied with water, and full of trees, which is all I know of them, having never been in them.

I tell you nothing of the order of Mr. W——'s entry, and his audience. These things are always the same, and have been so often described, I won't trouble you with the repetition. The young prince, about eleven years old, sits near his father when he gives audience. He is a handsome boy, but probably will not immediately succeed the Sultan, there being two sons of Sultan Mustapha (his eldest brother) remaining, the eldest about twenty years old, on whom the hopes of the people are fixed. This reign has been bloody and avaricious. I am apt to believe they are very impatient to see the end of it. I am, sir,

Your, etc.

P.S.—I will write to you again from Constantinople.

[Dr. Johnson and Lord Macaulay have both denounced Lord Chesterfield's *Letters* in pretty strong language, the former saying that they taught the morals of a courtesan and the manners of a dancing master. They were, however, written at a time when the standard of public morals was not very exalted. The aim of Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield (1694–1773), in writing these letters to his natural son, Philip Stanhope, was to adapt the dawnings of instruction to the capacity of a boy, 'rising gradually by precept and monition calculated to direct and guard the age of incautious youth to the advice and knowledge requisite to form the man ambitious to shine as an accomplished courtier, an orator in the senate, or a minister at foreign courts. The Earl of Chesterfield showed good sense and a knowledge of the world, and was master of a pleasant style in these celebrated letters; but their recipient, who acted for a time as envoy to the court at Dresden, was not much benefited by them, as his manners continued shy, distant, and repulsive. These letters of this ingenious and witty statesman were not intended for publication. Philip Stanhope, to whom the letters were addressed, died in 1768; when these letters, after the death of Lord Chesterfield, coming into the hands of Mrs. Eugenia Stanhope, his son's widow, were published by her. The sum of £1500 was paid for the work, and five editions were called for within twelve months. The letters extend between 1738 and 1768.]

THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD TO HIS SON, PHILIP STANHOPE.

London, November 24, 1747.

DEAR BOY,—As often as I write to you (and that you know is pretty often), so often I am in doubt whether it is to any purpose, and whether it is not labour and paper lost. This entirely depends upon the degree of reason and reflection which you are master of, or think proper to exert. If you give yourself time to think, and have sense enough to think right, two reflections must necessarily occur to you: the one is, that I have a great deal of experience and that you have none; the other is, that I am the only man living who cannot have, directly or indirectly, any interest concerning you but your own. From which two undeniable principles, the obvious and necessary conclusion is that you ought, for your own sake, to attend to and follow my advice.

If, by the application which I recommend to you, you acquire great knowledge, you alone are the gainer; I pay for it. If you should deserve either a good or a bad character, mine will be exactly what it is now, and will neither be the better in the first case, nor the worse in the latter. You alone will be the gainer or the loser.

Whatever your pleasures may be, I neither can nor shall envy you them, as old people are sometimes suspected by young people to do; and I shall only lament, if they should prove such as are unbecoming a man of honour, or below a man of sense. But you will be the real sufferer, if they are such. As, therefore, it is plain that I have no other motive than that of affection in whatever I say to you, you ought to look upon me as your best and, for some years to come, your only friend.

True friendship requires certain proportions of age and manners, and can never subsist where they are extremely different, except in the relations of parent and child, where affection on one side and regard on the other make up the difference. The friendship which you may contract with people of your own age, may be sincere, may be warm; but must be for some time reciprocally unprofitable, as there can be no experience on either side.

The young leading the young, is like the blind leading the blind; 'they will both fall into the ditch.' The only sure guide is he who has often gone the road which you want to go. Let me be that guide, who have gone all roads, and who can consequently point out to you the best. If you ask me why I went any of the bad roads myself, I will answer you very truly, that is for want of a good guide; ill example invited me one way, and a good guide was wanting to show me a better. But if anybody, capable of advising me, had taken the same pains with me, which I have taken, and will continue to take with you, I should have avoided many follies and inconveniences, which undirected youth ran me into. My father was neither able nor desirous to advise me; which is what I hope you cannot say of yours. You see that I make use of the word *advise;* because I would much rather have the assent of your reason to my advice, than the submission of your will to my authority. This, I persuade myself, will happen, from that degree of sense which I think you have; and therefore I will go on advising, and with hopes of success. You are now settled for some time at Leipsic: the principal object of your stay there is the knowledge of books and sciences; which if you do not, by attention and application, make yourself master of while you are there, you will be ignorant of them all the rest of your life: and take my word for it, a life of ignorance is not only a very contemptible, but a very tiresome one. Redouble your attention, then, to Mr. Harte, in your private studies of the *literæ humaniores*, especially Greek. State your difficulties whenever you have any; do not suppress them either from mistaken shame, lazy indifference, or in order to have done the sooner. Do the same with Professor Mascow or any other professor.

When you have thus usefully employed your mornings, you may with a safe conscience divert yourself in the evenings, and make those evenings very useful too, by passing them in good company, and, by observation and attention, learning as much of the world as Leipsic can teach you. You will observe and imitate the manners of the people of the best fashion there; not that they are (it may be) the best manners in the world, but because they are the best manners of the place where you are, to which a man of sense always conforms. The nature of things is always and everywhere the same, but the modes of them vary, more or less, in every country; and an easy and genteel conformity to them, or rather the assuming of them at proper times and in proper places, is what particularly constitutes a man of the world, and a well-bred man.

Here is advice enough, I think, and too much it may be you will think, for one letter: if you follow it, you will get knowledge, character, and pleasure by it; if you do not, I only lose *operam et oleum*, which, in all events, I do not grudge you.

I send you by a person who sets out this day for Leipsic, a small packet containing some valuable things which you left behind; to which I have added, by way of New Year's gift, a very pretty tooth-pick case: and, by the way, pray take care of your teeth, and keep them extremely clean. I have likewise sent you the Greek roots lately translated into English from the French of the Port Royal. Inform yourself what the Port Royal is. To conclude with a quibble: I hope you will not only feed upon the Greek roots, but likewise digest them perfectly. Adieu.

TO THE SAME.

London, April 19, 1749.

DEAR BOY,—This letter will, I believe, still find you at Venice, in all the dissipations of masquerades, riddotos, operas, etc.; with all my heart, they are decent evening amusements, and very properly succeed that serious application to which I am sure you devote your mornings.

There are liberal and illiberal pleasures, as well as liberal and illiberal arts. There are some pleasures that degrade a gentleman as much as some trades could do. Sottish drinking; indiscriminate gluttony, driving coaches, rustic sports, such as fox-chases, horse-races, etc., are in my opinion infinitely below the honest and industrious professions of a tailor and a shoemaker, which are said to *déroger*.

As you are now in a musical country, where singing, fiddling, and piping are not only the common topics of conversation, but almost the principal objects of attention, I cannot help cautioning you against giving into those (I will call them illiberal) pleasures (though music is commonly reckoned one of the liberal arts) to the degree that most of your countrymen do when they travel in Italy. If you love music, hear it; go to operas, concerts, and pay fiddlers to play to you, but I insist on your neither piping nor fiddling yourself. It puts a gentleman in a very frivolous, contemptible light; brings him into a great deal of bad company; and takes up a great deal of time which might be much better employed. Few things would mortify me more than to see you bearing part

in a concert with a fiddle under your chin or a pipe in your mouth.

I have had a great deal of conversation with Comte du Perron and Comte Lascaris, upon your subject; and I will tell you, very truly, what Comte de Perron (who is, in my opinion, a very pretty man) said of you. 'Il a de l'esprit, un savoir peu common à son âge, une grande vivacité, et quand il aura pris des manières il sera parfait; car il faut avouer qu'il sent encore le collége; mais cela viendra.' I was very glad to hear from one whom I think so good a judge, that you wanted nothing but *des manières;* which I am convinced you will now soon acquire in the company which henceforwards you are likely to keep. But I must add too, that if you should acquire them, all the rest will be of very little use to you. By *manières* I do not mean bare common civility; everybody must have that who would not be kicked out of company; but I mean engaging, insinuating, shining manners, a distinguished politeness, an almost irresistible address, a superior gracefulness in all you say and do. It is this alone that can give all your other talents their full lustre and value, and consequently it is this which should now be the principal object of your attention. Observe minutely, wherever you go, the allowed and established models of good breeding, and form yourself upon them. Whatever pleases you most in others will infallibly please others in you. I have often repeated this to you; now is your time of putting it in practice.

Pray make my compliments to Mr. Harte, and tell him I have received his letter from Vienna, but that I shall not trouble him till I have received the other letter he promises me upon the subject of one of my last. I long to hear from him after your settlement at Turin; the months that you are to pass there will be very decisive ones for you. The exercises of the Academy, and the manners of courts, must be attended to and acquired, and at the same time your other studies continued. I am sure you will not pass, nor desire, one single idle hour there; for I do not foresee that you can, in any part of your life, put out six months to greater interest than these next six at Turin.

We will talk hereafter about your stay at Rome and in other parts of Italy. This only I will recommend to you, which is, to extract the spirit of every place you go to. In those places which are only distinguished by classical fame and valuable remains of antiquity, have your classics in your hand and in your head; compare the ancient geography and descriptions with the modern; and never fail to take notes. Rome will furnish you with business enough of that sort, but then it furnishes you with many other objects well deserving your attention, such as deep ecclesiastical craft and policy. Adieu.

TO THE SAME.

London, May 27, O.S., 1752.

My dear Friend,—I send you the enclosed original from a friend of ours, with my own commentaries upon the text, a text which I have so often paraphrased and commented upon already, that I can hardly say anything new upon it; but, however, I cannot give it over till I am better convinced, than I yet am, that you feel all the utility, the importance, and the necessity of it; nay, not only feel, but practise it. Your panegyrist allows you, what most fathers would be more than satisfied with in a son, and chides me for not contenting myself with *l'essentiellement bon;* but I, who have been in no one respect like other fathers, cannot neither, like them, content myself with *l'essentiellement bon;* because I know that it will not do your business in the world, while you want *quelques couches de vernis.* Few fathers care much for their sons, or, at least, most of them care more for their money; and consequently content themselves with giving them, at the cheapest rate, the common run of education; that is, at school till eighteen, the university till twenty, and a couple of years riding post through the several towns of Europe; impatient till their boobies come home to be married and, as they call it, settled. Of those who really love their sons, few know how to do it. Some spoil them by fondling them while they are young, and then quarrel with them when they are grown up for having been spoiled; some love them like mothers, and attend only to the bodily health and strength of the hopes of their family, solemnize his birthday, and rejoice, like the subjects of the Great Mogul, at the increase of his bulk; while others, minding, as they think, only essentials, take pains and pleasure to see in their heir all their favourite weaknesses and imperfections. I hope and believe that I have kept clear of all these errors in the education which I have given you. No weaknesses of my own have warped it, no parsimony has starved it, no rigour has deformed it. Sound and extensive learning was the foundation which I meaned to lay; I have laid it, but that alone, I knew, would by no means be sufficient; the ornamental, the showish, the pleasing superstructure, was to be begun. In that view I threw you into the great world, entirely your own master, at an age when others either guzzle at the university, or are sent abroad in servitude to some awkward, pedantic Scotch governor. This was to put you in the way, and the only way, of acquiring those manners, that address, and those graces, which exclusively distinguish people of fashion, and without which all moral virtues and all acquired learning are of no sort of use in courts and *le beau monde;* on the contrary, I am not sure if they

are not a hindrance. They are feared and disliked in those places, as too severe, if not smoothed and introduced by *the graces;* but of the graces, of this necessary *beau vernis*, it seems there are still *quelques couches qui manquent.* Now, pray let me ask you, coolly and seriously, *pourquoi ces couches manquent elles?* For you may as easily take them, as you may wear more or less powder in your hair, more or less lace upon your coat. I can, therefore, account for your wanting them, no other way in the world than from your not being yet convinced of their full value. You have heard some English bucks say, '—— these finical, outlandish airs; give me a manly, resolute manner. They make a rout with their graces, and talk like a parcel of dancing masters, and dress like a parcel of fops; one good Englishman will beat three of them.' But let your own observation undeceive you of these prejudices. I will give you one instance only, instead of a hundred that I could give you, of a very shining fortune and figure, raised upon no other foundation whatsoever than that of address, manners, and graces. Between you and me (for this example must go no farther) what do you think made our friend, Lord A——e, colonel of a regiment of Guards, Governor of Virginia, Groom of the Stole, and Ambassador to Paris; amounting in all to sixteen or seventeen thousand pounds a year? Was it his birth? no, a Dutch gentleman only. Was it his estate? no, he had none. Was it his learning, his parts, his political abilities and application? You can answer those questions as easily, and as soon, as I can ask them. What was it, then? Many people wondered, but I do not; for I know, and will tell you. It was his air, his address, his manners, and his graces. He pleased, and by pleasing became a favourite; and by becoming a favourite, became all that he has been since. Show me any one instance, where intrinsic worth and merit, unassisted by exterior accomplishments, have raised any man so high. You know the Duc de Richelieu, now *Maréchal, Cordon bleu, Gentilhomme de la Chambre*, twice ambassador, etc. By what means? not by the purity of his character, the depth of his knowledge, or any uncommon penetration and sagacity. Women alone formed and raised him. The Duchess of Burgundy took a fancy to him, and had him before he was sixteen years old; this put him in fashion among the *beau monde;* and the late Regent's eldest daughter, now Madame de Modene, took him next, and was near marrying him. These early connections with women of the first distinction, give him those manners, graces, and address which you see he has; and which, I can assure you, are all that he has; for strip him of them, and he will be one of the poorest men in Europe. Man nor woman cannot resist an engaging exterior; it will please, it will make its way. You want, it seems, but *quelques couches;* for God's sake lose no time in getting them, and now that you have gone so far, complete the work. Think of nothing else till that work is finished; unwearied application will bring about anything, and surely your application can never be so well employed as upon that object, which is absolutely necessary to facilitate all others. With your knowledge and parts, if adorned by manners and graces, what may you not hope one day to be? But without them you will be in the situation of a man who should be very fleet of one leg, but very lame of the other. He could not run, the lame leg would check and clog the well one, which would be very near useless.

From my original plan for your education, I meaned to make you *un homme universel;* what depended upon me is executed, the little that remains undone depends singly upon you. Do not, then, disappoint when you can so easily gratify me. It is your own interest which I am pressing you to pursue, and it is the only return that I desire for all the care and affection of, Yours.

TO THE SAME.

London, May 31, O.S., 1752.

My dear Friend,—The world is the book, and the only one to which, at present, I would have you apply yourself; and the thorough knowledge of it will be of more use to you, than all the books that ever were read. Lay aside the best book whenever you can go into the best company, and depend upon it, you change for the better. However, as the most tumultuous life, whether of business or pleasure, leaves some vacant moments every day, in which a book is the refuge of a rational being, I mean now to point out to you the method of employing those moments (which will and ought to be but few) in the most advantageous manner. Throw away none of your time upon those trivial, futile books, published by idle or necessitous authors, for the amusement of idle and ignorant readers; such sort of books swarm and buzz about one every day; flap them away, they have no sting. *Certam pete finem*,—have some one object for those leisure moments, and pursue that object invariably till you have attained it; and then take some other. For instance, considering your destination, I would advise you to single out the most remarkable and interesting eras of modern history, and confine all your reading to that *era.* If you pitch upon the treaty of Munster (and that is the proper period to begin with, in the course which I am now recommending), do not interrupt it by dipping and deviating into other books unrelative to it; but consult only the most authentic histories, letters, memoirs, and negotiations relative to that

great transaction; reading and comparing them, with all that caution and distrust which Lord Bolingbroke recommends to you, in a better manner and in better words than I can. The next period, worth your particular knowledge, is the treaty of the Pyrenees; which was calculated to lay, and in effect did lay, the foundation of the succession of the house of Bourbon to the crown of Spain. Pursue that in the same manner, singling out of the millions of volumes written upon that occasion the two or three most authentic ones; and particularly letters, which are the best authorities in matters of negotiation. Next come the treaties of Nimeguen and Ryswick, postscripts in a manner to those of Munster and the Pyrenees. Those two transactions have had great light thrown upon them by the publication of many authentic and original letters and pieces. The concessions made at the treaty of Ryswick, by the then triumphant Louis XIV., astonished all those who viewed things only superficially; but, I should think, must have been easily accounted for by those who knew the state of the kingdom of Spain, as well as of the health of its king, Charles II., at that time. The interval between the conclusion of the peace of Ryswick, and the breaking out of the great war in 1702, though a short, is a most interesting one. Every week of it almost produced some great event. Two partition treaties, the death of the King of Spain, his unexpected will, and the acceptance of it by Louis XIV., in violation of the second treaty of partition, just signed and ratified by him. Philip V. quietly and cheerfully received in Spain, and acknowledged as king of it by most of those powers who afterwards joined in an alliance to dethrone him. I cannot help making this observation upon that occasion, that character has often more to do in great transactions than prudence and sound policy; for Louis XIV. gratified his personal pride, by giving a Bourbon king to Spain at the expense of the true interest of France, which would have acquired much more solid and permanent strength by the addition of Naples, Sicily, and Lorraine, upon the foot of the second partition treaty; and I think it was fortunate for Europe that he preferred the will. It is true, he might hope to influence his grandson; but he could never expect that his Bourbon posterity in France should influence his Bourbon posterity in Spain; he knew too well how weak the ties of blood are among men, and how much weaker still they are among princes. The memoirs of Count Harrach and of Las Torres give a good deal of light into the transactions of the court of Spain previous to the death of that weak king; and the letters of the Marechal d'Harcourt, then the French ambassador in Spain, of which I have authentic copies in manuscript, from the year 1698 to 1701, have cleared up that whole affair to me. I keep that book for you. It appears by those letters that the imprudent conduct of the house of Austria, with regard to the King and Queen of Spain and Madame Berlips, her favourite, together with the knowledge of the partition treaty, which incensed all Spain, were the true and only reasons of the will in favour of the Duke of Anjou. Cardinal Portocarrero, nor any of the grandees, were bribed by France, as was generally reported and believed at that time; which confirms Voltaire's anecdote upon that subject. Then opens a new scene and a new century: Louis XIV.'s good fortune forsakes him, till the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene make him amends for all the mischief they had done him, by making the allies refuse the terms of peace offered by him at Gertruydenberg. How the disadvantageous peace of Utrecht was afterwards brought on, you have lately read; and you cannot inform yourself too minutely of all those circumstances, that treaty being the freshest source from whence the late transactions of Europe have flowed. The alterations that have since happened, whether by wars or treaties, are so recent that all the written accounts are to be helped out, proved, or contradicted by the oral ones of almost every informed person of a certain age or rank in life. For the facts, dates, and original pieces of this century, you will find them in Lamberti, till the year 1715, and after that time in Rouffet's *Recueil*.

I do not mean that you should plod hours together in researches of this kind; no, you may employ your time more usefully; but I mean that you should make the most of the moments you do employ by method, and the pursuit of one single object at a time; nor should I call it a digression from that object, if, when you meet with clashing and jarring pretensions of different princes to the same thing, you had immediately recourse to other books, in which those several pretensions were clearly stated; on the contrary, that is the only way of remembering those contested rights and claims: for, were a man to read *tout de suite* Schwederus's *Theatrum Pretensionum*, he would only be confounded by the variety, and remember none of them; whereas, by examining them occasionally, as they happen to occur either in the course of your historical reading, or as they are agitated in your own times, you will retain them, by connecting them with those historical facts which occasioned your inquiry. For example, had you read, in the course of two or three folios of *Pretensions*, those, among others, of the two Kings of England and Prussia to Oost Frise, it is impossible that you should have remembered them; but now, that they are become the debated object at the Diet at Ratisbon, and the topic of all political conversations, if you consult both books and persons concerning them, and inform

yourself thoroughly, you will never forget them as long as you live. You will hear a great deal of them on one side at Hanover; and as much on the other side afterwards at Berlin: hear both sides, and form your own opinion, but dispute with neither.

Letters from foreign Ministers to their courts, and from their courts to them, are, if genuine, the best and most authentic records you can read, as far as they go. Cardinal D'Offat's, President Jeannin's, D'Estrade's, Sir William Temple's will not only inform your mind, but form your style; which, in letters of business, should be very plain and simple, but, at the same time, exceedingly clear, correct, and pure.

All that I have said may be reduced to these two or three plain principles; firstly, That you should now read very little, but converse a great deal: secondly, To read no useless, unprofitable books: and, thirdly, that those which you do read may all tend to a certain object, and be relative to, and consequential of, each other. In this method, half-an-hour's reading every day will carry you a great way. People seldom know how to employ their time to the best advantage, till they have too little left to employ; but, if at your age, in the beginning of life, people would but consider the value of it, and put every moment to interest, it is incredible what an additional fund of knowledge and pleasure such an economy would bring in. I look back with regret upon that large sum of time which in my youth I lavished away idly, without either improvement or pleasure. Take warning betimes, and enjoy every moment; pleasures do not commonly last so long as life, and therefore should not be neglected; and the longest life is too short for knowledge, consequently every moment is precious.

I am surprised at having received no letter from you since you left Paris. I still direct this to Strasburg, as I did my two last. I shall direct my next to the post house at Mayence, unless I receive, in the meantime, contrary instructions from you. Adieu! Remember *les attentions:* they must be your passports into good company.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, November 4, 1757.

My dear Friend,—The sons of Britain, like those of Noah, must cover their parent's shame as well as they can; for to retrieve its honour is now too late. One would really think that our ministers and generals were all as drunk as the patriarch was. However, in your situation, you must not be cham; but spread your cloak over our disgrace as far as it will go. M——t calls aloud for a public trial; and in that, and that only, the public agrees with him. There will certainly be one; but of what kind is not yet fixed. Some are for a parliamentary inquiry, others for a martial one; neither will, in my opinion, discover the true secret; for a secret there most unquestionably is. Why we stayed six whole days in the island of Aix, mortal cannot imagine; which time the French employed, as it was obvious they would, in assembling all their troops in the neighbourhood of Rochfort, and making our attempt then really impracticable. The day after we had taken the island of Aix, your friend, Colonel Wolfe, publicly offered to do the business with five hundred men and three ships only. In all these complicated political machines, there are so many wheels within wheels, that it is always difficult, and sometimes impossible, to guess which of them gives directions to the whole. Mr. Pitt is convinced that the principal wheel, or if you will, 'the spoke in his wheel,' came from Stade. This is certain, at least, that M——t was the man of confidence with that person. Whatever be the truth of the case, there is, to be sure hitherto, an *hiatus valde deflendus.*

The meeting of the Parliament will certainly be very numerous, were it only from curiosity; but the majority on the side of the court will, I daresay, be a great one. The people of the late Captain-General, however inclined to oppose, will be obliged to concur. Their commissions, which they have no desire to lose, will make them tractable; for those gentlemen, though all men of honour, are of Sofia's mind, *que le vrai Amphitrion est celui où l'on dine.* The Tories, and the city, have engaged to support Pitt; the Whigs, the Duke of Newcastle; the independent and the impartial, as you well know, are not worth mentioning. It is said that the duke intends to bring the affair of his convention into Parliament, for his own justification: I can hardly believe it; as I cannot conceive that transactions so merely electoral can be proper objects of inquiry or deliberation for a British parliament; and therefore, should such a motion be made, I presume it will be immediately quashed. By the commission lately given to Sir John Ligonier, of General and Commander-in-chief of all his Majesty's forces in Great Britain, the door seems to be not only shut, but bolted, against his royal highness' return; and I have good reason to be convinced that that breach is irreparable. The reports of changes in the Ministry, I am pretty sure, are idle and groundless. The Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Pitt really agree very well; not, I presume, from any sentimental tenderness for each other, but from a sense that it is their mutual interest; and, as the late Captain-General's party is now out of question, I do not see what should produce the least change.

The visit, lately made to Berlin, was, I daresay, neither a friendly nor an inoffensive one.—The Austrians always leave behind them

pretty lasting monuments of their visits, or rather visitations: not so much, I believe, from their thirst of glory, as from their hunger of prey.

This winter, I take for granted, must produce a peace of some kind or other; a bad one for us, no doubt, and yet perhaps better than we should get the year after. I suppose the King of Prussia is negotiating with France, and endeavouring by those means to get out of the scrape, with the loss only of Silesia, and perhaps Halberstadt, by way of indemnification to Saxony; and, considering all circumstances, he would be well off upon those terms. But then how is Sweden to be satisfied? Will the Russians restore Memel? Will France have been at all this expense gratis? Must there be no acquisition for them in Flanders? I daresay they have stipulated something of that sort for themselves by the additional secret treaty, which I know they made, last May, with the Queen of Hungary. Must we give up whatever the French please to desire in America, besides the cession of Minorca in perpetuity? I fear we must, or else raise twelve millions more next year, to as little purpose as we did this, and have consequently a worse peace afterwards. I turn my eyes away, as much as I can, from this miserable prospect; but, as a citizen and member of society, it recurs to my imagination, notwithstanding all my endeavours to banish it from my thoughts. I can do myself nor my country no good; but I feel the wretched situation of both: the state of the latter makes me better bear that of the former; and, when I am called away from my station here, I shall think it rather (as Cicero says of Crassus), *Mors donata quam vita erepta.*

I have often desired, but in vain, the favour of being admitted into your private apartment at Hamburg, and of being informed of your private life there. Your mornings, I hope and believe, are employed in business; but give me an account of the remainder of the day, which I suppose is, and ought to be, appropriated to amusements and pleasures. In what houses are you domestic? Who are so in yours? In short, let me in, and do not be denied to me.

Here I am, as usual, seeing few people, and hearing fewer; drinking the waters regularly, to a minute, and am something the better for them. I read a great deal, and vary occasionally my dead company. I converse with grave folios in the morning, while my head is clearest, and my attention strongest; I take up less severe quartos after dinner, and at night I choose mixed company and the amusing chit-chat of octavos and duodecimos. *Je tire parti de tout ce que je puis;* that is my philosophy, and I mitigate, as much as I can, my physical ills, by diverting my attention to other objects.

Here is a report that Admiral Holbourne's fleet is destroyed, in a manner, by a storm; I hope it is not true, in the full extent of the report; but I believe it has suffered. This would fill up the measure of our misfortunes.

Adieu.

TO THE SAME.

London, March 3, 1767.

My dear Friend,—Yesterday I received two letters at once from you, both dated Montpellier, one of the 29th of last December, and the other the 12th of February; but I cannot conceive what became of my letters to you, for I assure you that I answered all yours the next post after I had received them, and about ten days ago, I wrote you a volunteer, because you have been so long silent, and I was afraid that you were not well; but your letter of the 12th February has removed all my fears upon that score. The same climate that has restored your health so far, will probably, in a little more time, restore your strength too, though you must not expect it to be quite what it was before your late painful complaints. At least I find that, since my late great rheumatism, I cannot walk above half an hour at a time, which I do not place singly to the account of my years, but chiefly to the great shock given them to my limbs. *D'ailleurs* I am pretty well, for my age and shattered constitution.

As I told you in my last, I must tell you again in this, that I have no news to send. Lord Chatham, at last, came to town yesterday, full of gout, and is not able to stir hand or foot. During his absence, Charles Townsend has talked of him and at him in such a manner, that henceforwards they must be either much worse or much better together than ever they were in their lives. On Friday last, Mr. Dowdeswell and Mr. Grenville moved to have one shilling in the pound of the land-tax taken off, which was opposed by the court, but the court lost it by eighteen. The Opposition triumph much upon this victory, though, I think, without much reason; for it is plain that all the landed gentlemen bribed themselves with this shilling in the pound.

The Duke of Buccleugh is very soon to be married to Lady Betty Montague; Lord Essex was married, yesterday, to Harriet Bladen; and Lord Strathmore, last week, to Miss Bowes; both couples went directly from church to consummation in the country, from an unnecessary fear that they should not be tired of each other if they stayed in town. And now *dixi;* God bless you!

You are in the right to go to see the Assembly of the States of Languedoc, though they are but the shadow of the original *Etats,* while their was some liberty subsisting in France.

[The following letter, though wanting a date, is supposed, from the allusion to the publication of *The Castle of Indolence*, to have been written in the April of 1748. Paterson, to whom Thomson devoted one of the stanzas of that exquisite poem, had been his companion, and was then his deputy in the office of Surveyor-General of the Leeward Isles. Paterson was accustomed, as we are informed by Murdoch, 'to write out fair copies for his friend, when such were required, for the press or for the stage. This gentleman, likewise, courted the tragic muse, and had taken for his subject the story of Arminius, the German hero. But his play, guiltless as it was, being presented for a licence, no sooner had the censor cast his eyes on the hand-writing in which he had seen *Edward and Eleonora*, than he cried out, "Away with it;" and the author's profits were reduced to what his bookseller could afford for a tragedy in distress.' The play alluded to had been offered by Thomson to the theatre in 1739, but its representation was prohibited on account of some political allusions. In little more than four months after the transmission of this interesting letter, the poet of *The Seasons* was no more. Thomson disliked letter-writing, and his prose is deficient in harmony and grace; but it reflects the man, although the author is for a time forgotten.—*Willmott.*]

THE POET THOMSON TO MR. PATERSON.

News from Home.

Dear Paterson,—In the first place, and previous to my letter, I must recommend to your favour and protection, Mr. James Smith, searcher, in St. Christopher's; and I beg of you, as occasion shall serve, and you find he merits it, to advance him in the business of the customs. He is warmly recommended to me by Sargent, who, in verity, turns out one of the best men of our youthful acquaintance, honest, honourable, friendly, and generous. If we are not to oblige one another, life becomes a paltry selfish affair,—a pitiful morsel in a corner. Sargent is so happily married, that I could almost say, the same case happen to us all. That I have not answered several letters of yours is not owing to the want of friendship, and the sincerest regard for you; but you know me well enough to account for my silence, without my saying any more upon that head; besides, I have very little to say that is worthy of being transmitted over the great ocean. The world either fertilizes so much, or we grow so dead to it, that its transactions make but feeble impressions upon us. Retirement and nature are more and more my passion every day; and now, even now, the charming time comes on. Heaven is just on the point, or rather in the very act, of giving earth a green gown. The voice of the nightingale is heard in our lane. You must know that I have enlarged my rural domain much to the same dimensions you have done yours. The two fields next to me, from the first of which I have walled,—no, no,—paled in, about as much as my garden consisted of before, so that the walk runs round the hedge, where you may figure me walking any time of the day, and sometimes in the night. I imagine you reclining under cedars, and there enjoying more magnificent slumbers than are known to the pale climates of the north; slumbers rendered awful and divine by the solemn stillness and deep fervours of the torrid noon. At other times I imagine you drinking punch in groves of lime or orange-trees, gathering pine-apples from hedges as commonly as we may blackberries, poetizing under lofty laurels, or making love under full-spread myrtles. But, to lower my style a little, as I am such a genuine lover of gardening, why do not you remember me in that instance, and send me some seeds of things that might succeed here in the summer, though they cannot perfect their seed sufficiently in this to them uncongenial climate to propagate? As to more important business, I have nothing to write to you. You know best. Be, as you always must be, just and honest; but if you are unhappily romantic, you shall come home without money, and write a tragedy on yourself. Mr. Lyttleton told me that the Grenvilles and he had strongly recommended the person the governor and you proposed for that considerable office lately fallen vacant in your department, and that there was good hope of succeeding. He told me, also, that Mr. Pitt said that it was not to be expected that offices such as that is, for which the greatest interest is made here at home, could be accorded to your recommendation; but that as to the middling or inferior offices, if there was not some particular reason to the contrary, regard would be had thereto. This is all that can be reasonably desired; and if you are not infected with a certain Creolian distemper, whereof I am persuaded your soul will utterly resist the contagion, as I hope your body will that of the natural ones, there are few men so capable of that imperishable happiness, that peace and satisfaction of mind, at least, that proceeds from being reasonable and moderate in our desires as you. These are the treasures dug from an inexhaustible mine in our own breasts,

which, like those in the kingdom of heaven, the rust of time cannot corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal. I must learn to work this mine a little more, being struck off from a certain hundred pounds a year, which you know I had. West, Hallet, and I were all routed in one day; if you know not why—out of compliment to our friend in Argyll Street. Yet I have hopes given me of having it restored with interest some time or other. Oh! that 'some time or other' is a great deceiver.

Coriolanus has not yet appeared on the stage, from the little dirty jealousy of Tullus[1] towards him who alone can act Coriolanus.[2] Indeed, the first has entirely jockeyed the last off the stage for this season, like a giant in his wrath. Let us have a little more patience, Paterson; nay, let us be cheerful; at last all will be well, at least all will be over—here I mean: God forbid it should be so hereafter! But, as sure as there is a God, that cannot be. Now that I am prating of myself, know that, after fourteen or fifteen years, the *Castle of Indolence* comes abroad in a fortnight. It will certainly travel as far as Barbadoes. You have an apartment in it as a night pensioner, which you may remember I filled up for you during our delightful party at North End. Will ever those days return again? Do you not remember eating the raw fish that were never caught? All our friends are pretty much *in statu quo*, except it be poor Mr. Lyttleton: he has had the severest trial a human, tender heart can have;[3] but the old physician, Time, will at last close up his wounds, though there must always remain an inward smarting. Mitchell[4] is in the House for Aberdeenshire, and has spoke modestly well; I hope he will be something else soon,—none deserves better: true friendship and humanity dwell in his heart. . . . Symmer is at last tired of gaiety, and is going to take a semi-country house at Hammersmith. I am sorry that honest, sensible Warrender, who is in town, seems to be stunted in church preferments: he ought to be a tall cedar in the house of the Lord. If he is not so at last, it will add more fuel to my indignation, that burns already too intensely, and throbs towards an eruption. Patrick Murdoch is in town, tutor to Admiral Vernon's son, and is in good hope of another living in Suffolk. Good-natured, obliging Miller is as usual. Though the doctor[5] increases in business, he does not decrease in spleen, that is, both humane and agreeable, like Jacques in the play; I sometimes, too, have a touch of it. But I must break off that chat with you about your friends, which, were I to indulge in, would be endless. As for politics, we are, I believe, on the brink of a peace. The French are vapouring at present in the siege of Mæstricht, at the same time they are mortally sick in their marine, and through all the vitals of France. It is a pity we cannot continue the war a little longer, and put their agonizing trade quite to death. This siege, I take it, they mean as their last flourish in the war. May your health, which never failed you yet, still continue, till you have scraped together enough to return home and live in some snug corner as happy as the corycian senex, in Virgil's fourth Georgic, whom I recommend, both to you and myself, as a perfect model of the honest, happy life.

Believe me to be ever most sincerely and affectionately yours,

JAMES THOMSON.

1 Garrick.
2 Quin.
3 Death of Mrs. Lyttleton, in the January of 1746-47.
4 Afterwards envoy to Berlin.
5 Dr. Armstrong.

A LETTER OF HENRY FIELDING'S TO THE 'TRUE PATRIOT.'

Tuesday, January 14, 1746.

SIR,—I am a citizen, a haberdasher by trade, and one of those persons to whom the world allow the epithets of wise and prudent. And I enjoy this character the more as I can fairly assure myself I deserve it; nor am indebted on this account to anything but my own regular conduct, unless to the good instructions with which my father launched me into the world, and upon which I formed this grand principle, 'That there is no real value in anything but money.'

The truth of this proposition may be argued from hence, that it is the only thing in the value of which mankind are agreed; for, as to all other matters, while they are held in high estimation by some, they are disregarded and looked on as cheap and worthless by others. Nay, I believe it is difficult to find any two persons who place an equal valuation on any virtue, good or great quality, whatever.

Now, having once established this great rule, I have, by reference to it, been enabled to set a certain value on everything else; in which I have governed myself by two cautions: 1st, Never to purchase too dear; and, 2dly (which is a more uncommon degree of wisdom), Never to overvalue what I am to sell; by which latter misconduct I have observed many persons guilty of great imprudence.

It is not my purpose to trouble you with exemplifications of the foregoing rule in my ordinary calling: I shall proceed to acquaint you with my conduct concerning those things which some silly people call invaluable, such as reputation, virtue, sense, beauty, etc., all which I have reduced to a certain standard; 'for,' as your friend Mr. Adams says in his letter on the late fast, 'I imagine every man, woman, and

thing, to have their price.' His astonishment at which truth made me smile, as I dare swear it did you; it is, indeed, agreeable enough to the simplicity of his character.

But to proceed:—In my youth I fell violently in love with a very pretty woman. She had a good fortune; but it was £500 less than I could with justice demand (I was heartily in love with her, that's the truth of it); I therefore took my pen and ink (for I do nothing without them), and set down the particulars in the following manner:—

Mrs. Amey Fairface debtor to Stephen Grub.

	£	s.	d.
For fortune, as per marriage .	5000	00	00
Per contra creditor.			
Imprimis, to cash . . .	4500	00	00
Item, to beauty (for she had a great deal, and I had a great value for it)	100	00	00
Item, to wit as per conversation	2	10	00
Item, to her affection for me .	30	00	00
Item, to good housewifery, a sober, chaste education, and being a good workwoman at her needle, in all . . .	50	00	00
Item, to her skill in music .	1	01	00
Item, to dancing . . .	00	00	06
	4683	11	06
Mrs. Amey debtor . . .	5000	00	00
Per contra creditor . . .	4683	11	06
Due to balance	316	08	06

You see, sir, I strained as hard as possible, and placed a higher value, perhaps, on her several perfections than others would have done; but the balance still remained against her, and I was reduced to the necessary alternative of sacrificing that sum for ever, or of quitting my mistress. You may easily guess on which a prudent man would determine. Indeed, I had sufficient reason to be afterwards pleased with my prudence, as she proved to be a less valuable woman than I imagined; for, two years afterwards, having had a considerable loss in trade, by which the balance above was satisfied, I renewed my addresses, but the false-hearted creature (forsooth) refused to see me.

A second occasion which I had for my pen and ink, in this way, was when the situation of my affairs, after some losses, was such that I could clearly have put £1500 in my pocket by breaking. The account then stood thus:—

	£	s.	d.
Stephen Grubb, debtor to cash .	1500	00	00
Per contra creditor.			
To danger to soul as per perjury	105	00	00
To danger to body as per felony	1000	00	00
To loss of reputation . . .	500	00	00
To conscience as per injuring others	00	02	06
To incidental charges, trouble, etc.	100	00	00

I am convinced you are so good a master of figures that I need not cast up the balance which must so visibly have determined me to preserve the character of an honest man.

Not to trouble you with more instances of a life of which you may easily guess the whole by this specimen (for it hath been entirely transacted by my golden rule), I shall hasten to apply this rule, by which I suppose many other persons in this city conduct themselves, to the present times.

And here, sir, have we not reason to suppose that some good men, for want of duly considering the danger of their property, etc., from the present rebellion and low state of public credit, have been too tenacious of their money on the present occasion; for, if we admit that the whole is in danger, surely it is the office of prudence to be generous of the lesser part, in order to secure the greater?

Let us see how this stands on paper, for thus only we can argue with certainty.

Suppose, then, the given sum of your property be £20,000.

The value of securing this will be more or less in proportion to the danger; for the truth of which I need only appeal to the common practice of insurance.

If the chance, then, be twenty to one, it follows that the value of insurance is at an average with £1000, and proportionally more or less as the danger is greater or less.

There are, besides, two other articles, which I had like to have forgot, to which every man almost fixes some value. These are religion and liberty.

Suppose, therefore, we set down

	£	s.	d.
Religion at	00	15	00
And liberty at	00	02	06

And I think none but a profligate fellow can value them at a lower rate; it follows that to secure them from the same proportion of danger as above is worth 10½d.

Now this last sum may be undoubtedly saved, as it would not be missed or called for if men would only seriously consider the preservation of what is so infinitely more valuable, their property, and advance their money in its defence in due proportion to the degree of its danger. And as there is nothing so pleasant as clear gain, it must give some satisfaction to every thinking man that, while he risks his money for the preservation of his property, his religion and liberty are tossed him into the bargain.

You see, sir, I have fairly balanced between those hot-headed zealots who set these conveniences above the value of money, and those profligate wicked people who treat them as matters of no concern or moment.

I have therefore been a little surprised at the

backwardness of some very prudent men on this occasion; for it would be really doing them an injury to suspect they do not set a just value on money, while every action of their lives demonstrates the contrary. I can therefore impute this conduct only to a firm persuasion that there will be foolish people enow found who from loyalty to their king, zeal for their country, or some other ridiculous principle, will subscribe sufficient sums for the defence of the public; and so they might save their own money, which will still increase in value in proportion to the distress and poverty of the nation.

This would be certainly a wise and right way of reasoning, and such a conduct must be highly commendable if the fact supposed was true; for, as nothing is so truly great as to turn the penny while the world suspects your ruin, so to convert the misfortunes of a whole community to your own emolument, must be a thing highly eligible by every good man, *i.e.* every Plumb.[1] But I am afraid this rule will reach only private persons at most, and cannot extend to those whose examples, while they keep their own purses shut, lock up the purses of all their neighbours.

A fallacy of the same kind I am afraid we fall into when we refuse to lend our money to the Government at a moderate interest, in hopes of extorting more from the public purse; with which thought a very good sort of man, a Plumb, seemed yesterday to hug himself, in a conversation which we had upon this subject; but upon the nearest computation I could make with my pen, which I handled the moment he left me, I find that this very person, who proposed to gain 1 per cent. in £20,000, would, by the consequential effect on the public credit, be a clear loser of 2½.

In short, I am afraid certain persons may at this time run the hazard of a fate which too often attends very wise men, who have not on all occasions a recourse to figures, and may incur the censure of an old proverb, by being 'penny wise and pound foolish.' And since I may be involved against my will in the calamity, I shall be obliged to you if you will publish these cautions from, sir, your humble servant,

STEPHEN GRUB.

N.B.—As your paper supplies the place of three Evening Posts, I save 1½d. per week by it, for which pray accept my acknowledgments.

CONGRATULATORY LETTER BY HENRY FIELDING TO THE HON. GEORGE LYTTLETON.

On his Second Marriage.

Bow Street, August 29, 1749.

SIR,—Permit me to bring up the rear of your friends in paying my compliments of congratulation on your late happy nuptials. There may, perhaps, be seasons when the rear may be as honourable a post in friendship as in war; and if so, such certainly must be every time of joy and felicity. Your present situation must be full of bliss; and so will be, I am confident, your future life from the same fountain. Nothing can equal the excellent character your lady bears amongst those of her own sex, and I never yet knew them speak well of a woman who did not deserve their good words. How admirable is your fortune in the matrimonial lottery! I will venture to say there is no man alive who exults more in this, or in any other happiness that can attend you, than myself, and you ought to believe me from the same reason that fully persuades me of the satisfaction you receive from any happiness of mine; this reason is that you must be sensible how much of it I owe to your goodness; and there is a great pleasure in gratitude, though I believe it second to that of benevolence; for of all the delights upon earth, none can equal the raptures which a good mind feels in conferring happiness on those whom we think worthy of it. This is the sweetest ingredient in power, and I solemnly protest I never wished for power more than a few days ago, for the sake of a man whom I love, the more, perhaps, from the esteem I know he bears you than any other reason. This man is in love with a young creature of the most apparent worth who returns his affections. Nothing is wanting to make two very miserable people extremely blest, but a moderate portion of the greatest of human evils, so philosophers call it, and so it is called by divines, whose word is the rather to be taken as they are many of them more conversant with this evil than even the philosophers were. The name of this man is Moore, to whom you kindly destined the laurel, which, though it hath long been withered, may not probably soon drop from the brow of its present possessor. But there is another place of much the same value now vacant: it is that of deputy licenser to the stage. Be not offended at this hint; for though I will own it impudent enough in one who hath so many obligations of his own to you to venture to recommend another man to your favour, yet impudence itself may possibly be a virtue when exerted on behalf of a friend: at least I am the less ashamed of it, as I have known men remarkable for the opposite modesty, possess it without the mixture of any other quality. In this fault, then, you must indulge me; for should I ever see you as high in power as I wish, and as it is perhaps more my interest than your own that you should be, I shall be guilty of the like as often as I find a man in whom I can, after much intimacy, discover no want but that of the evil above mentioned. I beg you will do me the honour of making my compliments to

[1] *Plumb*, a man, or fortune, of £100,000.

your unknown lady, and believe me to be, with the highest esteem, respect, and gratitude, Sir, your most obliged, most obedient, humble servant, HENRY FIELDING.

[It was in the senate, as seen in Cowper's noble description,—

'With all his country beaming in his face,'—

that Chatham appeared in the full splendour and majesty of his genius. Lord Chesterfield, one of his acutest and most accomplished contemporaries, declared that the dignity of his action and countenance terrified his opponents; and that even the arms of a Campbell and a Mansfield 'fell from their hands, as they shrank under the ascendant which his genius gained over them.' Sir Robert Walpole used to say to his friends, that he should be delighted 'at any rate to muzzle that terrible cornet of horse.' Mr. Pitt, on leaving the University, had entered the army as a cornet in the Blues, and in 1735 was returned to Parliament for the family borough of Old Sarum. The intellectual physiognomy of Chatham was of a severe and commanding order; his genius was eminently practical; and while no person ever surpassed him in the lofty aspirations and generous enthusiasm of patriotism, few have equalled him in their calm and Christian application. His private character shone with a lustre very different from the unhealthy glare of political fame. The publication of his correspondence presented him under an engaging aspect, and enabled the reader to admire the husband and the father, not less than the statesman and the orator.—*Willmott.*]

THE EARL OF CHATHAM TO HIS NEPHEW, THOMAS PITT.[1]

How to conduct himself at Cambridge—Religion the perfection and glory of human nature.

Bath, Jan. 14, 1754.

MY DEAR NEPHEW,—You will hardly have read over one very long letter from me, before you are troubled with a second. I intended to have writ soon, but I do it the sooner on account of your letter to your aunt, which she transmitted to me here. If anything, my dear boy, could have happened to raise you higher in my esteem, and to endear you more to me, it is the amiable abhorrence you feel for the scene of vice and folly (and of real misery and perdition, under the false notion of pleasure and spirit) which has opened to you at your college; and at the same time, the manly, brave, generous, and wise resolution and true spirit with which you resisted and repulsed the first attempts upon a mind and heart, I thank God, infinitely too firm and noble, as well as too elegant and enlightened, to be in any danger of yielding to such contemptible and wretched corruptions. You charm me with the description of Mr. Wheeler;[1] and while you say you could adore him, I could adore you for the natural, generous love of virtue which speaks in all you feel, say, or do. As to your companions, let this be your rule. Cultivate the acquaintance with Mr. Wheeler, which you have so fortunately begun; and in general be sure to associate with men much older than yourself: scholars whenever you can; but always with men of decent and honourable lives. As their age and learning, superior both to your own, must necessarily, in good sense, and in the view of acquiring knowledge from them, entitle them to all deference, and submission of your own lights to theirs, you will particularly practise that first and greatest rule for pleasing in conversation, as well as for drawing instruction and improvement from the company of one's superiors in age and knowledge; namely, to be a patient, attentive, and well-bred hearer, and to answer with modesty; to deliver your own opinions sparingly, and with proper diffidence; and if you are forced to desire further information or explanation upon a point, to do it with proper apologies for the trouble you give; or, if obliged to differ, to do it with all possible candour, and an unprejudiced desire to find and ascertain truth, with an entire indifference to the side on which that truth is to be found. There is likewise a particular attention required to contradict with good manners; such as, 'begging pardon,' 'begging leave to doubt,' and such like phrases. Pythagoras enjoined his scholars an absolute silence for a long noviciate. I am far from approving such a taciturnity; but I highly recommend the end and intent of Pythagoras' injunction, which is, to dedicate the first parts of life more to hear and learn, in order to collect materials, out of which to form opinions founded on proper lights, and well-examined, sound principles, than to be presuming, prompt, and flippant in hazarding one's own slight crude notions of things, and thereby exposing the nakedness and emptiness of the mind, like a house opened to company before

[1] Thomas Pitt was the only son of Mr. Pitt's elder brother. He was born in 1737, was created Lord Camelford in 1783, and died at Florence in 1793.

[1] Rev. John Wheeler, prebendary of Westminster. The friendship thus commenced, continued until the death of Lord Camelford.

it is fitted either with necessaries, or any ornaments for their reception and entertainment. And not only will this disgrace follow from such temerity and presumption, but a more serious danger is sure to ensue, that is, the embracing errors for truth, prejudices for principles; and when that is once done (no matter how vainly and weakly), the adhering, perhaps, to false and dangerous notions, only because one has declared for them, and submitting for life the understanding and conscience to a yoke of base and servile prejudices, vainly taken up and obstinately retained. This will never be your danger, but I thought it not amiss to offer these reflections to your thoughts. As to your manner of behaving towards these unhappy young gentlemen you describe, let it be manly and easy; decline their parties with civility, retort their raillery with raillery, always tempered with good breeding; if they banter your regularity, order, decency, and love of study, banter in return their neglect of them; and venture to own frankly that you came to Cambridge to learn what you can, not to follow what they are pleased to call pleasure. In short, let your external behaviour to them be as full of politeness and ease, as your inward estimation of them is full of pity mixed with contempt.

I come now to the part of the advice I have to offer to you, which most nearly concerns your welfare, and upon which every good and honourable purpose of your life will assuredly turn. I mean the keeping up in your heart the true sentiments of religion. If you are not right towards God, you can never be towards man: the noblest sentiment of the human breast is here brought to the test. Is gratitude in the number of a man's virtues? If it be, the highest Benefactor demands the warmest returns of gratitude, love, and praise. *Ingratum qui dixerit, omnia dixit.* If a man wants this virtue, where there are infinite obligations to excite and quicken it, he will be likely to want all others towards his fellow creatures, whose utmost gifts are poor, compared to those he daily receives at the hands of his never-failing Almighty Friend. 'Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth,' is big with the deepest wisdom. 'The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom; and an upright heart, that is understanding.' This is eternally true, whether the wits and rakes of Cambridge allow it or not; nay, I must add of this religious wisdom, 'Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.' Hold fast, therefore, by this sheet-anchor of happiness, religion; you will often want it in the times of most danger, the storms and tempests of life. Cherish true religion as preciously as you will fly, with abhorrence and contempt, superstition and enthusiasm. The first is the perfection and glory of the human nature, the two last the depravation and disgrace of it. Remember, the essence of religion is a heart void of offence towards God and man; not subtle speculative opinions, but an active vital principle of faith. The words of a heathen were so fine that I must give them to you: *Compositum jus fasque animi, sanctosque recessus mentis, et incoctum generoso pectus honesto.*

Go on, my dear child, in the admirable dispositions you have towards all that is right and good, and make yourself the love and admiration of the world. I have neither paper nor words to tell you how tenderly I am yours.

WILLIAM PITT TO HIS WIFE, LADY CHATHAM.

February 22, 1766 (past 4 o'clock).

Happy, indeed, was the scene of this glorious morning (for at past one we divided),[1] when the sun of liberty shone once more benignly upon a country too long benighted. My dear love, not all the applauding joy which the hearts of animated gratitude, saved from despair and bankruptcy, uttered in the lobby, could touch me, in any degree, like the tender and lively delight which breathes in your warm and affectionate note.

All together, my dearest life, makes me not ill to-day after the immense fatigue, or not feeling that I am so. Wonder not if I should find myself in a placid and sober fever, for tumultuous exultation you know I think not permitted to feeble mortal successes; but my delight, heartfelt and solid as it is, must want its sweetest ingredient (if not its very essence) till I rejoice with my angel, and with her join in thanksgivings to protecting Heaven for all our happy deliverances.

Thank you for the sight of Smith; his honest joy and affection charm me. Loves to the sweet babes, patriotic or not; though I hope *impetuous William* is not behind in feelings of that kind. Send the saddle-horses if you please, so as to be in town early to-morrow morning. I propose and hope to execute my journey to Hayes by eleven.

Your ever loving husband,

W. PITT.

[When Boswell was setting out on his journey to Holland, Johnson testified the sincerity of his regard and esteem by accompanying him to Harwich. They rested the first night at Colchester, and during supper Boswell began, as he confesses, to tease his companion with fanciful apprehensions of unhappiness. Johnson corrected his folly in a manner peculiar to himself. 'A moth

[1] On the American Stamp Act.

having fluttered round the candle and burnt itself, he laid hold of this little incident to admonish me, saying, with a sly look, and in a solemn and quiet tone, "That creature was its own tormentor, and I believe its name was Boswell."' The gloom of Utrecht, contrasted with the gaiety of London, deepened Boswell's depression, and under its influence he addressed a very desponding letter to Johnson, who took no notice of his complaints. A second communication, written in a happier temper, brought the following reply.—*Willmott.*]

JOHNSON TO BOSWELL.

The Proper Mode of Letter-writing.

London, December 8, 1763.

DEAR SIR,—You are not to think yourself forgotten, or criminally neglected, that you have had yet no letter from me. I love to see my friends, to hear from them, to talk to them, and to talk of them; but it is not without a considerable effort of resolution that I prevail upon myself to write. I would not, however, gratify my own indolence by the omission of any important duty, or any office of real kindness.

To tell you that I am not well, that I have or have not been in the country, that I drank your health in the room in which we sat last together, and that your acquaintances continue to speak of you with their former kindness, topics with which those letters are commonly filled which are written only for the sake of writing, I seldom shall think worth communicating; but if I can have it in my power to calm any harassing disquiet, to excite any virtuous desire to rectify any important opinion, or fortify any generous resolution, you need not doubt but I shall at least wish to prefer the pleasure of gratifying a friend much less esteemed than yourself before the gloomy calm of idle vacancy. Whether I shall easily arrive at an exact punctuality of correspondence, I cannot tell. I shall at present expect that you will receive this in return for two I have had from you. The first, indeed, gave me an account so hopeless of the state of your mind, that it hardly admitted or deserved an answer; by the second I was much better pleased, and the pleasure will be still increased by such a narrative of the progress of your studies, as may evince the continuance of an equal and rational application of your mind to some useful inquiry.

You will, perhaps, wish to ask, what study I would recommend. I shall not speak of theology, because it ought not to be considered as a question whether you shall endeavour to know the will of God.

I shall, therefore, consider only such studies as we are at liberty to pursue or to neglect; and of these I know not how you will make a better choice, than by studying the civil law, as your father advises, and the ancient languages, as you had determined for yourself; at least, resolve that while you remain in any settled residence, to spend a certain number of hours every day amongst your books. The dissipation of thought, of which you complain, is nothing more than the vacillation of a mind suspended between different motives, and changing its direction as any motive gains or loses strength.

If you can but kindle in your mind any strong desire, if you can but keep predominant any wish for some particular excellence or attainment, the gusts of imagination will pass away, without any effect upon your conduct, and commonly without any traces left upon the memory.

There lurks, perhaps, in every human heart a desire of distinction, which inclines every man first to hope, and then to believe, that nature has given him something peculiar to himself. This vanity makes one mind nurse aversions, and another acute desires, till they rise by art much above their original state of power; and as affection in time improves to habit, they at last tyrannize over him who at first encouraged them only for show. Every desire is a viper in the bosom, who while he was chill was harmless, but, when warmth gave him strength, exerted it in poison. You know a gentleman, who, when he first set his foot in the gay world, as he prepared himself to whirl in the vortex of pleasure, imagined a total indifference and universal negligence to be the most agreeable concomitants of youth, and the strongest indication of an airy temper and a quick apprehension. Vacant to every object, and sensible of every impulse, he thought that all appearance of diligence would deduct something from the reputation of genius; and hoped that he should appear to attain, amidst all the ease of carelessness, and the tumult of diversion, that knowledge, and those accomplishments, which mortals of the common fabric obtain only by a mute abstraction and solitary drudgery. He tried this scheme of life a while, was made weary of it by his sense and his virtue; he then wished to return to his studies, and, finding long habits of idleness and pleasure harder to be cured than he expected, still willing to retain his claim to some extraordinary prerogative, resolved the common consequences of irregularity into an unalterable decree of destiny, and concluded that nature had originally formed him incapable of rational employment.

Let all such fancies, illusive and destructive, be banished henceforward from your thoughts for ever.

Resolve, and keep your resolution; choose, and pursue your choice. If you spend this day in study, you will find yourself still more able to study to-morrow; not that you are to expect that you shall at once obtain a complete victory. Depravity is not very easily overcome. Resolution will sometimes relax, and diligence will sometimes be interrupted; but let no accidental surprise or deviation, whether short or long, dispose you to despondency. Consider these failings as incidental to all mankind. Begin again where you left off, and endeavour to avoid the inducements that prevailed over you before.

This, my dear Boswell, is advice which, perhaps, has been often given you, and given you without effect. But this advice, if you will not take from others, you must take from your own reflections, if you purpose to do the duties of the station to which the bounty of Providence has called you.

Let me have a long letter from you as soon as you can. I hope you continue your journal, and enrich it with many observations upon the country in which you reside. It will be a favour if you can get me any books in the Frisick language, and can inquire how the poor are maintained in the Seven Provinces.—I am, dear Sir,

Your most affectionate servant.

[This is the first letter, Mr. Croker observes, in which we perceive that coldness towards Mrs. Thrale, which had, however, existed for some time. The allusion to the friends he had lost is solemnly pathetic. Johnson was now in his seventy-fourth year, and looking back upon the brilliant circle, in which he had been accustomed to display his wonderful powers of conversation and eloquence, he could not but recall with sensations of sadness him whose death had eclipsed the gaiety of nations, and him of whom he had declared that he touched nothing he did not adorn. Many years before he had dismissed his *Dictionary* with 'frigid indifference,' as having no relatives or friends whom his success could gratify. But these feelings of gloomy dissatisfaction never overcame the natural sagacity of his understanding. 'If a man does not make new acquaintance,' he remarked to Sir Joshua Reynolds, 'as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man, sir, should keep his friendship in constant repair.' The moralist realized his own theory.

Johnson had visited during his tour to Wales the seat of Lord Kilmurry, of whom mention is made, and significantly noted in his *Journal*, that 'he showed the place with too much exultation.'—*Willmott.*]

TO MRS. THRALE.

Old Friends.

London, Nov. 13, 1783.

DEAR MADAM,—Since you have written to me with the attention and tenderness of ancient time, your letters give me a great part of the pleasure which a life of solitude admits. You will never bestow any share of your goodwill on one who deserves better. Those that have loved longest, love best. A sudden blaze of kindness may by a single blast of coldness be extinguished; but that fondness, which length of time has connected with many circumstances and occasions, though it may for a while be suppressed by disgust or resentment, with or without a cause, is hourly revived by accidental recollection. To those that have lived long together, everything heard and everything seen recalls some pleasure communicated or some benefit conferred, some petty quarrel or some slight endearment. Esteem of great powers, or amiable qualities newly discovered, may embroider a day or a week, but a friendship of twenty years is interwoven with the texture of life. A friend may be often found and lost, but an *old friend* never can be found, and nature has provided that he cannot easily be lost.

I have not forgotten the Davenants, though they seem to have forgotten me. I began very early to tell them what they have commonly found to be true. I am sorry to hear of their building. I have always warned those whom I loved against that mode of ostentatious waste.

You seem to mention Lord Kilmurry as a stranger. We were at his house in Cheshire; and he one day dined with Sir Lynch.[1] What he tells of the epigram is not true, but perhaps he does not know it to be false. Do not you remember how he rejoiced in having no park? he could not disoblige his neighbours by sending them *no* venison.

The frequency of death, to those who look upon it in the leisure of Arcadia is very dreadful. We all know what it should teach us; let us all be diligent to learn. Lucy Porter has lost her brother. But whom I have lost—let me not now remember.

Let not your loss be added to the mournful catalogue. Write soon again to, Madam,

Yours, etc.

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[1] Sir Lynch Cotton. See Johnson's *Journal of the Tour to Wales.*

TO MRS. LUCY PORTER, IN LICHFIELD.

London, March 2, 1782.

DEAR MADAM,—I went away from Lichfield ill, and have had a troublesome time with my breath; for some weeks I have been disordered by a cold, of which I could not get the violence abated till I had been let blood three times. I have not, however, been so bad but that I could have written, and am sorry that I neglected it.

My dwelling is but melancholy; both Williams, and Desmoulins, and myself are very sickly; Frank is not well; and poor Levett died in his bed the other day, by a sudden stroke. I suppose not one minute passed between health and death; so uncertain are human things.

Such is the appearance of the world about me; I hope your scenes are more cheerful. But whatever befalls us, though it is wise to be serious, it is useless and foolish, and perhaps sinful, to be gloomy. Let us therefore keep ourselves as easy as we can; though the loss of friends will be felt, and poor Levett had been a faithful adherent for thirty years.

Forgive me, my dear love, the omission of writing; I hope to mend that and my other faults. Let me have your prayers.

Make my compliments to Mrs. Cobb, and Miss Adey, and Mr. Pearson, and the whole company of my friends.

I am, my dear, your most humble servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

TO CAPTAIN LANGTON,[1] IN ROCHESTER.

Bolt Court, Fleet Street, March 20, 1782.

DEAR SIR,—It is now long since we saw one another; and, whatever has been the reason, neither you have written to me nor I to you. To let friendship die away by negligence and silence, is certainly not wise. It is voluntarily to throw away one of the greatest comforts of this weary pilgrimage, of which when it is as it must be, taken finally away, he that travels on alone will wonder how his esteem could be so little. Do not forget me; you see that I do not forget you. It is pleasing, in the silence of solitude, to think that there is one at least, however distant, of whose benevolence there is little doubt, and whom there is yet hope of seeing again.

Of my life, from the time we parted, the history is mournful. The spring of last year deprived me of Thrale, a man whose eye for fifteen years had scarcely been turned upon me but with respect or tenderness; for such another friend the general course of human things will not suffer man to hope. I passed the summer at Streatham, but there was no Thrale; and having idled away the summer with a weakly body and neglected mind, I made a journey to Staffordshire on the edge of winter. The season was dreary; I was sickly, and found the friends sickly whom I went to see. After a sorrowful sojourn, I returned to a habitation possessed for the present by two sick women, where my dear old friend, Mr. Levett, to whom, as he used to tell me, I owe your acquaintance, died a few weeks ago suddenly in his bed. There passed not, I believe, a minute between health and death. At night, as at Mrs. Thrale's, I was musing in my chamber, I thought with uncommon earnestness, that however I might alter my mode of life, or whithersoever I might remove, I would endeavour to retain Levett about me. In the morning my servant brought me word that Levett was called to another state, —a state for which, I think, he was not unprepared, for he was very useful to the poor. How much soever I valued him, I now wish that I had valued him more.

I have myself been ill more than eight weeks of a disorder from which, at the expense of about fifty ounces of blood, I hope I am now recovering.

You, dear sir, have, I hope, a more cheerful scene: you see George fond of his book, and the pretty misses airy and lively, with my own little Jenny equal to the best; and in whatever can contribute to your quiet or pleasure, you have Lady Rothes ready to concur. May whatever you enjoy of good be increased, and whatever you suffer of evil be diminished.

I am, dear sir, your humble servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

[Of Sterne's correspondence, a curious anecdote is related by one of Hannah More's sisters. 'Mrs. Medalle (Sterne's daughter) sent to all the correspondents of her deceased father, begging the letters which he had written to them: among other wits, she sent to Wilkes with the same request. He sent for answer that as there appeared nothing extraordinary in those he had received, he had burnt or lost them. On which the faithful editor of her father's works sent back to say, that if Mr. Wilkes would be so good as to write a few letters in her father's style, it would do just as well, and she would insert them.' We are not informed whether Wilkes complied with this singular request. Literature,

[1] Mr. Langton being at this time on duty at Rochester, he is addressed by his military title.—BOSWELL.

however, has not suffered by the loss of so many of Sterne's letters. His epistolary style has all the faults, with very few of the excellences, of his works; it is full of theatrical starts of passion; and even his expressions of sympathy and regard seem to be spoken in character. When this letter was written, Garrick was upon the Continent, where he had been residing since the autumn of 1763. He returned to England in the April of 1765. Powell, to whom Sterne alludes, is described as 'a young man from Sir Robert Ladbroke's counting-house in the city; with slender education, few means of study, not striking in his person, but possessing an ardent love for acting, and the faculty of strongly interesting the passions of the audience.' Such was the fickleness of the popular taste, that the town, which had begun to weary of Garrick, thronged to see his successor. It ought, however, to be mentioned, that the youthful actor, in the height of his success, remembered and venerated his illustrious master.—*Willmott.*]

STERNE TO GARRICK.

Urging his Return to the Stage.

Bath, April 6, 1765.

I scalp you! my dear Garrick!—my dear friend! foul befall the man who hurts a hair of your head!—and so full was I of that very sentiment, that my letter had not been put into the post office ten minutes before my heart smote me; and I sent to recall it—but failed. You are sadly to blame, Shandy! for this, quoth I, leaning with my head on my hand, as I recriminated upon my false delicacy in the affair. Garrick's nerves (if he has any left) are as fine and delicately spun as thy own—his sentiments as honest and friendly; thou knowest, Shandy, that he loves thee—why wilt thou hazard him a moment's pain? Puppy! fool! coxcomb! jackass! etc. etc.; and so I balanced the account to your favour, before I received it drawn up in your way. I say your way; for it is not stated so much to your honour and credit, as I had passed the account before; for it was a most lamented truth, that I never received one of the letters your friendship meant me, except whilst in Paris. Oh! how I congratulate you for the anxiety the world has, and continues to be under, for your return. Return—return to the few who love you, and the thousands who admire you. The moment you set your foot upon your stage—mark! I tell it you, by some magic, irresisted power, every fibre about your heart will vibrate afresh, and as strong and feelingly as ever. Nature, with Glory at her back, will light up the torch within you; and there is enough of it left to heat and enlighten the world these many, many, many years.

Heaven be praised! (I utter it from my soul) that your lady and Minerva is in a condition to walk to Windsor—full rapturously will I lead the graceful pilgrim to the temple, where I will sacrifice with the purest incense to her; but you may worship with me or not, 'twill make no difference either in the truth or warmth of my devotion; still (after all I have seen), I still maintain her peerless.

Powell—good heaven! give me some one with less smoke and more fire. There are, who, like the Pharisees, still think they shall be heard for *much* speaking. Come, come away, my dear Garrick, and teach us another lesson.

Adieu!—I love you dearly—and your lady better—not hobihorsically—but most sentimentally and affectionately—for I am yours (that is, if you never say another word about ——) with all the sentiments of love and friendship you deserve from me.

FROM IGNATIUS SANCHO, AN EMANCIPATED NEGRO, TO MR. STERNE.

1766.

Reverend Sir,—It would be an insult on your humanity (or perhaps look like it) to apologize for the liberty I am taking; I am one of those people whom the vulgar and illiberal call negroes. The first part of my life was rather unlucky, as I was placed in a family who judged ignorance the best and only security for obedience. A little reading and writing I got by unwearied application. The latter part of my life has been, through God's blessing, truly fortunate, having spent it in the service of one of the best and greatest families in the kingdom. My chief pleasure has been books; philanthropy I adore. How very much, good sir, am I (amongst millions) indebted to you for the character of your amiable Uncle Toby! I declare I would walk ten miles in the dog-days to shake hands with the honest corporal. Your sermons have touched me to the heart, and I hope have amended it, which brings me to the point. In your tenth discourse is this very affecting passage:—'Consider how great a part of our species, in all ages down to this, have been trod under the feet of cruel and capricious tyrants, who would neither hear their cries, nor pity their distresses. Consider slavery—what it is—how bitter a draught—and how many millions are made to drink of it.' Of all my favourite authors, not one has drawn a tear in favour of my miserable black brethren, excepting yourself, and the humane author of Sir George Ellison. I think you will forgive me;

I am sure you will applaud me for beseeching you to give one half-hour's attention to slavery as it is this day practised in our West Indies. That subject, handled in your striking manner, would ease the yoke (perhaps) of many; but, if only of one, gracious God! what a feast to a benevolent heart! and sure I am you are an epicurean in acts of charity. You who are universally read, and as universally admired, you could not fail. Dear sir, think in me you behold the uplifted hands of thousands of my brother Moors. Grief (you pathetically observe) is eloquent: figure to yourself their attitudes; hear their supplicating addresses! Alas! you cannot refuse! Humanity must comply; in which hope I beg permission to subscribe myself, reverend sir, I. S.

FROM MR. STERNE TO IGNATIUS SANCHO.

Coxwould, July 27, 1766.

There is a strange coincidence, Sancho, in the little events (as well as in the great ones) of this world; for I had been writing a tender tale of the sorrows of a friendless, poor negro girl, and my eyes had scarce done smarting with it, when your letter of recommendation, in behalf of so many of her brethren and sisters, came to me. But why *her brethren*, or yours, Sancho, any more than mine? It is by the finest tints and most insensible gradations that nature descends from the fairest face about St. James's to the sootiest complexion in Africa. At which tint of these is it that the ties of blood are to cease? and how many shades must we descend lower still in the scale, ere mercy is to vanish with them? But 'tis no uncommon thing, my good Sancho, for one-half of the world to use the other half of it like brutes, and then endeavour to make them so. For my own part, I never look *westward* (when I am in a pensive mood, at least) but I think of the burthens which our brothers and sisters are *there* carrying; and could I ease their shoulders from one ounce of them, I declare I would set out this hour upon a pilgrimage to Mecca for their sakes, which, by the bye, Sancho, exceeds your walk of ten miles in about the same proportion that a visit of humanity should one of mere form. However, if you meant my Uncle Toby, more he is your debtor. If I can weave the tale I have wrote into the work I am about, 'tis at the service of the afflicted, and a much greater matter; for, in serious truth, it casts a sad shade upon the world, that so great a part of it are, and have been so long, bound in chains of darkness, and in chains of misery; and I cannot but both respect and felicitate you, that by so much laudable diligence you have broke the one, and that by falling into the hands of so good and merciful a family, Providence has rescued you from the other.

And so, good-hearted Sancho, adieu! and believe me, I will not forget your letter.—Yours, L. STERNE.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE TO RICHARD JAGO, A MINOR POET (1715–1781).

November 15, 1752.

DEAR MR. JAGO,—Could I with convenience mount my horse, and ride to Harbury this instant, I should much more willingly do so than begin this letter. Such terrible events have happened to us, since we saw each other last, that, however irksome it may be to dwell upon them, it is in the same degree unnatural to substitute any subject in their place. I do sincerely forgive your long silence, my good friend,—indeed I do, though it gave me uneasiness. I hope you do the same by mine. I own, I could not readily account for the former period of yours, any otherwise than by supposing that I had said or done something, in the levity of my heart, which had given you disgust; but being conscious to myself of the most sincere regard for you, and believing it could never be discredited for any trivial inadvertences, I remember, I continued still in expectation of a letter, and did not dream of writing till such time as I had received one. I trusted you would write at last; and that, by all my past endeavours to demonstrate my friendship, you would believe the tree was rooted in my heart, whatever irregularity you might observe in the branches.

This was my situation before that dreadful era which gave me such a shock as to banish my best friends for a time out of my memory. And when they recurred, as they did the first of anything, I was made acquainted with that deplorable misfortune of yours! believe me, I sympathized in your affliction, notwithstanding my own; but alas! what comfort could I administer, who had need of every possible assistance to support myself? I wrote indeed a few letters with difficulty; amongst the rest, one to my friend Graves; but it was to vent my complaint. I will send you the letter, if you please, as it is by far my least painful method of conveying you some account of my situation. Let it convince you, that I could have written nothing at that time, which could have been of any service to you: let it afford you, at least, a faint sketch of my dearest brother's character; but let it not appear an ostentatious display of sorrow, of which I am by no means guilty. I know but too well that I discovered upon the occasion, what some would call an unmanly tenderness; but I know also, that sorrow upon such subjects as these is very consistent with virtue, and with the most absolute resignation to the just decrees of Providence—'*Hominis est enim affici dolore sentire; resistere tamen et solatia admittere non*

solatiis non egere.'—PLINY. I drank, purchased amusements, never suffered myself to be a minute without company, no matter what, so it was but continual. At length, by an attention to such conversation and such amusements as I could at other times despise, I forgot so far as to be cheerful. And after this, the summer, through an almost constant succession of lively and agreeable visitants, proved even a scene of jollity. It was inebriation all, though of a mingled nature; yet has it maintained a sort of truce with grief, till time can assist me more effectually by throwing back the event to a distance. Now, indeed, that my company has all forsaken me, and I am delivered up to winter, silence, and reflection, the incidents of the last year revive apace in my memory; and I am even astonished to think of the gaiety of my summer. The fatal anniversary, the *dies quem semper acerbum*, etc., is beginning to approach, and every face of the sky suggests the ideas of last winter. Yet I find myself cheerful in company, nor would I recommend it to you to be much alone. You would lay the highest obligation upon me by coming over at this time. I pressed your brother, whom I saw at Birmingham, to use his influence with you; but if you can by no means undertake the journey, I will take my speediest opportunity of seeing you at Harbury. Mr. Miller invited me strenuously to meet Dr. Lyttelton at his house; but I believe my most convenient season will be, when my Lord Dudley goes to Barrels; for I can but ill bear the pensiveness of a long and lonely expedition. After all, if you can come hither first, it would afford me the most entire satisfaction. I have been making alterations in my house that would amuse you; and have many matters to discourse with you, which it would be endless to mention upon paper. Adieu! my dear friend! May your merit be known to some one who has greater power to serve you than myself; but be assured at the same time, that no one loves you better, or esteems you more. W. SHENSTONE.

[Thomas Gray, the poet, was an excellent correspondent, and his letters as such are quite equal to his poetical reputation. His descriptions of nature are genuine in an age which was beginning to emerge from a stilted and artificial style. Gray, it will be remembered, after he became intimate with Walpole, accompanied him so far in his tour of Europe, but returned to England in 1741. The first letter to Walpole was written from Burnham, celebrated for its beeches and fine woodland scenery, to which Gray was the first to draw public attention. Burnham is about twenty-five miles from London, and about five or six from Windsor. When Burnham Beeches was recently in the market, through the exertions of Mr. Heath, the place was bought, along with 374 acres of common ground, by the Corporation of London. Gray's spelling of Scotch names in his letter descriptive of his Scotch tour is sometimes curious. We quote the letter as he wrote it. The remarks of a poet, and such an acute observer, are valuable; but his association of Edinburgh with the itch is decidedly uncomplimentary. The Edinburgh of that day was to him the most picturesque at a distance, and the 'nastiest when near,' of all capital cities.]

MR. GRAY TO MR. WALPOLE.

I was hindered in my last, and so could not give you all the trouble I would have done. The description of a road, which your coach wheels have so often honoured, it would be needless to give you; suffice it that I arrived safe at my uncle's,[1] who is a great hunter in imagination; his dogs take up every chair in the house, so I am forced to stand at this present writing; and though the gout forbids him galloping after them in the field, yet he continues still to regale his ears and nose with their comfortable noise and stink. He holds me mighty cheap, I perceive, for walking when I should ride, and reading when I should hunt. My comfort amidst all this is, that I have at the distance of half a mile, through a green lane, a forest (the vulgar call it a common) all my own, at least as good as so, for I spy no human thing in it but myself. It is a little chaos of mountains and precipices; mountains, it is true, that do not ascend much above the clouds, nor are the declivities quite so amazing as Dover cliff: but just such hills as people who love their necks as well as I do may venture to climb, and crags that give the eye as much pleasure as if they were more dangerous: both vale and hill are covered with most venerable beeches, and other very reverend vegetables, that, like most other ancient people, are always dreaming out their old stories to the winds,

> And as they bow their hoary tops relate,
> In murmuring sounds, the dark decrees of fate;
> While visions, as poetic eyes avow,
> Cling to each leaf and swarm on every bough.

At the foot of one of these squats me I (*il penseroso*), and there grow to the trunk for a whole morning. The timorous hare and sportive squirrel gambol around me like Adam in Paradise (before he had an Eve); but I think he

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1 At Burnham in Buckinghamshire. For its present and past history see Heath's *Burnham Beeches*.

did not use to read Virgil, as I commonly do there. In this situation I often converse with my Horace, aloud too; that is talk to you, but I do not remember that I ever heard you answer me. I beg pardon for taking all the conversation to myself, but it is entirely your own fault. We have old Mr. Southern at a gentleman's house a little way off, who often comes to see us; he is now seventy-seven years old, and has almost wholly lost his memory; but is as agreeable as an old man can be, at least I persuade myself so when I look at him, and think of Isabella and Oroonoko. I shall be in town in about three weeks. Adieu.

September, 1737.

MR. GRAY TO MR. MASON.[1]

Cambridge, Dec. 19, 1757.

A life spent out of the world has its hours of despondence, its inconveniences, its sufferings, as numerous and as real, though not quite of the same sort, as a life spent in the midst of it. The power we have, when we will exert it over our own minds, joined to a little strength and consolation, nay, a little pride we catch from those that seem to love us, is our only support in either of these conditions. I am sensible I cannot return you more of this assistance than I have received from you; and can only tell you, that one who has far more reason than you, I hope, ever will have to look on life with something worse than indifference, is yet no enemy to it; but can look backward on many bitter moments partly with satisfaction, and partly with patience; and forward too, on a scene not very promising, with some hope, and some expectations of a better day. The cause, however, which occasioned your reflection (though I can judge but very imperfectly of it) does not seem, at present, to be weighty enough to make you take any such resolution as you meditate. Use it in its season, as a relief from what is tiresome to you, but not as if it was in consequence of anything you take ill; on the contrary, if such a thing had happened at the time of your transmigration, I would defer it merely to avoid that appearance.

As to myself, I cannot boast, at present, either of my spirits, my situation, my employments, or fertility. The days and the nights pass, and I am never the nearer to anything, but that one to which we are all tending; yet I love people that leave some traces of their journey behind them, and have strength enough to advise you to do so while you can. I expect to see Caractacus completed, and therefore I send you the books you wanted. I do not know whether they will furnish you with any new matter; but they are well enough written, and easily read. I told you before that (in a time of dearth) I would borrow from the Edda, without entering too minutely on particulars: but, if I did so, I would make each image so clear, that it might be fully understood by itself; for in this obscure mythology we must not hint at things, as we do with the Greek fables, that everybody is supposed to know at school. However, on second thoughts, I think it would be still better to graft any wild picturesque fable, absolutely of one's own invention, on the Druid stock; I mean on those half dozen of old fancies that are known to be a part of their system. This will give you more freedom and latitude, and will leave no hold for the critics to fasten on.

I send you back the Elegy[1] as you desired me to do. My advices are always at your service to take or to refuse, therefore you should not call them severe. You know I do not love, much less pique myself on criticism; and think even a bad verse as good a thing or better than the best observation that ever was made upon it. I like greatly the spirit and sentiment of it (much of which you perhaps owe to your present train of thinking); the disposition of the whole too is natural and elegiac; as to the expression, I would venture to say (did not you forbid me) that it is sometimes too easy. The last line I protest against (this, you will say, is worse than blotting out rhymes); the descriptive part is excellent.

Pray, when did I pretend to finish, or even insert passages into other people's works, as if it were equally easy to pick holes and to mend them? All I can say is, that your Elegy must not end with the worst line in it.[2] It is flat; it is prose; whereas that, above all, ought to sparkle, or at least to shine. If the sentiment must stand, twirl it a little into an apophthegm: stick a flower in it; gild it with a costly expression; let it strike the fancy, the ear, or the heart, and I am satisfied.

The other particular expressions which I object to, I mark on the manuscript. Now, I desire you would neither think me severe, nor at all regard what I say further than as it coincides with your own judgment; for the child deserves your partiality; it is a healthy, well made boy with an ingenuous countenance, and promises to live long. I would only wash its face, dress it a little, make it walk upright and strong, and keep it from learning *paw* words.

I hope you couched my refusal[3] to Lord

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1 W. Mason, M.A., editor of an edition of the poet's works (1821), with Memoir and Letters.

1 Elegy in the Garden of a Friend.

2 'An attempt was accordingly made to improve it; how it stood when this criticism upon it was written, I cannot now recollect.'—MASON.

3 'Of being Poet Laureate on the death of Cibber, which place the late Duke of Devonshire (then Lord Chamberlain) desired his brother to offer to Mr. Gray; and his lordship had commissioned me (then in town) to write to him concerning it.'—MASON.

John Cavendish in as respectful terms as possible, and with all due acknowledgment to the Duke. If you hear who it is to be given to, pray let me know; for I interest myself a little in the history of it, and rather wish somebody may accept it that will retrieve the credit of the thing, if it be retrievable, or ever had any credit. Rowe was, I think, the last man of character that had it; Eusden was a person of great hopes in his youth, though at last he turned out a drunken parson; Dryden was as disgraceful to the office, from his character, as the poorest scribbler could have been from his verses.

MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

Glames Castle, Sept. 14, 1765.

I deferred writing to you till I had seen a little more of this country than you yourself had seen; and now being just returned from an excursion, which I and Major Lyon have been making into the Highlands, I sit down to give you an account of it. But first I must return to my journey hither, on which I shall be very short; partly because you know the way as far as Edinburgh, and partly that there was not a great deal worth remarking. The first night we passed at Tweedmouth (77 miles); the next at Edinburgh (53 miles); where Lord Strathmore left the Major and me, to go to Lenox-Love (Lord Blantyre's), where his aunt lives; so that afternoon and all next day I had leisure to visit the Castle, Holyrood House, Heriot's Hospital, Arthur's Seat, etc., and am not sorry to have seen that most picturesque (at a distance) and nastiest (when near) of all capital cities. I supped with Dr. Robertson and other literati, and the next morning Lord Strathmore came for us. We crossed at the Queen's Ferry in a four-oared yawl without a sail, and were tossed about rather more than I should wish to hazard again; lay at Perth, a large Scotch town with much wood about it, on the banks of the Tay, a very noble river. Next morning ferried over it, and came by dinner-time to Glames; being (from Edinburgh) 67 miles, which makes in all (from Hetton) 197 miles. The castle[1] stands in Strathmore (*i.e.* the Great Valley), which winds about from Stonehaven on the east coast of Kincardineshire, obliquely, as far as Stirling, near 100 miles in length, and from seven to ten miles in breadth, cultivated everywhere to the foot of the hills, on either hand, with oats or bere, a species of barley, except where the soil is mere peat-earth (black as a coal), or barren sand covered only with broom and heath, or a short grass fit for sheep. Here and there appear, just above ground, the huts of the inhabitants, which they call towns, built of, and covered with, turf; and among them, at great distances, the gentlemen's houses, with enclosures and a few trees round them.

Amidst these the Castle of Glames distinguishes itself, the middle part of it rising proudly out of what seems a great and thick wood of tall trees, with a cluster of hanging towers on the top. You descend to it gradually from the south, through a double and triple avenue of Scotch firs 60 or 70 feet high, under three gateways. This approach is a full mile long; and when you have passed the second gate, the firs change to limes, and another oblique avenue goes off on either hand towards the offices. These, as well as all the enclosures that surround the house, are bordered with three or four ranks of sycamores, ashes, and white poplars of the noblest height, and from 70 to 100 years old. Other alleys there are, that go off at right angles with the long one; small groves, and walled gardens, of Earl Patrick's planting, full of broad-leaved elms, oaks, birch, black cherry-trees, laburnums, etc., all of great stature and size, which have not till this week begun to show the least sense of morning frosts. The third gate delivers you into a court with a broad pavement, and grass-plats adorned with statues of the four Stuart kings, bordered with old silver firs and yew-trees alternately, and opening with an iron palisade on either side to two square old-fashioned parterres surrounded by stone fruit-walls. The house, from the height of it, the greatness of its mass, the many towers atop, and the spread of its wings, has really a very singular and striking appearance, like nothing I ever saw. You will comprehend something of its shape from the plan of the second floor, which I enclose. The wings are about 50 feet high; the body (which is the old castle, with walls 10 feet thick) is near 100. From the leads I see to the south of me (just at the end of the avenue) the little town of Glames, the houses built of stone, and slated, with a neat kirk and small square tower (a rarity in this region). Just beyond it rises a beautiful round hill, and another ridge of a longer form adjacent to it, both covered with woods of tall fir. Beyond them, peep over the black hills of Sid-law, over which winds the road to Dundee. To the north, within about seven miles of me, begin to rise the Grampians, hill above hill, on whose tops three weeks ago I could plainly see some traces of the snow that fell in May last. To the east, winds a way to the Strath, such as I have before described it, among the hills, which sink lower and lower as they approach the sea. To the west, the same valley (not plain, but broken, unequal ground) runs on for above 20 miles in view: there I see the crags above Dunkeld; there Beni-Gloe and Beni-More rise above the clouds; and there is that Sho-khallian, that spires into a cone above

[1] This is said to be the very castle in which Duncan was murdered by Macbeth.

them all, and lies at least 45 miles (in a direct line) from this place.

Lord Strathmore, who is the greatest farmer in this neighbourhood, is from break of day to dark night among his husbandmen and labourers; he has near 2000 acres of land in his own hands, and is at present employed in building a low wall of four miles long, and in widening the bed of the little river Deane, which runs to south and south-east of the house, from about twenty to fifty feet wide, both to prevent inundations, and to drain the lake of Forfar. This work will be two years more in completing, and must be three miles in length. All the Highlanders that can be got are employed in it; many of them know no English, and I hear them singing Erse songs all day long. The price of labour is eightpence a day; but to such as will join together, and engage to perform a certain portion in a limited time, two shillings.

I must say that all his labours seem to prosper; and my lord has casually found in digging, such quantities of shell-marl as not only fertilize his own grounds, but are disposed of at a good price to all his neighbours. In his nurseries are thousands of oaks, beech, larches, horse-chestnuts, spruce-firs, etc., thick as they can stand, and whose only fault is, that they are grown tall and vigorous before he has determined where to plant them out; the most advantageous spot we have for beauty lies west of the house, where (when the stone walls of the meadows are taken away) the grounds, naturally unequal, will have a very park-like appearance: they are already full of trees, which need only thinning here and there to break the regularity of their trout-stream which joins the river Deane hard by. Pursuing the course of this brook upwards, you come to a narrow sequestered valley sheltered from all winds, through which it runs murmuring among great stones; on one hand the ground gently rises into a hill, on the other are the rocky banks of the rivulet, almost perpendicular, yet covered with sycamore, ash, and fir, that (though it seems to have no place or soil to grow in) yet has risen to a good height, and forms a thick shade; you may continue along this gill, and passing by one end of the village and its church for half a mile, it leads to an opening between the two hills covered with fir-woods, that I mentioned above, through which the stream makes its way, and forms a cascade of ten or twelve feet over broken rocks. A very little art is necessary to make all this a beautiful scene. The weather, till the last week, has been in general very fine and warm; we have had no fires till now, and often have sat with the windows open an hour after sunset; now and then a shower has come, and sometimes sudden gusts of wind descend from the mountains, that finish as suddenly as they arose; but to-day it blows a hurricane. Upon the whole, I have been exceeding lucky in my weather, and particularly in my Highland expedition of five days.

We set out then the 11th of September, and continuing along the Strath to the west, passed through Megill (where is the tomb of *Queen Wanders, that was riven to dethe by staned horses for nae gude that she did;* so the women there told me, I assure you), through Cowper of Angus; over the river Ila; then over a wide and dismal heath, fit for an assembly of witches, till we came to a string of four small lakes in a valley, whose deep-blue waters and green margin, with a gentleman's house or two seated on them in little groves, contrasted with the black desert in which they were enchased. The ground now grew unequal; the hills, more rocky, seemed to close in upon us, till the road came to the brow of a steep descent, and (the sun then setting) between two woods of oak we saw far below us the river Tay come sweeping along at the bottom of a precipice, at least 150 feet deep, clear as glass, full to the brim, and very rapid in its course; it seemed to issue out of woods thick and tall, that rose on either hand, and were overhung by broken rocky crags of vast height; above them, to the west, the tops of higher mountains appeared, on which the evening clouds reposed. Down by the side of the river, under the thickest shades, is seated the town of Dunkeld; in the midst of it stands a ruined cathedral, the towers and shell of the building still entire: a little beyond it, a large house of the Duke of Athol, with its offices and gardens, extends a mile beyond the town; and as his grounds were interrupted by the streets and roads, he has flung arches of communication across them, that add to the scenery of the place, which of itself is built of good white stone, and handsomely slated; so that no one would take it for a Scotch town till they come into it. Here we passed the night; if I told you how, you would bless yourself.

Next day we set forward to Taymouth, 27 miles farther west; the road winding through beautiful woods, with the Tay almost always in full view to the right, being here from 3 to 400 feet over. The Strath-Tay, from a mile to three miles or more wide, covered with corn, and spotted with groups of people, then in the midst of their harvest; on either hand a vast chain of rocky mountains that changed their face and opened something new every hundred yards, as the way turned, or the clouds passed; in short, altogether it was one of the most pleasing days I have passed these many years, and at every step I wished for you. At the close of day we came to Balloch,[1] so the place was called; but now Taymouth, improperly enough; for here it is that the river issues out of Loch-Tay, a glorious lake 15 miles long and

[1] Mr. Pennant, in his tour in Scotland, explains this word 'the Mouth of the Loch.'

one mile and a half broad, surrounded with prodigious mountains; there on its north-eastern brink, impending over it, is the vast hill of Lawers; to the east is that enormous creature, She-khallian (*i.e.* the maiden's pap), spiring above the clouds: directly west, beyond the end of the lake, Beni-More, the great mountain, rises to a most awful height, and looks down on the tomb of Fingal. Lord Breadalbane's *policy* (so they call here all such ground as is laid out for pleasure) takes in about 2000 acres, of which his house, offices, and a deer-park, about three miles round, occupy the plain or bottom, which is little above a mile in breadth; through it winds the Tay, which, by means of a bridge, I found here to be 156 feet over: his plantations and woods rise with the ground, on either side the vale, to the very summit of the enormous crags that overhang it: along them, on the mountain's side, runs a terrace a mile and a half long, that overlooks the course of the river. From several seats and temples perched on particular rocky eminences, you command the lake for many miles in length, which turns like some huge river, and loses itself among the mountains that surround it; at its eastern extremity, where the river issues out of it, on a peninsula my lord has built a neat little town and church with a high square tower; and just before it lies a small round island in the lake, covered with trees, amongst which are the ruins of some little religious house.

Trees, by the way, grow here to great size and beauty. I saw four old chestnuts in the road, as you enter the park, of vast bulk and height; one beech tree I measured that was 16 feet 7 inches in the girth, and, I guess, near 80 feet in height. The gardener presented us with peaches, nectarines, and plums from the stone walls of the kitchen-garden (for there are no brick nor hot walls); the peaches were good, the rest well tasted, but scarce ripe; we had also golden pippins from an espalier, not ripe, and a melon very well flavoured and fit to cut: of the house I have little to say: it is a very good nobleman's house, handsomely furnished and well kept, very comfortable to inhabit, but not worth going far to see. Of the earl's taste I have not much more to say; it is one of those noble situations that man cannot spoil: it is, however, certain that he has built an inn and a town just where his principal walks should have been, and in the most wonderful spot of ground that perhaps belongs to him. In this inn, however, we lay; and next day, returning down the river four miles, we passed it over a fine bridge, built at the expense of the Government, and continued our way to Logie-Rait, just below which, in a most charming scene, the Tummel, which is here the larger river of the two, falls into the Tay. We ferried over the Tummel in order to get into Marshal Wade's road, which leads from Dunkeld to Inverness, and continued our way along it toward the north: the road is excellent, but dangerous enough, in conscience; the river often running directly under us at the bottom of a precipice 200 feet deep, sometimes masked indeed by wood that finds means to grow where I could not stand, but very often quite naked and without any defence; in such places we walked for miles together, partly for fear, and partly to admire the beauty of the country, which the beauty of the weather set off to the greatest advantage: as evening came on, we approached the pass of Gillikrankie (Killiekrankie), where, in the year 1745, the Hessians, with their prince at their head, stopped short, and refused to march a foot farther.

Vestibulum ante ipsum, primisque in faucibus Orci stands the solitary mansion of Mr. Robertson of Fascley; close by it rises a hill covered with oak, with grotesque masses of rock staring from among their trunks, like the sullen countenances of Fingal and all his family, frowning on the little mortals of modern days: from between this hill and the adjacent mountains, pent in a narrow channel, comes roaring out the river Tummel, and falls headlong down involved in white foam which rises into a mist all round it: but my paper is deficient, and I must say nothing of the pass itself, the black river Garry, the Blair of Athol, Mount Beni-Gloe, my return by another road to Dunkeld, the Hermitage, the Stra-Bram, and the Rumbling Brig: in short, since I saw the Alps, I have seen nothing sublime till now. In about a week I shall set forward, by the Stirling road, on my return all alone. Pray for me till I see you, for I dread Edinburgh and the itch, and expect to find very little in my way worth the perils I am to endure.

MR. GRAY TO MR. NICHOLLS.

Pembroke College, June 24, 1769.

And so you have a garden of your own,[1] and you plant and transplant, and are dirty and amused! Are not you ashamed of yourself? Why, I have no such thing, you monster, nor ever shall be either dirty or amused as long as I live. My gardens are in the windows, like those of a lodger up three pair of stairs in Petticoat Lane or Camomile Street, and they go to bed regularly under the same roof that I do. Dear, how charming it must be to walk out in one's own *garding*, and sit on a bench in the open air, with a fountain and leaden statue, and a rolling stone, and an arbour: have a care of sore throats though, and the *agoe*.

1 'Mr. Nicholls, by having pursued the advice of his correspondent, we find was now possessed of that competency which he wished him; happy, not only in having so sage an adviser, but in his own good sense which prompted him to follow such advice. The gaiety, whim, and humour of this letter contrast prettily with the gravity and serious reflection of a former communication.'—MASON.

However, be it known to you, though I have no garden, I have sold my estate and got a thousand guineas,[1] and fourscore pounds a year for my old aunt, and a twenty-pound prize in the lottery, and Lord knows what arrears in the treasury, and am a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses, and one that hath two gowns, and everything handsome about him, and in a few days shall have new window curtains: are you advised of that? ay, and a new mattress to lie upon.

My Ode has been rehearsed again and again,[2] and the scholars have got scraps by heart: I expect to see it torn piecemeal in the *North Briton* before it is born. If you will come, you shall see it, and sing in it amidst a chorus from Salisbury and Gloucester music meeting, great names there, and all well versed in Judas Maccabæus. I wish it were once over; for then I immediately go for a few days to London, and so with Mr. Brown to Aston, though I fear it will rain the whole summer, and Skiddaw will be invisible and inaccessible to mortals.

I have got De la Landes' *Voyage through Italy* in eight volumes; he is a member of the Academy of Sciences, and pretty good to read. I have read too an octavo volume of *Shenstone's Letters:* poor man! he was always wishing for money, for fame, and other distinctions; and his whole philosophy consisted in living against his will in retirement, and in a place which his taste had adorned; but which he only enjoyed when people of note came to see and commend it: his correspondence is about nothing else but this place and his own writings, with two or three neighbouring clergymen who wrote verses too.

I have just found the beginning of a letter, which somebody had dropped: I should rather call it first-thoughts for the beginning of a letter; for there are many scratches and corrections. As I cannot use it myself (having got a beginning already of my own), I send it for your use on some great occasion:

'Dear Sir,—After so long silence, the hopes of pardon and prospect of forgiveness might seem entirely extinct, or at least very remote, was I not truly sensible of your goodness and candour, which is the only asylum that my negligence can fly to, since every apology would prove insufficient to counterbalance it, or alleviate my fault: how then shall my deficiency presume to make so bold an attempt, or be able to suffer the hardships of so rough a campaign?' etc. etc. etc.

[1] Consisting of houses on the west side of Handalley, London: Mrs. Olliffe was the aunt here mentioned, who had a share in this estate, and for whom he procured this annuity. She died in 1771, a few months before her nephew.

[2] Ode for Music on the Duke of Grafton's Installation.

[As a British letter-writer, Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford, takes the first rank, for variety, anecdote, humour, gossip, and reminiscence, with all the other qualities which go to make an interesting, familiar letter. Lord Dover edited the letters addressed to Sir Horace Mann; the last and most complete collection, edited by Cunningham, occupied 9 vols. 8vo. The correspondence extends over 62 years, from 1735 to 1797. When Walpole retired from public life in 1768, it was to devote himself to literature and to the collection of works of art and relics of antiquity, and to the adornment of his Gothic villa at Strawberry Hill, near Twickenham. Walpole's letters, says Mr. Seton in his *Letters and Letter Writers*, have been described as 'inimitable pictures of society and of human character, drawn by the hand of one who was a master in the delineation of scenes from familiar life; not, it is true, inspiring his figures with poetic truth or serious significance, but shedding over all of them a gaily comic light. They are a kind of satires; and few compositions claiming that name are equal to them in lively wit, in striking grasp of character, in picturesque colouring of incidents, and in apposite, epigrammatic, vigorous language.' Whatever may be thought of Walpole's tastes and friendships in the present day, they were certainly quite *sincere;* and accordingly it is to be hoped that no impartial reader will acquiesce in Macaulay's estimate of his character, to the effect that 'affectation is the essence of the man, and if it were taken away nothing would be left.' No doubt, his earliest letters are overloaded with classical quotations; but it ought to be borne in mind, that he wrote at a period when every man of letters considered that an idea was greatly enhanced in value when expressed in Latin; and moreover, the blemish in question entirely disappears in his later life. 'The bulk, as well as the best of his letters,' in the opinion of Mr. Cunningham, 'are addressed to people at a distance: to Mann, in Florence; to Montagu, on the skirts of a Northamptonshire forest; to Bentley, in exile for debt; to Cole, in the Fens of Cambridgeshire; to Mason, in his Yorkshire parsonage; to

blind Madame du Deffand, in the gilded saloons of Paris; and to Lady Ossory, seeking solitude, after her divorce, in the woods of Ampthill. . . . He lived throughout a long life in the best society and in the best clubs. . . . His letters are absolute jests and story-books, and the exact standard of easy, engaging writing. . . . He has the art to interest us in very little matters, and to enliven subjects seemingly the most barren.' Walpole himself tells us that his letters are to be looked upon 'in their proper character of newspapers,' and that if they possess any excellence in point of style, it must be imputed to his careful study of the correspondence of Madame de Sévigné and his friend Gray. 'I generally write in a hurry,' he informs one of his many correspondents, 'and say anything that comes into my head. . . . I cannot *compose* letters like Pliny and Pope.' Elsewhere he says to Montagu, 'Mine is a life of letter-writing.' The notes here given are chiefly from Lord Dover's edition of *Walpole's Letters to Sir Horace Mann* (1833).

THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE TO MR. GRAY.

Arlington Street, Feb. 18, 1768.

You have sent me a long and very obliging letter, and yet I am extremely out of humour with you. I saw *Poems by Mr. Gray* advertised; I called directly at Dodsley's to know if this was to be more than a new edition. He was not at home himself, but his foreman told me he thought there were some new pieces, and notes to the whole. It was very unkind, not only to go out of town without mentioning them to me, without showing them to me, but not to say a word of them in this letter. Do you think I am indifferent, or not curious, about what you write? I have ceased to ask you, because you have so long refused to show me anything. You could not suppose I thought that you never write. No, but I concluded you did not intend, at least yet, to publish what you had written. As you did intend it, I might have expected a month's preference. You will do me the justice to own that I had always rather have seen your writings, than have shown you mine, which you know are the most hasty trifles in the world, and which, though I may be fond of the subject when fresh, I constantly forget in a very short time after they are published. This would sound like affectation to others, but will not to you. It would be affected, even to you, to say I am indifferent to fame; I certainly am not, but I am indifferent to almost anything I have done to acquire it. The greater part are mere compilations; and no wonder they are, as you say, incorrect, when they are commonly written with people in the room, as *Richard* and the *Noble Authors* were. But I doubt there is a more intrinsic fault in them; which is, that I cannot correct them. If I write tolerably, it must be at once; I can neither mend nor add. The articles of Lord Capel and Lord Peterborough, in the second edition of the *Noble Authors*, cost me more trouble than all the rest together; and you may perceive that the worst part of *Richard*,[1] in point of ease and style, is what relates to the papers you gave me on Jane Shore, because it was tacked on so long afterwards, and when my impetus was chilled. If some time or other you will take the trouble of pointing out the inaccuracies of it, I shall be much obliged to you; at present I shall meddle no more with it. It has taken its fate, nor did I mean to complain. I found it was condemned, indeed, beforehand, which was what I alluded to. Since publication (as has happened to me before) the success has gone beyond my expectation.

Not only at Cambridge, but here, there have been people wise enough to think me too free with the King of Prussia! A newspaper has talked of my known inveteracy to him. Truly, I love him as well as I do most kings. The greater offence is my reflection on Lord Clarendon. It is forgotten that I had overpraised him before. Pray turn to the new State Papers, from which, *it is said*, he composed his history. You will find they are the papers from which he did *not* compose his history. And yet I admire my Lord Clarendon more than these pretended admirers do. But I do not intend to justify myself. I can as little satisfy those who complain that I do not let them know what *really did* happen. If this inquiry can ferret out any truth, I shall be glad. I have picked up a few more circumstances. I now want to know what Perkin Warbeck's proclamation was, which Speed in his history says is preserved by Bishop Leslie. If you look in Speed, perhaps you will be able to assist me.

The Duke of Richmond and Lord Lyttelton agree with you, that I have not disculpated Richard of the murder of Henry VI. I own to you, it is the crime of which in my own mind I believe him most guiltless. Had I thought he committed it, I should never have taken the trouble to apologize for the rest. I am not at all positive or obstinate on your other objections, nor know exactly what I believe on many points of this story. And I am so sincere, that except a few notes hereafter, I

[1] His work entitled *Historic Doubts on the Life and Reign of Richard III.*

shall leave the matter to be settled or discussed by others. As you have written much too little, I have written a great deal too much, and think only of finishing the two or three other things I have begun; and of those, nothing but the last volume of painters is designed for the present public. What has one to do when turned fifty but really think of *finishing?*

I am much obliged and flattered by Mr. Mason's approbation, and particularly by having had almost the same thought with him. I said, 'People need not be angry at my excusing Richard; I have not diminished their fund of hatred, I have only transferred it from Richard to Henry.' Well, but I have found you close with Mason—No doubt, cry prating I, something will come out.[1]—— Oh! no—leave us, both of you, to Annabellas and Epistles to Ferney, that give Voltaire an account of his own tragedies, to Macarony fables that are more unintelligible than Pilpay's are in the original, to Mr. Thornton's hurdy-gurdy poetry, and to Mr. ——, who has imitated himself worse than any fop in a magazine would have done. In truth, if you should abandon us, I could not wonder.—When Garrick's prologues and epilogues, his own Cymons and farces, and the comedies of the fools that pay court to him, are the delight of the age, it does not deserve anything better.

Pray read the new account of Corsica. What relates to Paoli will amuse you much. There is a deal about the island and its divisions that one does not care a straw for. The author, Boswell, is a strange being, and, like ——, has a rage of knowing anybody that ever was talked of. He forced himself upon me at Paris in spite of my teeth and my doors, and I see has given a foolish account of all he could pick up from me about King Theodore. He then took an antipathy to me on Rousseau's account, abused me in the newspapers, and exhorted Rousseau to do so too; but as he came to see me no more, I forgave all the rest. I see he now is a little sick of Rousseau himself, but I hope it will not cure him of his anger to me. However, his book will, I am sure, entertain you.

I will add but a word or two more. I am criticized for the expression *tinker up* in the preface. Is this one of those that you object to? I own I think such a low expression, placed to ridicule an absurd instance of wise folly, very forcible. Replace it with an elevated word or phrase, and to my conception it becomes as flat as possible.

George Selwin says I may, if I please, write historic doubts on the present Duke of G—— too. Indeed they would be doubts, for I know nothing certainly.

Will you be so kind as to look into Leslie *de rebus Scotorum*, and see if Perkin's proclamation is there, and if there, how authenticated. You will find in Speed my reason for asking this.

I have written in such a hurry, I believe you will scarce be able to read my letter; and as I have just been writing French, perhaps the sense may not be clearer than the writing. Adieu! Yours ever.

[1] 'I found him close with Swift'—'Indeed?'—
'No doubt,'
Cries prating Balbus, 'something will come out.'
POPE'S *Epistle to Arbuthnot.*

TO THE SAME.

Arlington Street, Friday night, Feb. 26.

I plague you to death, but I must reply a few more words. I shall be very glad to see in print, and to have those that are worthy see your ancient odes; but I was in hopes there were some pieces, too, that I had not seen. I am sorry there are not.

I troubled you about Perkin's proclamation, because Mr. Hume lays great stress upon it, and insists, that if Perkin affirmed his brother was killed, it must have been true, if he was true Duke of York. Mr. Hume would have persuaded me that the proclamation is in Stowe, but I can find no such thing there; nor, what is more, in Casley's catalogue, which I have twice looked over carefully. I wrote to Sir David Dalrymple in Scotland, to inquire after it, because I would produce it if I could, though it should make against me; but he, I believe, thinking I inquired with the contrary view, replied very drily, that it was published at York, and was not to be found in Scotland. Whether he is displeased that I have plucked a hair from the tresses of their great historian, or whether, as I suspect, he is offended for King William, this reply was all the notice he took of my letter and book. I only smiled, as I must do when I find one party is angry with me on King William's and the other on Lord Clarendon's account.

The answer advertised is Guthrie's, who is furious that I have taken no notice of *his* History. I shall take as little of his pamphlet; but his end will be answered, if he sells that and one or two copies of his History. Mr. Hume, I am told, has drawn up an answer too, which I shall see, and, if I can, will get him to publish; for, if I should ever choose to say anything more on this subject, I had rather reply to him than to hackney-writers: to the latter, indeed, I never will reply. A few notes I have to add that will be very material; and I wish to get some account of a book that was once sold at Osborn's, that exists perhaps at Cambridge, and of which I found a memorandum t'other day in my note-book. It is called *A Paradox, or Apology for Richard the Third*, by

Sir William Cornwallis.[1] If you could discover it, I should be much obliged to you.

Lord Sandwich, with whom I have not exchanged a syllable since the general warrants, very obligingly sent me an account of the roll at Kimbolton; and has since, at my desire, borrowed it for me and sent it to town.[2] It is as long as my Lord Lyttelton's History; but by what I can read of it (for it is both ill written and much decayed), it is not a roll of kings, but of all that have been possessed of, or been earls of Warwick; or have not—for one of the first earls is Æneas. How, or wherefore, I do not know, but amongst the first is Richard the Third, in whose reign it was finished, and with whom it concludes. He is there again with his wife and son, and Edward the Fourth, and Clarence and his wife, and Edward their son (who unluckily is a little old man), and Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, their daughter—— But why do I say with these? There is everybody else too—and what is most meritorious, the habits of all the times are admirably well observed from the most savage ages. Each figure is tricked with a pen, well drawn, but neither coloured nor shaded. Richard is straight, but thinner than my print; his hair short, and exactly curled in the same manner; not so handsome as mine, but what one might really believe intended for the same countenance, as drawn by a different painter, especially when so small; for the figures in general are not so long as one's finger. His queen is ugly, and with just such a square forehead as in my print, but I cannot say like it. Nor, indeed, where forty-five figures out of fifty (I have not counted the number) must have been imaginary, can one lay great stress on the five. I shall, however, have these figures copied, especially as I know of no other image of the son. Mr. Astle is to come to me to-morrow morning to explain the writing.

I wish you had told me in what age your Franciscan friars lived; and what the passage in Comines is. I am very ready to make *amende honorable*.

Thank you for the notes on the *Noble Authors*. They shall be inserted when I make a new edition, for the sake of the trouble the person has taken, though they are of little consequence. Dodsley has asked me for a new edition; but I have had little heart to undertake such work, no more than to mend my old linen. It is pity one cannot be born an ancient, and have commentators to do such jobs for one! Adieu! Yours ever.

Saturday morning.

On reading over your letter again this morning, I do find the age in which the friars lived. I read and write in such a hurry, that I think I neither know what I read or say.

TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 16, 1768.

As you have been so good, my dear lord, as twice to take notice of my letter, I am bound in conscience and gratitude to try to amuse you with anything new. A royal visitor, quite fresh, is a real curiosity—by the reception of him, I do not think many more of the breed will come hither. He came from Dover in hackney-chaises; for somehow or other the master of the horse happened to be in Lincolnshire; and the king's coaches having received no orders, were too good subjects to go and fetch a stranger king of their own heads. However, as his Danish majesty travels to improve himself for the good of his people, he will go back extremely enlightened in the arts of government and morality, by having learned that crowned heads may be reduced to ride in a hired chaise.

By another mistake, King George happened to go to Richmond about an hour before King Christiern arrived in London. An hour is exceedingly long; and the distance to Richmond still longer; so with all the despatch that could possibly be made, King George could not get back to his capital till next day at noon. Then, as the road from his closet at St. James's to the King of Denmark's apartments on t'other side of the palace is about thirty miles, which posterity, having no conception of the prodigious extent and magnificence of St. James's, will never believe, it was half an hour after three before his Danish majesty's courier could go, and return to let him know that his good brother and ally was leaving the palace in which they both were, in order to receive him at the queen's palace, which you know is about a million of snail's paces from St. James's. Notwithstanding these difficulties and unavoidable delays, Woden, Thor, Friga, and all the gods that watch over the kings of the north, did bring these two invincible monarchs to each other's embraces about half an hour after five the same evening. They passed an hour in projecting a family compact that will regulate the destiny of Europe to latest posterity; and then, the fates so willing it, the British prince departed for Richmond, and the Danish potentate repaired to the widowed mansion of his royal mother-in-law, where he poured forth the fulness of his heart in praises on the lovely bride she had bestowed on him, from whom nothing but the benefit of his subjects could

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[1] *The Praise of King Richard the Third*, which was published by Sir William Cornwallis, Knight, the 'Essayist,' in 1617, is reprinted in the third volume of the Somers Collection of Tracts.

[2] From this roll were taken the two plates of portraits in the Historic Doubts.

ever have torn him. And here let calumny blush, who has aspersed so chaste and faithful a monarch with low amours; pretending that he has raised to the honour of a seat in his sublime council, an artisan of Hamburg, known only by repairing the soles of buskins, because that mechanic would, on no other terms, consent to his fair daughter's being honoured with majestic embraces. So victorious over his passions is this young Scipio from the Pole, that though on Shooter's Hill he fell into an ambush laid for him by an illustrious countess, of blood-royal herself, his majesty, after descending from his car and courteously greeting her, again mounted his vehicle, without being one moment eclipsed from the eyes of the surrounding multitude. Oh! mercy on me! I am out of breath. Pray let me descend from my stilts, or I shall send you as fustian and tedious a history as that of Henry II.[1] Well, then, this great king is a very little one; not ugly, nor ill-made. He has the sublime strut of his grandfather, or of a cock-sparrow; and the divine white eyes of all his family by the mother's side. His curiosity seems to have consisted in the original plan of travelling, for I cannot say he takes notice of anything in particular. His manner is cold and dignified, but very civil and gracious and proper. The mob adore him and huzza him; and so they did the first instant. At present they begin to know why; for he flings money to them out of his windows; and by the end of the week I do not doubt they will want to choose him for Middlesex. His court is extremely well ordered; for they bow as low to him at every word as if his name was Sultan Amurat. You would take his first Minister for only the first of his slaves. I hope this example, which they have been so good as to exhibit at the opera, will contribute to civilise us. There is, indeed, a pert young gentleman, who a little discomposes this august ceremonial. His name is Count Holke, his age three-and-twenty; and his post answers to one that we had formerly in England many years ago, and which in our tongue was called the lord high favourite. Before the Danish monarchs became absolute, the most refractory of that country used to write libels, called *North Danes*, against this great officer; but that practice has long since ceased. Count Holke seems rather proud of his favour than shy of displaying it.

I hope, my dear, you will be content with my Danish politics, for I trouble myself with no other. There is a long history about the Baron de Bottetourt, and Sir Jeffery Amherst, who has resigned his regiment; but it is nothing to me, nor do I care a straw about it. I am deep in the anecdotes of the new court; and if you want to know more of Count Holke or Count Molke, or the Grand Vizier Bernsdorff, or Mynheer Schimmelman, apply to me, and you shall be satisfied. But what do I talk of? You will see them yourself. Minerva in the shape of Count Bernsdorff, or out of all shape in the person of the Duchess of ——, is to conduct Telemachus to York races; for can a monarch be perfectly accomplished in the mysteries of king-craft, as our Solomon James I. called it, unless he is initiated in the arts of jockeyship? When this northern star travels towards its own sphere, Lord Hertford will go to Ragley. I shall go with him; and, if I can avoid running foul of the magi that will be thronging from all parts to worship that star, I will endeavour to call at Wentworth Castle for a day or two, if it will not be inconvenient, I should think it would be about the second week in September; but your lordship shall hear again, unless you should forbid me, who am ever Lady Strafford's and your lordship's

Most faithful, humble servant.

[1] Lord Lyttelton's.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.[1]

London, Feb. 25, 1742.

I am impatient to hear that you have received my first account of the change; as, to be sure, you are now for every post. This last week has not produced many new events. The Prince of Wales has got the measles, so there has been but little incense offered up to him: his brother of Saxe-Gotha has got them too. When the Princess went to St. James's, she fell at the King's feet, and struggled to kiss his hand, and burst into tears. At the Norfolk masquerade she was vastly bejewelled; Frankz had lent her forty thousand pounds' worth, and refused to be paid for the hire, only desiring that she would tell whose they were. All this is nothing, but to introduce one of Madame de Pomfret's ingenuities, who, being dressed like a pilgrim, told the princess that she had taken her for the Lady of Loretto.

But you will wish for politics now, more than for histories of masquerades, though this last has taken up people's thoughts full as much. The House met last Thursday, and voted the army without a division: Shippen[2] alone, unchanged, opposed it. They have since been busied on elections, turning out our friends, and voting in their own, almost without opposition. The chief affair has been the Denbighshire

[1] A contemporary and early friend of Sir Horace Walpole, who was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary from England to the Court of Florence, a post he occupied for forty-six years.

[2] William Shippen, a celebrated Jacobite. Sir R. Walpole said that he was the only man whose price he did not know.

election, on the petition of Sir Watkyn Williams. They have voted him into Parliament, and the High-Sheriff into Newgate. Murray[1] was most eloquent: Loyd,[2] the counsel on the other side, and no bad one, said (for I go constantly, though I do not stay long, but 'leave the dead to bury their dead') that it was objected to the Sheriff, that he was related to the sitting member; but, indeed, in that country (Wales) it would be difficult *not* to be related. Yesterday we had another hearing of the petition of the merchants, when Sir Robert Godschall shone brighter than even his usual: there was a copy of a letter produced, the original being lost; he asked whether the copy had been taken before the original was lost, or after!

Next week they commence their prosecutions, which they will introduce by voting a committee to inquire into all the offices: Sir William Yonge is to be added to the impeachments, but the chief whom they wish to punish is my uncle.[3] He is the more to be pitied, because nobody will pity him. They are not fond of a formal message which the States General have sent to Sir Robert, 'to compliment him on his new honour, and to condole with him on being out of the Ministry, which will be so detrimental to Europe!'

The third augmentation in Holland is confirmed, and that the Prince of Hesse is chosen Generalissimo, which makes it believed that his Grace of Argyll will not go over, but that we shall certainly have a war with France in the spring. Argyll has got the ordnance restored to him, and they wanted to give him back his regiment; to which end Lord Hertford[4] was desired to resign it, with the offer of his old troop again. He said he had received the regiment from the King; if his majesty pleased to take it back, he might, but he did not know why he should resign it. Since that, he wrote a letter to the King, and sent it by his son, Lord Beauchamp, resigning his regiment, his government, and his wife's pension as lady of the bed-chamber to the late queen.

No more changes are made yet. They have offered the Admiralty to Sir Charles Wager again, but he refused it: he said he heard that he was an old woman, and that he did not know what good old women could do anywhere.

A comet has appeared here for two nights, which, you know, is lucky enough at this time, and a pretty ingredient for making prophecies.

These are all the news. I receive your letters regularly, and hope you receive mine so: I never miss one week. Adieu! my dearest child! I am perfectly well; tell me always that you are. Are the good Chutes still at Florence? My best love to them, and services to all.

TO THE SAME.

Strawberry Hill, May 3, 1749.

I am come hither for a few days to repose myself after a torrent of diversions, and am writing to you in my charming bow-window, with a tranquillity and satisfaction which, I fear, I am grown old enough to prefer to the hurry of amusements, in which the whole world has lived for this last week. We have at last celebrated the peace, and that as much in the extremes as we generally do everything, whether we have reason to be glad or sorry, pleased or angry. Last Tuesday it was proclaimed; the King did not go to St. Paul's, but at night the whole town was illuminated. The next day what was called *a jubilee-masquerade in the Venetian manner* at Ranelagh: it had nothing Venetian in it, but was by far the best understood and the prettiest spectacle I ever saw; nothing in a fairy tale ever surpassed it. One of the proprietors, who is a German and belongs to court, had got my Lady Yarmouth to persuade the King to order it. It began at three o'clock, and about five, people of fashion began to go. When you entered, you found the whole garden filled with masks, and spread with tents, which remained all night *very commodely*. In one quarter was a May-pole dressed with garlands, and people dancing round it to a tabor and pipe and rustic music, all masqued, as were all the various bands of music that were disposed in different parts of the garden, some like huntsmen with French horns, some like peasants, and a troop of harlequins and scaramouches in the little open temple on the mount. On the canal was a sort of gondola, adorned with flags and streamers, and filled with music, rowing about. All round the outside of the amphitheatre were shops filled with Dresden china, japan, etc., and all the shopkeepers in mask. The amphitheatre was illuminated, and in the middle was a circular bower, composed of all kinds of firs in tubs, from twenty to thirty feet high; under them orange trees, with small lamps in each orange, and below them all sorts of the finest auriculas in pots, and festoons of natural flowers hanging from tree to tree. Between the arches too were firs, and smaller ones in the balconies above. There were booths for tea and wine, gambling-tables and dancing, and about two thousand persons. In short, it pleased me more than anything I ever saw. It is to be once more, and probably finer as to dresses, as there has since been a subscription-masquerade, and people will go in their rich habits. The next day were

[1] William Murray, Mr. Pope's friend, afterwards Solicitor and then Attorney-General.

[2] Sir Richard Loyd, who succeeded Mr. Murray, in 1754, as Solicitor-General.

[3] Horace Walpole, brother of Sir Robert.

[4] Algernon Seymour, Earl of Hertford, eldest son of Charles, called the proud Duke of Somerset, whom he succeeded in that title, and was the last Duke of Somerset of that branch—his son, who is here mentioned, having died before him.

the fireworks, which by no means answered the expense, the length of preparation, and the expectation that had been raised; indeed for a week before, the town was like a country fair, the streets filled from morning to night, scaffolds building wherever you could or could not see, and coaches arriving from every corner of the kingdom. This hurry and lively scene, with the sight of the immense crowd in the park and on every house, the guards, and the machine itself, which was very beautiful, was all that was worth seeing. The rockets and whatever was thrown up into the air succeeded mighty well, but the wheels and all that was to compose the principal part, were pitiful and ill-conducted, with no changes of coloured fires and shapes: the illumination was mean, and lighted so slowly that scarce anybody had patience to wait the finishing; and then what contributed to the awkwardness of the whole, was the right pavilion catching fire, and being burnt down in the middle of the show. The King, the Duke, and Princess Emily saw it from the library,[1] with their courts; the Prince and Princess with their children from Lady Middlesex's, no place being provided for them, nor any invitation given to the library. The Lords and Commons had galleries built for them and the chief citizens along the rails of the Mall; the lords had four tickets a-piece, and each commoner at first but two, till the Speaker bounced and obtained a third. Very little mischief was done, and but two persons killed: at Paris there were forty killed, and near three hundred wounded, by a dispute between the French and Italians in the management, who, quarrelling for precedence in lighting the fires, both lighted at once and blew up the whole. Our mob was extremely tranquil, and very unlike those I remember in my father's time, when it was a measure in the Opposition to work up everything to mischief, the excise and the French players, the convention and the gin-act. We are as much now in the opposite extreme, and in general so pleased with the peace, that I could not help being struck with a passage I read lately in Pasquier, an old French author, who says, 'That in the time of Francis I. the French used to call their creditors *Des Anglois*, from the facility with which the English gave credit to them in all treaties, though they had broken so many. On Saturday we had a serenata at the Opera-house, called *Peace in Europe*, but it was a wretched performance. On Monday there was a subscription-masquerade, much fuller than that of last year, but not so agreeable or so various in dresses. The King was well disguised in an old-fashioned English habit, and much pleased with somebody who desired him to hold their cup as they were drinking tea. The Duke had a dress of the same kind, but was so immensely corpulent, that he looked like Cacofogo, the drunken captain in 'Rule a Wife and Have a Wife.' The Duchess of Richmond[1] was a lady mayoress in the time of James I., and Lord Delawarr,[2] Queen Elizabeth's porter, from a picture in the guard-chamber at Kensington; they were admirable masks. Lady Rochford,[3] Miss Evelyn, Miss Bishop, Lady Stafford,[4] and Mrs. Pitt,[5] were in vast beauty, particularly the last, who had a red veil, which made her look gloriously handsome. I forgot Lady Kildare.[6] Mr. Conway was the duke in *Don Quixote*, and the finest figure I ever saw. Miss Chudleigh[7] was Iphigenia, but so naked that you would have taken her for Andromeda; and Lady Betty Smithson[8] had such a pyramid of baubles upon her head, that she was exactly the Princess of Babylon in Grammont. You will conclude that after all these diversions people begin to think of going out of town—no such matter; the Parliament continues sitting, and will till the middle of June; Lord Egmont told us we should sit till Michaelmas. There are many private bills, no public ones of any fame. We were to have had some chastisement for Oxford, where, besides the late riots, the famous Dr. King,[9] the Pretender's great agent, made a most violent speech at the opening of the Ratcliffe library. The Ministry denounced judgment; but, in their old style, have grown frightened, and dropped it. However, this menace gave occasion to a meeting and union between the Prince's party and the Jacobites, which Lord Egmont has been labouring all the winter. They met at the St. Alban's tavern near Pall Mall last Monday morning, an hundred and twelve lords and commoners. The Duke of Beaufort[10] opened the assembly with a panegyric on the stand that had been made this winter against so corrupt an administration, and hoped it would continue, and

[1] Probably the old brick building near the bottom of the Green Park, which was called 'the Queen's Library,' and which was pulled down by the Duke of York when he built his new house in the Stable yard, St. James's.

[1] Sarah Cadogan, wife of Charles, second Duke of Richmond.

[2] John West, seventh Lord Delawarr,—created Earl Delawarr in 1761.

[3] Lucy Young, wife of William Henry Nassau, fourth Earl of Rochford.

[4] Henrietta Cantillon, wife of Matthias Howard, third Earl of Stafford.

[5] Penelope Atkyns, a celebrated beauty, wife of George Pitt, Esq. of Stratfieldsaye, in Hants, created in 1776 Lord Rivers.

[6] Lady Emily Lennox, Countess of Kildare.

[7] Afterwards Duchess of Kingston.

[8] Afterwards Countess and Duchess of Northumberland.

[9] The last conspicuous Jacobite at Oxford. He was public orator of that university, and Principal of St. Mary Hall.

[10] Lord Noel Somerset, who succeeded his brother in the dukedom.

desired harmony. Lord Egmont seconded this strongly, and begged they would come up to Parliament early next winter. Lord Oxford[1] spoke next; and then Potter with great humour, and to the great abashment of the Jacobites said, he was very glad to see this union, and from thence hoped that if another attack like the last rebellion should be made on the royal family, they would all stand by them. No reply was made to this. Then Sir Watkyn Williams spoke, Sir Francis Dashwood, and Tom Pitt,[2] and the meeting broke up. I don't know what this coalition may produce; it will require time with no better heads than compose it at present, though the great Mr. Doddington had carried to the conference the assistance of his. In France a very favourable event has happened for us, the disgrace of Maurepas,[3] one of our bitterest enemies, and the greatest promoter of their marine. Just at the beginning of the war, in a very critical period, he had obtained a very large sum for that service, but which one of the other factions, lest he should gain credit and glory by it, got to be suddenly given away to the King of Prussia.

Sir Charles Williams is appointed envoy to this last king: here is an epigram which he has just sent over on Lord Egmont's opposition to the mutiny bill:

'Why has Lord Egmont 'gainst this bill
So much declamatory skill
So tediously exerted?
The reason's plain: but t'other day
He mutinied himself for pay,
And he has twice deserted.'

I must tell you a *bon-mot* that was made the other night at the serenata of *Peace in Europe*, by Wall,[4] who is much in fashion, and a kind of Gondomar. Grossatesta, the Modenese Minister, a very low fellow, with all the jackpuddinghood of an Italian, asked, '*Mais qui est ce qui représente mon maitre?*' Wall replied, '*Mais, mon Dieu! L'abbé, ne sçavez vous pas que ce n'est pas un opéra boufon?*' And here is another *bon-mot* of my Lady Townshend: we were talking of the Methodists; somebody said, 'Pray, Madam, is it true that Whitfield has *recanted?*' 'No, sir, he has only *canted.*'

If you ever think of returning to England, as I hope it will be long first, you must prepare yourself with Methodism; I really believe that by that time it will be necessary: this sect increases as fast as almost ever any religious nonsense did. Lady Fanny Shirley has chosen this way of bestowing the dregs of her beauty; and Mr. Lyttelton is very near making the same sacrifice of the dregs of all those various characters that he has worn. The Methodists love your big sinners, as proper subjects to work upon, and indeed they have a plentiful harvest; I think what you call flagrancy was never more in fashion. Drinking is at the highest winemark; and gaming joined with it so violent, that at the last Newmarket meeting, in the rapidity of both, a bank bill was thrown down, and nobody immediately claiming it, they agreed to give it to a man that was standing by.

I must tell you of Stosch's letter, which he had the impertinence to give you without telling the contents. It was to solicit the arrears of his pension, which I beg you will tell him I have no manner of interest to procure; and to tell me of a Galla Placidia, a gold medal lately found. It is not for myself, but I wish you would ask him the price for a friend of mine who would like to buy it.

Adieu! my dear child; I have been long in arrears to you, but I trust you will take this huge letter as an acquittal. You see my villa makes me a good correspondent; how happy I should be to show it you, if I could with no mixture of disagreeable circumstances to you! I have made a vast plantation! Lord Leicester told me the other day that he heard I would not buy some old china, because I was laying out all my money in trees: 'Yes,' said I, 'my lord, I used to love blue trees, but now I like green ones.'

TO THE SAME.

Strawberry Hill, June 4, 1749.

As summerly as June and Strawberry Hill may sound, I assure you I am writing to you by the fireside: English weather will give vent to its temper, and whenever it is out of humour it will blow east and north and all kinds of cold. Your brothers Ned and Gal. dined with me today, and I carried the latter back to Richmond: as I passed over the green, I saw Lord Bath, Lord Lonsdale, and half-a-dozen more of the White's club sauntering at the door of a house which they have taken there, and come to every Saturday and Sunday to play at whist. You will naturally ask why they can't play at whist in London on those two days as well as on the other five; indeed I can't tell you, except that it is so established a fashion to go out of town at the end of the week, that people do go,

[1] Edward Harley of Eyewood, in the county of Hereford, to whom, pursuant to the limitations of the patent, the earldoms of Oxford and Mortimer descended, upon the death without male issue of the Lord Treasurer's only son, Edward the second earl. Lord Oxford was of the Jacobite party. He died in 1755.

[2] Thomas Pitt, Esq. of Boconnock in Cornwall, Warden of the Stanneries. He married the sister of George Lord Lyttelton, and was the father of the first Lord Camelford.

[3] Phelypeaux Count de Maurepas, son of the Chancellor de Pontchartrain. He was disgraced in consequence of some quarrel with the King's mistress. He returned to office, unhappily for France, in the commencement of the reign of Louis XVI.

[4] General Wall, the Spanish ambassador. Gondomar was the able Spanish ambassador in England in the reign of James I.

though it be only into another town. It made me smile to see Lord Bath sitting there, like a citizen that has left off trade! Your brother Ned had not seen Strawberry Hill since my great improvements; he was astonished: it is pretty: you never saw so tranquil a scene, without the least air of melancholy; I should hate it, if it was dashed with that. I forgot to ask Gal. what is become of the books of Houghton which I gave him six months ago for you and Dr. Cocchi. You perceive I have got your letter of May 23d, and with it Prince Craon's simple epistle to his daughter: I have no mind to deliver it: it would be a proper recommendation of a staring boy on his travels, and is consequently very suitable to my colleague, Master St. Leger; but one hates to be coupled with a romping greyhound puppy, *qui est moins prudent que Monsieur Valpol!* I did not want to be introduced to Madame de Mirepoix's assemblies, but to be acquainted with her, as I like her family: I concluded, simple as he is, that an old Frenchman knew how to make these distinctions. By thrusting St. Leger into the letter with me, and talking of my prudence, I shall not wonder if she takes me for his bear-leader, his travelling governor!

Mr. Chute, who went from hence this morning, and is always thinking of blazoning your pedigree in the noblest colours, has turned over all my library, till he has tapped a new and very great family for you: in short, by your mother it is very clear that you are descended from Hubert de Burgh, Grand Justiciary to Richard the Second;[1] indeed I think he was hanged; but that is a misfortune that will attend very illustrious genealogies; it is as common to them as to the pedigrees about Paddington and Blackheath. I have had at least a dozen great-great-grandfathers that came to untimely ends. All your Virtuosos in heraldry are content to know that they had ancestors who lived five hundred years ago, no matter how they died. A match with a low woman corrupts a stream of blood as long as the Danube,—tyranny, villainy, and executions are mere flea-bites, and leave no stain. The good Lord of Bath, whom I saw on Richmond Green this evening, did intend, I believe, to ennoble my genealogy with another execution; how low is he sunk now from those views, and how entertaining to have lived to see all those virtuous patriots proclaiming their mutual iniquities! Your friend Mr. Doddington, it seems, is so reduced as to be relapsing into virtue. In my last I told you some curious anecdotes of another part of the band, of Pope and Bolingbroke. The friends of the former have published twenty pamphlets against the latter; I say against the latter, for, as there is no defending Pope, they are reduced to satirize Bolingbroke. One of them tells him how little he would be known himself from his own writings, if he were not immortalized in Pope's; and still more justly, that if he destroys Pope's moral character, what will become of his own, which has been retrieved and sanctified by the embalming art of his friend? However, there are still new discoveries made every day of Pope's dirty selfishness. Not content with the great profits which he proposed to make of the work in question, he could not bear that the interest of his money should be lost till Bolingbroke's death; and therefore told him that it would cost very near as much to have the press set for half-a-dozen copies as it would for a complete edition, and by this means made Lord Bolingbroke pay very near the whole expense of the fifteen hundred. Another story I have been told on this occasion, was of a gentleman who, making a visit to Bishop Atterbury in France, thought to make his court by commending Pope. The Bishop replied not: the gentleman doubled the dose: at last the Bishop shook his head, and said, '*Mens curva in corpore curvo!*' The world will now think justly of these men: that Pope was the greatest poet, but not the most disinterested man in the world; and that Bolingbroke had not all those virtues and not all those talents which the other so proclaimed; and that he did not even deserve the friendship which lent him so much merit; and for the mere loan of which he dissembled attachment to Pope, to whom in his heart he was as perfidious and as false as he has been to the rest of the world.

The Duke of Devonshire has at last resigned, for the unaccountable and unenvied pleasure of shutting himself up at Chatsworth with his ugly, mad duchess; the more extraordinary sacrifice, as he turned her head, rather than give up a favourite match for his son. She has consented to live with him there, and has even been with him in town for a few days, but did not see either her son or Lady Harrington. On his resignation he asked and obtained an English barony for Lord Besborough, whose son Lord Duncannon, you know, married the duke's eldest daughter. I believe this is a great disappointment to my uncle, who hoped he would ask the peerage for him or Pigwiggin. The Duke of Marlborough succeeds as lord steward. Adieu!

[1] This could not be the case, as the office was at that time abolished.

TO THE SAME.

Arlington Street, March 11, 1750.

'Portents and prodigies are grown so frequent,
That they have lost their name.'[1]

My text is not literally true; but as far as earthquakes go towards lowering the price of

[1] Dryden's *All for Love.*

wonderful commodities, to be sure we are overstocked. We have had a second much more violent than the first; and you must not be surprised if by next post you hear of a burning mountain sprung up in Smithfield. In the night between Wednesday and Thursday last (exactly a month since the first shock), the earth had a shivering fit between one and two; but so slight, that if no more had followed, I don't believe it would have been noticed. I had been awake, and had scarce dozed again—on a sudden I felt my bolster lift up my head; I thought somebody was getting from under my bed, but soon found it was a strong earthquake, that lasted nearly half a minute, with a violent vibration and great roaring. I rang my bell; my servant came in, frightened out of his senses; in an instant we heard all the windows in the neighbourhood flung up. I got up and found people running into the streets, but saw no mischief done: there has been some; two old houses flung down, several chimneys and much china-ware. The bells rung in several houses. Admiral Knowles, who has lived long in Jamaica, and felt seven there, says this was more violent than any of them: Francesco prefers it to the dreadful one in Leghorn. The wise say, that if we have not rain soon, we shall certainly have more. Several people are going out of town, for it has nowhere reached above ten miles from London; they say, they are not frightened, but that it is such fine weather, 'Lord! one can't help going into the country!' The only visible effect it has had, was on the *ridotto*, at which, being the following night, there were but four hundred people. A parson, who came into White's the morning of earthquake the first, and heard bets laid on whether it was an earthquake or the blowing up of powder-mills, went away exceedingly scandalized, and said, 'I protest, they are such an impious set of people, that I believe if the last trumpet was to sound, they would bet puppet-show against judgment.' If we get any nearer still to the torrid zone, I shall pique myself on sending you a present of cedrati and orange-flower water; I am already planning a *Terreno* for Strawberry Hill.

The Middlesex election is carried against the court; the Prince, in a green frock (and I won't swear but in a Scotch plaid waistcoat), sat under the park-wall, in his chair, and hallooed the voters on to Brentford. The Jacobites are so transported, that they are opening subscriptions for all boroughs that shall be vacant—this is wise! They will spend their money to carry a few more seats in a parliament where they will never have the majority, and so have none to carry the general elections. The omen, however, is bad for Westminster; the high-bailiff went to vote for the Opposition.

I now jump to another topic; I find all this letter will be detached scraps; I can't at all contrive to hide the seams; but I don't care. I began my letter merely to tell you of the earthquake, and I don't pique myself upon doing any more than telling you what you would be glad to have told you. I told you too, how pleased I was with the triumphs of another old beauty, our friend the Princess.[1] Do you know, I have found a history that has a great resemblance to hers; that is, that will be very like hers, if hers is but like it. I will tell it you in as few words as I can. Madame la Marechal de l'Hôpital was the daughter of a sempstress;[2] a young gentleman fell in love with her, and was going to be married to her, but the match was broken off. An old Fermier-general, who had retired into the province where this happened, hearing the story, had a curiosity to see the victim; he liked her, married her, died and left her enough not to care for her inconstant. She came to Paris, where the Marechal de l'Hôpital married her for her riches. After the Marechal's death, Casimir, the abdicated King of Poland, who was retired into France, fell in love with the Marechale, and privately married her. If the event ever happens, I shall certainly travel to Nancy, to hear her talk of *ma belle fille la Reine de France*. What pains my Lady Pomfret would take to prove[3] that an abdicated king's wife did not take place of an English countess! and how the Princess herself would grow still fonder of the Pretender[4] for the similitude of his fortune with that of *le Roi mon mari!* Her daughter, Mirepoix, was frightened the other night, with Mrs. Nugent's calling out, *Un voleur! un voleur!* The ambassadress had heard so much of robbing, that she did not doubt but *dans ce pais cy* they robbed in the middle of an assembly. It turned out to be a *thief in the candle!* Good-night!

TO THE SAME.

Arlington Street, April 2, 1750.

You will not wonder so much at our earthquakes as at the effects they have had. All

1 The Princess Craon, who, it had been reported, was to marry Stanislaus Leczinska, Duke of Lorraine and ex-King of Poland, whose daughter, Maria Leczinska, was married to Louis XV., king of France.

2 This is the story of a woman named Mary Mignot. She was near marrying a young man of the name of La Gardie, who afterwards entered the Swedish service, and became a Field-Marshal in that country. Her first husband was, if I mistake not, a *Procureur* of Grenoble. Her second was the Marshal de l'Hôpital; and her third is supposed to have been Casimir, the ex-king of Poland, who had retired, after his abdication, to the monastery of St. Germain des Près. It does not, however, appear certain whether Casimir actually married her or not.

3 Lady Pomfret and Princess Craon did not visit at Florence upon a dispute of precedence.

4 The Pretender, when in Lorraine, lived in Prince Craon's house.

the women in town have taken them up upon the foot of *Judgments;* and the clergy, who have had no windfalls of a long season, have driven horse and foot into this opinion. There has been a shower of sermons and exhortations; Secker, the Jesuitical bishop of Oxford, began the mode. He heard the women were all going out of town to avoid the next shock; and so, for fear of losing his Easter offerings, he set himself to advise them to await God's good pleasure in fear and trembling. But what is more astonishing, Sherlock,[1] who has much better sense, and much less of the popish confessor, has been running a race with him for the old ladies, and has written a pastoral letter, of which ten thousand were sold in two days, and fifty thousand have been subscribed for since the two first editions.

I told you the women talked of going out of town; several families are literally gone, and many more going to-day and to-morrow; for what adds to the absurdity is, that the second shock having happened exactly a month after the former, it prevails that there will be a third on Thursday next, another month, which is to swallow up London. I am almost ready to burn my letter now I have begun it, lest you should think I am laughing at you; but it is so true, that Arthur of White's told me last night, that he should put off the last *ridotto,* which was to be on Thursday, because he hears nobody would come to it. I have advised several who are going to keep their next earthquake in the country, to take the bark for it, as it is so periodic. Dick Levesen and Mr. Rigby, who had supped and stayed late at Bedford House, the other night, knocked at several doors, and in a watchman's voice cried, 'Past four o'clock, and a dreadful earthquake!' But I have done with this ridiculous panic, two pages were too much to talk of it.

We have had nothing in Parliament but trade bills, on one of which the Speaker humbled the arrogance of Sir John Barnard, who had reflected upon the proceedings of the House. It is to break up on Thursday se'nnight, and the King goes this day fortnight. He has made Lord Vere Beauclerc a baron,[2] at the solicitation of the Pelhams, as this lord had resigned upon a pique with Lord Sandwich. Lord Anson, who is treading in the same path, and leaving the Bedfords to follow his father-in-law the Chancellor, is made a privy councillor with Sir Thomas Robinson and Lord Hyndford. Lord Conway is to be an earl,[3] and Sir John Rawdon[4] (whose follies you remember, and whose boasted loyalty of having been kicked down-stairs for not drinking the Pretender's health, though even that was false, is at last rewarded) and Sir John Vesey are to be Irish lords; and a Sir William Beauchamp Proctor, and a Mr. Loyd, Knights of the Bath.

I was entertained the other night at the house of much such a creature as Sir John Rawdon, and one whom you remember too, Naylor. He has a wife who keeps the most indecent house of all those that are called decent; every *Sunday* she has a contraband assembly: I had had a card for *Monday* a fortnight before. As the day was new, I expected a great assembly, but found scarce six persons. I asked where the company was—I was answered—'Oh! they are not come yet, they will be here presently; they all supped here last night, stayed till morning, and I suppose are not up yet.'

My Lord Bolingbroke has lost his wife.[1] When she was dying, he acted grief; flung himself upon her bed, and asked her if she could forgive him. I never saw her, but have heard her wit and parts excessively commended. Dr. Middleton told me a compliment she made him two years ago, which I thought pretty. She said she was persuaded that he was a very great writer, for she understood his works better than any other English book, and that she had observed that the best writers were always the most intelligible.

Wednesday.

I had not time to finish my letter on Monday. I return to the earthquake, which I had mistaken; it is to be to-day. This frantic terror prevails so much, that within these three days seven hundred and thirty coaches have been counted passing Hyde Park corner, with whole parties removing into the country; here is a good advertisement which I cut out of the papers to-day,—

'On Monday next will be published (price 6d.), a true and exact list of all the nobility and gentry who have left or shall leave this place through fear of another earthquake.'

Several women have made earthquake gowns, —that is, warm gowns to sit out of doors all to-night. These are of the more courageous. One woman still more heroic is come to town on purpose; she says all her friends are in London, and she will not survive them. But what will you think of Lady Catherine Pelham, Lady Frances Arundell,[2] and Lord and Lady

[1] Thomas Sherlock, Master of the Temple, first, Bishop of Salisbury, and afterwards of London.

[2] Lord Vere of Hanworth, in Middlesex.

[3] Lord Conway was made Earl of Hertford.

[4] Sir John Rawdon was created in this year Baron Rawdon, and in 1761 Earl of Moira, in Ireland. Sir John Vesey was created Lord Knapton; and his son was made Viscount de Vesci in Ireland, in 1766.

[1] She was a Frenchwoman, the widow of a Monsieur de Villettes (and niece of Madame de Maintenon).

[2] Lady Frances Arundell was the daughter of John Manners, second Duke of Rutland, and was married to the Hon. Richard Arundell, second son of John, Lord Arundell of Trerice, and a Lord of the Treasury. Lady Frances was sister of Lady Catherine Pelham, the wife of the Minister.

Galway,[1] who go this evening to an inn ten miles out of town, where they are to play at brag till five in the morning, and then come back—I suppose, to look for the bones of their husbands and families under the rubbish! The prophet of all this (next to the Bishop of London) is a trooper of Lord Delawarr's, who was yesterday sent to Bedlam. His *Colonel* sent to the man's wife, and asked her if her husband had ever been disordered before. She cried, 'Oh dear! my lord, he is not mad now; if your *lordship* would but get any *sensible* man to examine him, you would find he is quite in his right mind.'

I shall now tell you something more serious. Lord Dalkeith[2] is dead of the small-pox in three days. It is so dreadfully fatal in his family, that besides several uncles and aunts, his eldest boy died of it last year; and his only brother, who was ill but two days, putrefied so fast, that his limbs fell off as they lifted the body into the coffin. Lady Dalkeith[3] is five months gone with child; she was hurrying to him, but was stopped on the road by the physician, who told her that it was a milliary fever. They were remarkably happy.

The King goes on Monday se'nnight;[4] it is looked upon as a great event that the Duke of Newcastle has prevailed on him to speak to Mr. Pitt, who has detached himself from the Bedfords. The monarch, who had kept up his Hanoverian resentments, though he had made him paymaster, is now beat out of the dignity of his silence; he was to pretend not to know Pitt, and was to be directed to him by the lord-in-waiting. Pitt's jealousy is of Lord Sandwich, who knows his own interest and unpopularity so well, that he will prevent any breach, and thereby what you fear, which yet I think you would have no reason to fear. I could not say enough of my anger to your father, but I shall take care to say nothing, as I have not forgot how my zeal for you made me provoke him once before.

Your genealogical affair is in great train, and will be quite finished in a week or two. Mr. Chute has laboured at it indefatigably; General Guise has been attesting the authenticity of it to-day before a justice of peace. You will find yourself mixed with every drop of blood in England that is worth bottling up: the Duchess of Norfolk and you grow on the same bough of the tree. I must tell you a very curious anecdote that Strawberry King-at-Arms[1] has discovered by the way, as he was tumbling over the mighty dead in the Heralds' Office. You have heard me speak of the great injustice that the Protector Somerset did to the children of his first wife, in favour of those by his second; so much that he not only had the dukedom settled on the younger brood, but to deprive the eldest of the title of Lord Beauchamp, which he wore by inheritance, he caused himself to be anew created *Viscount* Beauchamp. Well, in Vincent's *Baronage*, a book of great authority, speaking of the Protector's wives, are these remarkable words: '*Katherina, filia et una Coh. Gul: Fillol de Fillol's hall in Essex, uxor prima; repudiata, quia Pater ejus post nuptias eam cognovit.*' The Speaker has since referred me to our journals, where are some notes of a trial in the reign of James the First, between Edward, the second son of Katherine the *dutiful*, and the Earl of Hertford, son of Anne Stanhope, which in some measure confirms our MS., for it says, the Earl of Hertford objected, that John, the eldest son of all, was begotten while the duke was in France. This title, which now comes back at last to Sir Edward Seymour, is disputed; my Lord Chancellor has refused him the writ, but referred his case to the Attorney-General,[2] the present great Opinion of England, who, they say, is clear for Sir Edward's succession.[3]

I shall now go and show you Mr. Chute in a different light from heraldry, and in one in which I believe you never saw him. He will shine as usual; but as a little more severely than his good-nature is accustomed to, I must tell you that he was provoked by the most impertinent usage. It is an epigram on Lady Caroline Petersham, whose present fame, by the way, is coupled with young Harry Vane.

WHO IS THIS?

Her face has beauty, we must all confess,
But beauty on the brink of ugliness.
Her mouth's a rabbit feeding on a rose;
With eyes—ten times too good for such a nose!
Her blooming cheeks—what paint could ever draw 'em?
That paint, for which no mortal ever saw 'em.
Air without shape—of royal race divine—
'Tis Emily—oh! fie!—'tis Caroline.

Do but think of my beginning a third sheet! but as the Parliament is rising, and I shall probably not write you a tolerably long letter again these eight months, I will lay in a stock of merit with you to last me so long. Mr. Chute has set me too upon making epigrams; but as I have not his art, mine is almost a copy

1 John Monckton, first Viscount Galway in Ireland. The Lady Galway mentioned here was his second wife, Jane, daughter of Henry Westenra, Esq. of Dublin. His first wife, who died in 1730, was Lady Elizabeth Manners, the sister of Lady Catherine Pelham and Lady Frances Arundell.

2 Francis Scott, eldest son of the Duke of Buccleuch.

3 Caroline, eldest daughter and heiress of John, Duke of Argyle. She was married again in 1755 to Charles, second son of Lord Townshend, and one of the Lords of the Admiralty.

4 To Hanover.

1 Mr. Chute.

2 Sir Dudley Ryder.

3 Sir Edward Seymour, when he became Duke of Somerset, did not inherit the title of Beauchamp.

of verses: the story he told me, and is literally true of an old Lady Bingley:[1]

Celia now had completed some thirty campaigns,
And for new generations was hammering chains;
When whetting those terrible weapons, her eyes,
To Jenny, her handmaid, in anger she cries,
'Careless creature! did mortal e'er see such a glass!
Who that saw me in this, could e'er guess what I was!
Much you mind what I say! pray how oft have I bid you
Provide me a new one? how oft have I chid you?'
'Lord, madam!' cried Jane, 'you're so hard to be pleased!
I am sure every glassman in town I have teased;
I have hunted each shop from Pall Mall to Cheapside;
Both Miss Carpenter's[2] man and Miss Banks'[3] I've tried.'
'Don't tell me of those girls!—all I know to my cost
Is, the looking-glass art must be certainly lost!
One us'd to have mirrors so smooth and so bright,
They did one's eyes justice, they heightened one's white,
And fresh roses diffused o'er one's bloom—but alas!
In the glasses made now, one detests one's own face;
They pucker one's cheeks up, and furrow one's brow,
And one's skin looks as yellow as that of Miss[4] Howe!'[5]

After an epigram that seems to have found out the longitude, I shall tell you but one more, and that wondrous short. It is said to be made by a cow; you must not wonder; we tell as many strange stories as Baker and Livy:

A warm winter, a dry spring,
A hot summer, a new king.

Though the sting is very epigrammatic, the whole of the distich has more of the truth that becomes prophecy; that is, it is false; for the spring is wet and cold.

There is come from France a Madame Bocage, who has translated Milton: my Lord Chesterfield prefers the copy to the original; but that is not uncommon for him to do, who is the patron of bad authors and bad actors. She has written a play too which was damned—and worthy my lord's approbation. You would be more diverted with a Mrs. Holman, whose passion is keeping an assembly, and inviting literally everybody to it. She goes to the drawing-room to watch for sneezes; whips out a curtsey, and then sends next morning to know how your cold does, and to desire your company next Thursday.

Mr. Whithed has taken my Lord Pembroke's house at Whitehall; a glorious situation, but as madly built as my lord himself was. He has bought some delightful pictures too of Claud, Gaspar, and good masters, to the amount of four hundred pounds.

Good-night! I have nothing more to tell you, but that I have lately seen a Sir William Boothby, who saw you about a year ago, and adores you, as all the English you receive ought to do. He is much in my favour.

[1] Lady Elizabeth Finch, eldest daughter of Heneage, Earl of Aylesford, and widow of Robert Benson, Lord Bingley.

[2] Countess of Egremont.

[3] Miss Margaret Banks, a celebrated beauty.

[4] Charlotte, sister of Lord Howe, and wife of Mr. Fettiplace.

[5] These lines are published in Walpole's Works.

TO THE SAME.

Strawberry Hill, June 12, 1753.

I could not rest any longer with the thought of your having no idea of a place of which you hear so much, and therefore desired Mr. Bentley to draw you as much idea of it as the post would be persuaded to carry from Twickenham to Florence. The enclosed enchanted little landscape, then, is Strawberry Hill; and I will try to explain so much of it to you as will help to let you know whereabouts we are when we are talking to you, for it is uncomfortable in so intimate a correspondence as ours not to be exactly master of every spot where one another is writing, or reading, or sauntering. This view of the castle[1] is what I have just finished, and is the only side that will be at all regular. Directly before it is an open grove, through which you see a field, which is bounded by a serpentine wood of all kind of trees, and flowering shrubs, and flowers. The lawn before the house is situated on the top of a small hill, from whence to the left you see the town and church of Twickenham encircling a turn of the river, that looks exactly like a seaport in miniature. The opposite shore is a most delicious meadow, bounded by Richmond Hill, which loses itself in the noble woods of the park to the end of the prospect on the right, where is another turn of the river, and the suburbs of Kingston as luckily placed as Twickenham is on the left; and a natural terrace on the brow of my hill, with meadows of my own down to the river, commands both extremities. Is not this a tolerable prospect? You must figure that all this is perpetually enlivened by a navigation of boats and barges, and by a road below my terrace, with coaches, post-chaises, waggons, and horsemen, constantly in motion, and the fields speckled with cows, horses, and sheep. Now you shall walk into the house. The bow window below leads into a little parlour hung with a stone-colour Gothic paper and Jackson's Venetian prints, which I could never endure while they pretended, infamous as they are, to be after Titian, etc., but when I gave them this air of barbarous bas-reliefs, they succeeded to a miracle; it is impossible at first sight not to conclude that they contain the history of Attila or Tottila, done about the very era. From hence under two gloomy arches

[1] It was a view of the south side towards the north-east.

you come to the hall and staircase, which it is impossible to describe to you, as it is the most particular and chief beauty of the castle. Imagine the walls covered with (I call it paper, but it is really paper painted in perspective to represent) Gothic fretwork; the lightest Gothic balustrade to the staircase, adorned with antelopes (our supporters) bearing shields; lean windows fattened with rich saints in painted glass, and a vestibule open with three arches on the landing-place, and niches full of trophies of old coats of mail, Indian shields made of rhinoceros's hides, broadswords, quivers, long-bows, arrows, all *supposed* to be taken by Sir Terry Robsart[1] in the holy wars. But as none of this regards the enclosed drawing, I will pass to that. The room on the ground floor nearest to you is a bed-chamber, hung with yellow paper and prints, framed in a new manner invented by Lord Cardigan, that is, with black and white borders printed. Over this is Mr. Chute's bedchamber, hung with red in the same manner. The bow window room one pair of stairs is not yet finished; but in the tower beyond it is the charming closet where I am now writing to you. It is hung with green paper and water-colour pictures; has two windows,—the one in the drawing looks to the garden, the other to the beautiful prospect; and the top of each glutted with the richest painted glass of the arms of England, crimson roses, and twenty other pieces of green, purple, and historic bits. I must tell you, by the way, that the castle, when finished, will have two-and-thirty windows enriched with painted glass. In this closet, which is Mr. Chute's college of arms, are two presses with books of heraldry and antiquities, Madame Sévigné's Letters, and any French books that relate to her and her acquaintance. Out of this closet is the room where we always live, hung with a blue-and-white paper in stripes adorned with festoons, and a thousand plump chairs, couches, and luxurious settees covered with linen of the same pattern, and with a bow window commanding the prospect, and gloomed with limes that shade half each window, already darkened with painted glass in chiaroscuro, set in deep-blue glass. Under this room is a cool little hall, where we generally dine, hung with paper to imitate Dutch tiles.

I have described so much, that you will begin to think that all the accounts I used to give you of the diminutiveness of our habitation were fabulous; but it is really incredible how small most of the rooms are. The only two good chambers I shall have are not yet built; they will be an eating-room, and a library, each twenty by thirty, and the latter fifteen feet high. For the rest of the house, I could send it you in this letter as easily as the drawing, only that I should have nowhere to live till the return of the post. The Chinese summer-house, which you may distinguish in the distant landscape, belongs to my Lord Radnor.[1] We pique ourselves upon nothing but simplicity, and have no carvings, gildings, paintings, inlayings, or tawdry businesses.

You will not be sorry, I believe, by this time to have done with Strawberry Hill, and to hear a little news. The end of a very dreaming session has been extremely enlivened by an accidental bill which has opened great quarrels, and those not unlikely to be attended with interesting circumstances. A bill to prevent clandestine marriages,[2] so drawn by the judges as to clog all matrimony in general, was inadvertently espoused by the Chancellor, and having been strongly attacked in the House of Commons by Nugent, the Speaker, Mr. Fox, and others, the last went very great lengths of severity on the whole body of the law, and on its chieftain in particular, which, however, at the last reading he softened and explained off extremely. This did not appease; but on the return of the bill to the House of Lords, where our amendments were to be read, the Chancellor in the most personal terms harangued against Fox, and concluded with saying that 'he despised his scurrility as much as his adulation and recantation.' As Christian charity is not one of the oaths taken by privy councillors, and as it is not the most eminent virtue in either of the champions, this quarrel is not likely to be soon reconciled. There are natures[3] whose disposition it is to patch up political breaches, but whether they will succeed, or try to succeed in healing this, can I tell you?

The match for Lord Granville, which I announced to you, is not concluded; his flames are cooled in that quarter as well as in others.

I begin a new sheet to you, which does not match with the other, for I have no more of the same paper here. Dr. Cameron is executed, and died with the greatest firmness. His parting with his wife the night before was heroic and tender; he let her stay till the last moment, when being aware that the gates of the Tower would be locked, he told her so; she fell at his feet in agonies: he said, 'Madam, this was not what you promised me,' and embracing her, forced her to retire; then with the same coolness, looked at the window till her coach was out of sight, after which he turned about and wept. His only concern

[1] An ancestor of Sir R. W. who was Knight of the Garter.

[1] John Robarts, the last Earl of Radnor of that house.

[2] This was Lord Hardwicke's marriage bill, which continued in force until the injustice of its provisions, and the grievances resulting from them, became too great to be borne.

[3] Mr. Pelham.

seemed to be at the ignominy of Tyburn; he was not disturbed at the dresser for his body, or at the fire to burn his bowels. The crowd was so great, that a friend who attended him could not get away, but was forced to stay and behold the execution; but what will you say to the minister or priest who accompanied him? The wretch, after taking leave, went into a landau, where, not content with seeing the doctor hanged, he let down the top of the landau for the better convenience of seeing him embowelled! I cannot tell you positively that what I hinted of this Cameron being commissioned from Prussia was true, but so it is believed. Adieu! my dear child; I think this is a very tolerable letter for summer!

TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

Houghton, March 25, 1761.

Here I am at Houghton! and alone! in this spot, where (except two hours last month) I have not been in sixteen years! Think, what a crowd of reflections! No, Gray and forty churchyards could not furnish so many; nay, I know one must feel them with greater indifference than I possess, to have patience to put them into verse. Here I am, probably for the last time of my life, though not for the last time: every clock that strikes tells me I am an hour nearer to yonder church—that church, into which I have not yet had courage to enter, where lies that mother on whom I doated, and who doated on me! There are the two rival mistresses of Houghton, neither of whom ever wished to enjoy it! There too lies he who founded its greatness, to contribute to whose fall Europe was embroiled; there he sleeps in quiet and dignity, while his friend and his foe, rather his false ally and real enemy, Newcastle and Bath, are exhausting the dregs of their pitiful lives in squabbles and pamphlets.

The surprise the picture gave me is again renewed; accustomed for many years to see nothing but wretched daubs and varnished copies at auctions, I look at these as enchantment. My own description of them seems poor; but shall I tell you truly, the majesty of Italian ideas almost sinks before the warm nature of Flemish colouring. Alas! don't I grow old? My young imagination was fired with Guido's ideas; must they be plump and prominent as Abishag to warm me now? Doth great youth feel with poetic limbs, as well as see with poetic eyes? In one respect, I am very young, I cannot satiate myself with looking: an incident contributed to make me feel this more strongly. A party arrived, just as I did, to see the house, a man and three women in riding-dresses, and they rode post through the apartments. I could not hurry before them fast enough; they were not so long in seeing for the first time, as I could have been in one room, to examine what I knew by heart. I remember formerly being often diverted with this kind of *seers;* they come, ask what such a room is called, in which Sir Robert lay, write it down, admire a lobster or a cabbage in a market piece, dispute whether the last room was green or purple, and then hurry to the inn for fear the fish should be over-dressed. How different my sensations! not a picture here but recalls a history! not one but I remember in Downing Street or Chelsea, where queens and crowds admired them, though seeing them as little as these travellers!

When I had drank tea, I strolled into the garden; they told me it was now called the *pleasure-ground.* What a dissonant idea of pleasure! those groves, those *allées,* where I have passed so many charming moments, are now stripped up or overgrown—many fond paths I could not unravel, though with a very exact clue in my memory: I met two gamekeepers, and a thousand hares! In the days when all my soul was turned to pleasure and vivacity (and you will think, perhaps, it is far from being out of tune yet), I hated Houghton and its solitude; yet I loved this garden, as now, with many regrets, I love Houghton; Houghton, I know not what to call it, a monument of grandeur or ruin! How I have wished this evening for Lord Bute! how I could preach to him! For myself, I do not want to be preached to; I have long considered how every Baalbec must wait for the chance of a Mr. Wood.[1] The servants wanted to lay me in the great apartment—what, to make me pass my night as I have done my evening! It were like proposing to Margaret Roper to be a duchess in the court that cut off her father's head, and imagining it would please her. I have chosen to sit in my father's little dressing-room, and am now by his scrutoire, where, in the height of his fortune, he used to receive the accounts of his farmers, and deceive himself, or us, with the thoughts of his economy. How wise a man at once, and how weak! For what has he built Houghton? for his grandson to annihilate, or for his son to mourn over. If Lord Burleigh could rise and view his representative driving the Hatfield stage, he would feel as I feel now. Poor little Strawberry! at least it will not be stripped to pieces by a descendant! You will find all these fine meditations dictated by pride, not by philosophy. Pray consider through how many mediums philosophy must pass before it is purified—

'—— how often must it weep, how often burn!'

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[1] *The Ruins of Baalbec, otherwise Heliopolis.* Atlas fol., 46 plates, 1757. By Robert Wood.

My mind was extremely prepared for all this gloom by parting with Mr. Conway yesterday morning; moral reflections or commonplaces are the livery one likes to wear when one has just had a real misfortune. He is going to Germany: I was glad to dress myself up in transitory Houghton, in lieu of very sensible concern. To-morrow I shall be distracted with thoughts, at least images, of a very different complexion. I go to Lynn, and am to be elected on Friday. I shall return hither on Saturday, again alone, to expect Burleighides on Sunday, whom I left at Newmarket. I must once in my life see him on his grandfather's throne.

Epping, Monday night, thirty-first.—No, I have not seen him; he loitered on the road, and I was kept at Lynn till yesterday morning. It is plain I never knew for how many trades I was formed, when at this time of day I can begin electioneering, and succeed in my new vocation. Think of me, the subject of a mob, who was scarce ever before in a mob, addressing them in the town hall, riding at the head of two thousand people through such a town as Lynn, dining with above two hundred of them amid bumpers, huzzas, songs, and tobacco, and finishing with country dancing at a ball and sixpenny whist! I have borne it all cheerfully; nay, have sat hours in *conversation*, the thing upon earth that I hate; have been to hear misses play on the harpsichord, and to see an alderman's copies of Rubens and Carlo Marat. Yet to do the folks justice, they are sensible, and reasonable, and civilised; their very language is polished since I lived among them. I attribute this to their more frequent intercourse with the world and the capital, by the help of good roads and post-chaises, which, if they have abridged the King's dominions, have at least tamed his subjects. Well, how comfortable it will be to-morrow, to see my parroquet, to play at loo, and not be obliged to talk seriously! The Heraclitus of the beginning of this letter will be overjoyed on finishing it to sign himself your old friend, DEMOCRITUS.

P.S.—I forgot to tell you that my ancient aunt Hammond came over to Lynn to see me; not from any affection, but curiosity. The first thing she said to me, though we have not met these sixteen years, was, 'Child, you have done a thing to-day that your father never did in all his life; you sat as they carried you, he always stood the whole time.' 'Madam,' said I, 'when I am placed in a chair, I conclude I am to sit in it; besides, as I cannot imitate my father in great things, I am not at all ambitious of mimicking him in little ones.' I am sure she proposes to tell her remarks to my uncle Horace's ghost the instant they meet.

TO THE SAME.

Arlington Street, February 2, 1762.

I scolded you in my last, but I shall forgive you if you return soon to England, as you talk of doing; for though you are an abominable correspondent, and only write to beg letters, you are good company, and I have a notion I shall still be glad to see you.

Lady Mary Wortley is arrived; I have seen her; I think her avarice, her dirt, and her vivacity are all increased. Her dress, like her language, is a galimatias of several countries; the ground-work rags, and the embroidery nastiness. She needs no cap, no handkerchief, no gown, no petticoat, no shoes. An old black-laced hood represents the first; the fur of a horseman's coat, which replaces the third, serves for the second; a dimity petticoat is deputy and officiates for the fourth, and slippers act the part of the last. When I was at Florence, and she was expected there, we were drawing *sortes Virgilianas* for her; we literally drew

'Insanam vatem aspicies.'[1]

It would have been a stronger prophecy now even than it was then.

You told me not a word of Mr. Macnaughton, and I have a great mind to be as coolly indolent about our famous ghost in Cock Lane. Why should one steal half an hour from one's amusements to tell a story to a friend in another island? I could send you volumes on the ghost, and I believe if I were to stay a little, I might send its *life*, dedicated to my Lord Dartmouth, by the ordinary of Newgate, its two great patrons. A drunken parish clerk set it on foot out of revenge, the Methodists have adopted it, and the whole town of London think of nothing else. Elizabeth Canning and the Rabbit-woman were modest impostors in comparison of this, which goes on without saving the least appearances. The archbishop, who would not suffer the *Minor* to be acted in ridicule of the Methodists, permits this farce to be played every night, and I shall not be surprised if they perform in the great hall at Lambeth. I went to hear it, for it is not an *apparition*, but an *audition*. We set out from the opera, changed our clothes at Northumberland House, the Duke of York, Lady Northumberland, Lady Mary Coke, Lord Hertford, and I, all in one hackney coach, and drove to the spot; it rained torrents; yet the lane was full of mob, and the house so full we could not get in; at last they discovered it was the Duke of York, and the company squeezed themselves into one another's pockets to make room for us. The house, which is borrowed, and to which the ghost has adjourned, is

[1] *Æneid*, III. 443: 'You shall see the insane prophetess.'

wretchedly small and miserable; when we opened the chamber, in which were fifty people, with no light but one tallow candle at the end, we tumbled over the bed of the child to whom the ghost comes, and whom they are murdering by inches in such insufferable heat and stench. At the top of the room are ropes to dry clothes. I asked, if we were going to have rope-dancing between the acts? We had nothing; they told us, they would at a puppet-show, that it would not come that night till seven in the morning, that is, when there are only 'prentices and old women. We stayed, however, till half an hour after one. The Methodists have promised them contributions; provisions are sent in like forage, and all the taverns and ale-houses in the neighbourhood make fortunes. The most diverting part is to hear the people wondering *when it will be found out*—as if there was anything to find out—as if the actors would make their noises when they can be discovered. However, as this pantomime cannot last much longer, I hope Lady Fanny Shirley will set up a ghost of her own at Twickenham, and then you shall *hear* one. The Methodists, as Lord Aylesford assured Mr. Chute two nights ago at Lord Dacre's, have attempted ghosts three times in Warwickshire. There, how good I am!

Yours ever.

TO THE SAME.

Arlington Street, April 5, 1765.

I sent you two letters t'other day from your kin, and might as well have written then as now, for I have nothing to tell you. Mr. Chute has quitted his bed to-day the first time for above five weeks, but is still swathed like a mummy. He was near relapsing; for old Mildmay, whose lungs, and memory, and tongue will never wear out, talked to him t'other night from eight till half an hour after ten, on the Poor-bill: but he has been more comfortable with Lord Dacre and me this evening.

I have read the *Siege of Calais*, and dislike it extremely, though there are fine lines, but the conduct is woful. The outrageous applause it has received at Paris was certainly political, and intended to stir up their spirit and animosity against us, their good, merciful, and forgiving allies. They will have no occasion for this ardour; they may smite one cheek, and we shall turn t'other.

Though I have little to say, it is worth while to write only to tell you two *bon-mots* of Quin, to that turn-coat hypocrite infidel, Bishop Warburton. That saucy priest was haranguing at Bath in behalf of prerogative: Quin said, 'Pray, my lord, spare me, you are not acquainted with my principles; I am a republican, and perhaps I even think that the execution of Charles I. might be justified.'—'Ay!' said Warburton, 'by what law?' Quin replied, 'By all the laws he had left them.' The bishop would have got off upon judgments, and bade the player remember that all the regicides came to violent ends; a lie, but no matter. 'I would not advise your lordship,' said Quin, 'to make use of that inference, for if I am not mistaken, that was the case of the twelve apostles.' There was great wit *ad hominem* in the latter reply, but I think the former equal to anything I ever heard. It is the sum of the whole controversy couched in eight monosyllables, and comprehends at once the King's guilt and the justice of punishing it. The more one examines it, the finer it proves. One can say nothing after it, so good-night.

Yours ever.

GILBERT WHITE TO HESTER CHAPONE.[1]

Selborne, August 31, 1784.

MOST RESPECTABLE LADY,—Your letter gave me great satisfaction, being the first that ever I was honoured with. It is my wish to answer you in your own way; but I never could make a verse in my life, so you must be contented with plain prose. Having seen but little of this great world, conversed but little and read less, I feel myself much at a loss how to entertain so intelligent a correspondent. Unless you will let me write about myself, my answer will be very short indeed.

Know, then, that I am an American, and was born in the year 1734 in the Province of Virginia, in the midst of a savanna that lay between a large tobacco plantation and a creek of the sea. Here I spent my youthful days among my relations with much satisfaction, and saw around me many venerable kinsmen, who had attained to great ages, without any interruption from distempers. Longevity is so general among our species that a funeral is quite a strange occurrence. I can just remember the death of my great-great-grandfather, who departed this life in the 160th year of his age. Happy should I have been in the enjoyment of my native climate, and the society of my friends, had not a sea-boy, who was wandering about to see what he could pick up, surprised me as I was sunning myself under a bush; and whipping me into his wallet, carried me aboard his ship. The circumstances of our voyage are not worthy a recital; I only remember that the rippling of the water against the sides of our vessel as we sailed along was a very lulling and composing sound, which served to soothe my slumbers as I lay in the hold. We had a short voyage, and came to anchor on the coast of

[1] As Miss Mulso, this lady was Gilbert White's first love. After she became Mrs. Chapone, she addressed some verses to his favourite tortoise 'Timothy,' when the naturalist penned this facetious reply.

England in the harbour of Chichester. In that city my kidnapper sold me for half-a-crown to a country gentleman, who came up to attend an election. I was immediately packed in a hand-basket, and carried, slung by the servant's side, to their place of abode. As they rode very hard for forty miles, and I had never been on horseback before, I found myself somewhat giddy from my airy jaunt. My purchaser, who was a great humorist, after showing me to some of his neighbours, and giving me the name of Timothy, took little further notice of me; so I fell under the care of his lady, a benevolent woman, whose humane attention extended to the meanest of her retainers.

With this gentlewoman I remained almost forty years, living in a little walled-in court in the front of her house, and enjoying much quiet, and as much satisfaction as I could expect without society. At last this good old lady died in a very advanced old age, such as a tortoise would call a good old age; and I then became the property of her nephew. This man, my present master, dug me out of my winter retreat, and packing me in a deal box, jumbled me eighty miles in post-chaises to my present place of abode. I was sore shaken by this expedition, which was the worst journey I ever experienced. In my present situation I enjoy many advantages—such as the range of an extensive garden, affording a variety of sun and shade, and abounding in lettuces, poppies, kidney beans, and many other salubrious and delectable herbs and plants, and especially with a great choice of delicate gooseberries! But still at times I miss my good old mistress, whose grave and regular deportment suited best with my disposition. For you must know that my master is what they call a naturalist, and much visited by people of that turn, who often put him on whimsical experiments, such as feeling my pulse, putting me in a tub of water to try if I can swim, etc., and twice in the year I am carried to the grocer's to be weighed, that it may be seen how much I am wasted during the months of my abstinence, and how much I gain by feasting in the summer. Upon these occasions I am placed in the scale on my back, where I sprawl about to the great diversion of the shopkeeper's children. These matters displease me; but there is another that much hurts my pride; I mean that contempt shown for my understanding which these lords of the creation are very apt to discover, thinking that nobody knows anything but themselves. I heard my master say that he expected that I should some day tumble down the ha-ha; whereas I would have him to know that I can discern a precipice from plain ground as well as himself. Sometimes my master repeats with much seeming triumph the following lines, which occasion a loud laugh:

> Timotheus placed on high
> Amidst the tuneful choir,
> With flying fingers touched the lyre.

For my part I see no wit in the application, nor know whence the verses are quoted, perhaps from some prophet of his own, who if he penned them for the sake of ridiculing tortoises, bestowed his pains, I think, to poor purposes. These are some of my grievances; but they sit very light on me in comparison of what remains behind. Know, then, tender-hearted lady, that my greatest misfortune, and what I have never divulged to any one before, is the want of society of my own kind. This reflection is always uppermost in my own mind, but comes upon me with irresistible force every spring. It was in the month of May last, that I resolved to elope from my place of confinement, for my fancy had represented to me that probably many agreeable tortoises of both sexes might inhabit the heights of Baker's Hill, or the extensive plains of the neighbouring meadow, both of which I could discern from the terrace. One sunny morning, therefore, I watched my opportunity, found the wicket open, eluded the vigilance of Thomas Hoar, and escaped into the saint-foin, which began to be in bloom, and thence into the beans. I was missing eight days, wandering in this wilderness of sweets, and exploring the meadow at times. But my pains were all to no purpose; I could find no society such as I wished and sought for. I began to grow hungry, and to wish myself at home. I therefore came forth in sight, and surrendered myself up to Thomas, who had been inconsolable in my absence. Thus, Madam, have I given you a faithful account of my satisfactions and sorrows, the latter of which are mostly uppermost. You are a lady, I understand, of much sensibility. Let me therefore make my case your own in the following manner, and then you will judge of my feelings. Suppose you were to be kidnapped away *to-morrow*, in the bloom of your life, to the land of Tortoises, and were never to see again for fifty years a human face!!! Think on this, dear lady, and pity

Your sorrowful Reptile, TIMOTHY.

[Mrs. Montagu, the daughter of Matthew Robinson, Esq. of West Layton, was born at York, October 2, 1720, and was from her childhood, remarkable for vivacity and beauty. She became a letter-writer in her eleventh year, and her correspondence at that age with Lady Margaret Harley has been preserved. She carried into maturer life all the buoyancy of her youth; her friends called her '*La petite Fidget.*' Her

residence in Portman Square, the resort of the celebrated Blue Stocking Club, was the centre of the most brilliant society in London. Her literary talents were neither extensive nor profound. The Essay upon Shakespeare, which Johnson said consisted of pack-thread, is a pleasing and discursive review of dramatic poetry, such as might easily be written by an accomplished woman whose learning was inferior to her taste. When Johnson asserted that not a single sentence of true criticism was to be found in her book, he certainly exceeded the legitimate bounds of criticism. She originates nothing, but some of her reproductions are ingenious and appropriate; of the genius of Ben Jonson, whose *Catiline and Sejanus* Mrs. Montagu vehemently censures, her knowledge appears to have been very superficial; but her remarks upon the French Drama are often just and penetrating. Dying in the autumn of 1800, Mrs. Montagu lived to behold the dawn of a new era in poetry and in art; to find the *Night Thoughts* of her friend Young superseded by a more gorgeous spirit of imagination; and the *Vicar* of Goldsmith, and the *Evelina* of Miss Burney, almost buried by the overflow of a new school of romance.—*Willmott.*]

MRS. MONTAGU TO THE DUCHESS OF PORTLAND.

A Letter from the Shades.

1739.

MADAM,—As I always acquaint your grace with my motions from place to place, I think it incumbent upon me to let you know I died last Thursday; having that day expected to hear of a certain duchess, and being disappointed, I fell into a vexation, and from thence into a chagrin, and from that into a melancholy, with a complicated *et cetera*, and so expired, and have since crossed the Styx, though Charon was loth to receive me into the boat. Pluto inquired into the cause of my arrival, and upon telling it him, he said, *that* lady had sent many lovers there by her cruelty, but I was the first friend who was despatched by her neglect. I thought it proper to acquaint you with my misfortune, and therefore called for the pen and ink Mrs. Rowe had used to write her letters from the dead to the living, and consulted with the melancholy lovers you had sent there before me, what I should say to you; one was for beginning 'Obdurate Fair,' one for addressing you in metre, another in metaphor; but I found these lovers so sublime a set of ghosts, that their advice was no service to me, so I applied to the other inhabitants of Erebus. I went to Ixion for counsel, but his head was so giddy with turning, that he could not give me a steady opinion; Sisyphus was so much out of breath with walking up hill, he could not make me an answer; Tantalus was so dry he could not speak to be understood; and Prometheus had such a gnawing at his stomach, he could not attend to what I said. Presently after I met Eurydice, who asked me if I could sing a tune, for Pluto had a very good ear, and I might release her for ever, for though

> Fate had fast bound her,
> With Styx nine times round her,
> Yet singing a tune was victorious.

I told her that I had no voice, but that there was one Lady Wallingford in the other world who could sing and play like her own Orpheus, but that I hoped she would not come thither a great while. The fatal sisters said they had much fine thread to spin for her yet, and so Madame Eurydice must wait with patience. Charon says the packet-boat is ready, and ghosts will not wait, so I must take my leave of you, to my great grief; for as Bayes in the *Rehearsal* says, 'Ghosts are not obliged to speak sense.' I could have added a great deal more. Pluto gives his service, and Proserpine is your humble servant. We live here very elegantly; we dine upon essence, like the Duke of N——; we eat and drink the soul and spirit of everything; we are all thin, and well shaped; but what most surprised me was, to see Sir Robert Austin,[1] who arrived here when I did, a perfect shadow; indeed, I was not so much amazed that he had gone the way of all flesh, as to meet him in the state of all spirit. At first, I took him for Sir ——, his cousin; but upon hearing him say how many ton he was shrunk in circumference, I easily found him out. I shall wait patiently till our packet wafts me a letter from your grace; being now divested of passion, I can, as a ghost, stay a post or two under your neglect, though flesh and blood would not bear it. All that remains of me is,

Your faithful shade,

E. ROBINSON.

Written from Pluto's palace, by darkness visible.

MRS. ELIZABETH MONTAGU TO GILBERT WEST.

Sandleford, September 3, 1753.

I am much obliged to my dear cousin for his kind and agreeable letter, which gave me a higher pleasure and more intense delight than those rural objects which employed my attention in my walks, or filled the magic lantern of my mind, in those noonday dreams you suppose to have amused me. You are mistaken, when

[1] A very fat man.

you imagine I sent invitations to beaux and belles, to fill the vacant apartments of my mind. True, indeed, that there may be empty space enough to receive French hoops, and, from the same reason, an echo to repeat French sentiments; but there are few of the fine world whom I should invite into my mind, and fewer still who are familiar enough there to come unasked. I make use of these seasons of retirement and leisure to do like the good housewives, to sweep the rooms, range the little homely furniture in order, and deck them with a little sage and other herbs of grace, as they are called, and then hope the fairies will come and visit them, and not the dull creatures of earth's mould, of whom I have enough when I am in town. But you are a welcome and a frequent guest, because you bring with you those virtues and graces whose presence I would desire. I am pleased with your praise of Molière, but not with your application of his *Misanthrope*. When virtue and wisdom live out of the world, they grow delicate, but it is too severe to call that moroseness; and, perhaps, they lose something of their purity when they mix with the crowd, and abate in strength as they improve in flexibility. There is a limit, and a short one too, beyond which human virtue cannot go; a hair's breadth beyond the line, and it is vice. I am now satisfied of what I had before believed (as you seem so much to admire the *Misanthrope*), that it is far beyond all comedies that ever were written, the character being so entirely kept up, and the error, though everywhere visible, nowhere monstrous. The *Misanthrope* has the same moroseness in his love suit and his law suit; he is as rigid and severe to a bad verse as a bad action, and as strict in a salutation in the street or address in a drawing-room as he would be in his testimony in a court of justice; right in the principle, wrong only in the excess, you cannot hate him when he is unpleasant, nor despise him when he is absurd. When the ground-work of a character is virtuous, whatever fantastic forms or uncouth figures may be wrought upon it, it cannot appear absolutely odious or ridiculous. On the contrary, where the ground is vicious, however prettily adorned or gaily coloured, set it in open day, it will be detestable; of which we have an instance in this play; we hate and despise the lively agreeable coquette as soon as we discover her, and esteem the rigid, unamiable *Misanthrope*. I think my young cousin can hardly have a better amusement than reading Molière; from whose delicate wit and nice satirical touch, he will find that not only the worst passions want correction and restraint, but the best regulation. The first prayer I should make, if I had a son, would be that he might be free from vice; the second, that he might be free from absurdity: the least grain of it spoils a whole character, and I do not know any comic author more useful than Molière for both these purposes. Our English play-writers give some vice or affectation to all their principal characters. I am very well, and careful of my health; all people are fond of novelty, and you know health is such to me; but nothing can more recommend it to me, than thinking my welfare of consequence to you. Adieu, Cousin! I must put on a great hoop, and go three miles to dinner; how much better was our gipsy-life! I believe I shall enter myself of the society at Norwood, the rather tempted to it as I should be your neighbour. I have not heard from Mrs. Boscawen, but I am glad she had the pleasure of spending some time at Wickham.

TO THE SAME.

Hill Street, 1754.

My most inestimable Cousin,—I am much more satisfied now I find that your indisposition was owing to the rencontre of salt fish, milk, and a strange olio of diet, than when I imagined it was the gout in your stomach. But pity, which sometimes subsides into soft passions, on this occasion warms and hardens into anger. Why, when an invalid, would you be so careless of your diet? However difficult it may be to the strong temper of the budge doctors of the stoic fur, to run mad with discretion, I assure you it is not impossible to the gentle dame in blonde lace and Paris hoop; I followed the precepts of the *très précieuse* Lady Grace, and visited 'soberly.' I have not been out since Sunday, Mr. Montagu's cold having given me a reason for staying at home, and my indolence would have been glad even of an excuse. I did not see Sir George Lyttelton till yesterday morning, but the account he gave of your health pleased me very much. The good Dean called in the evening, and unfolded to me the horrid tale of the salt fish and asses' milk. Oh, could the milky mother, who is so often insulted, so much despised and oppressed by man, have known his perverseness of appetite would have turned her salutary milk, the effect of prudent and fit diet, into a kind of poison, how would she have animadverted upon the occasion? I dare say she would have made better observations on the different powers of reason and instinct than have been made by any philosopher on two legs. I wish I had her critique upon human reason, in black and white, with her modest apology for long ears and walking on four legs. I have just received Mr. Bower's third volume of the *Popes*, with so polite an Italian epistle, as shows he can play what note he pleases on Apollo's harp. I had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Berenger on Monday morning: he has been under discipline for his eyes, but his spirits and vivacity are not abated. Pray, has

Mr. Birch sent you his *Queen Elizabeth?* I have not seen it, and I know I shall read it with sorrow. A belle passion at threescore is worse than eating salt fish in the gout. I shall hate these collectors of anecdotes, if they cure one of that admiration of a great character that arises from a pleasing deception of sight. I desire you not to read aloud this part of Queen Bess's story when the ass is at your door; it would make a bad chapter for us in her history of human reason, sixty odd to twenty-one! instinct never made such a blunder. An old woman and a young man, a sin against nature; an old queen and a young counsellor, a sin against politics and prudence. 'Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.' I shall begin to believe Madame Scudery's romances, in which Lucretia is adroit at intrigue, the stern Brutus a whining lover, and Cato the censor admirable at writing the billet-doux. I cannot forgive Mr. Birch for bringing this story to light in such a manner; I supposed with Shakespeare that, in spite of Cupid's idle darts, 'she passed on in maiden meditation fancy free.' I should have written to you before if I had not been in hopes Mr. Montagu's cold would have given me some room to flatter myself with a visit to Wickham.

LETTER OF ADVICE FROM SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS TO A YOUNG ARTIST (MR. BARRY).

1769.

DEAR SIR,—I am very much obliged to you for your remembrance of me in your letter to Mr. Burke, which, though I have read with great pleasure as a composition, I cannot help saying with some regret to find that so great a portion of your attention has been engaged upon temporary matters, which might be so much more profitably employed upon what would stick by you through your whole life.

Whoever is resolved to excel in painting, or indeed in any other art, must bring all his mind to bear upon that one object, from the moment he rises till he goes to bed; the effect of every object that meets the painter's eye may give him a lesson, provided his mind is calm, unembarrassed with other objects, and open to instruction. This general attention, with other studies connected with the art, which must employ the artist in his closet, will be found sufficient to fill up life if it was much longer than it is. Were I in your place, I would consider myself as playing a great game, and never suffer the little malice and envy of my rivals to draw off my attention from the main object; which, if you pursue with a steady eye, it will not be in the power of all the cicerones in the world to hurt you. Whilst they are endeavouring to prevent the gentlemen from employing the young artists, instead of injuring them, they are, in my opinion, doing them the greatest service.

Whilst I was at Rome I was very little employed by them, and that I always considered as so much time lost. Copying those ornamental pictures, which the travelling gentlemen always bring home with them as furniture for their houses, is far from being the most profitable manner of a student spending his time.

Whoever has great views I would recommend to him, whilst at Rome, rather to live on bread and water, than lose those advantages which he can never hope to enjoy a second time, and which he will find only in the Vatican; where, I will engage, no cavalier sends his students to copy for him. I do not mean this as any reproach to the gentlemen; the works in that place, though they are the proper study of an artist, make but an awkward figure painted in oil, and reduced to the size of easel pictures. The Capella Sistina is the production of the greatest genius that was ever employed in the arts; it is worth considering by what principles that stupendous greatness of style is produced; and endeavouring to produce something of your own on those principles, will be a more advantageous method of study than copying the St. Cecilia in the Borghese, or the Herodias of Guido, which may be copied to eternity without contributing one jot towards making a man a more able painter.

If you neglect visiting the Vatican often, and particularly the Capella Sistina, you will neglect receiving that peculiar advantage which Rome can give above all other cities in the world. In other places you will find casts from the antique, and capital pictures of the great painters, but it is there only that you can form an idea of the dignity of the art, as it is there only that you can see the works of Michael Angelo and Raffaelle. If you should not relish them at first, which may probably be the case, as they have none of those qualities which are captivating at first sight, never cease looking till you feel something like inspiration come over you, till you think every other painter insipid in comparison, and to be admired only for petty excellences.

I suppose you have heard of the establishment of a Royal Academy here; the first opportunity I have I will send you the discourse I delivered at its opening, which was the first of January. I am, with the greatest esteem, yours,

J. REYNOLDS.

[The following letters of Goldsmith's are largely autobiographical, and give a charmingly realistic account of several episodes in his career that will be familiar to all who have perused any one of the numerous biographies of the genial poet and essayist.]

OLIVER GOLDSMITH TO MRS. ANNE GOLDSMITH.

1751.

My dear Mother,—If you will sit down and calmly listen to what I say, you shall be fully resolved in every one of those many questions you have asked me. I went to Cork and converted my horse, which you prize so much higher than Fiddleback, into cash, took my passage in a ship bound for America, and, at the same time, paid the captain for my freight and all the other expenses of my voyage. But it so happened that the wind did not answer for three weeks; and you know, mother, that I could not command the elements. My misfortune was that when the wind served I happened to be with a party in the country, and my friend the captain never inquired after me, but set sail with as much indifference as if I had been on board. The remainder of my time I employed in the city and its environs, viewing everything curious; and you know no one can starve while he has money in his pocket.

Reduced, however, to my last two guineas, I began to think of my dear mother and friends whom I had left behind me, and so bought that generous beast Fiddleback, and made adieu to Cork with only five shillings in my pocket. This to be sure was but a scanty allowance for man and horse towards a journey of above a hundred miles; but I did not despair, for I knew I must find friends on the road.

I recollected particularly an old and faithful acquaintance I made at college, who had often and earnestly pressed me to spend a summer with him, and he lived but eight miles from Cork. This circumstance of vicinity he would expatiate on to me with peculiar emphasis. 'We shall,' says he, 'enjoy the delights of both city and country, and you shall command my stable and my purse.'

However, upon the way, I met a poor woman all in tears, who told me her husband had been arrested for a debt he was not able to pay, and that his eight children must now starve, bereaved as they were of his industry, which had been their only support. I thought myself at home, being not far from my good friend's house, and therefore parted with a moiety of all my store; and pray, mother, ought I not to have given her the other half-crown, for what she got would be of little use to her? However, I soon arrived at the mansion of my affectionate friend, guarded by the vigilance of a huge mastiff, who flew at me, and would have torn me to pieces but for the assistance of a woman, whose countenance was not less grim than that of the dog; yet she with great humanity relieved me from the jaws of this Cerberus, and was prevailed on to carry up my name to her master.

Without suffering me to wait long, my old friend, who was then recovering from a severe fit of sickness, came down in his night-cap, night-gown, and slippers, and embraced me with the most cordial welcome, showed me in, and, after giving me a history of his indisposition, assured me that he considered himself peculiarly fortunate in having under his roof the man he most loved on earth, and whose stay with him must, above all things, contribute to his perfect recovery. I now repented sorely I had not given the poor woman the other half-crown, as I thought all my bills of humanity would be punctually answered by this worthy man. I revealed to him my whole soul; I opened to him all my distresses; and freely owned that I had but one half-crown in my pocket; but that now, like a ship weathering out the storm, I considered myself secure in a safe and hospitable harbour. He made no answer, but walked about the room rubbing his hands as one in deep study. This I imputed to the sympathetic feelings of a tender heart, which increased my esteem for him, and, as that increased, I gave the most favourable interpretation to his silence. I construed it into delicacy of sentiment, as if he dreaded to wound my pride by expressing his commiseration in words, leaving his generous conduct to speak for itself.

It now approached six o'clock in the evening, and as I had eaten no breakfast, and as my spirits were raised, my appetite for dinner grew uncommonly keen. At length the old woman came into the room with two plates, one spoon, and a dirty cloth, which she laid upon the table. This appearance, without increasing my spirits, did not diminish my appetite. My protectress soon returned with a small bowl of sago, a small porringer of sour milk, a loaf of stale brown bread, and the heel of an old cheese all over crawling with mites. My friend apologized that his illness obliged him to live on slops, and that better fare was not in the house; observing, at the same time, that a milk diet was certainly the most healthful; and at eight o'clock he again recommended a regular life, declaring that for his part he would *lie down with the lamb and rise with the lark.* My hunger was at this time so exceedingly sharp that I wished for another slice of the loaf, but was obliged to go to bed without even that refreshment.

This lenten entertainment I had received made me resolve to depart as soon as possible: accordingly next morning, when I spoke of going, he did not oppose my resolution; he rather commended my design, adding some very sage counsel upon the occasion. 'To be sure,' said he, 'the longer you stay away from your mother the more you will grieve her and your other friends; and possibly they are already afflicted at hearing of this foolish expedition you have made.' Notwithstanding all this, and without any hope of softening such a sordid heart, I again renewed the tale of my distress, and asking 'how he thought I could travel above a

hundred miles upon one half-crown?' I begged to borrow a single guinea, which I assured him should be repaid with thanks. 'And you know, sir,' said I, 'it is no more than I have often done for you.' To which he firmly answered, 'Why, look you, Mr. Goldsmith, that is neither here nor there, I have paid you all you ever lent me, and this sickness of mine has left me bare of cash. But I have bethought myself of a conveyance for you; sell your horse and I will furnish you with a much better one to ride on.' I readily grasped at this proposal, and begged to see the nag; on which he led me to his bedchamber, and from under the bed he pulled out a stout oak stick. 'Here he is,' said he; 'take this in your hand, and it will carry you to your mother with more safety than such a horse as you ride.' I was in doubt, when I got it into my hand, whether I should not, in the first place, apply it to his pate; but a rap at the street door made the wretch fly to it, and when I returned to the parlour, he introduced me, as if nothing of the kind had happened, to the gentleman who entered, as Mr. Goldsmith, his most ingenious and worthy friend, of whom he had so often heard him speak with rapture. I could scarcely compose myself; and must have betrayed indignation in my mien to the stranger, who was a counsellor-at-law in the neighbourhood, a man of engaging aspect and polite address.

After spending an hour, he asked my friend and me to dine with him at his house. This I declined at first, as I wished to have no further communication with my hospitable friend; but at the solicitation of both I at last consented, determined as I was by two motives: one, that I was prejudiced in favour of the looks and manner of the counsellor; and the other, that I stood in need of a comfortable dinner. And there, indeed, I found everything that I could wish, abundance without profusion, and elegance without affectation. In the evening, when my old friend, who had eaten very plentifully at his neighbour's table, but talked again of lying down with the lamb, made a motion to me for retiring, our generous host requested I should take a bed with him, upon which I plainly told my old friend that he might go home and take care of the horse he had given me, but that I should never re-enter his doors. He went away with a laugh, leaving me to add this to the other little things the counsellor already knew of his plausible neighbour.

And now, my dear mother, I found sufficient to reconcile me to all my follies; for here I spent three whole days. The counsellor had two sweet girls to his daughters, who played enchantingly on the harpsichord; and yet it was but a melancholy pleasure I felt the first time I heard them; for that being the first time also that either of them had touched the instrument since their mother's death, I saw the tears in silence trickle down their father's cheeks. I every day endeavoured to go away, but every day was pressed and obliged to stay. On my going, the counsellor offered me his purse, with a horse and servant to convey me home; but the latter I declined, and only took a guinea to bear my necessary expenses on the road.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

TO ROBERT BRYANTON, ESQ.

Edinburgh, Sept. 26, 1753.

MY DEAR BOB,—How many good excuses (and you know I was ever good at an excuse) might I call up to vindicate my past shameful silence! I might tell how I wrote a long letter on my first coming hither, and seem vastly angry at my not receiving an answer; I might allege that business (with business you know I was always pestered) had never given me time to finger a pen; but I suppress these and twenty more equally plausible, and as easily invented, since they might be attended with a slight inconvenience of being known to be lies. Let me then speak truth; an hereditary indolence (I have it from the mother's side) has hitherto prevented my writing to you, and still prevents my writing at least twenty-five letters more, due to my friends in Ireland. No turnspit dog gets up into his wheel with more reluctance than I sit down to write; yet no dog ever loved the roast meat he turns better than I do him I now address. Yet what shall I say now I'm entered? Shall I tire you with a description of this unfruitful country, where I must lead you over their hills all brown with heath, or their valleys scarce able to feed a rabbit? Man alone seems to be the only creature who has arrived to the natural size in this poor soil. Every part of the country presents the same dismal landscape. No grove nor brook lend their music to cheer the stranger, or make the inhabitants forget their poverty; yet with all these disadvantages, enough to call him down to humility, a Scotchman is one of the proudest things alive. The poor have pride ever ready to relieve them:—if mankind should happen to despise them, they are masters of their own admiration; and *that* they can plentifully bestow upon themselves.

From their pride and poverty, I take it, results one advantage this country enjoys, namely, the gentlemen here are much better bred than amongst us. No such characters here as our fox-hunters; and they have expressed great surprise when I informed them that some men in Ireland of £1000 a year spend their whole lives in running after a hare, drinking to be drunk, and getting every girl that will let them with child: and truly, if such a being, equipped in his hunting-dress, came among a circle of

Scotch gentry, they would behold him with the same astonishment that a countryman would King George on horseback.

The men here have generally high cheek-bones, and are lean and swarthy, fond of action, dancing in particular. Though now I mention dancing, let me say something of their balls, which are very frequent here. When a stranger enters the dancing-hall, he sees one end of the room taken up with ladies, who sit dismally in a group by themselves. On the other end stand their pensive partners that are to be; but no more intercourse between the sexes than there is between two countries at war:—the ladies, indeed, may ogle, and the gentlemen sigh, but an embargo is laid on any closer commerce. At length, to interrupt hostilities, the lady directress or intendant, or what you will, pitches on a gentleman and lady to walk a minuet, which they perform with a formality that approaches to despondence. After five or six couple have thus walked the gauntlet, all stand up to country dances, each gentleman furnished with a partner from the aforesaid lady directress; so they dance much and say nothing, and thus concludes our assembly. I told a Scotch gentleman that such profound silence resembled the ancient procession of the Roman matrons in honour of Ceres, and the Scotch gentleman told me (and faith, I believe he was right) that I was a very great pedant for my pains.

Now I am come to the ladies, and to show that I love Scotland, and everything that belongs to so charming a country, I insist on it, and will give him leave to break my head that denies it, that the Scotch ladies are ten thousand times handsomer and finer than the Irish;—to be sure now I see your sisters Betty and Peggy vastly surprised at my partiality, but tell them flatly, I don't value them, or their fine skins, or eyes, or good sense, or ——, a potato; for I say it, and will maintain it, and as a convincing proof (I'm in a very great passion) of what I assert, the Scotch ladies say it themselves. But to be less serious: where will you find a language so pretty become a pretty mouth as the broad Scotch? and the women here speak it in its highest purity; for instance, teach one of their young ladies to pronounce 'Whoar wull I gong?' with a becoming wideness of mouth, and I'll lay my life they will wound every hearer.

We have no such character here as a coquette; but, alas! how many envious prudes! Some days ago I walked into my Lord Kilcoubry's (don't be surprised, my lord is but a glover), when the Duchess of Hamilton[1] (that fair who sacrificed her beauty to ambition, and her inward peace to a title and gilt equipage) passed by in her chariot; her battered husband, or more properly the guardian of her charms, sat by her side. Straight envy began, in the shape of no less than three ladies who sat with me, to find faults in her faultless form. 'For my part,' says the first, 'I think, what I always thought, that the duchess has too much red in her complexion.' 'Madam, I'm of your opinion,' says the second; 'I think her face has a palish cast too much on the delicate order.' 'And let me tell you,' adds the third lady, whose mouth was puckered up to the size of an issue, 'that the duchess has fine lips, but she wants a mouth.' At this every lady drew up her mouth as if going to pronounce the letter P.

But how ill, my Bob, does it become me to ridicule women with whom I have scarce any correspondence! There are, 'tis certain, handsome women here; and 'tis as certain there are handsome men to keep them company. An ugly and a poor man is society for himself; and such society the world lets me enjoy in great abundance. Fortune has given you circumstances, and nature a person to look charming in the eyes of the fair world. Nor do I envy, my dear Bob, such blessings, while I may sit down and laugh at the world, and at myself, the most ridiculous object in it. But I begin to grow splenetic; and perhaps the fit may continue till I receive an answer to this. I know you can't send news from B[ally]mahon, but such as it is send it all; everything you write will be agreeable and entertaining to me. Has George Conway put up a sign yet? or John Finecly left off drinking drams? or Tom Allen got a new wig? but I leave to your own choice what to write.—While OLIVER GOLDSMITH lives, know you have a friend.

P.S.—Give my sincere regards (not compliments, do you mind) to your agreeable family, and give my service to my mother if you see her; for, as you express it in Ireland, I have a sneaking kindness for her still.

Direct to me ——, Student in Physic, in Edinburgh.

TO THE REV. THOMAS CONTARINE.

Leyden, April or May 1754.

DEAR SIR,—I suppose by this time I am accused of either neglect or ingratitude, and my silence imputed to my usual slowness of writing. But, believe me, sir, when I say, that till now I had not an opportunity of sitting down with that ease of mind which writing required. You may see by the top of the letter that I am at Leyden; but of my journey hither you must be informed. Some time after the receipt of your last, I embarked for Bourdeaux, on board a Scotch ship called the St. Andrews, Capt. John Wall, master. The

[1] Elizabeth Gunning, the most beautiful woman in the world.

ship made a tolerable appearance, and, as another inducement, I was let to know that six agreeable passengers were to be my company. Well, we were but two days at sea when a storm drave us into a city of England called Newcastle-upon-Tyne. We all went ashore to refresh us after the fatigue of our voyage. Seven men and I were one day on shore, and on the following evening, as we were all very merry, the room door bursts open, enters a sergeant and twelve grenadiers, with their bayonets screwed, and puts us all under the King's arrest. It seems my company were Scotchmen in the French service, and had been in Scotland to enlist soldiers for the French army. I endeavoured all I could to prove my innocence; however, I remained in prison with the rest a fortnight, and with difficulty got off even then. Dear sir, keep this all a secret, or at least say it was for debt; for if it were once known at the university, I should hardly get a degree. But hear how Providence interposed in my favour: the ship was gone on to Bourdeaux before I got from prison, and was wrecked at the mouth of the Garonne, and every one of the crew were drowned. It happened the last great storm. There was a ship at that time ready for Holland: I embarked, and in nine days, thank my God, I arrived safe at Rotterdam, whence I travelled by land to Leyden, and whence I now write.

You may expect some account of this country, and though I am not well qualified for such an undertaking, yet shall I endeavour to satisfy some part of your expectations. Nothing surprised me more than the books every day published, descriptive of the manners of this country. Any young man who takes it into his head to publish his travels, visits the countries he intends to describe; passes through them with as much inattention as his *valet-de-chambre;* and consequently not having a fund himself to fill a volume, he applies to those who wrote before him, and gives us the manners of a country, not as he must have seen them, but such as they might have been fifty years before. The modern Dutchman is quite a different creature from him of former times: he in everything imitates a Frenchman but in his easy, disengaged air, which is the result of keeping polite company. The Dutchman is vastly ceremonious, and is perhaps exactly what a Frenchman might have been in the reign of Louis XIV. Such are the better bred. But the downright Hollander is one of the oddest figures in nature: upon a head of lank hair he wears a half-cocked narrow hat laced with black ribbon: no coat, but seven waistcoats, and nine pairs of breeches; so that his hips reach almost up to his armpits. This well-clothed vegetable is now fit to see company, or make love. But what a pleasing creature is the object of his appetite! Why, she wears a large fur cap with a deal of Flanders lace; and for every pair of breeches he carries, she puts on two petticoats.

A Dutch lady burns nothing about her phlegmatic admirer but his tobacco. You must know, sir, every woman carries in her hand a stove with coals in it, which, when she sits, she snugs under her petticoats: and at this chimney dozing Strephon lights his pipe. I take it that this continual smoking is what gives the man the ruddy healthful complexion he generally wears, by draining his superfluous moisture, while the woman, deprived of this amusement, overflows with such viscidities as tint the complexion, and give that paleness of visage which low fenny grounds and moist air conspire to cause. A Dutch woman and Scotch will well bear an opposition. The one is pale and fat, the other lean and ruddy: the one walks as if she were straddling after a go-cart, and the other takes too masculine a stride. I shall not endeavour to deprive either country of its share of beauty; but must say, that of all objects on this earth, an English farmer's daughter is most charming. Every woman there is a complete beauty, while the higher class of women want many of the requisites to make them even tolerable. Their pleasures here are very dull though very various. You may smoke, you may doze, you may go to the Italian comedy, as good an amusement as either of the former. This entertainment always brings in Harlequin, who is generally a magician, and in consequence of his diabolical art performs a thousand tricks on the rest of the persons of the drama, who are all fools. I have seen the pit in a roar of laughter at this humour, when with his sword he touches the glass from which another was drinking. 'Twas not his face they laughed at, for that was masked. They must have seen something vastly queer in the wooden sword, that neither I, nor you, sir, were you there, could see.

In winter, when their canals are frozen, every house is forsaken, and all people are on the ice; sleds drawn by horses, and skating, are at that time the reigning amusements. They have boats here that slide on the ice, and are driven by the winds. When they spread all their sails they go more than a mile and a half a minute, and their motion is so rapid the eye can scarcely accompany them. Their ordinary manner of travelling is very cheap and very convenient: they sail in covered boats drawn by horses; and in these you are sure to meet people of all nations. Here the Dutch slumber, the French chatter, and the English play at cards. Any man who likes company may have them to his taste. For my part I generally detach myself from all society, and was wholly taken up in observing the face of the country. Nothing can equal its beauty; wherever I turn my eye, fine houses, elegant gardens, statues,

grottoes, vistas, presented themselves; but, when you enter their towns you are charmed beyond description. No misery is to be seen here; every one is usefully employed.

Scotland and this country bear the highest contrast. There hills and rocks intercept every prospect; here 'tis all a continued plain. There you might see a well-dressed duchess issuing from a dirty close; and here a dirty Dutchman inhabiting a palace. The Scotch may be compared to a tulip planted in dung; but I never see a Dutchman in his own house but I think of a magnificent Egyptian temple dedicated to an ox. Physic is by no means here taught so well as in Edinburgh; and in all Leyden there are but four British students, owing to all necessaries being so extremely dear, and the professors so very lazy (the chemical professor excepted) that we don't much care to come hither. I am not certain how long my stay here may be; however, I expect to have the happiness of seeing you at Kilmore, if I can, next March.

Direct to me, if I am honoured with a letter from you, to Madame Diallion's, at Leyden.

Thou best of men, may Heaven guard and preserve you, and those you love.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

TO THE REV. HENRY GOLDSMITH.

DEAR SIR,—Your punctuality in answering a man, whose trade is writing, is more than I had reason to expect; and yet you see me generally fill a whole sheet, which is all the recompense I can make for being so frequently troublesome. The behaviour of Mr. Mills and Mr. Lawder is a little extraordinary. However, their answering neither you nor me is a sufficient indication of their disliking the employment which I assigned them. As their conduct is different from what I expected, so I have made an alteration in mine. I shall, the beginning of next month, send over two hundred and fifty books, which are all that I fancy can be well sold among you, and I would have you make some distinction in the persons who have subscribed. The money, which will amount to sixty pounds, may be left with Mr. Bradley, as soon as possible. I am not certain but I shall quickly have occasion for it. I have met with no disappointment with respect to my East Indian voyage; nor are my resolutions altered; though, at the same time, I must confess it gives me some pain to think I am almost beginning the world at the age of thirty-one. Though I never had a day's sickness since I saw you, yet I am not that strong and active man you once knew me. You scarcely can conceive how much eight years of disappointment, anguish, and study have worn me down. If I remember right, you are seven or eight years older than me, yet I dare venture to say, that if a stranger saw us both, he would pay me the honours of seniority. Imagine to yourself a pale, melancholy visage, with two great wrinkles between the eyebrows, with an eye disgustingly severe, and a big wig, and you may have a perfect picture of my present appearance. On the other hand, I conceive you as perfectly sleek and healthy, passing many a happy day among your own children, or those who knew you a child. Since I knew what it was to be a man, this is a pleasure I have not known. I have passed my days among a parcel of cool designing beings, and have contracted all their suspicious manner in my own behaviour. I should actually be as unfit for the society of my friends at home, as I detest that which I am obliged to partake of here. I can now neither partake of the pleasure of a revel, nor contribute to raise its jollity. I can neither laugh nor drink, have contracted a hesitating, disagreeable manner of speaking, and a visage that looks ill-nature itself; in short, I have thought myself into a settled melancholy, and an utter disgust of all that life brings with it. Whence this romantic turn, that all our family are possessed with? Whence this love for every place and every country but that in which we reside? for every occupation but our own? this desire of fortune, and yet this eagerness to dissipate? I perceive, my dear sir, that I am at intervals for indulging this splenetic manner, and following my own taste, regardless of yours.

The reasons you have given me for breeding up your son as a scholar are judicious and convincing. I should, however, be glad to know for what particular profession he is designed. If he be assiduous, and divested of strong passions (for passions in youth always lead to pleasure), he may do very well in your college; for it must be owned that the industrious poor have good encouragement there, perhaps better than in any other in Europe. But if he has ambition, strong passions, and an exquisite sensibility of contempt, do not send him there, unless you have no other trade for him except your own. It is impossible to conceive how much may be done by a proper education at home. A boy, for instance, who understands perfectly well Latin, French, arithmetic, and the principles of the civil law, and can write a fine hand, has an education that may qualify him for any undertaking. And these parts of learning should be carefully inculcated, let him be designed for whatever calling he will. Above all things, let him never touch a romance or novel; those paint beauty in colours more charming than nature, and describe happiness that man never tastes. How delusive, how

destructive are those pictures of consummate bliss! They teach the youthful mind to sigh after beauty and happiness which never existed; to despise the little good which fortune has mixed in our cup, by expecting more than she ever gave; and in general, take the word of a man who has seen the world, and who has studied human nature more by experience than precept,—take my word for it, that books teach us very little of the world. The greatest merit in a state of poverty would only serve to make the possessor ridiculous; may distress, but cannot relieve him. Frugality, and even avarice, in the lower orders of mankind, are true ambition. These afford the only ladder for the poor to rise to preferment. Teach then, my dear sir, to your son thrift and economy. Let his poor wandering uncle's example be placed before his eyes. I had learned from books to be disinterested and generous, before I was taught from experience the necessity of being prudent. I had contracted the habits and notions of a philosopher, while I was exposing myself to the insidious approaches of cunning; and often by being, even with my narrow finances, charitable to excess, I forgot the rules of justice, and placed myself in the very situation of the wretch who thanked me for my bounty. While I am in the remotest part of the world tell him this, and perhaps he may improve from my example. But I find myself again falling into my gloomy habits of thinking.

My mother, I am informed, is almost blind; even though I had the utmost inclination to return home, under such circumstances I could not; for to behold her in distress without a capacity of relieving her from it, would add too much to my splenetic habit. Your last letter was much too short, it should have answered some queries I had made in my former. Just sit down as I do, and write forward until you have filled all your paper; it requires no thought, at least from the ease with which my own sentiments rise when they are addressed to you. For, believe me, my head has no share in all I write; my heart dictates the whole. Pray, give my love to Bob Bryanton, and entreat him, from me, not to drink. My dear sir, give me some account about poor Jenny (his younger sister, who had married unprosperously). But her husband loves her; if so, she cannot be unhappy.

I know not whether I should tell you—yet why should I conceal those trifles, or, indeed, anything from you?—there is a book of mine will be published in a few days, the life of a very extraordinary man—no less than the great Voltaire. You know already by the title, that it is no more than a catch-penny. However, I spent but four weeks on the whole performance, for which I received twenty pounds. When published, I shall take some method of conveying it to you, unless you may think it dear of the postage, which may amount to four or five shillings. However, I fear you will not find an equivalent of amusement. Your last letter, I repeat it, was too short; you should have given me your opinion of the design of the heroi-comical poem which I sent you; you remember I intended to introduce the hero of the poem as lying in a paltry alehouse. You may take the following specimen of the manner, which I flatter myself is quite original. The room in which he lies may be described somewhat this way:

The window, patched with paper, lent a ray,
That feebly showed the state in which he lay.
The sandy floor, that grits beneath the tread:
The humid wall with paltry pictures spread:
The game of goose was there exposed to view,
And the twelve rules the royal martyr drew;
The seasons framed with listing, found a place,
And Prussia's monarch showed his lamp-black face.
The morn was cold; he views with keen desire
A rusty grate unconscious of a fire.
An unpaid reckoning on the frieze was scored,
And five cracked teacups dressed the chimney board.

And now imagine after his soliloquy, the landlord to make his appearance, in order to dun him for the reckoning:

Not with that face, so servile and so gay,
That welcomes every stranger that can pay,
With sulky eye he smoak'd the patient man,
Then pull'd his breeches tight, and thus began, etc.

All this is taken, you see, from nature. It is a good remark of Montaigne's, that the wisest men often have friends with whom they do not care how much they play the fool. Take my present follies as instances of regard. Poetry is a much easier, and more agreeable, species of composition than prose; and, could a man live by it, it were not unpleasant employment to be a poet. I am resolved to leave no space, though I should fill it up only by telling you, what you very well know already,—I mean, that I am your most affectionate friend and brother,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

TO SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

Paris, July 29, 1770.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I began a long letter to you from Lisle, giving a description of all that we had done and seen; but finding it very dull, and knowing that you would show it again, I threw it aside, and it was lost. You see by the top of this letter that we are at Paris, and (as I have often heard you say) we have brought our own amusement with us, for the ladies do not seem to be very fond of what we have yet seen.

With regard to myself, I find that travelling at twenty and at forty are very different things. I set out with all my confirmed habits about me, and can find nothing on the Continent so good as when I formerly left it. One of our chief amusements here, is scolding at everything we meet with, and praising everything and every person we left at home. You may judge, therefore, whether your name is not frequently bandied at table among us. To tell you the truth, I never thought I could regret your absence so much as our various mortifications on the road have often taught me to do. I could tell you of disasters and adventures without number, of our lying in barns, and of my being half-poisoned with a dish of green peas, of our quarrelling with postilions, and being cheated by our landladies, but I reserve all this for a happy hour which I expect to share with you on my return.

I have little to tell you more but that we are at present all well, and expect returning when we have stayed out one month, which I should not care if it were over this very day. I long to hear from you all; how you yourself do, how Johnson, Burke, Dyer, Chamier, Colman, and every one of the club do. I wish I could send you some amusement in this letter, but I protest I am so stupefied by the air of this country (for I am sure it can never be natural), that I have not a word to say. I have been thinking of the plot of a comedy, which shall be entitled, *A Journey to Paris*, in which a family shall be introduced with a full intention of going to France to save money. You know there is not a place in the world more promising for that purpose. As for the meat of this country, I can scarce eat it; and though we pay two good shillings a head for our dinner, I find it all so tough, that I have spent less time with my knife than my pick-tooth. I said this as a good thing at table, but it was understood. I believe it to be a good thing.

As for our intended journey to Devonshire, I find it out of my power to perform it; for, as soon as I arrive at Dover, I intend to let the ladies go on, and I will take a country lodging somewhere near that place in order to do some business. I have so outrun the constable, that I must mortify a little to bring it up again. For God's sake, the night you receive this take your pen in your hand, and tell me something about yourself and *my*self, if you know of anything that has happened. About Miss Reynolds, about Mr. Bickerstaff, my nephew, or anybody that you regard. I beg you will send to Griffith, the bookseller, to know if there be any letters left for me, and be so good as to send them to me at Paris. They may, perhaps, be left for me at the porter's lodge opposite the pump in Temple Lane. The same messenger will do. I expect one from Lord Clare from Ireland. As for others, I am not much uneasy about.

Is there anything I can do for you at Paris? I wish you would tell me. The whole of my own purchases here is one silk coat, which I have put on, and which makes me look like a fool. But no more of that. I find that Colman has gained his lawsuit. I am glad of it. I suppose you often meet. I will soon be among you, better pleased with my situation at home than I ever was before. And yet I must say, that if anything could make France pleasant, the very good women with whom I am at present would certainly do it. I could say more about that, but I intend showing them this letter before I send it away. What signifies teasing you longer with moral observations, when the business of my writing is over? I have one thing only more to say, and of that I think every hour in the day, namely, that I am your most sincere and most affectionate friend,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Direct to me at the Hotel de Danemarc,
Rue Jacob, Fauxbourg St. Germains.

TO DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

1773.

MY DEAR SIR,—Your saying you would play my *Good-Natured Man* makes me wish it. The money you advanced me upon Newbery's note, I have the mortification to find is not yet paid, but he says he will in two or three days. What I mean by this letter is to lend me sixty pounds, for which I will give you Newbery's note, so that the whole of my debt will be a hundred, for which you shall have Newbery's note as a security. This may be paid either from my alteration, if my benefit should come to so much; but at any rate, I will take care you shall not be a loser. I will give you a new character in my comedy, and knock out *Lofty*, which does not do, and will make such other alterations as you direct. I am yours,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

I beg an answer.

TO THE SAME.

1773.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I thank you! I wish I could do something to serve you. I shall have a comedy for you in a season or two at furthest, that I believe will be worth your acceptance, for I fancy I will make it a fine thing. You shall have the refusal. I wish you would not take up Newbery's note, but let Wallis tease him, without, however, coming to extremities; let him haggle after him and he will get it. He owes it and will pay it. I'm sorry you are

ill. I will draw upon you one month after date for sixty pound, and your acceptance will be ready money, part of which I want to go down to Barton with. May God preserve my honest little man, for he has my heart. Ever, OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

TO MR. GRIFFITH.[1]

January 1759.

SIR,—I know of no misery but a jail to which my own imprudences and your letter seem to point. I have seen it inevitable these three or four weeks, and, by heavens! request it as a favour,—as a favour that may prevent something more fatal. I have been some years struggling with a wretched being—with all that contempt that indigence brings with it—with all those passions which make contempt insupportable. What, then, has a jail that is formidable? I shall at least have the society of wretches, and such is to me true society. I tell you, again and again, that I am neither able nor willing to pay you a farthing, but I will be punctual to any appointment you or the jailor shall make; thus far, at least, I do not act the sharper, since, unable to pay my own debts one way, I would generally give some security another. No, sir; had I been a sharper,—had I been possessed of less good-nature and native generosity,—I might surely now have been in better circumstances.

I am guilty, I own, of meannesses which poverty unavoidably brings with it: my reflections are filled with repentance for my imprudence, but not with any remorse for being a villain; that may be a character you unjustly charge me with. Your books, I can assure you, are neither pawned nor sold, but in the custody of a friend, from whom my necessities obliged me to borrow some money. Whatever becomes of my person, you shall have them in a month. It is very possible both the reports you have heard and your own suggestions may have brought you false information with respect to my character; it is very possible that the man whom you now regard with detestation may inwardly burn with grateful resentment.

It is very possible that, upon a second perusal of the letter I sent you, you may see the workings of a mind strongly agitated with gratitude and jealousy. If such circumstances should appear, at least spare invective till my book with Mr. Dodsley shall be published, and then, perhaps, you may see the bright side of a mind, when my professions shall not appear the dictates of necessity, but of choice.

You seem to think Dr. Milner knew me not. Perhaps so; but he was a man I shall ever honour; but I have friendships only with the dead! I ask pardon for taking up so much time; nor shall I add to it by any other professions than that I am, sir, your humble servant, OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

P.S.—I shall expect impatiently the result of your resolutions.

TO MAURICE GOLDSMITH.

January 1770.

DEAR BROTHER,—I should have answered your letter sooner, but, in truth, I am not fond of thinking of the necessities of those I love, when it is so very little in my power to help them. I am sorry to find you are every way unprovided for; and what adds to my uneasiness is, that I have received a letter from my sister Johnson by which I learn that she is pretty much in the same circumstances. As to myself, I believe I think I could get both you and my poor brother-in-law something like that which you desire, but I am determined never to ask for little things, nor exhaust any little interest I may have, until I can serve you, him, and myself more effectually. As yet, no opportunity has offered; but I believe you are pretty well convinced that I will not be remiss when it arrives.

The King has lately been pleased to make me Professor of Ancient History in the Royal Academy of Painting which he has just established, but there is no salary annexed; and I took it rather as a compliment to the institution than any benefit to myself. Honours to one in my situation are something like ruffles to one that wants a shirt.

You tell me that there are fourteen or fifteen pounds left me in the hands of my cousin Lawder, and you ask me what I would have done with them. My dear brother, I would by no means give any directions to my dear worthy relations at Kilmore how to dispose of money which is, properly speaking, more theirs than mine. All that I can say is, that I entirely, and this letter will serve to witness, give up any right and title to it; and I am sure they will dispose of it to the best advantage. To them I entirely leave it; whether they or you may think the whole necessary to fit you out, or whether our poor sister Johnson may not want the half, I leave entirely to their and your discretion. The kindness of that good couple to our shattered family demands our sincerest gratitude; and though they have almost forgotten me, yet, if

[1] Goldsmith's fortunes were sorely beclouded at this time, and this letter is in reply to Griffith the bookseller, who had threatened to send him to prison because he had pawned a suit of clothes, which he had lent him, to meet his more pressing necessities.

good things at last arrive, I hope one day to return and increase their good-humour by adding to my own.

I have sent my cousin Jenny a miniature picture of myself, as I believe it is the most acceptable present I can offer. I have ordered it to be left for her at George Faulkner's, folded in a letter.

The face you well know is ugly enough, but it is finely painted. I will shortly also send my friends over the Shannon some mezzotint prints of myself, and some more of my friends here, such as Burke, Johnson, Reynolds, and Colman. I believe I have written a hundred letters to different friends in your country, and never received an answer to any of them. I do not know how to account for this, or why they are unwilling to keep up for me those regards which I must ever retain for them.

If, then, you have a mind to oblige me, you will write often, whether I answer you or not. Let me particularly have the news of our family and old acquaintances. For instance, you may begin by telling me about the family where you reside, how they spend their time, and whether they ever make mention of me. Tell me about my mother, my brother Hodson and his son, my brother Harry's son and daughter, my sister Johnson, the family of Ballyoughter, what is become of them, where they live, and how they do. You talked of being my only brother. I don't understand you. Where is Charles? A sheet of paper occasionally filled with the news of this kind would make me very happy, and would keep you nearer my mind. As it is, my dear brother, believe me to be

Yours most affectionately,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

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[In all Burke's correspondence we could hardly expect to meet with anything more strongly marked by his 'uncommon qualities of head and heart,' than this letter to the painter Barry, upon the froward temper which had involved him in bickerings with his brethren and the picture-dealers at Rome. It is affectionate, eloquent, prophetic, and perfectly adapted to the character of the person to whom it was addressed. It is, perhaps, to use the words of his biographer, Mr. Prior, 'still more admirable for its keen estimate of the importance of temper and conduct to all men, for teaching the truest wisdom in the practical business of living, not merely in the world, but with the world.' 'The conclusion,' says Allan Cunningham, 'of this memorable letter seems dictated by a spirit of inspiration, which, looking mournfully and prophetically forward, expressed in a few clear and eloquent words the disastrous career of the object of this solicitude.' It might be studied as the summary of the life of this unfortunate painter. Barry was born in Cork, in 1741, and after acquiring in his native city the rudiments of his art, he went, at nineteen, friendless and unknown, to Dublin, to exhibit an historical picture which excited considerable admiration. On this occasion he was introduced to the notice of Burke, who thenceforward extended to him his powerful and generous patronage. He directed his studies, removed him, after an interval, to London, made him known to the principal artists, and subsequently, in conjunction with his brother William, maintained him abroad for five years, that he might perfect his knowledge of art by the diligent study of the greatest masters.—*Willmott.*]

EDMUND BURKE TO THE PAINTER BARRY.

Affectionate Interest in his Welfare.

Gregories, Sept. 16, 1769.

MY DEAR BARRY,—I am most exceedingly obliged to your friendship and partiality, which attributed a silence very blameable on our parts to a favourable cause; let me add in some measure to its true cause, a great deal of occupation of various sorts, and some of them disagreeable enough.

As to any reports concerning your conduct and behaviour, you may be very sure they could have no kind of influence here; for none of us are of such a make as to trust to any one's report for the character of a person whom we ourselves know. Until very lately, I had never heard anything of your proceedings from others, and when I did, it was much less than I had known from yourself, that you had been upon ill terms with the artists and virtuosi in Rome, without much mention of cause or consequence. If you have improved these unfortunate quarrels to your advancement in your art, you have turned a very disagreeable circumstance to a very capital advantage. However you may have succeeded in this common attempt, permit me to suggest to you, with that friendly liberty which you have always had the goodness to bear from me, that you cannot possibly have always the same success, either with regard to your fortune or your reputation. Depend upon it, that you will find the same competitions, the same jealousies, the same arts and cabals,

the emulations of interest and of fame, and the same agitations and passions here, that you have experienced in Italy; and if they have the same effect on your temper, they will have just the same effects upon your interest; and be your merit what it will, you will never be employed to paint a picture. It will be the same at London as at Rome, and the same in Paris as in London; for the world is pretty nearly alike in all its parts; nay, though it would, perhaps, be a little inconvenient to me, I had a thousand times rather you should fix your residence in Rome than here, as I should not then have the mortification of seeing with my own eyes, a genius of the first rank lost to the world, himself, and his friends, as I certainly must, if you do not assume a manner of acting and thinking here, totally different from what your letters from Rome have described to me.

That you have had subjects of indignation always, and of anger often, I do no ways doubt; who can live in the world without some trial of his patience? But believe me, my dear Barry, that the arms with which the ill dispositions of the world are to be combated, and the qualities by which it is to be reconciled to us, and we reconciled to it, are moderation, gentleness, a little indulgence to others, and a great deal of distrust of ourselves; which are not qualities of a mean spirit, as some may possibly think them, but virtues of a great and noble kind, and such as dignify our nature as much as they contribute to our repose and fortune; for nothing can be so unworthy of a well-composed soul, as to pass away life in bickerings and litigations, in snarling and scuffling with every one about us.

Again and again, my dear Barry, we must be at peace with our species; if not for their sakes, yet very much for our own. Think what my feelings must be, from my unfeigned regard, and from my wishes that your talents might be of use, when I see what the inevitable consequences must be, of your persevering in what has hitherto been your course, ever since I knew you, and which you will permit me to trace out for you beforehand.

You will come here; you will observe what the artists are doing; and you will sometimes speak a disapprobation in plain words, and sometimes by a no less expressive silence. By degrees you will produce some of your own works. They will be variously criticized; you will defend them; you will abuse those that have attacked you; expostulations, discussions, letters, possibly challenges, will go forward; you will shun your brethren, they will shun you. In the meantime, gentlemen will avoid your friendship, for fear of being engaged in your quarrels; you will fall into distresses which will only aggravate your disposition for further quarrels; you will be obliged, for maintenance, to do anything for anybody; your very talents will depart for want of hope and encouragement; and you will go out of the world fretted, disappointed, and ruined.

Nothing but my real regard for you could induce me to set these considerations in this light before you. Remember we are born to serve and to adorn our country, and not to contend with our fellow citizens, and that in particular, your business is to paint and not to dispute.

If you think this a proper time to leave Rome (a matter which I leave entirely to yourself), I am quite of opinion you ought to go to Venice. Further, I think it right to see Florence and Bologna; and that you cannot do better than to take that route to Venice. In short, do everything that may contribute to your improvement, and I shall rejoice to see you what Providence intended you, a very great man. This you were, in your *ideas*, before you quitted this; you best know how far you have studied, that is, practised the mechanic, despised nothing till you had tried it; practised dissections with your own hands; painted from nature as well as from the statues, and portrait as well as history, and this frequently. If you have done all this, as I trust you have, you want nothing but a little prudence, to fulfil all our wishes. This, let me tell you, is no small matter, for it is impossible for you to find any persons anywhere more truly interested for you; to these dispositions attribute everything which may be a little harsh in this letter. We are, thank God, all well, and all most truly and sincerely yours. I seldom write so long a letter. Take this as a sort of proof how much I am, dear Barry,

Your faithful friend and humble servant,
EDMUND BURKE.

[Lady Hesketh, the cousin of William Cowper, was a refined and amiable woman, whose influence over the poet was of the healthiest kind; the thought of her or her near presence inspired him with cheerfulness and hope, and helped to balance the influence of his more austere and exacting clerical friend, the Rev. John Newton.]

WILLIAM COWPER TO LADY HESKETH.

Sept. 4, 1765.

Though I have some very agreeable acquaintance at Huntingdon, my dear cousin, none are so agreeable as the arrival of your letters. I thank you for that which I have just received from Droxford, and particularly for that part of it where you give me an unlimited liberty upon the subject I have already so often written upon. Whatever interests us deeply, as naturally flows into the pen as it does from the lips, when every restraint is taken away, and we meet

with a friend indulgent enough to attend to us. How many, in all that variety of characters with whom I am acquainted, could I find, after the strictest search, to whom I could write as I do to you? I hope the number will increase: I am sure it cannot easily be diminished. Poor ——! I have heard the whole of his history, and can only lament what I am sure I can make no apology for. Two of my friends have been cut off, during my illness, in the midst of such a life as it is frightful to reflect upon, and here am I, in better health and spirits than I can almost remember to have enjoyed before, after having spent months in the apprehension of instant death. How mysterious are the ways of Providence! Why did I receive grace and mercy? Why was I preserved, afflicted for my good, received, as I trust, into favour, and blessed with the greatest happiness I can ever know, or hope for, in this life, while these were overtaken by the great arrest, unawakened, unrepenting, and every way unprepared for it? His infinite wisdom, to whose infinite mercy I owe it all, can solve these questions, and none besides Him. If a freethinker, as many a man miscalls himself, could be brought to give a serious answer to them, he would certainly say, 'Without doubt, sir, you were in great danger; you had a narrow escape; a most fortunate one indeed.' How excessively foolish, as well as shocking! As if life depended upon luck, and all that we are or can be, all that we have or hope for, could possibly be referred to accident. Yet to this freedom of thought it is owing that He, who, as our Saviour tells us, is thoroughly apprized of the death of the meanest of His creatures, is supposed to leave those, whom He has made in His own image, to the mercy of chance: and to this therefore it is likewise owing, that the correction which our Heavenly Father bestows upon us, that we may be fitted to receive His blessing, is so often disappointed of its benevolent intention, and that men despise the chastening of the Almighty. Fevers and all diseases are accidents, and long life, recovery at least from sickness, is the gift of the physician. No man can be a greater friend to the use of means upon these occasions than myself, for it were presumption and enthusiasm to neglect them. God has endued them with salutary properties on purpose that we might avail ourselves of them, otherwise that part of His creation were in vain. But to impute our recovery to the medicine, and to carry our views no further, is to rob God of His honour, and is saying in effect that He has parted with the keys of life and death, and by giving to a drug the power to heal us, has placed our lives out of His own reach. He that thinks thus, may as well fall upon his knees at once, and return thanks to the medicine that cured him, for it was certainly more instrumental in his recovery than either the apothecary or the doctor. My dear cousin, a firm persuasion of the superintendence of Providence over all our concerns is absolutely necessary to our happiness. Without it, we cannot be said to believe in the Scripture, or practise anything like resignation to His will. If I am convinced that no affliction can befall me without the permission of God, I am convinced likewise that He sees and knows that I am afflicted; believing this, I must, in the same degree, believe that if I pray to Him for deliverance, He hears me; I must needs know likewise, with equal assurance, that if He hears He will also deliver me, if that will upon the whole be most conducive to my happiness; and if He does not deliver me, I may be well assured that He has none but the most benevolent intention in declining it. He made us, not because we could add to His happiness, which was always perfect, but that we might be happy ourselves; and will He not, in all His dispensations towards us, even in the minutest, consult that end for which He made us? To suppose the contrary, is (which we are not always aware of) affronting every one of His attributes; and, at the same time, the certain consequence of disbelieving His care for us is that we renounce utterly our dependence upon Him. In this view it will appear plainly that the line of duty is not stretched too tight, when we are told that we ought to accept everything at His hands as a blessing, and to be thankful even while we smart under the rod of iron, with which He sometimes rules us. Without this persuasion, every blessing, however we may think ourselves happy in it, loses its greatest recommendation, and every affliction is intolerable. Death itself must be welcome to him who has this faith, and he who has it not must aim at it, if he is not a madman. You cannot think how glad I am to hear you are going to commence lady, and mistress of Freemantle.[1] I know it well, and could go to it from Southampton blindfold. You are kind to invite me to it, and I shall be so kind to myself as to accept the invitation, though I should not, for a slight consideration, be prevailed upon to quit my beloved retirement at Huntingdon.—Yours ever, W. C.

TO THE SAME.

Olney, Feb. 19, 1786.

My dearest Cousin,—Since so it must be, so it shall be. If you will not sleep under the roof of a friend, may you never sleep under the roof of an enemy! An enemy, however, you will not presently find. Mrs. Unwin bids me mention her affectionately, and tell you that she willingly gives up a part for the sake of the rest—willingly, at least as far as willingly may

[1] Freemantle, a villa near Southampton.

consist with some reluctance; I feel my reluctance too. Our design was that you should have slept in the room that serves me for a study, and its having been occupied by you would have been an additional recommendation of it to me. But all reluctances are superseded by the thought of seeing you; and because we have nothing so much at heart as the wish to see you happy and comfortable, we are desirous therefore to accommodate you to your own mind, and not to ours. Mrs. Unwin has already secured for you an apartment, or rather two, just such as we could wish. The house in which you will find them is within thirty yards of our own, and opposite to it. The whole affair is thus commodiously adjusted; and now I have nothing to do but to wish for June; and June, my cousin, was never so wished for since June was made. I shall have a thousand things to hear, and a thousand to say, and they will all rush into my mind together, till it will be so crowded with things impatient to be said, that for some time I shall say nothing. But no matter—sooner or later they will all come out; and since we shall have you the longer for not having you under our own roof (a circumstance that more than anything reconciles us to that measure), they will stand the better chance. After so long a separation—a separation that of late seemed likely to last for life—we shall meet each other as alive from the dead; and for my own part, I can truly say, that I have not a friend in the other world whose resurrection would give me greater pleasure.

I am truly happy, my dear, in having pleased you with what you have seen of my Homer. I wish that all English readers had your unsophisticated, or rather unadulterated taste, and could relish simplicity like you. But I am well aware that in this respect I am under a disadvantage, and that many, especially many ladies, missing many turns and prettinesses of expression, that they have admired in Pope, will account my translation in those particulars defective. But I comfort myself with the thought, that in reality it is no defect; on the contrary, that the want of all such embellishments as do not belong to the original, will be one of its principal merits with persons indeed capable of relishing Homer. He is the best poet that ever lived for many reasons, but for none more than for that majestic plainness that distinguishes him from all others. As an accomplished person moves gracefully without thinking of it, in like manner the dignity of Homer seems to cost him no labour. It was natural to him to say great things, and to say them well, and little ornaments were beneath his notice. If Maty, my dearest cousin, should return to you my copy, with any such strictures as may make it necessary for me to see it again before it goes to Johnson, in that case you shall send it to me, otherwise to Johnson immediately; for he writes me word he wishes his friend to go to work upon it as soon as possible. When you come, my dear, we will hang all these critics together; for they have worried me without remorse or conscience. At least one of them has. I had actually murdered more than a few of the best lines in the specimen, in compliance with his requisitions, but plucked up my courage at last, and, in the very last opportunity that I had, recovered them to life again by restoring the original reading. At the same time I readily confess that the specimen is the better for all this discipline its author has undergone; but then it has been more indebted for its improvement to that pointed accuracy of examination, to which I was myself excited, than to any proposed amendments from Mr. Critic; for, as sure as you are my cousin, whom I long to see at Olney, so surely would he have done me irreparable mischief, if I would have given him leave.

My friend Bagot writes to me in a most friendly strain, and calls loudly upon me for original poetry. When I shall have done with Homer, probably he will not call in vain. Having found the prime feather of a swan on the banks of the *smug and silver Trent*, he keeps it for me.—Adieu, dear cousin, W. C.

I am sorry that the General has such indifferent health. He must not die. I can by no means spare a person so kind to me.

[Cowper has drawn the portrait of his correspondent, in that letter to Lady Hesketh, Sept. 14, 1763, in which he relates his introduction to the Unwin family. 'The son is about twenty-one years of age; one of the most unreserved and amiable young men I ever conversed with.' The young man had been interested by the poet's countenance, and ventured at length to speak to him while he was taking a solitary walk under a row of trees. Their conversation terminated in an invitation to drink tea at Mr. Unwin's upon that afternoon, and the friendship then commenced, continued unabated until the premature death of Mr. Unwin, in the flower of his age, and the full career of Christian activity and virtue.—*Willmott.*]

TO THE REV. WILLIAM UNWIN.

His Amusements.

Olney, Sept. 21, 1779.

Amico mio, be pleased to buy me a glazier's diamond pencil. I have glazed the two frames

designed to receive my pine plants. But I cannot mend the kitchen windows, till, by the help of that implement, I can reduce the glass to its proper dimensions. If I were a plumber, I should be a complete glazier, and possibly the happy time may come, when I shall be seen trudging away to the neighbouring towns with a shelf of glass hanging at my back. If Government should impose another tax upon that commodity, I hardly know a business in which a gentleman might more successfully employ himself. A Chinese, of ten times my fortune, would avail himself of such an opportunity without scruple; and why should not I, who want money as much as any mandarin in China? Rousseau would have been charmed to have seen me so occupied, and would have exclaimed with rapture, 'that he had found the Emilius who, he supposed, had subsisted only in his own idea.' I would recommend it to you to follow my example. You will presently qualify yourself for the task, and may not only amuse yourself at home, but may even exercise your skill in mending the church windows; which, as it would save money to the parish, would conduce, together with your other ministerial accomplishments, to make you extremely popular in the place.

I have eight pair of tame pigeons. When I first enter the garden in the morning, I find them perched upon the wall, waiting for their breakfast, for I feed them always upon the gravel walk. If your wish should be accomplished, and you should find yourself furnished with the wings of a dove, I shall undoubtedly find you amongst them. Only be so good, if that should be the case, to announce yourself by some means or other. For I imagine your crop will require something better than tares to fill it.

Your mother and I, last week, made a trip in a post-chaise to Gayhurst, the seat of Mr. Wright, about four miles off. He understood that I did not much affect strange faces, and sent over his servant, on purpose to inform me that he was going into Leicestershire, and that if I chose to see the gardens I might gratify myself without danger of seeing the proprietor. I accepted the invitation, and was delighted with all I found there. The situation is happy, the gardens elegantly disposed, the hot-house in the most flourishing state, and the orange-trees the most captivating creatures of the kind I ever saw. A man, in short, had need have the talents of Cox or Langford, the auctioneers, to do the whole scene justice. Our love attends you all. Yours,

W. C.

TO THE SAME.

Olney, Aug. 6, 1780.

My dear Friend,—You like to hear from me—this is a very good reason why I should write—but I have nothing to say—this seems equally a good reason why I should not; yet if you had alighted from your horse at our door this morning, and, at this present writing, being five o'clock in the afternoon, had found occasion to say to me, 'Mr. Cowper, you have not spoke since I came in; have you resolved never to speak again?'—it would be but a poor reply, if, in answer to the summons, I should plead inability as my best and only excuse. And this, by the way, suggests to me a seasonable piece of instruction, and reminds me of what I am very apt to forget when I have any epistolary business in hand; that a letter may be written upon anything or nothing, just as that anything or nothing happens to occur. A man that has a journey before him twenty miles in length, which he is to perform on foot, will not hesitate and doubt whether he shall set out or not, because he does not readily conceive how he shall ever reach the end of it; for he knows that, by the simple operation of moving one foot forward first and then the other, he shall be sure to accomplish it. So it is in the present case, and so it is in every similar case. A letter is written, as a conversation is maintained or a journey performed, not by preconcerted or premeditated means, a new contrivance, or an invention never heard of before; but merely by maintaining a progress, and resolving, as a postilion does, having once set out, never to stop till we reach the appointed end. If a man may talk without thinking, why may he not write upon the same terms? A grave gentleman of the last century, a tie-wig, square-toe, Steinkirk figure, would say, 'My good sir, a man has no right to do either.' But it is to be hoped that the present century has nothing to do with the mouldy opinions of the last; and so, good Sir Launcelot, or St. Paul, or whatever be your name, step into your picture-frame again, and look as if you thought for another century, and leave us moderns in the meantime to think when we can, and to write whether we can or not, else we might as well be dead as you are.

When we look back upon our forefathers, we seem to look back upon the people of another nation, almost upon creatures of another species. Their vast rambling mansions, spacious halls, and painted casements, the Gothic porch, smothered with honeysuckles, their little gardens and high walls, their box-edgings, balls of holly, and yew-tree statues, are become so entirely unfashionable now, that we can hardly believe it possible that a people who resembled us so little in their taste should resemble us in anything else. But in everything else I suppose they were our counterparts exactly, and time, that has sewed up the slashed sleeve, and reduced the large trunk hose to a neat pair of silk stockings, has left human nature just where it found it. The inside of the man

at least has undergone no change. His passions, appetites, and aims are just what they ever were. They wear perhaps a handsomer disguise than they did in the days of yore, for philosophy and literature will have their effect upon the exterior; but in every other respect a modern is only an ancient in a different dress. Yours,

W. C.

TO THE SAME.

Olney, Nov. 24, 1783.

My dear Friend,—An evening unexpectedly retired, and which your mother and I spend without company (an occurrence far from frequent), affords me a favourable opportunity to write by to-morrow's post, which else I could not have found. You are very good to consider my literary necessities with so much attention, and I feel proportionally grateful. *Blair's Lectures* (though I suppose they must make a part of my private studies, not being *ad captum fœminarum*) will be perfectly welcome. You say you felt my verses; I assure you that in this you followed my example, for I felt them first. A man's lordship is nothing to me, any farther than in connection with qualities that entitle him to my respect. If he thinks himself privileged by it to treat me with neglect, I am his humble servant, and shall never be at a loss to render him an equivalent. I will not, however, belie my knowledge of mankind so much as to seem surprised at a treatment which I had abundant reason to expect. To these men with whom I was once intimate, and for many years, I am no longer necessary, no longer convenient, or in any respect an object. They think of me as of the man in the moon, and, whether I have a lantern, or a dog and faggot, or whether I have neither of those desirable accommodations, is to them a matter of perfect indifference: upon that point we are agreed; our indifference is mutual; and, were I to publish again, which is not possible, I should give them a proof of it.

L'Estrange's *Josephus* has lately furnished us with evening lectures. But the historian is so tediously circumstantial, and the translator so insupportably coarse and vulgar, that we are all three weary of him. How would Tacitus have shone upon such a subject, great master as he was of the art of description, concise without obscurity, and affecting without being poetical! But so it was ordered, and for wise reasons no doubt, that the greatest calamities any people ever suffered, and an accomplishment of one of the most signal prophecies in the Scripture, should be recorded by one of the worst writers. The man was a temporizer too, and courted the favour of his Roman masters at the expense of his own creed, or else an infidel and absolutely disbelieved it. You will think me very difficult to please; I quarrel with Josephus for the want of elegance, and with some of our modern historians for having too much—with him for running right forward like a gazette without stopping to make a single observation by the way, and with them for pretending to delineate characters that existed two thousand years ago, and to discover the motives by which they were influenced, with the same precision as if they had been their contemporaries. Simplicity is become a very rare quality in a writer. In the decline of great kingdoms, and where refinement in all the arts is carried to an excess, I suppose it is always rare. The later Roman writers are remarkable for false ornament, they were yet no doubt admired by the readers of their own day; and with respect to authors of the present era, the most popular among them appear to me equally censurable on the same account. Swift and Addison were simple. Yours,

W. C.

TO THE REV. JOHN NEWTON.

Olney, Nov. 30, 1783.

My dear Friend,—I have neither long visits to pay nor to receive, nor ladies to spend hours in telling me that which might be told in five minutes, yet often find myself obliged to be an economist of time, and to make the most of a short opportunity. Let our station be as retired as it may, there is no want of playthings and avocations, nor much need to seek them, in this world of ours. Business, or what presents itself to us under that imposing character, will find us out, even in the stillest retreat, and plead its importance, however trivial in reality, as a just demand upon our attention. It is wonderful how, by means of such real or seeming necessities, my time is stolen away. I have just time to observe that time is short, and, by the time I have made the observation, time is gone. I have wondered in former days at the patience of the antediluvian world, that they could endure a life almost millenary, with so little variety as seems to have fallen to their share. It is probable that they had much fewer employments than we. Their affairs lay in a narrower compass; their libraries were indifferently furnished; philosophical researches were carried on with much less industry and acuteness of penetration, and fiddles, perhaps, were not even invented. How then could seven or eight hundred years of life be supportable? I have asked this question formerly, and been at a loss to resolve it; but I think I can answer it now. I will suppose myself born a thousand years before Noah was born or thought of. I rise with the sun; I worship; I prepare my breakfast; I swallow a bucket of goats' milk, and a dozen good sizeable cakes.

I fasten a new string to my bow, and my youngest boy, a lad of about thirty years of age, having played with my arrows till he has stripped off all the feathers, I find myself obliged to repair them. The morning is thus spent in preparing for the chase, and it is become necessary that I should dine. I dig up my roots; I wash them; I boil them; I find them not done enough, I boil them again; my wife is angry; we dispute; we settle the point; but in the meantime the fire goes out, and must be kindled again. All this is very amusing. I hunt; I bring home the prey; with the skin of it I mend an old coat, or I make a new one. By this time the day is far spent; I feel myself fatigued, and retire to rest. Thus, what with tilling the ground, and eating the fruit of it, hunting, and walking, and running, and mending old clothes, and sleeping, and rising again, I can suppose an inhabitant of the primeval world so much occupied as to sigh over the shortness of life, and to find, at the end of many centuries, that they had all slipped through his fingers, and were passed away like a shadow. What wonder, then, that I, who live in a day of so much greater refinement, when there is so much more to be wanted, and wished, and to be enjoyed, should feel myself now and then pinched in point of opportunity, and at some loss for leisure to fill four sides of a sheet like this? Thus, however, it is, and if the ancient gentlemen to whom I have referred, and their complaints of the disproportion of time to the occasions they had for it, will not serve me as an excuse, I must even plead guilty, and confess that I am often in haste, when I have no good reason for being so.

This by way of introduction; now for my letter. Mr. Scott is desired by Mr. de Coetlogon to contribute to the *Theological Review*, of which I suppose that gentleman is a manager. He says he has ensured your assistance, and at the same time desires mine, either in prose or verse. He did well to apply to you, because you can afford him substantial help; but as for me, had he known me better, he would never have suspected me for a theologian, either in rhyme or otherwise.

Lord Dartmouth's Mr. Wright spent near two hours with me this morning; a respectable old man, whom I always see with pleasure, both for his master's sake and for his own. I was glad to learn from him that his lordship has better health than he has enjoyed for some years. — Believe me, my dear friend, your affectionate W. C.

[Gibbon mentions in his *Memoirs*, that the first rough manuscript of his great history was committed to the press without any intermediate copy, and without undergoing any revision but his own. He has, however, in an earlier page, furnished the key to this mystery of excellence. 'Three times,' he says, 'did I compose the first chapter, and twice the second and third, before I was tolerably satisfied with their effect.' We may conclude that similar difficulties, in successive chapters, were polished down by the same elaboration. He seems to have bestowed equal solicitude upon his correspondence. Dugald Stewart relates, that an exact copy of the letter to Robertson, upon his *History of America*, was discovered among the papers of Gibbon. 'I have often wondered,' he wrote to Mrs. Gibbon, 'why we are not fonder of letter-writing. We all delight to talk of ourselves, and it is only in letters, in writing to a friend, that we can enjoy that conversation, not only without reproach or interruption, but with the highest propriety and mutual satisfaction; sure that the person whom we address feels an equal, or at least a strong and lively interest in the consideration of the pleasing subject.' No man will write letters with pleasure, who composes them like an author, and is always in search of graceful turns and combinations of imagery, sparkling sentiments, and harmonious periods. While residing at Lausanne, in the summer of 1753, after the change of his religious creed had closed upon him the gates of Magdalen College, Gibbon formed an acquaintance with Mr. Deyverdun, then 'a young man of amiable temper and excellent understanding.' Hither, after the lapse of many years, he at length returned, and renewed the intimacy with his youthful companion, which was only terminated by his death. In this retreat he completed, on the 27th of June 1787, his celebrated *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, which must ever remain an imperishable monument of human learning and human weakness. The arrangements of the two friends were brief and simple; Deyverdun possessed a pleasant residence at the foot of the Alps, and Gibbon undertook the expense of their

common house. The lady to whom this letter was addressed was the historian's aunt, and had watched over his infancy and childhood with more than maternal interest. The most affecting account of her is contained in a letter from Gibbon to Lord Sheffield, upon the intelligence of her death: 'To her care I am indebted in earliest infancy for the preservation of my life and health. I was a puny child, neglected by my mother, starved by my nurse, and of whose being very little care or expectation was entertained. Without her maternal vigilance I should either have been in my grave, or imperfectly lived, a crooked ricketty monster, a burden to myself and others. To her instructions I owe the first rudiments of knowledge, the first exercise of reason, and a taste for books, which is still the pleasure and glory of my life; and though she taught me neither language nor science, she was certainly the most useful preceptor I ever had. As I grew up, an intercourse of thirty years endeared her to me, as the faithful friend and the agreeable companion. You have seen with what freedom and confidence we lived together, and have often admired her character and conversation, which could alike please the young and the old. All this is now lost, finally, irrecoverably lost!'—*Willmott.*]

GIBBON TO MRS. PORTER.

Lausanne, Dec. 27, 1783.

DEAR MADAME,—The unfortunate are loud and loquacious in their complaints, but real happiness is content with its own silent enjoyment; and if that happiness is of a quiet uniform kind, we suffer days and weeks to elapse without communicating our sensations to a distant friend. By you, therefore, whose temper and understanding have extracted from human life on every occasion the best and most comfortable ingredients, my silence will always be interpreted as an evidence of content, and you would only be alarmed (the danger is not at hand) by the too-frequent repetition of my letters. Perhaps I should have continued to slumber, I don't know how long, had I not been awakened by the anxiety which you express in your last letter. . . .

From this base subject I ascend to one which more seriously and strongly engages your thoughts, the consideration of my health and happiness. And you will give me credit when I assure you, with sincerity, that I have not repented a single moment of the step which I have taken, and that I only regret the not having executed the same design two, or five, or even ten years ago. By this time, I might have returned independent and rich to my native country; I should have escaped many disagreeable events that have happened in the meanwhile, and I should have avoided the parliamentary life, which experience has proved to be neither suitable to my temper nor conducive to my fortune. In speaking of the happiness which I enjoy, you will agree with me in giving the preference to a sincere and sensible friend; and though you cannot discern the full extent of his merit, you can easily believe that Deyverdun is the man. Perhaps two persons, so perfectly fitted to live together, were never formed by nature and education. We have both read and seen a great variety of objects; the lights and shades of our different characters are happily blended, and a friendship of thirty years has taught us to enjoy our mutual advantages, and to support our unavoidable imperfections. In love and marriage, some harsh sounds will sometimes interrupt the harmony, and in the course of time, like our neighbours, we must expect some disagreeable moments; but confidence and freedom are the two pillars of our union, and I am much mistaken if the building be not solid and comfortable. One disappointment I have indeed experienced, and patiently supported. The family who were settled in Deyverdun's house started some unexpected difficulties, and will not leave it till the spring; so that you must not yet expect any poetical, or even historical, description of the beauties of my habitation. During the dull months of winter, we are satisfied with a very comfortable apartment in the middle of the town, and even derive some advantage from this delay, as it gives us time to arrange some plans of alteration and furniture which will embellish our future and more elegant dwelling. In this season I rise (not at four in the morning) but a little before eight; at nine, I am called from my study to breakfast, which I always perform alone, in the English style; and, with the aid of Caplin,[1] I perceived no difference between Lausanne and Bentinck Street. Our mornings are usually passed in separate studies; we never approach each other's door without a previous message, or thrice knocking, and my apartment is already sacred and formidable to strangers. I dress at half-past one, and at two (an early hour, to which I am not perfectly reconciled) we sit down to dinner. We have hired a female cook, well skilled in her profession, and accustomed to the taste of every nation; as for instance, we had excellent mince-pies yesterday. After

[1] His English *valet de chambre.*

dinner, and the departure of our company, one, two, or three friends, we read together some amusing book, or play at chess, or retire to our rooms, or make visits, or go to the coffee-house. Between six and seven the assemblies begin, and I am oppressed only with their number and variety. Whist, at shillings or half-crowns, is the game I generally play, and I play three rubbers with pleasure. Between nine and ten we withdraw to our bread and cheese, and friendly converse, which sends us to bed at eleven; but these sober hours are too often interrupted by private and numerous suppers, which I have not the courage to resist, though I practise a laudable abstinence at the best-furnished tables. Such is the skeleton of my life; it is impossible to communicate a perfect idea of the vital and substantial parts, the characters of the men and women with whom I have very easily connected myself in looser and closer bonds, according to their inclination and my own. If I do not deceive myself, and if Deyverdun does not flatter me, I am already a general favourite; and, as our likings and dislikes are commonly mutual, I am equally satisfied with the freedom and elegance of manners, and (after proper allowances and exceptions) with the worthy and amiable qualities of many individuals. The autumn has been beautiful, and the winter, hitherto, mild; but in January we must expect some severe frost. Instead of rolling in a coach, I walk the streets, wrapped up in a fur cloak; but this exercise is wholesome, and, except an accidental fit of the gout of a few days, I never enjoyed better health. I am no longer in Pavillard's house, where I was almost starved with cold and hunger, and you may be assured I now enjoy every benefit of comfort, plenty, and even decent luxury. You wish me happy; acknowledge that such a life is more conducive to happiness, than five nights in the week passed in the House of Commons, or five mornings spent at the Custom House. Send me, in return, a fair account of your own situation, in mind and body. I am satisfied your own good sense would have reconciled you to inevitable separation; but there never was a more suitable diversion than your visit to Sheffield Place. Among the innumerable proofs of friendship which I have received from that family, there are none which affect me more sensibly than their kind civilities to you, though I am persuaded that they are at least as much on your account as on mine. At length, Madame de —— is delivered by her tyrant's death; her daughter, a valuable woman of this place, has made some inquiries, and, though her own circumstances are narrow, she will not suffer her father's widow to be left totally destitute. I am glad you derived so much melancholy pleasure from the letters, yet had I known it, I should have withheld. . . .

TO MRS. GIBBON, BATH.

Lausanne, May 28, 1784.

DEAR MADAM,—I begin without preface or apology, as if I had received your letter by the last post. In my own defence I know not what to say; but if I were disposed to recriminate, I might observe that you yourself are not perfectly free from the sin of laziness and procrastination. I have often wondered why we are not fonder of letter-writing. We all delight to talk of ourselves, and it is only in letters, in writing to a friend, that we can enjoy that conversation, not only without reproach or interruption, but with the highest propriety and mutual satisfaction; sure that the person whom we address feels an equal or at least a strong and lively interest in the consideration of the pleasing subject. On the subject therefore of *self* I will entertain a friend to whom none of my thoughts or actions, none of my pains or pleasures, can ever be indifferent. When I first cherished the design of retiring to Lausanne, I was much more apprehensive of wounding your tender attachment than of offending Lord Sheffield's manly and vehement friendship. In the abolition of the Board of Trade the motives for my retreat became more urgent and forcible; I wished to break loose, yet I delayed above a year before I could take my final resolution; and the letter in which I disclosed it to you cost me one of the most painful struggles of my life. As soon as I had conquered that difficulty, all meaner obstacles fell before me, and in a few weeks I found myself at Lausanne, astonished at my firmness and my success. Perhaps you still blame or still lament the step which I have taken. If on your own account, I can only sympathize with your feelings, the recollection of which often costs me a sigh: if on mine, let me fairly state what I have escaped in England, and what I have found at Lausanne. Recollect the tempests of this winter; how many anxious days I should have passed, how many noisy, turbulent, hot, unwholesome nights, while my political existence, and that of my friends, was at stake; yet these feeble efforts were unavailing; I should have lost my seat in Parliament, and after the extraordinary expense of another year, I must still have pursued the road to Switzerland, unless I had been tempted by some selfish patron, or by Lord S.'s aspiring spirit, to incur a most inconvenient expense for a new seat, and once more, at the beginning of an Opposition, to engage in new scenes of business. As to the immediate prospect of anything like a quiet and profitable retreat, I should not know where to look; my friends are no longer in power. With —— and his party I have no connection; and were he disposed to favour a man of letters, it is difficult to say what he could give, or what I would accept;

the reign of pensions and sinecures is at an end, and a commission in the Excise or Customs, the summit of my hopes, would give me income at the expense of leisure and liberty. When I revolve these circumstances in my mind, my only regret, I repeat it again and again, is, that I did not embrace this salutary measure three, five, ten years ago. Thus much I thought it necessary to say, and shall now dismiss this unpleasing part of the subject. For my situation here, health is the first consideration; and on that head your tenderness had conceived some degree of anxiety. I know not whether it has reached you that I had a fit of the gout the day after my arrival. The deed is true, but the cause was accidental; carelessly stepping down a flight of stairs, I sprained my ancle; and my ungenerous enemy instantly took advantage of my weakness. But since my breaking that double chain, I have enjoyed a winter of the most perfect health that I have perhaps ever known, without any mixture of the little flying incommodities which in my best days have sometimes disturbed the tranquillity of my English life. You are not ignorant of Dr. Tissot's reputation, and his merit is even above his reputation. He assures me that, in his opinion, the moisture of England and Holland is most pernicious, the dry, pure air of Switzerland most favourable, to a gouty constitution; that experience justifies the theory; and that there are fewer martyrs of that disorder in this than in any other country in Europe. This winter has everywhere been most uncommonly severe, and you seem in England to have had your full share of the general hardship: but in this corner, surrounded by the Alps, it has rather been long than rigorous; and its duration stole away our spring, and left us no interval between furs and silks. We now enjoy the genial influence of the climate and the season; and no station was ever more calculated to enjoy them than Deyverdun's house and garden, which are now become my own. You will not expect that the pen should describe what the pencil would imperfectly delineate. A few circumstances may, however, be mentioned. My library is about the same size with that of Bentinck Street, with this difference, however, that instead of looking on a paved court, twelve feet square, I command a boundless prospect of vale, mountain, and water, from my three windows. My apartment is completed by a spacious light closet or store-room, with a bed-chamber and dressing-room. Deyverdun's habitation is pleasant and convenient, though less extensive; for our common use we have a very handsome winter apartment of four rooms; and on the ground-floor, two cool saloons for the summer, with a sufficiency or rather superfluity of offices, etc. A terrace, one hundred yards long, extends beyond the front of the house, and leads to a close, impenetrable shrubbery; and from thence the circuit of a long and various walk carries me round a meadow and vineyard. The intervals afford abundant supply of fruit, and every sort of vegetables; and if you add, that this villa (which has been much ornamented by my friend) touches the best and most sociable part of the town, you will agree with me that few persons, either princes or philosophers, enjoy a more desirable residence. Deyverdun, who is proud of his own works, often walks me round, pointing out, with acknowledgment and enthusiasm, the beauties that change with every step and with every variation of light. I share, or at least I sympathize with his pleasure. He appears contented with my progress, and has already told several people that he does not despair of making me a gardener. Be that as it may, you will be glad to hear that I am, by my own choice, infinitely more in motion, and in the open air, than I ever have been formerly; yet my perfect liberty and leisure leave me many studious hours; and as the circle of our acquaintance retire into the country, I shall be much less engaged in company and diversion. I have seriously resumed the prosecution of my History; each day and each month adds something to the completion of the great work. The progress is slow, the labour continual, and the end remote and uncertain; yet every day brings its amusement, as well as labour; and though I dare not fix a term, even in my own fancy, I advance with the pleasing reflection, that the business of publication (should I be detained here so long) must enforce my return to England, and restore me to the best of mothers and friends. In the meanwhile, with health and competence, a full independence of mind and action, a delightful habitation, a true friend, and many pleasant acquaintance, you will allow that I am rather an object of envy than of pity; and if you were conversant with the use of the French language, I would seriously propose to you to repose yourself with us in this fine country. My indirect intelligence (on which I sometimes depend with more implicit faith than on the kind dissimulation of your friendship) gives me reason to hope that the last winter has been more favourable to your health than the preceding one. Assure me of it yourself honestly and truly, and you will afford me one of the most lively pleasures.

TO LADY SHEFFIELD.

Lausanne, October 22, 1784.

A few weeks ago, as I was walking on our terrace with M. Tissot, the celebrated physician; M. Mercier, the author of the *Tableau de Paris;* the Abbé Raynal; Monsieur, Madame, and

Mademoiselle Necker; the Abbé de Bourbon, a natural son of Louis the Fifteenth; the hereditary Prince of Brunswick; Prince Henry of Prussia; and a dozen counts, barons, and extraordinary persons, among whom was a natural son of the Empress of Russia—— Are you satisfied with this list? which I could enlarge and embellish, without departing from truth; and was not the Baron of Sheffield (profound as he is on the subject of the American trade) doubly mistaken with regard to Gibbon and Lausanne? Whenever I used to hint my design of retiring, that illustrious baron, after a proper effusion of d——d fools, condescended to observe, that such an obscure nook in Switzerland might please me in the ignorance of youth, but that after tasting for so many years the various society of Paris and London, I should soon be tired with the dull and uniform round of a provincial town. In the winter Lausanne is indeed reduced to its native powers; but during the summer it is possibly, after Spa, one of the most favourite places of general resort. The tour of Switzerland, the Alps, and the Glaciers, is become a fashion. Tissot attracts the invalids, especially from France; and a colony of English have taken up the habit of spending their winters at Nice and their summers in the Pays de Vaud. Such are the splendour and variety of our summer visitors; and *you* will agree with me more readily than the baron, when I say that this variety, instead of being a merit, is, in my opinion, one of the very few objections to the residence of Lausanne. After the dissipation of the winter, I expected to have enjoyed, with more freedom and solitude, myself, my friend, my books, and this delicious paradise; but my position and character make me here a sort of a public character, and oblige me to see and be seen. However, it is my firm resolution for next summer to assume the independence of a philosopher, and to be visible only to the persons whom I like. On that principle I should not, most assuredly, have avoided the Neckers and Prince Henry. The former have purchased the barony of Copet, near Geneva; and as the buildings were very much out of repair, they passed this summer at a country-house at the gates of Lausanne. They afford a new example, that persons who have tasted of greatness can seldom return with pleasure to a private station. In the moments when we were alone he conversed with me freely, and I believe truly, on the subject of his administration and fall; and has opened several passages of modern history which would make a very good figure in *the* American book.[1] If they spent the summers at the castle of Copet, about nine leagues from hence, a fortnight or three weeks' visit would be a pleasant and healthful excursion; but, alas! I fear there is little appearance of its being executed. *Her* health is impaired by the agitation of her mind: instead of returning to Paris, she is ordered to pass the winter in the southern provinces of France; and our last parting was solemn, as I very much doubt whether I shall ever see her again. They have now a very troublesome charge, which you will experience in a few years, the disposal of a baroness; Mademoiselle Necker,[1] one of the greatest heiresses in Europe, is now about eighteen, wild, vain, but good-natured, and with a much larger provision of wit than of beauty: what increases their difficulties is their religious obstinacy of marrying her only to a Protestant. It would be an excellent opportunity for a young Englishman of a great name and a fair reputation. Prince Henry must be a man of sense; for he took more notice, and expressed more esteem for me than anybody else. He is certainly (without touching his military character) a very lively and entertaining companion. He talked with freedom, and generally with contempt, of most of the princes of Europe; with respect of the Empress of Russia; but never mentioned the name of his brother, except once, when he hinted that it was *he himself* that won the battle of Rosbach. His nephew, and our nephew, the hereditary Prince of Brunswick, is here for his education. Of the English, who live very much as a national colony, you will like to hear of Mrs. Fraser and *one* more. Donna Catherina[2] pleases everybody by the perfect simplicity of her state of nature. You know she has had resolution to return from England (where she told me she saw you) to Lausanne, for the sake of Miss Bristow, who is in bad health; and in a few days they set off for Nice. *The other* is the Eliza; she passed through Lausanne, in her road from Italy to England; poorly in health, but still adorable (nay, do not frown!), and I enjoyed some delightful hours by her bedside. She wrote me a line from Paris, but has not executed her promise of visiting Lausanne in the month of October. My pen has run much faster, and much farther, than I intended on the subject of others; yet in describing them, I have thrown some light over myself and my situation. A year, a very short one, has now elapsed since my arrival at Lausanne; and after a cool review of my sentiments, I can sincerely declare that I have never during a single moment repented of having executed my *absurd* project of retiring to Lausanne. It is needless to dwell on the fatigue, the hurry, the vexation, which I must have felt in the narrow and dirty circle of English politics. My present life wants no foil, and shines by its own native

[1] *Observations on the Commerce with the American States.*

[1] Afterwards Madame de Staël.

[2] The Honourable Mrs. Fraser.

light. The chosen part of my library is now arrived, and arranged in a room full as good as that in Bentinck Street, with this difference indeed, that instead of looking on a stone court, twelve feet square, I command, from three windows of plate-glass, an unbounded prospect of many a league of vineyard, of fields, of wood, of lake, and of mountains; a scene which Lord Sheffield will tell you is superior to all you can imagine. The climate, though severe in winter, has perfectly agreed with my constitution, and the year is accomplished without any return of the gout. An excellent house, a good table, a pleasant garden, are no contemptible ingredients in human happiness. The general style of society hits my fancy; I have cultivated a large and agreeable circle of acquaintance, and I am much deceived if I have not laid the foundations of two or three more intimate and valuable connections; but their names would be indifferent, and it would require pages, or rather volumes, to describe their persons and characters. With regard to my standing dish, my domestic friend, I could not be much disappointed, after an intimacy of eight-and-twenty years. His heart and his head are excellent; he has the warmest attachment for me, he is satisfied that I have the same for him: some slight imperfections must be mutually supported; two bachelors, who have lived so long alone and independent, have their peculiar fancies and humours; and when the mask of form and ceremony is laid aside, every moment in a family life has not the sweetness of the honeymoon, even between the husbands and wives who have the truest and most tender regard for each other. Should you be very much surprised to hear of my being married? Amazing as it may seem, I do assure you that the event is less improbable than it would have appeared to myself a twelvemonth ago. Deyverdun and I have often agreed, in jest and in earnest, that a house like ours would be regulated, and graced, and enlivened, by an agreeable female companion; but each of us seems desirous that his friend should sacrifice himself for the public good. Since my residence here I have lived much in women's company; and, to your credit be it spoken, I like you the better the more I see of you. Not that I am in love with any particular person. I have discovered about half-a-dozen *wives* who would please me in different ways and by various merits: one as a mistress (a widow, vastly like *the* Eliza; if she returns, I am to bring them together); a second, a lively entertaining acquaintance; a third, a sincere, good-natured friend; a fourth, who would preside with grace and dignity at the head of my table and family; a fifth, an excellent economist and housekeeper; and a sixth, a very useful nurse. Could I find all these qualities united in a single person, I should dare to make my addresses, and should deserve to be refused. You hint, in some of your letters, or rather postscripts, that you consider me as having renounced England, and having fixed myself for the rest of my life in Switzerland, and that you suspect the sincerity of my vague or insidious schemes of purchase or return. To remove, as far as I can, your doubts and suspicions, I will tell you, on that interesting subject, fairly and simply as much as I know of my own intentions. There is little appearance that I shall be suddenly recalled by the offer of a place or pension. I have no claim to the friendship of your young Minister; and should he propose a Commissioner of the Customs, or Secretary at Paris, the supposed objects of my low ambition, Adam in Paradise would refuse them with contempt. *Here* therefore I shall certainly live till I have finished the remainder of my History; an arduous work, which does not proceed so fast as I expected, amidst the avocations of society and miscellaneous study. As soon as it is completed, most probably in three or four years, I shall infallibly return to England about the month of May or June; and the necessary labour of printing with care two or three quarto volumes will detain me till their publication in the ensuing spring. Lord Sheffield and yourself will be the loadstone that most forcibly attracts me; and as I shall be a vagabond on the face of the earth, I shall be the better qualified to domesticate myself with you, both in town and country. Here, then, at no very extravagant distance, we have the certainty (if we live) of spending a year together in the peace and freedom of a friendly intercourse; and a year is no very contemptible portion of this mortal existence. Beyond that period all is dark, but not gloomy. Whether, after the final completion of my History, I shall return to Lausanne, or settle in England, must depend on a thousand events which lie beyond the reach of human foresight,—the state of public and private affairs, my own health, the health and life of Deyverdun, the various changes which may have rendered Lausanne more dear, or less agreeable, to me than at present. But without losing ourselves in this distant futurity, which perhaps we may never see, and without giving any positive answer to Maria's parting question, whether I shall be buried in England or Switzerland, let me seriously and earnestly ask you, whether you do not mean to visit me next summer? The defeat at Coventry would, I should think, facilitate the project; since the baron is no longer detained the whole winter from his domestic affairs, nor is there any attendance on the House that keeps him till midsummer in dust and dispute. I can send you a pleasant route through Normandy, Paris, and Lyons, a visit to the glaciers, and your return down the Rhine, which would be commodiously executed

in three or four months, at no very extravagant expense, and would be productive of health and spirits to you, of entertainment to both, and of instruction to *the* Maria. Without the smallest inconveniency to myself, I am able to lodge yourselves and family by arranging you in the winter apartment, which in the summer season is not of any use to us. I think you will be satisfied with your habitation, and already see you in your dressing-room—a small, pleasant room with a delightful prospect to the west and south. If poor Aunt Kitty—(you oblige me beyond expression by your tender care of that excellent woman)—if she were only ten years younger, I would desire you to take her with you; but I much fear we shall never meet again. You will not complain of the brevity of *this* epistle; I expect, in return, a full and fair account of yourself, your thoughts and actions, soul and body, present and future, in the safe though unreserved confidence of friendship. The baron in two words hinted but an indifferent account of your health; you are a fine machine; but as he was absent in Ireland, I hope I understand the cause and the remedy. Next to yourself, I want to hear of the two baronesses. You must give me a faithful picture (and though a mother, you can give it) of their present external and internal forms; for a year has now elapsed, and in *their* lives a year is an age. Adieu. Ever yours.

TO LORD SHEFFIELD.

Lausanne, January 20, 1787.

After some sallies of wrath, you seem at length to have subsided in sullen silence, and I must confess not totally without reason. Yet if your mind be still open to truth, you will confess that I am not so black as I appear. 1. Your lordship has shown much less activity and eloquence than formerly, and your last letter was an answer to mine, which I have expected some time with impatience. Bad examples are dangerous to young people. 2. Formerly I have neglected answering your epistles on essential though unpleasant business; and the *res-publica* or *privata* may have suffered by my neglect. Supposing, therefore, we had no transactions, why should I write so often? To exchange sentimental compliments, or to relate the various and important transactions of the republic of Lausanne. As long as I do not inform you of my death, you have good grounds to believe me alive and well. You have a general, and will soon have a more particular, idea of my system and arrangement here. One day glides away after another in tranquil uniformity. Every object must have sides and moments less luminous than others; but, upon the whole, the life and the place which I have chosen are most happily adapted to my character and circumstances; and I can now repeat, at the end of three years, what I soon and sincerely affirmed, that never, in a single instant, have I repented of my scheme of retirement to Lausanne—a retirement which was judged by my best and wisest friend a project little short of insanity. The place, the people, the climate, have answered or exceeded my warmest expectations. And though I truly rejoice in my approaching visit to England, Mr. Pitt, were he your friend and mine, would not find it an easy task to prevent my return. 3. And now let me add a third reason, which often diverted me from writing, namely, my impatience to see you this next summer. I am building a great book, which, besides the three storeys already exposed to the public eye, will have three storeys more before we reach the roof and battlements. You too have built or altered a great Gothic castle with baronial battlements. Did you finish it within the time you intended? As that time drew near, did you not find a thousand nameless and unexpected works that must be performed, each of them calling for a portion of time and labour? And had you not despised, nobly despised, the minute diligence of finishing, fitting up, and furnishing the apartments, you would have discovered a new train of indispensable business. Such, at least, has been my case. A long while ago, when I contemplated the distant prospect of my work, I gave you and myself some hopes of landing in England last autumn; but, alas! when autumn drew near, hills began to rise on hills, Alps on Alps, and I found my journey far more tedious and toilsome than I had imagined. When I look back on the length of the undertaking, and the variety of materials, I cannot accuse or suffer myself to be accused of idleness; yet it appeared that unless I doubled my diligence, another year, and perhaps more, would elapse before I could embark with my complete manuscript. Under these circumstances I took, and am still executing, a bold and meritorious resolution. The mornings in winter, and in a country of early dinners, are very concise; to them, my usual period of study, I now frequently add the evenings, renounce cards and society, refuse the most agreeable evenings, or perhaps make my appearance at a late supper. By this extraordinary industry, which I never practised before, and to which I hope never to be again reduced, I see the last part of my History growing apace under my hands; all my materials are collected and arranged; I can exactly compute, by the square foot, or the square page, all that remains to be done; and after concluding text and notes, after a general review of my time and my ground, I now can decisively ascertain the final period of the Decline and Fall, and can boldly promise that I will dine with you at Sheffield Place in the month of August, or perhaps of July, in the present year, within less than a twelvemonth of the term which I had loosely and originally fixed. And perhaps it would not be easy to find

a work of that size and importance in which the workman has so tolerably kept his word with himself and the public. But in this situation, oppressed with this particular object, and stealing every hour from my amusement, to the fatigue of the pen and the eyes, you will conceive, or you might conceive, how little stomach I have for the epistolary style; and that instead of idle though friendly correspondence, I think it far more agreeable to employ my time in the effectual measures that may hasten and exhilarate our personal interview. About a month ago I had a voluntary, and not unpleasing, epistle from Cadell; he informs me that he is going to print a new octavo edition, the former being exhausted, and that the public expect with impatience the conclusion of that excellent work, whose reputation increases every day, etc. I answered him by the return of the post, to inform him of the period and extent of my labours, and to express a reasonable hope that he would set the same value on the three last as he had done on the three former volumes. Should we conclude in this easy manner a transaction so honourable to the author and bookseller, my way is clear and open before me; in pecuniary matters I think I am assured for the rest of my life of never troubling my friends, or being troubled myself; a state to which I aspire, and which I indeed deserve, if not by my management, at least by my moderation.

In your last, you talk more of the French treaty than of yourself and your wife and family; a true English *quidnunc!* For my part, in this remote, inland, neutral country, you will suppose that after a slight glance on the papers, I have neither had the means nor the inclination to think very deeply about it. As a citizen of the world, a character to which I am every day rising or sinking, I must rejoice in every agreement that diminishes the separation between neighbouring countries, which softens their prejudices, unites their interests and industry, and renders their future hostilities less frequent and less implacable. With regard to the present treaty, I hope both nations are gainers; since otherwise it cannot be lasting; and such double mutual gain is surely possible in fair trade, though it could not easily happen in the mischievous amusements of war and gaming. . . . What a delightful hand have these great statesmen made of it since my departure! Without power, and, as far as I can see, without hope. When we meet, I shall advise you to digest all your political and commercial knowledge (England, Ireland, France, America), and with some attention to style and order, to make the whole a classic book, which may preserve your name and benefit your country. I know not whether you have seen Sir Henry Clinton since his return: he passed a day with me, and seemed pleased with my reception and place. We talked over you and the American war. I embrace the *silent my lady*, and the two honourable misses, whom I sigh to behold and admire. Adieu. Ever yours.

Though I can part with land, you find I cannot part with books: the remainder of my library has so long embarrassed your room, but it may now await my presence and final judgment. Has my lady read a novel intitled Caroline de Lichfield, of our own manufacture? I may say of ours, since Deyverdun and myself were the judges and patrons of the manuscript. The author, who is since married a second time (Madame de Crousaz, now Montolieu), is a charming woman. I was in some danger.

DR. WILLIAM ROBERTSON TO MR. GIBBON.

College of Edinburgh,
July 30, 1788.

DEAR SIR,—Long before this I should have acknowledged the receipt of your most acceptable present; but for several weeks I have been afflicted with a violent fit of deafness, and that unsocial malady is always accompanied with such a degree of languor, as renders even the writing of a letter an effort. During my solitude the perusal of your book has been my chief amusement and consolation. I have gone through it once with great attention, and am now advanced to the last volume in my second reading. I ventured to predict the superior excellence of the volumes lately published, and I have not been a false prophet. Indeed, when I consider the extent of your undertaking, and the immense labour of historical and philosophic research requisite towards executing every part of it, I am astonished that all this should have been accomplished by one man. I know no example, in any age or nation, of such a vast body of valuable and elegant information communicated by any individual. I feel, however, some degree of mortification mingled with my astonishment. Before you began your historic career, I used to pride myself in being at least the most industrious historian of the age; but now, alas! I can pretend no longer even to that praise, and must say, as Pliny did of his uncle, '*Si comparer illi sum desidiosissimus.*' Your style appears to me improved in these new volumes; by the habit of writing you write with greater ease. I am sorry to find that our ideas on the effects of the Crusades do not altogether coincide. I considered that point with great care, and cannot help thinking still that my opinion was well founded. I shall consult the authorities to which I refer; for when my sentiments differ from yours, I have some reasons to distrust them; and I may possibly trouble you with a letter on the subject. I am much flattered with the manner in which you have so often mentioned

my name. *Lætus sum laudari a te laudato viro.* I feel much satisfaction in having been distinguished by the two historians of my own times, whose favourable opinion I was most ambitious of obtaining.

I hope this letter may find you still in England. When you return to Lausanne, permit me to recommend to your good offices my youngest son, who is now at Yverdun on account of his health, and lives with M. Herman, a clergyman there. You will find the young man (if you can rely on the partial testimony of a father) sensible, modest, and well-bred; and though no great scholar, he has seen much, having returned from India, where he served last war, by Bassora, Bagdat, Moussul, and Aleppo. He is now a captain in the twenty-third regiment. If you have any friend at Yverdun, be so good as to recommend him. It will do him credit to have your countenance. I have desired him to pay his respects to you at Lausanne. Farewell, my dear sir. I ever am, yours most faithfully,

WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

JAMES BOSWELL TO DAVID GARRICK.

During the Tour to the Hebrides with Dr. Johnson.

Inverness, August 29, 1773.

MY DEAR SIR,—Here I am, and Mr. Samuel Johnson actually with me. We were a night at Forres, in coming to which, in the dusk of the evening, we passed over the bleak and blasted heath where Macbeth met the witches. Your old preceptor repeated, with much solemnity, the speech, 'How far is't called to Fores? What are these, so withered and so wild in their attire?'

This day we visited the ruins of Macbeth's castle at Inverness. I have had great romantic satisfaction in seeing Johnson upon the classical scenes of Shakespeare in Scotland, which I really looked upon as almost as improbable as that 'Birnam Wood should come to Dunsinane.' Indeed, as I have always been accustomed to view him as a permanent London object, it would not be much more wonderful to me to see St. Paul's church moving along where we now are. As yet we have travelled in post-chaises; but to-morrow we are to mount on horseback, and ascend into the mountains by Fort-Augustus, and so on to the ferry, where we are to cross to Skye. We shall see that island fully, and then visit some more of the Hebrides; after which we are to land in Argyleshire, proceed by Glasgow to Auchinleck, repose there a competent time, and then return to Edinburgh, from whence the Rambler will depart for Old England again, as soon as he finds it convenient. Hitherto we have had a very prosperous expedition. I flatter myself, *servetur ad imum, qualis ab incepto processerit.* He is in excellent spirits, and I have a rich journal of his conversation. Look back, *Davy*, to Lichfield; run up through the time that has elapsed since you first knew Mr. Johnson, and enjoy with me his present extraordinary tour. I could not resist the impulse of writing to you from this place. The situation of the old castle corresponds exactly to Shakespeare's description. While we were there to-day, it happened oddly that a raven perched upon one of the chimney-tops, and croaked. Then I in my turn repeated—

> 'The raven himself is hoarse,
> That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
> Under embattlements.'

I wish you had been with us. Think what an enthusiastic happiness I shall have to see Mr. Samuel Johnson walking among the romantic rocks and woods of my ancestors at Auchinleck. Write to me at Edinburgh. You owe me his verses on great George and tuneful Cibber, and the bad verses which led him to make his fine ones on Philips the musician. Keep your promise, and let me have them. I offer my very best compliments to Mrs. Garrick, and ever am, your warm admirer and friend,

JAMES BOSWELL.

[Hannah More visited London, accompanied by two of her sisters, in 1773 or 1774, and was soon afterwards introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Garrick. She remained in London about six weeks. Mrs. Gwatkin resided near Bristol, and is described as one of Miss More's earliest and firmest friends. The letter is without a date.—*Willmott.*]

HANNAH MORE TO MRS. GWATKIN.

Pictures of Hampton Court; Pope's Villa at Twickenham; Garrick's House.

Hampton Court.

MY DEAR MADAM,—At length I have the pleasure of being well enough to be suffered to gratify my inclination to pay a visit to this most charming and delightful place. I have been here these three days, but till this morning could not venture to visit the palace, which, to a weak person, is a very great undertaking, and I cannot but felicitate myself upon having accomplished it without the least fatigue. I think, madam, I have heard you say, you have never seen this place; but I hope, if you come to town in the spring, as you sometimes promise, your curiosity will excite you to it. It is the second sight (the museum was the

first) that ever, with me, more than satisfied a raised expectation.

This immense edifice is rather like a town than a palace, and I would not pretend to venture out of the apartment we are in without a clue of thread in my hand to bring me back by. The private apartments are almost all full; they are all occupied by people of fashion, mostly quality; and it is astonishing to me that people of large fortune will solicit for them. Mr. Lowndes has apartments next to these, notwithstanding he has an estate of £4000 a-year. In the opposite one lives Lady Augusta Fitzroy. You know she is the mother of the Duke of Grafton.

I must now say a word about the place I am in. My extreme ignorance does not permit me to judge of this magnificent building according to the rules of architecture or taste. Yet that cannot destroy the pleasure I receive in viewing it. I need not tell you, my dear madam, that it was built by the ambitious Wolsey, not for a royal palace, but for his own use; and is a striking monument of his presumption, luxury, and riches. The grand state apartments are all that they show; and these are six-and-twenty in number, and for magnificence of every kind are, indeed, admirable. I except the furniture, which the iron tooth of time has almost totally destroyed. This brings to my mind the fable of Æsop, where the old woman, smelling the lees of the brandy-cask, cries out, 'Ah! dear soul! if you are so good now that it is almost over with you, what must you have been when you were in perfection?' It is a false report that this place was stripped of its fine paintings to adorn Buckingham House, as there were none removed but seven of the cartoons, six of these glorious pieces having been burnt. What shall I say of these paintings? I was never more at a loss. A *connoisseur* would be confounded at their number and beauty; what, then, can I do, who scarcely know blue from green, or red from yellow? I will only say, that they are astonishingly beautiful; they are the originals of the greatest master of the Italian school, and, consequently, of the whole world. The staircase is superb, light, and modern, richly ornamented with the *finest* paintings, I should have continued to think, if I had not seen *finer* afterwards. The Muses, and Apollo, gods, devils, and harpies (I forget by what hand), ten thousand pieces, I believe, in different rooms, by Vandyke, Lely, Rubens, Guido, Baptiste, Rousseau, Kneller, and every other name that does honour to this divine science. In the grand council-chamber, nothing can surpass the ceiling; yet something can, too, — King William's writing closet is prettier. It is Endymion and the moon; so sweet the attitudes—so soft the colouring—such inimitable graces!

I do not know a more respectable sight than a room containing fourteen admirals, all by Sir Godfrey. Below stairs is what they call the beauty room; this is entirely filled with the beauties of King William's time, his queen at the head, who makes a very considerable figure among them, and must have been very handsome; but no encomiums can do justice to the labours of this industrious princess, her tapestry and other works being some of the finest ornaments here. The other tapestry is immensely rich, the ground gold; but what surpass everything of this kind, are two rooms hung, the one with historical pieces of the battles and victories of Alexander, the other with those of Julius Cæsar. The celebrated cynic, and his no less celebrated tub, is worthy of the highest admiration. The contempt and scorn that animate his countenance, in addressing himself to the victorious Macedonian, delighted me extremely. You have the character of Clytus in the lines of his face. These famous pieces of tapestry were done at Brussels, from the paintings of Le Bruin at Versailles. Another room, and what is esteemed one of the finest, is hung round with the defeat of the Spanish Armada, with an inimitable piece of Lord Effingham Howard, then lord-high-admiral. It would be endless to aim at recounting the numberless curiosities with which the palace abounds; but I must not omit mentioning an ordinary room, full of the original furniture of the cardinal. It is curious chiefly for its antiquity, consisting of cane tables, chairs, etc. I have not yet seen the play-house, chapel, and gardens. Every day this week is destined to pleasure, of which I shall plague you with an account in the next sheet. This day, had we been in town, we should have had tickets for the birth-night; but you will believe I did not much regard that loss, when I tell you I have visited the mansion of the tuneful Alexander: I have rambled through the immortal shades of Twickenham: I have trodden the haunts of the swan of Thames. You know, my dear madam, what an enthusiastic ardour I have ever had to see this almost sacred spot, and how many times I have created to myself an imaginary Thames; but, enthusiasm apart, there is very little merit in the grotto, house, or gardens, but that they once belonged to one of the greatest poets on earth. The house must have been originally very small; but Sir William Stanhope, who has bought it, has added two considerable wings, so that it is now a very good residence. The furniture is only genteel—all light linen—not a picture to be seen; and I was sorry to see a library contemptibly small, with only French and English authors, in the house where Pope had lived. The grotto is very large, very little ornamented, with but little spar or glittering stones. You know, madam, the garden is washed by the Thames, without any enclosure:

it is beautiful. This noble current was frozen quite over; the reason, I suppose, we saw no naïades; every hamadryad was also congealed in its parent tree. I could not be honest for the life of me; from the grotto I stole two bits of stone, from the garden a sprig of laurel, and from one of the bed-chambers a pen: because the house had been Pope's, and because Sir William, whose pen it was, was brother to Lord Chesterfield. As our obliging friend will not let us pass over anything that is worth seeing, we went to Lord Radnor's, now Mrs. Henley's. This is within a hundred yards of Mr. Pope's; consequently the situation, the water, and the gardens are much the same. It is fitted up in a whimsical taste; there is a pretty picture-gallery—the pieces mostly Dutch; the apartments are small, and rather oddly than magnificently furnished. I believe there is no such thing as a large room in this part of the world, except in this palace; a room the size of one of your parlours would be accounted a wonder. You will easily believe, madam, that I could not leave Twickenham without paying a visit to the hallowed tomb of my beloved bard. For this purpose I went to the church, and easily found out the monument of one who would not be buried in Westminster Abbey. The inscription, I am afraid, is a little ostentatious; yet I admire it, as I do the epitaph, which I will not transcribe, as I am sure it is as fresh in your memory as in mine. I imagine the same motive induced him to be interred here which made Cæsar say, he 'had rather be the first man in a village than the second at Rome;' Pope, I suppose, had rather be the first ghost at Twickenham than an inferior one at Westminster Abbey. I need not describe the monument to you, as you have seen it as well as his father's.

This day I have been to see

'Esher's groves, and Claremont's terraced heights,'

as the sweet poet of the *Seasons* calls them. I need not tell you, madam, that this famous Claremont is the seat of the Duke of Newcastle; but, alas! this is an unpropitious season for parks, gardens, and wildernesses. You have undoubtedly seen Claremont, so I shall not describe it; it commands thirty miles prospect, St. Paul's among the rest. The park is vast, and I like it better than Bushy Park, of which Lord Halifax is ranger; it is almost close to Hampton Park, not quite twenty miles from London. On our return, we went to see Mr. Garrick's; his house is repairing and is not worth seeing, but the situation of his garden pleases me infinitely; it is on the banks of the Thames, the temple about thirty or forty yards from it. There is the famous chair, curiously wrought out of a cherry tree, which really grew in the garden of Shakespeare at Stratford; I sat in it, but caught no ray of inspiration. But what drew and deserved my attention was a noble statue of this most original man, in an attitude strikingly pensive; his limbs strongly muscular, his countenance expressive of some vast conception, and his whole form seeming the bigger from some immense idea with which you suppose his great imagination pregnant. This statue cost five hundred pounds.—Adieu, my dear madam, with grateful respects,

H. More.

['If there be any persons remaining,' says Mr. Roberts, 'who were in habits of social intercourse with the family of Mrs. H. More, they will readily bear testimony to the originality of humour and playfulness of imagination which enlivened the conversation and letters of this lady, Miss Sally More, who possessed also talents of another kind, some of the most valuable of the cheap repository tracts being the productions of her pen.' Hannah More's first introduction to the Doctor was exceedingly auspicious; having been prepared by Sir Joshua Reynolds, at whose house the interview took place, to expect a silent reception, she was delighted, upon entering the room, to see Johnson advance towards her with good-humour in his countenance, Sir Joshua's macaw on his hand, and a verse, from one of her own poems, upon his lips.—*Willmott.*]

MISS SALLY MORE TO THE FAMILY AT HOME.

A Visit to Dr. Johnson.

London, 1774.

We have paid another visit to Miss Reynolds. She has sent Dr. Percy (Percy's *Collection*—now you know him), who is quite a sprightly modern, instead of a rusty antique, as I expected. He was no sooner gone, than the most amiable and delightful of women (Miss Reynolds) ordered the coach to take us to Dr. Johnson's *very own house*,—yes, Abyssinia's Johnson! Dictionary Johnson! Rambler's, Idler's, and Irene's Johnson! Can you picture to yourself the palpitation of our hearts as we approached his mansion? The conversation turned upon a new work of his, just going to the press (*The Tour to the Hebrides*), and his old friend Richardson. Mrs. Williams, the blind poet, who lives with him, was introduced to us. She is engaging in her manners; her conversation lively and entertaining. Miss Reynolds told the Doctor of all our rapturous exclamations on the road. He shook his scientific head at Hannah, and said, 'She was

a silly thing.' When our visit was ended, he called for his hat (as it rained), to attend us down a very long entry to our coach, and not Rasselas could have acquitted himself more *en cavalier*. We are engaged with him at Sir Joshua's, Wednesday evening—what do you think of us? I forgot to mention that, not finding Johnson in his little parlour when we came in, Hannah seated herself in his great chair, hoping to catch a little ray of his genius; when he heard it, he laughed heartily, and told her it was a chair in which he never sat. He said, it reminded him of Boswell and himself, when they stopped a night at the spot (as they imagined) where the weird sisters appeared to Macbeth; the idea so worked upon their enthusiasm, that it quite deprived them of rest; however, they learned the next morning, to their mortification, that they had been deceived, and were quite in another part of the country.

[Returning from Bristol, in the December of 1779, Hannah More took up her abode with Mrs. Garrick, at Hampton. Their mode of life she has very agreeably described:—'Hampton is very clean, very green, very beautiful, and very melancholy; but the "long dear calm of fixed repose" suits me mightily, after the hurry of London. We have been on the wing every day this week; our way is to walk out four or five miles, to some of the prettiest villages, or prospects, and when we are quite tired, we get into the coach, which is waiting for us, with our books, and we come home to dinner as hungry as Dragon himself.'—*Willmott.*]

HANNAH MORE TO HER SISTER.

Lord Spencer's Seat at Wimbledon; Anecdote of Lord Cobham.

London, 1780.

My being obliged to walk so much, makes me lose seeing my friends who call upon me; and, what is worse, it makes me lose my time, which will never call on me again. Yesterday I spent a very agreeable day in the country. The Bishop of St. Asaph and his family invited me to come to Wimbledon Park, Lord Spencer's charming villa, which he always lends to the bishop at this time of the year. I did not think there could have been so beautiful a place within seven miles of London. The park has as much variety of ground, and is as *un-Londonish* as if it were an hundred miles off; and I enjoyed the violets, and the birds, more than all the maréchal powder of this foolish town. There was a good deal of company at dinner, but we were quite at our ease, and strolled about, or sat in the library, just as we liked. This last amused me much, for it was the Duchess of Marlborough's (old Sarah), and numbers of the books were presents to her from all the great authors of her time, whose names she had carefully written in the blank leaves; for I believe she had the pride of being thought learned, as well as rich and beautiful. I drank tea one day last week with our bishop (Newton), whom I never thought to see again on this side heaven; he has gone through enough to kill half the stout young men, and seems to be patched up again for a few months. They are superabundantly kind to me.

The gentlemen of the museum came on Saturday to fetch poor Mr. Garrick's legacy of the old plays and curious black-letter books. Though they were not things to be read, and are only valuable to antiquaries for their age and scarcity, yet I could not see them carried off without a pang. I was the other night at Mrs. Ord's. Everybody was there; and in such a crowd I thought myself well off to be wedged in with Mr. Smelt, Langton, Ramsay, and Johnson. Johnson told me he had been with the King that morning, who enjoined him to add Spenser to the *Lives of the Poets*. I seconded the motion; he promised to think of it, but said the booksellers had not included him in their list of the poets. I dined at Mrs. Boscawen's the other day, very pleasantly; for Berenger[1] was there, and was all himself, all chivalry, and blank verse, and anecdote. He told me some curious stories of Pope, with whom he used to spend the summer at his uncle's, Lord Cobham, of whom Pope asserts, you know, that he would feel 'the ruling passion strong in death,' and that 'Save my country, Heaven,'[2] would be his last words. But what shows that Pope was not so good a prophet as a poet (though the ancients sometimes express both by the same word), was, that in his last moments, not being able to carry a glass of jelly to his mouth, he was in such a passion, feeling his own weakness, that he threw jelly, glass, and all, into Lady Chatham's face and expired!

Instead of going to Audley Street, where I was invited, I went to Mr. Reynolds', and sat for my picture. Just as he began to paint, in came Dr. Johnson, and stayed the whole time,

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1 Miss More says that this gentleman was everybody's favourite, even Dr. Johnson's. He was equerry to George III.

2 'And you, brave Cobham, to the latest breath,
Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death;
Such in those moments as in all the past;
"Oh, save my country, Heaven!" shall be your last.'
Moral Essays, Ep. 1.

Warton observes, in a note upon this passage, that the expression 'ruling passion' was first employed by Roscommon.

and said good things by way of making me look well. I did not forget to ask him for a page for your memorandum book, and he promised to write, but said you ought to be contented with a quotation; this, however, I told him you would not accept.

HANNAH MORE TO ZACHARY MACAULAY.

T. B. Macaulay in his ninth year.

MY DEAR SIR,—I wanted Tom to write to-day, but as he is likely to be much engaged with a favourite friend, and I shall have no time to-morrow, I scribble a line. This friend is a sensible youth at Woolwich; he is qualifying for the artillery. I overheard a debate between them on the comparative merits of Eugene and Marlborough as generals. The quantity of reading that Tom has poured in, and the quantity of writing he has poured out, is astonishing. It is in vain I have tried to make him subscribe to Sir Harry Savile's notion that the poets are the best writers next to those who write prose. We have poetry for breakfast, dinner, and supper. He recited *all* 'Palestine,' while we breakfasted, to our pious friend Mr. Whalley, at my desire, and did it incomparably. I was pleased with his delicacy in one thing. You know the Italian poets, like the French, too much indulge in the profane habit of attesting the Supreme Being; but without any hint from me, whenever he comes to the sacred name he reverently passes it over. I sometimes fancy I observe a daily progress in the growth of his mental powers. His fine promise of mind expands more and more, and, what is extraordinary, he has as much accuracy in his expression as spirit and vivacity in his imagination. I like, too, that he takes a lively interest in all passing events, and that the *child* is still preserved; I like to see him as boyish as he is studious, and that he is as much amused with making a pat of butter as a poem. Though loquacious, he is very docile, and I don't remember a single instance in which he has persisted in doing anything when he saw we did not approve it. Several men of sense and learning have been struck with the union of gaiety and rationality in his conversation. It was a pretty trait of him yesterday; being invited to dine abroad, he hesitated, and then said, 'No; I have so few days, that I will give them all to you.' And he said to-day at dinner, when speaking of his journey, 'I know not whether to think on my departure with most pain or pleasure—with most kindness for my friends, or affection for my parents.'

Sometimes we converse in ballad rhymes, sometimes in Johnsonian sesquipedalians; at tea we condescend to riddles and charades. He rises early, and walks an hour or two before breakfast, generally composing verses.

[Mr. Crisp was an old and honoured friend of Dr. Burney's, who retired owing to a change of fortune to a country house near Kingston, Surrey. He was on the best of terms with the whole family, and the Burneys frequently made Chessington Hall a place of change.]

MISS F. BURNEY TO MR. CRISP.

St. Martin's Street, January 22, 1780.

MY DEAREST DADDY,—As this sheet is but to contain a sequel of what I writ last, not to aspire at being regarded as a separate or answer-claiming letter, I shall proceed without fresh preamble.

You make a *comique* kind of inquiry about my 'incessant and uncommon engagements.' Now, my dear daddy, this is an inquiry I feel rather small in answering, for I am sure you expect to hear something respectable in that sort of way, whereas I have nothing to enumerate that commands attention, or that will make a favourable report. For the truth is, my 'uncommon' engagements have only been of the *visiting system*, and my 'incessant' ones only of the *working party;* for perpetual dress requires perpetual replenishment, and that replenishment actually occupies almost every moment I spend out of company.

'Fact! fact!' I assure you, however paltry, ridiculous, or inconceivable it may sound. Caps, hats, and ribbons make, indeed, no venerable appearance upon paper; no more do eating and drinking; yet the one can no more be worn without being made, than the other can be swallowed without being cooked; and those who can neither pay milliners nor keep scullions, must either toil for themselves or go capless and dinnerless. So if you are for a high, polished comparison, I'm your man!

Now, instead of furbelows and gewgaws of this sort, my dear daddy probably expected to hear of duodecimos, octavos, or quartos! *Hélas!* I am sorry that is not the case; but not one word, no, not one syllable, did I write to any purpose, from the time you left me at Streatham, till Christmas, when I came home. But now I have something to communicate concerning which I must beg you to give me your opinion.

As my play was settled in its silent suppression, I entreated my father to call on Mr. Sheridan, in order to prevent his expecting anything from me, as he had had a good right to do, from my having sent him a positive message that I should, in compliance with his exhortations at Mrs. Cholmondeley's, try my fortune in the theatrical line, and send him a piece for this winter. My father did call, but found him not at home, neither did he happen

to see him till about Christmas. He then acquainted him that what I had written had entirely dissatisfied me, and that I desired to decline for the present all attempts of that sort.

Mr. Sheridan was pleased to express great concern,—nay more, to protest he would not accept my refusal. He begged my father to tell me that he could take no denial to seeing what I had done—that I could be no fair judge for myself—that he doubted not but it would please, but was glad I was not satisfied, as he had much rather see pieces before their authors were contented with them than afterwards, on account of sundry small changes always necessary to be made by the managers, for theatrical purposes, and to which they were loth to submit when their writings were finished to their own approbation. In short, he said so much, that my father, ever easy to be worked upon, began to waver, and told me he wished I would show the play to Sheridan at once.

This very much disconcerted me: I had taken a sort of disgust to it, and was myself most earnestly desirous to let it die a quiet death. I therefore cooled the affair as much as I conveniently could, and by evading from time to time the conversation, it was again sinking into its old state, when again Mr. Sheridan saw my father, and asked his leave to call upon me himself.

This could not be refused.

Well, I was now violently fidgeted, and began to think of alterations, and by setting my head to work, I have actually now written the fourth act from beginning to end, except one scene. Mr. Sheridan, however, has not yet called, and I have so little heart in the affair, that I have now again quite dropt it.

Such is the present situation of my politics. Now, I wish you much to write me your private opinion what I had best do in case of an emergency. Your letters are always sacred, so pray write with your usual sincerity and openness. I know you too well to fear your being offended if things should be so managed that your counsel cannot be followed; it will, at any rate, not be thrown away, since it will be a fresh proof of your interest in my affairs and my little self.

My notions I will also tell you; they are (in case I must produce this piece to the manager):

To entirely omit all mention of the club.

To curtail the parts of Smatter and Dabbler as much as possible.

To restore to Censor his £5000 and not trouble him even to offer it.

To give a new friend to Cecilia, by whom her affairs shall be retrieved, and through whose means the catastrophe shall be brought to be happy.

And to change the nature of Beaufort's connections with Lady Smatter, in order to obviate the unlucky resemblance the adopted nephew bears to our female pride of literature.

This is all I have at present thought of. And yet, if I am so allowed, even these thoughts shall all turn to nothing; for I have so much more fear than hope, and anxiety than pleasure in thinking at all of the theatre, that I believe my wisest way will be to shirk, which, if by evasive and sneaking means I can, I shall.

Now concerning Admiral Jem;—you have had all the accounts of him from my mother; whether or not he has made any change in his situation we cannot tell. The *Morning Post* had yesterday this paragraph:

'We hear Lieutenant Burney has succeeded to the command of Capt. Clerk's ship.'

That this, as Miss Waldron said of her hair, is all a falsity, we are, however, certain, as Lord Sandwich has informed my father that the first lieutenant of poor Capt. Cook was promoted to the *Discovery*. Whether, however, Jem has been made first lieutenant of the *Resolution*, or whether that vacancy has been filled up by the second lieutenant of that ship, we are not informed. The letter from my admiral has not, it seems, been very clear, for I met the Hon. Capt. Walsingham last week on a visit, and he said he had been at court in the morning. 'And the King,' he continued, 'said to me, "Why, I don't think you captains in the navy shine much in the literary way!" "No, sir," answered I, "but then, in return, no more do your Majesty's captains in the army"—except Burgoyne, I had a good mind to say!—but I did not dare.'

I shall give you some further particulars of my meeting this Capt. Walsingham in some future letter, as I was much pleased with him.

I am sure you must have been grieved for poor Capt. Cook.[1] How hard, after so many dangers, so much toil, to die in so shocking a manner in an island he had himself discovered, among savages he had himself, in his first visit to them, civilised and rendered kind and hospitable, and in pursuit of obtaining justice in a cause in which he had himself no interest, but zeal for his other captain! He was, besides, the most moderate, humane, and gentle circumnavigator who ever went out upon discoveries; agreed the best with all the Indians, and till this fatal time, never failed, however hostile they met, to leave them his friends.

Dr. Hunter, who called here lately, said that he doubted not but Capt. Cook had trusted them too unguardedly; for as he always had declared his opinion that savages never committed murder without provocation, he boldly

[1] The news of Captain Cook's melancholy death had just reached England. It took place in the preceding February.

went among them without precautions for safety, and paid for his incautious intrepidity with his very valuable life.

The Thrales are all tolerably well, Mr. Thrale I think and hope much better. I go to them very often, and they come here certainly once every week, and Mrs. Thrale generally oftener. I have had some charming meetings at their house, which, though in brief, I will enumerate.

At the first the party was, Mr. Murphy, Mr. Seward, Mr. Evans, Dr. Solander, and Lady Ladd. Dr. Johnson had not then settled in the borough.

Mr. Evans is a clergyman, very intimate with the Thrales, and a good-humoured and a sensible man.

Dr. Solander, whom I never saw before, I found very sociable, full of talk, information, and entertainment. My father has very exactly named him, in calling him a philosophical gossip.

The others you have heard of frequently.

Mr. Murphy 'made at me' immediately;—he took a chair next mine, and would talk to me, and to me only, almost all the day. He attacked me about my play, entreated me most earnestly to show him the rest of it, and made it many compliments. I told him that I had quite given it up—that I did not like it now it was done, and would not venture to try it, and therefore could not consent to show it. He quite flew at this—vowed I should not be its judge.

'What!' cried he, 'condemn in this manner!—give up such writing! such dialogue! such character! No, it must not be. Show it me—you shall show it me. If it wants a few stage-tricks trust it with me, and I will put them in. I have had a long experience in these matters. I know what the galleries will and will not bear. I will promise not to let it go out of my hands without engaging for its success.'

This, and much more he went on with in a low voice, obliging me by the nature of the subject to answer him in the same, and making everybody stare at the closeness of our confab, which I believe was half its pleasure to him, for he loves mischievous fun as much as if he was but sixteen.

While we were thus discoursing, Mr. Seward, who I am sure wondered at us, called out, 'Miss Burney, you don't hear Dr. Solander.' I then endeavoured to listen to him, and found he was giving a very particular account to the company of Captain Cook's appearance at Khamschatka—a subject which they naturally imagined would interest me. And so indeed it did; but it was in vain, for Mr. Murphy would not hear a word; he continued talking to me in a whisper, and distracted my attention in such a manner that I heard both and understood neither.

Again, in a few minutes, Mr. Seward called out, 'Miss Burney, you don't hear this;' and yet my neighbour would not regard him, nor would allow that I should. Exhortation followed exhortation, and entreaty entreaty, till, almost out of patience, Mr. Seward a third time exclaimed,

'Why, Miss Burney, Dr. Solander is speaking of your brother's ship.'

I was half ashamed, and half ready to laugh.

'Ay,' said Mrs. Thrale, 'Mr. Murphy and Miss Burney are got to flirtation, so what care they for Captain Cook and Captain Clerke.'

'Captain Cook and Captain Clerke?' repeated Mr. Murphy,—'who mentioned them?'

Everybody laughed.

'Who?' said Mrs. Thrale. 'Why, Dr. Solander has been talking of them this hour.'

'Indeed!' exclaimed he, 'why then it's Miss Burney's fault; she has been talking to me all this time on purpose to prevent my listening.'

Did you ever hear such assurance?

I can write no more particulars of my visit, as my letter is so monstrously long already; but in conclusion, Dr. Solander invited the whole party to the Museum that day week, and Lady Ladd, who brought me home, invited us all to dine with her after seeing it. This was by all accepted, and I will say something of it hereafter. I am very sorry I have forgot to ask for franks, and must not forget to ask your pardon.

And so God bless you, my dear daddy! and bless Mrs. Gast, Mrs. Ham, and Kitty, and do you say God bless

Your ever loving and affectionate

F. B.[1]

[Mr. Crabbe's journal of his London life, extending over a period of three months, is one of the most affecting documents which ever lent an interest to biography. Arriving in the metropolis in the beginning of 1780, without money, friends, or introductions, he rapidly sank into penury and suffering. His landlord threatened him, and hunger and a gaol already stared him in the face. In this emergency, he ventured to solicit the notice of three individuals, eminent for station and influence. He applied to Lord North, Lord Shelburne, and Lord Thurlow, but without success. In a happy moment the name of Burke entered his mind, and he appealed to his sympathy in the following letter. The result is well known. In Burke the happy poet found not only a patron and a friend, but a sagacious adviser and an accomplished critic. Crabbe supposed the following

[1] From Madame D'Arblay's *Diary and Letters*, by permission of Messrs. Bickers & Son.

verses to have satisfied Burke of his poetical genius: he is describing Aldborough, his native town:—

Here wand'ring long, amid those frowning fields,
I sought the simple life that nature yields;
Rapine, and wrong, and fear usurped her place,
And a bold, artful, surly, savage race,
Who only skilled to take the finny tribe,
The yearly dinner, or septennial bribe,
Wait on the shore, and as the waves run high,
On the lost vessel bend their eager eye,
Which to their coast directs its vent'rous way,
Theirs or the ocean's miserable prey.
As on their neighbouring beach you swallows stand,
And wait for favouring winds to leave the land,
While still for flight the ready wing is spread,
So waited I the favouring hour, and fled;
Fled from those shores where guilt and rapine reign,
And cried, ah! hapless they who still remain,—
Who still remain to hear the ocean roar,
Whose greedy waves devour the lessening shore,
Till some fierce tide, with more superior sway,
Sweeps the low hut and all it holds away;
When the sad tenant weeps from door to door,
And begs a poor protection from the poor.

During Crabbe's visit to Sir Walter Scott, at Edinburgh, he was almost constantly in the company of Mr. Lockhart, who communicated to the poet's son some interesting anecdotes respecting him, and one especially, relating to his sojourn in London (see pp. 184-6),—'He told us that, during many months, when he was toiling in early life in London, he hardly ever tasted butcher's meat, except on a Sunday, when he dined, usually, with a tradesman's family, and thought their leg of mutton, baked in a pan, the perfection of luxury. The tears stood in his eyes while he talked of Burke's kindness to him in his distress; and, I remember, he said, "The night after I delivered my letter at his door, I was in such a state of agitation, that I walked Westminster Bridge backwards and forwards until daylight."'—*Willmott.*]

THE POET CRABBE TO BURKE.

An Appeal to his Generosity and Compassion.

Sir,—I am sensible that I need even your talents to apologize for the freedom I now take; but I have a plea which, however simply urged, will, with a mind like yours, sir, procure me pardon: I am one of those outcasts on the world, who are without a friend, without employment, and without bread.

Pardon me a short preface. I had a partial father, who gave me a better education than his broken fortune would have allowed; and a better than was necessary, as he could give me that only. I was designed for the profession of physic; but not having wherewithal to complete the requisite studies, the design but served to convince me of a parent's affection, and the error it had occasioned. In April last I came to London, with three pounds, and flattered myself this would be sufficient to supply me with the common necessaries of life, till my abilities should procure me more; of these I had the highest opinion, and a poetical vanity contributed to my delusion. I knew little of the world, and had read books only. I wrote, and fancied perfection in my compositions; when I wanted bread, they promised me affluence, and soothed me with dreams of reputation, whilst my appearance subjected me to contempt. Time, reflection, and want have shown me my mistake. I see my trifles in that which I think the true light; and, whilst I deem them such, have yet the opinion that holds them superior to the common run of poetical publications.

I had some knowledge of the late Mr. Nassau, the brother of Lord Rochford; in consequence of which, I asked his lordship's permission to inscribe my little work to him. Knowing it to be free from all political allusions and personal abuse, it was no very material point to me to whom it was dedicated. His lordship thought it none to him, and obligingly consented to my request.

I was told that a subscription would be the more profitable method for me, and therefore endeavoured to circulate copies of the enclosed proposals.

I am afraid, sir, I disgust you with this very dull narration, but believe me punished in the misery that occasions it. You will conclude that, during this time, I must have been at more expense than I could afford; indeed the most parsimonious could not have avoided it. The printer deceived me, and my little business has had every delay. The people with whom I live, perceive my situation, and find me to be indigent and without friends. About ten days since, I was compelled to give a note for seven pounds, to avoid an arrest for about double that sum which I owe. I wrote to every friend I had, but my friends are poor likewise; the time of payment approached, and I ventured to represent my case to Lord Rochford. I begged to be credited for this sum till I received it of my subscribers, which I believe will be within one month; but to this letter I had no reply, and I have probably offended by my importunity. Having used every honest means in vain, I yesterday confessed my inability, and obtained, with much entreaty, and as the greatest favour, a week's forbearance, when I am positively told that I must pay the money, or prepare for a prison.

You will guess the purpose of so long

an introduction. I appeal to you, sir, as a good, and, let me add, a great man. I have no other pretensions to your favour than that I am an unhappy one. It is not easy to support the thoughts of confinement; and I am coward enough to dread such an end to my suspense.

Can you, sir, in any degree, aid me with propriety? Will you ask any demonstrations of my veracity? I have imposed upon myself, but I have been guilty of no other imposition. Let me, if possible, interest your compassion. I know those of rank and fortune are teased with frequent petitions, and are compelled to refuse the requests even of those whom they know to be in distress; it is, therefore, with a distant hope I ventured to solicit such favour; but you will forgive me, sir, if you do not think proper to relieve. It is impossible that sentiments like yours can proceed from any but a humane and generous heart.

I will call upon you, sir, to-morrow, and if I have not the happiness to obtain credit with you, I must submit to my fate. My existence is pain to myself, and every one near and dear to me are distressed in my distresses. My connections, once the source of happiness, now embitter the reverse of my fortune; and I have only to hope a speedy end to a life so unpromisingly begun, in which (though it ought not to be boasted of) I can reap some consolation from looking to the end of it. I am, sir, with the greatest respect, your obedient and most humble servant, GEORGE CRABBE.

CRABBE TO LORD SHELBURNE.

June 6.

[I will now, my dearest Mira [his affianced wife], give you my letter to Lord Shelburne, but cannot recollect an exact copy, as I altered much of it, and I believe, in point of expression, for the better. I want not, I know, your best wishes; those and her prayers my Mira gives me. God will give us peace, my love, in His time: pray chiefly that we may acquiesce in His righteous determinations.—CRABBE'S *Journal.*]

To the Right Honourable the Earl of Shelburne.

Ah! Shelburne, blest with all that's good or great,
T' adorn a rich, or save a sinking state,
If public ills engross not all thy care,
Let private woe assail a patriot's ear,
Pity confined, but not less warm, impart,
And unresisted win thy noble heart:
Nor deem I rob thy soul of Britain's share,
Because I hope to have some interest there;
Still wilt thou shine on all a fostering sun,
Though with more fav'ring beams enlight'ning one,—
As Heaven will oft make some more amply blest,
Yet still in general bounty feeds the rest.
Oh hear the virtue thou reverest plead;
She'll swell thy breast, and there applaud the deed.
She bids thy thoughts one hour from greatness stray,
And leads thee on to fame a shorter way;
Where, if no withering laurel's thy reward,
There's shouting Conscience, and a grateful Bard,—
A bard untrained in all but misery's school,
Who never bribed a knave or praised a fool.
'Tis glory prompts, and as thou read'st attend,
She dictates pity, and becomes my friend;
She bids each cold and dull reflection flee,
And yields her Shelburne to distress and me!

Forgive, my lord, a free, and, perhaps, unusual address; misfortune has in it, I hope, some excuse for presumption. Your lordship will not, cannot, be greatly displeased with an unfortunate man, whose wants are the most urgent; who wants a friend to assist him, and bread.

I will not tire your lordship with a recital of the various circumstances which have led to this situation. It would be too long a tale; though there are parts in it which, I will venture to assure your lordship, would not only affect your compassion, but, I hope, engage your approbation. It is too dull a view of the progression from pleasing, though moderate expectation, to unavoidable penury.

Your lordship will pardon me the relation of a late and unsuccessful attempt to become useful to myself and the community I live in. Starving as an apothecary, in a little venal borough in Suffolk, it was there suggested to me that Lord North, the present Minister, was a man of that liberal disposition, that I might hope success from a representation of my particular circumstances to him. This I have done, and laid before his lordship, I confess a dull, but a faithful account of my misfortunes. My request had bounds the most moderate. I asked not to feed upon the spoils of my country, but by an honest diligence and industry to earn the bread I needed. The most pressing part of my prayer entreated of his lordship his speedy determination, as my little stock of money was exhausted, and I was reduced to live in misery and on credit.

Why I complain of his lordship is not that he denied this, though an humble and moderate petition, but for his cruel and unkind delay. My lord, you will pardon me a resentment expressed in one of the little pieces I have taken the liberty of enclosing, when your lordship considers the inhumanity I was treated with: my repeated prayers for my sentence were put off by a delay; and at length a lingering refusal, brought me by an insolent domestic, determined my suit, and my opinion of his lordship's private virtues.

My lord, I now turn to your lordship, and entreat to be heard. I am ignorant what to ask, but feel forcibly my wants—patronage and bread. I have no other claim on your lordship than my necessities, but they are great, unless

my Muse, and she has, I am afraid, as few charms ; nor is it a time for such to flourish : in serener days, my lord, I have produced some poetical compositions the public might approve, and your lordship not disdain to patronize. I would not, my lord, be vain farther than necessity warrants, and I pray your lordship to pardon me this. May I not hope it will occur to you how I may be useful? My heart is humbled to all but villainy, and would live, if honestly, in any situation. Your lordship has my fortune in your power, and I will, with respect and submission, await your determination. I am, my lord, etc. etc.

['You see, my dear Mira, to what our situation here may reduce us. Yet am I not conscious of losing the dignity becoming a man : some respect is due to the superiority of station ; and that I will always pay, but I cannot flatter or fawn, nor shall my humblest request be so presented. If respect will not do, adulation shall not; but I hope it will ; as I'm sure he must have a poor idea of greatness, who delights in a supple knee bending to him, or a tongue voluble in paltry praise, which conscience says is totally undeserved.'—CRABBE'S *Journal*.]

SIR WALTER SCOTT TO CRABBE.

Ashestiel, October 21, 1809.

DEAR SIR,—I am just honoured with your letter, which gives me the more sensible pleasure, since it has gratified a wish of more than twenty years' standing. It is, I think, fully that time since I was, for great part of a very snowy winter, the inhabitant of an old house in the country, in a course of poetical study, so very like that of your admirably painted *Young Lad*, that I could hardly help saying, 'That's me!' when I was reading the tale to my family. Among the very few books which fell under my hands was a volume or two of Dodsley's *Annual Register*, one of which contained copious extracts from *The Village* and *The Library*, particularly the conclusion of book first of the former, and an extract from the latter, beginning with the description of the old Romancers. I committed them most faithfully to my memory, where your verses must have felt themselves very strangely lodged in company with ghost stories, border-riding ballads, scraps of old plays, and all the miscellaneous stuff which a strong appetite for reading, with neither means nor discrimination for selection, had assembled in the head of a lad of eighteen. New publications, at that time, were very rare in Edinburgh, and my means of procuring them very limited ; so that, after a long search for the poems which contained these beautiful specimens, and which had afforded me so much delight, I was fain to rest contented with the extracts from the *Register*, which I could repeat at this moment. You may, therefore, guess my sincere delight when I saw your poems at a later period assume the rank in the public consideration which they so well deserve. It was a triumph to my own immature taste to find I had anticipated the applause of the learned and of the critical, and I became very desirous to offer my *gratulor*, among the more important plaudits which you have had from every quarter. I should certainly have availed myself of the freemasonry of authorship—(for our trade may claim to be a mystery as well as Abhorson's)—to address to you a copy of a new poetical attempt, which I have now upon the anvil, and I esteem myself particularly obliged to Mr. Hatchard, and to your goodness acting upon his information, for giving me the opportunity of paving the way for such a freedom. I am too proud of the compliments you honour me with, to affect to decline them ; and with respect to the comparative view I have of my own labours and yours, I can only assure you, that none of my little folks, about the formation of whose taste and principles I may be supposed naturally solicitous, have ever read any of my own poems ; while yours have been our regular evening's amusement. My eldest girl begins to read well, and enters as well into the humour as into the sentiment of your admirable descriptions of human life. As for rivalry, I think it has seldom existed among those who know, by experience, that there are much better things in the world than literary reputation, and that one of the best of these good things is the regard and friendship of those deservedly and generally esteemed for their worth or their talents. I believe many dilettanti authors do cocker themselves up into a great jealousy of anything that interferes with what they are pleased to call their fame ; but I should as soon think of nursing one of my own fingers into a whitlow for my private amusement, as encouraging such a feeling. I am truly sorry to observe you mention bad health : those who contribute so much to the improvement as well as the delight of society should escape this evil. I hope, however, that one day your state of health may permit you to view this country. I have very few calls to London, but it will greatly add to the interest of those which may occur, that you will permit me the honour of waiting upon you in my journey, and assuring you, in person, of the early admiration and sincere respect with which I have the honour to be, dear sir, yours, etc., WALTER SCOTT.

TO THE SAME.

['My father wrote a letter,' says the Rev. George Crabbe, 'to Mr. Scott, and sent him a

copy of all his works. His brother poet honoured him with the following beautiful reply':—]

Abbotsford, June 1, 1812.

My dear Sir,—I have too long delayed to thank you for the most kind and acceptable present of your three volumes. Now am I doubly armed, since I have a set for my cabin at Abbotsford as well as in town; and, to say truth, the auxiliary copy arrived in good time, for my original one suffers as much by its general popularity among my young people as a popular candidate from the hugs and embraces of his democratical admirers. The clearness and accuracy of your painting, whether natural or moral, renders, I have often remarked, your works generally delightful to those whose youth might render them insensible to the other beauties with which they abound. There are a sort of pictures—surely the most valuable, were it but for that reason—which strike the uninitiated as much as they do the connoisseur, though the last alone can render reason for his admiration. Indeed, our old friend Horace knew what he was saying, when he chose to address his ode '*Virginibus puerisque;*' and so did Pope when he told somebody he had the mob on the side of his version of Homer, and did not mind the high-flying critics at Button's. After all, if a faultless poem could be produced, I am satisfied it would tire the critics themselves, and annoy the whole reading world with the spleen.

You must be delightfully situated in the Vale of Belvoir—a part of England for which I entertain a special kindness, for the sake of the gallant hero, Robin Hood, who, as probably you will readily guess, is no small favourite of mine; his indistinct ideas concerning the doctrine of *meum* and *tuum* being no great objection to an outriding borderer. I am happy to think that your station is under the protection of the Rutland family, of whom fame speaks highly. Our lord of the 'cairn and the scaur,' waste wilderness and hundred hills, for many a league around, is the Duke of Buccleuch, the head of my clan; a kind and benevolent landlord, a warm and zealous friend, and the husband of a lady, *comme il y en a peu*. They are both great admirers of Mr. Crabbe's poetry, and would be happy to know him, should he ever come to Scotland, and venture into the Gothic halls of a border chief. The early and uniform kindness of this family, with the friendship of the late and present Lord Melville, enabled me, some years ago, to exchange my toils as a barrister for the lucrative and respectable situation of one of the clerks of our supreme court, which only requires a certain routine of official duty, neither laborious nor calling for any exertion of the mind. So that my time is entirely at my own command, except when I am attending the court, which seldom occupies more than two hours of the morning during sitting. I besides hold *in commendam* the sheriffdom of Ettrick Forest,—which is now no forest;—so that I am a sort of pluralist as to law appointments, and have, as Dogberry says, two gowns, and everything handsome about me. I have often thought it is the most fortunate thing for bards like you and me, to have an established profession and professional character, to render us independent of those worthy gentlemen, the retailers, or, as some have called them, the midwives of literature, who are so much taken up with the abortions they bring into the world, that they are scarcely able to bestow the proper care upon young and flourishing babes like ours. That, however, is only a mercantile way of looking at the matter; but did any of my sons show poetical talent, of which, to my great satisfaction, there are no appearances, the first thing I should do, would be to inculcate upon him the duty of cultivating some honourable profession, and qualifying himself to play a more respectable part in society than the mere poet. And as the best corollary of my doctrine, I would make him get your tale of *The Patron* by heart from beginning to end. It is curious enough that you should have republished *The Village* for the purpose of sending your young men to college, and I should have written the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* for the purpose of buying a new horse for the Volunteer Cavalry. I must now send this scrawl into town to get a frank, for God knows it is not worthy of postage. With the warmest wishes for your health, prosperity, and increase of fame,—though it needs not,—I remain, most sincerely and affectionately yours,

Walter Scott.

CRABBE TO SCOTT.

['My father's answer,' continues his son, 'to this kind communication has been placed in my hands; and I feel convinced that no offence will be taken by any one at an extract which I am about to give from it. The reader will presently discover that my father had no real cause to doubt the regard of the noble person to whom he alludes, and who subsequently proved a most efficient patron and friend. Mr. Crabbe says to Sir Walter':]

Accept my very sincere congratulations on your clerkship, and all things beside which you have had the goodness to inform me of. It is indeed very pleasant to me to find that the author of works that give me and thousands delight, is so totally independent of the midwives you speak of. Moreover, I give you joy of an honourable intercourse with the noble family of Buccleuch, whom you happily describe to me, and by whose notice, or rather notice of

my book, I am much favoured. With respect to my delightful situation in the Vale of Belvoir, and under the very shade of the castle, I will not say that your imagination has created its beauties, but I must confess it has enlarged and adorned them. The Vale of Belvoir is flat and unwooded, and save that an artificial, straight-lined piece of water, and one or two small streams, intersect it, there is no other variety than is made by the different crops, wheat, barley, beans. The castle, however, is a noble place, and stands on one entire hill, taking up its whole surface, and has a fine appearance from the window of my parsonage, at which I now sit, at about a mile and a half distance. The duke also is a duke-like man, and the duchess a very excellent lady. They have great possessions, and great patronage, *but* —you see this unlucky particle, in one or other of Horne Tooke's senses, will occur—*but* I am now of the *old race*. And what then? Well, I will explain. Thirty years since I was taken to Belvoir by its late possessor, as a domestic chaplain. I read the service on a Sunday, and fared sumptuously every day. At that time, the Chancellor, Lord Thurlow, gave me a rectory in Dorsetshire, small, but a living; this the duke taught me to disregard as a provision, and promised better things. While I lived with him on this pleasant footing, I observed many persons in the neighbourhood, who came occasionally to dine, and were civilly received. 'How do you do, Dr. Smith? How is Mrs. Smith?' 'I thank your grace, well;' and so they took their venison and claret. 'Who are these?' said I to a young friend of the duke's. 'Men of the *old race*, sir; people whom the *old duke* was in the habit of seeing; for some of them he had done something, and had he yet lived, all had their chance. They now make way for us, but keep up a sort of connection.' The son of the *old duke* of that day and I were of an age to a week; and with the wisdom of a young man, I looked distantly on his death and my own. I went into Suffolk and married, with decent views, and prospects of views more enlarging. His grace went into Ireland—and died. Mrs. Crabbe and I philosophized as well as we could; and after some three or four years, Lord Thurlow, once more at the request of the duchess dowager, gave me the crown livings I now hold, on my resignation of that in Dorsetshire. They were at that time worth about £70 or £80 a year more than that, and now bring me about £400; but a long minority ensued,—new connections were formed; and when, some few years since, I came back into this country, and expressed a desire of inscribing my verses to the duke, I obtained leave, indeed, but I almost repented the attempt, from the coldness of the reply. Yet, recollecting that great men are beset with applicants of all kinds, I acquitted the duke of injustice, and determined to withdraw myself, as one of the *old race*, and give way to stronger candidates for notice. To this resolution I kept strictly, and left it entirely to the family whether or no I should consider myself as a stranger, who, having been disappointed in his expectation, by unforeseen events, must take his chance, and ought to take it patiently. For reasons I have no inclination to canvass, his grace has obligingly invited me, and I occasionally meet his friends at the castle, without knowing whether I am to consider that notice as the promise of favour, or as favour in itself. I have two sons, both in orders, partly from a promise given to Mrs. Crabbe's family, that I would bring them up precisely alike, and partly because I did not know what else to do with them. They will share a family property that will keep them from pining upon a curacy. And what more?—I must not perplex myself with conjecturing. You find, sir, that you are much the greater man; for except what Mr. Hatchard puts into my privy purse, I doubt whether £600 be not my total receipts; but he at present helps us, and my boys being no longer at college, I can take my wine without absolutely repining at the enormity of the cost. I fully agree with you respecting the necessity of a profession for a youth of moderate fortune. Woe to the lad of genius without it! and I am flattered by what you mention of my *Patron*. Your praise is current coin.

THOMAS MOORE TO JOHN MURRAY.

Recollections of Crabbe.

Sloperton Cottage, January 1, 1834.

My dear Mr. Murray,—Had I been aware that your time of publication was so near, the few scattered notices and recollections of Mr. Crabbe, which it is in my power to furnish for his son's memoir, should have been presented in a somewhat less crude and careless shape than, in this hasty reply to your letter, I shall be able to give them.

It was in the year 1817, if I recollect right, that, during a visit of a few weeks to London, I first became acquainted with Mr. Crabbe; and my opportunities of seeing him during that period, at Mr. Rogers's and Holland House, were frequent. The circumstance connected with him at that time, which most dwelt upon my memory, was one in which you yourself were concerned, as it occurred in the course of the negotiation which led to your purchase of the copyright of his poems. Though to Crabbe himself, who had up to this period received but little for his writings, the liberal sum which you offered, namely £3000, appeared a mine of wealth, the two friends whom he had employed to negotiate for him, and who, both exquisite judges of literary merit, measured the market-

able value of his works by their own admiration of them, thought that a bargain more advantageous might be made, and (as you, probably, now for the first time learn) applied to another eminent house on the subject. Taking but too just a measure of the state of public taste at that moment, the respectable publishers to whom I allude named, as the utmost which they could afford to give, but a third of the sum which you had the day before offered. In this predicament, the situation of poor Crabbe was most critical. He had seen within his reach a prize far beyond his most sanguine hopes, and was now, by the over-sanguineness of friends, put in danger of losing it. Change of mind, or a feeling of umbrage at this reference to other publishers, might, not unnaturally, it was feared, induce you to decline all further negotiation; and that such was likely to be the result there appeared every reason to apprehend, as a letter which Crabbe had addressed to you, saying that he had made up his mind to accept your offer, had not yet received any answer.

In this crisis it was that Mr. Rogers and myself, anxious to relieve our poor friend from his suspense, called upon you, as you must well remember, in Albemarle Street; and seldom have I watched a countenance with more solicitude, or heard words that gave me much more pleasure, than when, on the subject being mentioned, you said, 'Oh yes, I have heard from Mr. Crabbe, and look upon the matter as all settled.' I was rather pressed, I recollect, for time that morning, having an appointment on some business of my own; but Mr. Rogers insisted that I should accompany him to Crabbe's lodgings, and enjoy the pleasure of seeing him relieved from his suspense. We found him sitting in his room, alone, and expecting the worst; but soon dissipated all his fears by the agreeable intelligence which we brought.

When he received the bills for £3000, we earnestly advised that he should, without delay, deposit them in some safe hands; but no—he must take them with him to Trowbridge, and show them to his son John. They would hardly believe in his good luck, at home, if they did not see the bills. On his way down to Trowbridge, a friend at Salisbury, at whose house he rested (Mr. Everett, the banker), seeing that he carried these bills loosely in his waistcoat pocket, requested to be allowed to take charge of them for him; but with equal ill-success. There was no fear, he said, of his losing them, and he must show them to his son John.

It was during the same visit of Mr. Crabbe to London, that we enjoyed a very agreeable day together, at Mr. Horace Twiss's,—a day remarkable, not only for the presence of this great poet, but for the amusing assemblage of other remarkable characters who were there collected; the dinner guests being, besides the Dowager Countess of Cork, and the present Lord and Lady Clarendon, Mr. William Spencer, Kean the actor, Colonel Berkeley, and Lord Petersham. Between these two last-mentioned gentlemen Mr. Crabbe got seated at dinner; and though I was not near enough to hear distinctly their conversation, I could see that he was alternately edified and surprised by the information they were giving him.

In that same year, I had the good luck to be present with him at a dinner in celebration of the memory of Burns, where he was one of a large party (yourself among the number) whom I was the means of collecting for the occasion; and who, by the way, subscribed liberally towards a monument to the Scottish bard, of which we have heard nothing ever since. Another public festival to which I accompanied him was the anniversary of the Wiltshire Society: where, on his health being proposed from the chair by Lord Lansdowne, he returned thanks in a short speech, simply, but collectedly, and with the manner of a man not deficient in the nerve necessary for such displays. In looking over an old newspaper report of that dinner, I find, in a speech of one of the guests, the following passage, which, more for its truth than its eloquence, I here venture to cite:—'Of Mr. Crabbe, the speaker would say, that the *Musa severior* which he worships has had no influence whatever on the kindly dispositions of his heart: but that, while, with the eye of a sage and a poet, he looks penetratingly into the darker region of human nature, he stands surrounded by its most genial light himself.'

In the summer of the year 1824, I passed a few days in his company at Longleat, the noble seat of the Marquis of Bath; and it was there, as we walked about those delicious gardens, that he, for the first time, told me of an unpublished poem which he had by him, entitled, as I think he then said, the Departure and the Return, and the same, doubtless, which you are now about to give to the world. Among the visitors at Longleat, at that time, was the beautiful Madame ——, a Genoese lady, whose knowledge and love of English literature rendered her admiration of Crabbe's genius doubly flattering. Nor was either the beauty or the praises of the fair Italian thrown away upon the venerable poet, among whose many amiable attributes a due appreciation of the charms of female society was not the least conspicuous. There was, indeed, in his manner to women a sweetness bordering rather too much upon what the French call *doucereux*, and I remember hearing Miss ——, a lady known as the writer of some of the happiest *jeux d'esprit* of our day, say once of him, in allusion to this excessive courtesy, 'The cake is no doubt very good, but there is too much sugar to cut through in getting at it.'

In reference to his early intercourse with Mr. Burke, Sir James Mackintosh had, more than

once, said to me, 'It is incumbent on you, Moore, who are Crabbe's neighbour, not to allow him to leave this world without putting on record, in some shape or other, all that he remembers of Burke.' On mentioning this to Mr. Rogers, when he came down to Bowood, one summer, to meet Mr. Crabbe, it was agreed between us that we should use our united efforts to sift him upon this subject, and endeavour to collect whatever traces of Beaconsfield might still have remained in his memory. But beyond a few vague generalities, we could extract nothing from him whatever, and it was plain that, in his memory at least, the conversational powers of the great orator had left but little vestige. The range of subjects, indeed, in which Mr. Crabbe took any interest was, at all times of his life, very limited; and, at the early period when he became acquainted with Mr. Burke, when the power of poetry was but newly awakening within him, it may easily be conceived that whatever was unconnected with his own absorbing art, or even with his own peculiar province of that art, would leave but a feeble and transient impression upon his mind.

This indifference to most of the general topics, whether of learning or politics, which diversify the conversation of men of the world, Mr. Crabbe retained through life; and in this peculiarity, I think, lay one of the causes of his comparative inefficiency as a member of society,—of that impression, so disproportionate to the real powers of his mind, which he produced in ordinary life. Another cause, no doubt, of the inferiority of his conversation to his writings is to be found in that fate which threw him, early in life, into a state of dependent intercourse with persons far superior to him in rank, but immeasurably beneath him in intellect. The courteous policy which would then lead him to keep his conversation down to the level of those he lived with, afterwards grew into a habit which, in the commerce of the world, did injustice to his great powers.

You have here all that, at this moment, occurs to me, in the way either of recollection or remark, on the subject of our able and venerated friend. The delightful day which Mr. Rogers and myself passed with him at Sydenham, you have already, I believe, an account of from my friend, Mr. Campbell, who was our host on the occasion. Mr. Lockhart has, I take for granted, communicated to you the amusing anecdote of Crabbe's interview with the two Scottish lairds—an anecdote which I cherish the more freshly and fondly in my memory, from its having been told me, with his own peculiar humour, by Sir Walter Scott, at Abbotsford. I have, therefore, nothing further left than to assure you how much and truly I am, yours,

THOMAS MOORE.

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART TO THE REV. GEORGE CRABBE.

Reminiscences of his Father.

London, Dec. 26, 1833.

DEAR SIR,—I am sorry to tell you that Sir Walter Scott kept no diary during the time of your father's visit to Scotland, otherwise it would have given me pleasure to make extracts for the use of your memoirs. For myself, although it is true that, in consequence of Sir Walter's being constantly consulted about the details of every procession and festival of that busy fortnight, the pleasing task of showing to Mr. Crabbe the usual *lions* of Edinburgh fell principally to my share, I regret to say that my memory does not supply me with many traces of his conversation. The general impression, however, that he left on my mind was strong, and, I think, indelible: while all the mummeries and carousals of an interval, in which Edinburgh looked very unlike herself, have faded into a vague and dreamlike indistinctness, the image of your father, then first seen, but long before admired and revered in his works, remains as fresh as if the years that have now passed were but so many days. His noble forehead, his bright beaming eye, without anything of old age about it,—though he was then, I presume, above seventy,—his sweet, and, I would say, innocent smile, and the calm mellow tones of his voice—all are reproduced the moment I open any page of his poetry; and how much better have I understood and enjoyed his poetry, since I was able thus to connect with it the living presence of the man!

The literary persons in company with whom I saw him the most frequently were Sir Walter and Henry Mackenzie; and between two such thorough men of the world as they were, perhaps his *apparent* simplicity of look and manners struck one more than it might have done under different circumstances; but all three harmonized admirably together—Mr. Crabbe's avowed ignorance about Gaels, and clans and tartans, and everything that was at the moment uppermost in Sir Walter's thoughts, furnishing him with a welcome apology for dilating on such topics with enthusiastic minuteness, while your father's countenance spoke the quiet delight he felt in opening his imagination to what was really a new world; and the venerable 'Man of Feeling,' though a fiery Highlander himself at bottom, had the satisfaction of lying by and listening until some opportunity offered itself of hooking in, between the links, perhaps, of some grand chain of poetical imagery, some small comic or sarcastic trait, which Sir Walter caught up, played with, and, with that art so peculiarly his own, forced into the service of the very impression it seemed meant to disturb. One evening, at Mr. Mackenzie's own house, I particularly remember, among the *noctes cœnæque Deûm*,

Mr. Crabbe had, I presume, read very little about Scotland before that excursion. It appeared to me that he confounded the Inchcolm of the Firth of Forth with the Icolmkill of the Hebrides; but John Kemble, I have heard, did the same. I believe he really never had known, until then, that a language radically distinct from the English was still actually spoken within the island. And this recalls a scene of high merriment which occurred the very morning after his arrival. When he came down into the breakfast parlour, Sir Walter had not yet appeared there; and Mr. Crabbe had before him two or three portly personages all in the full Highland garb. These gentlemen, arrayed in a costume so novel, were talking in a language which he did not understand; so he never doubted that they were foreigners. The Celts, on their part, conceived Mr. Crabbe, dressed as he was in rather an old-fashioned style of clerical propriety, with buckles in his shoes for instance, to be some learned abbé, who had come on a pilgrimage to the shrine of Waverley; and the result was, that when, a little afterwards, Sir Walter and his family entered the room, they found your father and these worthy lairds hammering away, with pain and labour, to make themselves mutually understood in most execrable French. Great was the relief and potent the laughter, when the host interrupted their colloquy with his plain English good-morning.

It surprised me, on taking Mr. Crabbe to see the house of Allan Ramsay on the Castle Hill, to find that he had never heard of Allan's name; or, at all events, was unacquainted with his works. The same evening, however, he perused *The Gentle Shepherd*, and he told me next morning that he had been pleased with it, but added, there is a long step between Ramsay and Burns. He then made Sir Walter read and interpret some of old Dunbar to him; and said, I see that the Ayrshire bard had one giant before him.

Mr. Crabbe seemed to admire, like other people, the grand natural scenery about Edinburgh; but when I walked with him to the Salisbury Crags, where the superb view had then a lively foreground of tents and batteries, he appeared to be more interested with the stratification of the rocks about us than with any other feature in the landscape. As to the city itself, he said he soon got wearied of the New Town, but could amuse himself for ever in the Old one. He was more than once detected rambling after nightfall by himself, among some of the obscurest wynds and closes; and Sir Walter, fearing that, at a time of such confusion, he might get into some scene of trouble, took the precaution of desiring a friendly *caddie* (see *Humphrey Clinker*), from the corner of Castle Street, to follow him the next time he went out alone in the evening.

Mr. Crabbe repeated his visits several times to the Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh, and expressed great admiration of the manner in which the patients were treated. He also examined pretty minutely the interior of the Bedlam. I went with him both to the Castle and Queen Mary's apartment in Holyrood House; but he did not appear to care much about either. I remember, however, that when the old dame who showed us Darnley's armour and boots complained of the impudence, as she called it, of a preceding visitor, who had discovered these articles to be relics of a much later age, your father warmly entered into her feelings; and said, as we came away, 'This pedantic puppyism was *inhumane*.'

The first Sunday he was in Edinburgh, my wife and her sister carried him to hear service in St. George's Church, where the most popular of the Presbyterian clergy, the late Dr. Andrew Thomson, then officiated. But he was little gratified either with the aspect of the church, which is large without grandeur, or the style of the ceremonial, which he said was bald and bad, or the eloquence of the sermon, which, however, might not be preached by Dr. Thomson himself. Next Sunday he went to the Episcopalian Chapel, where Sir Walter Scott's family were in the habit of attending. He said, however, in walking along the streets that day, this unusual decorum says not a little for the Scotch system: the silence of these well-dressed crowds is really grand. King George the Fourth made the same remark.

Mr. Crabbe entered so far into the feelings of his host, and of the occasion, as to write a set of verses on the royal visit to Edinburgh; they were printed along with many others, but I have no copy of the collection. (Mr. Murray can easily get one from Edinburgh, in case you wish to include those stanzas in your edition of his poetical works.) He also attended one of the King's levees at Holyrood, where his Majesty appeared at once to recognise his person, and received him with attention.

All my friends who had formed acquaintance with Mr. Crabbe on this occasion appeared ever afterwards to remember him with the same feeling of affectionate respect. Sir Walter Scott and his family parted with him most reluctantly. He had been quite domesticated under their roof, and treated the young people very much as if they had been his own. His unsophisticated, simple, and kind address put everybody at ease with him; and, indeed, one would have been too apt to forget what lurked beneath that good-humoured, unpretending aspect, but that every now and then he uttered some brief, pithy remark, which showed how narrowly he had been scrutinizing into whatever might be said or done before him, and called us to remember, with some awe, that we were in the presence of the author of *The Borough*.

I recollect that he used to have a lamp and writing materials placed by his bedside every night; and when Lady Scott told him she wondered the day was not enough for authorship, he answered, 'Dear lady, I should have lost many a good hit, had I not set down, at once, things that occurred to me in my dreams.'

I never could help regretting very strongly that Mr. Crabbe did not find Sir Walter at Abbotsford, as he had expected to do. The fortnight he passed in Edinburgh was one scene of noise, glare, and bustle,—reviews, levees, banquets, and balls,—and no person could either see or hear so much of him as might, under other circumstances, have been looked for. Sir Walter himself, I think, took only one walk with Mr. Crabbe: it was to the ruins of St. Anthony's Chapel, at the foot of Arthur's Seat, which your father wished to see, as connected with part of the Heart of Mid-Lothian. I had the pleasure to accompany them on this occasion; and it was the only one on which I heard your father enter into any details of his own personal history. He told us, that during many months when he was toiling in early life in London, he hardly ever tasted butcher's meat, except on a Sunday, when he dined usually with a tradesman's family, and thought their leg of mutton, baked in the pan, the perfection of luxury. The tears stood in his eyes while he talked of Burke's kindness to him in his distress; and I remember he said, 'The night after I delivered my letter at his door, I was in such a state of agitation, that I walked Westminster Bridge backwards and forwards until daylight.' Believe me, dear sir, your very faithful servant,

J. G. LOCKHART.

[The eventful history of the mutiny of the *Bounty*, and of Bligh's voyage of four thousand miles over the perilous Atlantic, has been narrated by Sir John Barrow with feeling and impartiality. Among those who remained in the ship, after the expulsion of its commander, was Peter Heywood, a native of the Isle of Man, where his father was seneschal to the Duke of Athol. He was a midshipman of the *Bounty*, and, being the only surviving officer, was probably subjected to a severer scrutiny. He was convicted by a court-martial, but subsequently received the King's pardon, and was restored to the service. It was during the distressing interval between the accusation and the trial, that his sister, Nessy Heywood, addressed to him this pathetic expression of hope, affection, and pity. She lived, in her own words, to clasp her freed brother once more to her bosom, and to proclaim herself, in a hasty note to her mother, one of the happiest beings upon earth. But her constitution sank under the violent emotions it had undergone, and she died at Hastings, September 25, 1793, within a year of her brother's liberation. If the tenderest love, the most generous self-devotion, and the liveliest sense of honour and virtue, be some of the noblest endowments of human nature, we shall not hesitate to class Nessy Heywood among Eminent Persons. She appeals for distinction neither to the understanding nor to the fancy, but to the heart.—*Willmott.*]

NESSY HEYWOOD TO HER BROTHER.

Fervent Assurances of Love and Confidence.

Isle of Man, June 2, 1792.

In a situation of mind only rendered supportable by the long and painful state of misery and suspense we have suffered on his account, how shall I address my dear, my fondly-beloved brother? how describe the anguish we have felt at the idea of this long and painful separation, rendered still more distressing by the terrible circumstances attending it? Oh! my ever-dearest boy, when I look back to that dreadful moment which brought us the fatal intelligence, that you had remained in the *Bounty* after Mr. Bligh had quitted her, and were looked upon by him as a *mutineer!* when I contrast that day of horror with my present hopes of again beholding you, such as my most sanguine wishes could expect, I know not which is the most predominant sensation, pity, compassion, and terror for your sufferings, or joy and satisfaction at the prospect of their being near a termination, and of once more embracing the dearest object of our affections. I will not ask you, my beloved brother, whether you are innocent of the dreadful crime of mutiny; if the transactions of that day were as Mr. Bligh has represented them, such is my conviction of your worth and honour, that I will, without hesitation, stake my life on your innocence. If, on the contrary, you were concerned in such a conspiracy against your commander, I shall be as firmly persuaded that *his* conduct was the occasion of it; but, alas! could any occasion justify so atrocious an attempt to destroy a number of our fellow creatures? No, my ever dearest brother, nothing but conviction from your own mouth can possibly persuade me that you would commit an action in the smallest degree inconsistent

with honour and duty; and the circumstance of your having swam off to the *Pandora*, on her arrival at Otaheite (which filled us with joy to which no words can do justice), is sufficient to convince all who know you, that you certainly stayed behind either by force, or from views of preservation.

How strange does it seem to me that I am now engaged in the delightful task of writing to you! Alas! my beloved brother, two years ago I never expected again to enjoy such a felicity; and even yet I am in the most painful uncertainty whether you are alive. Gracious God! grant that we may be at length blessed by your return; but, alas! the *Pandora's* people have been long expected, and are not even yet arrived. Should any accident have happened, after all the miseries you have already suffered, the poor gleam of hope, with which we have been lately indulged, will render our situation ten times more insupportable than if time had inured us to your loss. I send this to the care of Mr. Hayward of Hackney, father to the young gentleman you so often mention in your letters while you were on board the *Bounty*, and who went out as third lieutenant of the *Pandora*, a circumstance which gave us infinite satisfaction, as you would, on entering the *Pandora*, meet your old friend. On discovering old Mr. Hayward's residence, I wrote to him, as I hoped he could give me some information respecting the time of your arrival, and, in return, he sent me a most friendly letter, and has promised this shall be given to you when you reach England, as I well know how great must be your anxiety to hear of us, and how much satisfaction it will give you to have a letter immediately on your return. Let me conjure you, my dearest Peter, to write to us the very first moment—do not lose a post—'tis of no consequence how short your letter may be, if it only informs us you are well. I need not tell you that you are the first and dearest object of our affections; think, then, my adored boy, of the anxiety we must feel on your account; for my own part, I can know no real happiness or joy independent of you, and if any misfortune should now deprive us of you, my hopes of felicity are fled for ever.

We are at present making all possible interest with every friend and connection we have, to insure you a sufficient support and protection at your approaching trial; for a trial you must unavoidably undergo, in order to convince the world of that innocence which those who know you will not for a moment doubt; but, alas! while circumstances are against you, the generality of mankind will judge severely. Bligh's representations to the Admiralty are, I am told, very unfavourable, and hitherto the tide of public opinion has been greatly in his favour. My mamma is at present well, considering the distress she has suffered since you left us; for, my dearest brother, we have experienced a complicated scene of misery from a variety of causes, which, however, when compared with the sorrow we felt on your account, was trifling and insignificant: that misfortune made all others light, and to see you once more returned and safely restored to us will be the summit of all earthly happiness.

Farewell, my most beloved brother! God grant this may soon be put into your hands! Perhaps at this moment you are arrived in England, and I may soon have the dear delight of again beholding you. My mamma, brothers, and sisters join with me in every sentiment of love and tenderness. Write to us immediately, my ever-loved Peter, and may the Almighty preserve you until you bless with your presence your fondly affectionate family, and particularly your unalterably faithful friend and sister,

NESSY HEYWOOD.

[Upon his return from Harrow, in the autumnal vacation of 1769, with his pupil, Lord Althorpe, Sir William, then Mr., Jones visited his friends at Oxford; and during his residence among them, he made the excursion to Forest Hill which is related with so much animation in the following letter. But a careful investigation of his hypothesis respecting Milton has shown that it cannot be supported. He says that the poet chose this spot for his abode after his first marriage; but Milton's union with the daughter of Mr. Powell did not take place until 1643,[1] when he had entered upon his thirty-fifth year; and he himself expressly alludes to the collection in which *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* appeared as the work of his youthful hand. But although Milton did not write these famous poems at Forest Hill, it is not improbable that he introduced into them some of the features of the beautiful landscape which that spot presented to his eyes; he may have visited it when admitted in 1635, according to the custom of the age, to the same degree at Oxford which he had previously taken at his own university. That, at a later period of his life, he actually resided at Forest Hill, may also be admitted, although

[1] Professor Masson, whose word may safely be regarded as final in such a matter, is of opinion that Milton spent a month at Forest Hill in the year 1643. The house no longer exists, but the site of it is still pointed out near the pretty vicarage of Forest Hill.

one of his recent biographers very positively asserts that such a supposition must be given up. Mr. Todd has quoted from a letter of Madame de Bocage, who visited Baron Schutz and his wife at Shotover Hill, in the June of 1750, a singular confirmation of the local tradition mentioned by Sir William Jones. 'They showed me,' she says, 'from a small eminence, Milton's house, to which I bowed with all the reverence with which that poet's memory inspires me.' The same writer notices the observation of the laureate Warton, that a large portion of *Paradise Lost* was composed at Forest Hill. The question is more curious than important. Both *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* ought, perhaps, to be regarded as fancy pieces, into which the poet has grouped the most harmonious circumstances of description, as they dwelt upon his memory, without intending to describe any particular situation. We know that the *Deserted Village* of Goldsmith was composed in this manner; and the attempts to accommodate every particular in it to some imaginary original have been more ingenious than successful. Living with his father, in the rural quiet of Horton, one of the most secluded hamlets in Buckinghamshire, Milton would be likely to indulge in that varied strain of contemplative description, of which these poems offer so exquisite an example.—*Willmott.*]

SIR WILLIAM JONES TO THE COUNTESS OF SPENCER.

A Romance about Milton.

September 7, 1762.

The necessary trouble of correcting the first printed sheets of my History prevented me to-day from paying a proper respect to the memory of Shakespeare, by attending his jubilee. But I was resolved to do all the honour in my power to as great a poet, and set out in the morning in company with a friend, to visit a place where Milton spent some part of his life, and where, in all probability, he composed several of his earliest productions. It is a small village, situated on a pleasant hill, about three miles from Oxford, and called Forest Hill, because it formerly lay contiguous to a forest, which has since been cut down. The poet chose this place of retirement after his first marriage, and he describes the beauty of his retreat in that fine passage of his *L'Allegro:*

'Sometimes walking not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, or hillocks green.
. . . . . .
While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe;
And every shepherd tells his tale,
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures.
While the landscape round it measures.
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains, on whose barren breast
The lab'ring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim, with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks and rivers wide;
Towers and battlements it sees,
Bosomed high in tufted trees.
. . . . . .
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks,' etc.

It was neither the proper season of the year, nor time of the day, to hear all the rural sounds and see all the objects mentioned in this description; but by a pleasing concurrence of circumstances, we were saluted, on our approach to the village, with the music of the mower and his scythe; we saw the ploughman intent upon his labour, and the milkmaid returning from her country employment.

As we ascended the hill, the variety of beautiful objects, the agreeable stillness and natural simplicity of the whole scene, gave us the highest pleasure. We at length reached the spot whence Milton undoubtedly took most of his images; it is on the top of the hill, from which there is a most extensive prospect on all sides; the distant mountains that seemed to support the clouds, the villages and turrets, partly shaded by trees of the finest verdure, and partly raised above the groves that surrounded them, the dark plains and meadows, of a greyish colour, where the sheep were feeding at large; in short, the view of the streams and rivers convinced us that there was not a single useless or idle word in the above-mentioned description, but that it was a most exact and lively representation of nature. Thus will this fine passage, which has always been admired for its elegance, receive an additional beauty from its exactness. After we had walked, with a kind of poetical enthusiasm, over this enchanted ground, we returned to the village.

The poet's house was close to the church; the greatest part of it has been pulled down, and what remains belongs to an adjacent farm. I am informed that several papers in Milton's own hand were found by the gentleman who was last in possession of the estate. The tradition of his having lived there is current among the villagers; one of them showed us

a ruinous wall that made part of his chamber; and I was much pleased with another, who had forgotten the name of Milton, but recollected him by the title of the poet.

It must not be omitted, that the groves near this village are famous for nightingales, which are so elegantly described in the *Penseroso*. Most of the cottage windows are over-grown with sweetbriers, vines, and honeysuckles; and that Milton's habitation had the same rustic ornament, we may conclude from his description of the lark bidding him good-morrow:

> 'Through the sweetbrier, or the vine,
> Or the twisted eglantine.'

For it is evident that he meant a sort of honeysuckle by the eglantine, though that word is commonly used for the sweetbrier, which he could not mention twice in the same couplet. If I ever pass a month or six weeks at Oxford in the summer, I shall be inclined to hire and repair this venerable mansion, and to make a festival for a circle of friends, in honour of Milton, the most perfect scholar, as well as the sublimest poet, that our country ever produced. Such an honour will be less splendid, but more sincere and respectful, than all the pomp and ceremony on the banks of the Avon. I have, etc.

[Cuthbert Collingwood was born at Newcastle, September 26, 1750, and sent to a school in that town, where his companions, Lord Eldon and his brother, Lord Stowell, remembered him to have been a pretty and gentle boy. In 1761 he commenced his naval career on board the *Shannon*, commanded by Admiral Brathwaite. While on the West India station, he was brought into frequent intercourse with the illustrious Nelson. Collingwood, by the force of merit alone, gradually rose to the highest rank in his profession. He participated in the glory of St. Vincent and Trafalgar, and distinguished himself upon every occasion by his intrepidity and prudence. His health, however, visibly declined under the constant anxieties of service; but to those friends who advised him to relinquish his command, he always replied, that his life belonged to his country. When at length he determined upon returning to England, the time was gone by. On Monday, March 7, 1810, we are informed by his biographer, there was a considerable swell, and his friend Captain Thomas, on entering his cabin, expressed his apprehensions that the motion of the vessel disturbed him,—'No, Thomas,' he said, 'nothing in this world can disturb me more; I am dying, and I am sure it must be consolatory to you, and all who love me, to see how comfortably I am coming to my end.' With affectionate remembrances of his absent family, after taking 'a tender farewell of his attendants,' he expired, in perfect tranquillity, off Port Mahon, at six o'clock in the evening, aged 59 years and 6 months. He was buried in St. Paul's, by the side of Nelson. The history of his life is recorded in the annals of his country; the history of his mind, in his most delightful correspondence. It has been very elegantly and justly observed, that there is something peculiarly affecting in his thoughts of home, and the trees he had planted, and the flower-garden, and the summer-seat, which he is perpetually breathing from the distant and lonely seas.—*Willmott.*]

LORD COLLINGWOOD TO HIS DAUGHTER.

Suggestions respecting her Education.

Ocean, at Malta, February 5, 1809.

I received your letter, my dearest child, and it made me very happy to find that you and dear Mary were well, and taking pains with your education. The greatest pleasure I have amidst my toils and troubles, is in the expectation which I entertain of finding you improved in knowledge, and that the understanding which it has pleased God to give you both, has been cultivated with care and assiduity. Your future happiness and respectability in the world depend on the diligence with which you apply to the attainment of knowledge at this period of your life; and I hope that no negligence of your own will be a bar to your progress. When I write to you, my beloved child, so much interested am I that you should be amiable, and worthy of the friendship and esteem of good and wise people, that I cannot forbear to second and enforce the instruction which you receive, by admonition of my own, pointing out to you the great advantages that will result from a temperate conduct and sweetness of manner, to all people on all occasions. It does not follow that you are to coincide and agree in opinion with every ill-judging person; but, after showing them your reason for dissenting from their opinion, your argument and opposition to it should not

be tinctured by anything offensive. Never forget for one moment that you are a gentlewoman; and all your words, and all your actions, should mark you gentle. I never knew your mother—your dear, your good mother—say a harsh or a hasty thing to any person in my life. Endeavour to imitate her. I am quick and hasty in my temper; my sensibility is touched sometimes with a trifle, and my expression of it sudden as gunpowder; but, my darling, it is a misfortune which, not having been sufficiently restrained in my youth, has caused me much pain. It has, indeed, given me more trouble to subdue this natural impetuosity, than anything I ever undertook. I believe that you are both mild; but if ever you feel in your little breasts that you inherit a particle of your father's infirmity, restrain it, and quit the subject that has caused it, until your serenity be recovered. So much for mind and manners; next for accomplishments.

No sportsman ever hits a partridge without aiming at it; and skill is acquired by repeated attempts. It is the same thing in every art; unless you aim at perfection, you will never attain it; but frequent attempts will make it easy. Never, therefore, do anything with indifference. Whether it be to mend a rent in your garment, or finish the most delicate piece of art, endeavour to do it as perfectly as it is possible. When you write a letter, give it your greatest care, that it may be as perfect in all its parts as you can make it. Let the subject be sense, expressed in the most plain, intelligible, and elegant manner that you are capable of. If, in a familiar epistle, you should be playful and jocular, guard carefully that your wit be not sharp, so as to give pain to any person; and before you write a sentence, examine it, even the words of which it is composed, that there be nothing vulgar or inelegant in them. Remember, my dear, that your letter is the picture of your brains, and those whose brains are a compound of folly, nonsense, and impertinence are to blame to exhibit them to the contempt of the world, or the pity of their friends. To write a letter with negligence, without proper stops, with crooked lines, and great flourishing dashes, is inelegant; it argues either great ignorance of what is proper, or great ignorance towards the person to whom it is addressed, and is consequently disrespectful. It makes no amends to add an apology, for having scrawled a sheet of paper, of bad pens, for you should mend them; or want of time, for nothing is more important to you, or to which your time can more properly be devoted. I think I can know the character of a lady pretty nearly by her hand-writing. The dashers are all impudent, however they may conceal it from themselves or others, and the scribblers flatter themselves with a vain hope that, as their letter cannot be read, it may be mistaken for sense. I am very anxious to come to England, for I have lately been unwell. The greatest happiness which I expect there, is to find that my dear girls have been assiduous in their learning.

May God Almighty bless you, my beloved little Sarah, and sweet Mary too.

TO LADY COLLINGWOOD.

Cherished Hopes of returning to his Family.

Ocean, June 16, 1806.

This day, my love, is the anniversary of our marriage, and I wish you many happy returns of it. If ever we have peace, I hope to spend my latter days amid my family, which is the only sort of happiness I can enjoy. After this life of labour to retire to peace and quietness is all I look for in the world. Should we decide to change the place of our dwelling, our route would of course be to the southward of Morpeth; but then I should be for ever regretting those beautiful views which are nowhere to be exceeded; and even the rattling of that old waggon that used to pass our door at six o'clock in a winter's morning had its charms. The fact is, whenever I think how I am to be happy again, my thoughts carry me back to Morpeth, where, out of the fuss and parade of the world, surrounded by those I loved most dearly, and who loved me, I enjoyed as much happiness as my nature is capable of. Many things that I see in the world give me a distaste to the finery of it. The great knaves are not like those poor unfortunates, who, driven perhaps to distress from accidents which they could not prevent, or at least not educated in principles of honour and honesty, are hanged for some little thievery; while a knave of education and high-breeding, who brandishes his honour in the eyes of the world, would rob a state to its ruin. For the first I feel pity and compassion; for the latter, abhorrence and contempt; they are the tenfold vicious.

Have you read—but what I am more interested about, is your sister with you, and is she well and happy? Tell her—God bless her!—I wish I were with you, that we might have a good laugh. God bless me! I have scarcely laughed these three years. I am here with a very reduced force, having been obliged to make detachments to all quarters. This leaves me weak, while the Spaniards and French within are daily gaining strength. They have patched and pieced until they have now a very considerable fleet. Whether they will venture out, I do not know; if they come, I have no doubt we shall do an excellent deed, and then I will bring them to England myself.

How do the dear girls go on? I would have

them taught geometry, which is of all sciences in the world the most entertaining; it expands the mind more to the knowledge of all things in nature, and better teaches to distinguish between truths and such things as have the appearance of being truths, yet are not, than any other. Their education, and the proper cultivation of the sense which God has given them, are the objects on which my happiness most depends. To inspire them with a love of everything that is honourable and virtuous, though in rags, and with contempt for vanity in embroidery, is the way to make them the darlings of my heart. They should not only read, but it requires a careful selection of books; nor should they ever have access to two at the same time; but when a subject is begun, it should be finished before anything else is undertaken. How would it enlarge their minds if they could acquire a sufficient knowledge of mathematics and astronomy to give them an idea of the beauty and wonders of the creation! I am persuaded that the generality of people, and particularly fine ladies, only adore God because they are told it is proper, and the fashion to go to church; but I would have my girls gain such knowledge of the works of the creation, that they may have a fixed idea of the nature of that Being who could be the author of such a world. Whenever they have that, nothing on this side the moon will give them much uneasiness of mind. I do not mean that they should be stoics, or want the common feelings for the sufferings that flesh is heir to; but they would then have a source of consolation for the worst that could happen.

Tell me how do the trees which I planted thrive? Is there shade under the three oaks for a comfortable summer-seat? Do the poplars grow at the walk, and does the wall of the terrace stand firm? My bankers tell me that all my money in their hands is exhausted by fees on the peerage, and that I am in their debt, which is a new epoch in my life, for it is the first time I was ever in debt since I was a midshipman. Here I got nothing; but then my expenses are nothing, and I do not want it particularly, now that I have got my knives, forks, tea-pot, and the things you were so kind as to send me.

[The most eloquent tribute to the memory of Wakefield is contained in a letter from Dr. Parr to a private friend, acknowledging the communication of Mr. Wakefield's death. 'I loved him,' he said, 'unfeignedly, and though our opinions on various subjects, both of theology and criticism, were different, that difference never disturbed our quiet, nor relaxed our mutual good-will. For my part,' he added, 'I shall ever think and ever speak of Mr. Wakefield as a very profound scholar, as a most honest man, and as a Christian who united knowledge with zeal, piety with benevolence, and the simplicity of a child with the fortitude of a martyr.' From this eulogy some deductions may be properly made; for Parr knew no middle path, either of censure or of praise. But with all his errors, both of religion and scholarship, Wakefield was undoubtedly a man of genuine talent; with a heart frequently governed by prejudice, and a temper at once irritable and overbearing. His edition of *Lucretius*, the second volume of which he inscribed to Mr. Fox, has been commended by those whose praise possesses an intrinsic value, and will preserve the name of a very original and a very eccentric scholar. Fox, who was particularly attached to the study of Greek literature, shared Milton's affection for Euripides; an essay upon the beauties of that dramatist was one of his favourite literary projects. He agreed with Milton, also, in his admiration of Ovid, a writer neglected at our colleges and our schools, but surpassing all the Latin poets in playfulness and brilliancy of imagination; more inventive than Virgil, more tender than Claudian, more earnest than Tibullus. Dryden praises the prodigality of his wit, by which he meant the fertility of allusion, and ingenuity of application, which we discover in the pages of Moore. His defects flow out of his luxuriance; and his fancy often runs into grotesque shapes from the very richness of the vine. But Ovid is not only the picturesque embellisher of sentiments; Dryden acknowledged his power in moving the passions: and no person can read his allusion to the death of his parents without confessing that the commendation was deserved.—*Willmott.*]

CHARLES JAMES FOX TO GILBERT WAKEFIELD.

The Character of Cicero's Eloquence; Genius of Ovid.

St. Anne's Hill, Oct. 22, 1799.

SIR,—I believe I had best not continue the controversy about field sports; or at least, if I do, I must have recourse, I believe, to authority

and precedent, rather than to argument, and content myself with rather excusing than justifying them. Cicero says, I believe, somewhere, *Si quem nihil delectaret nisi quod cum laude et dignitate conjunctum foret, . . . huic homini ego fortasse, et pauci, Deos propitios, plerique iratos putarent.* But this is said, I am afraid, in defence of a libertine, whose public principles, when brought to the test, proved to be as unsound as his private life was irregular. By the way, I know of no speech of Cicero's more full of beautiful passages than this is (*pro M. Cœlio*), nor where he is more in his element. Argumentative contention is what he by no means excels in; and he is never, I think, so happy as when he has an opportunity of exhibiting a mixture of philosophy and pleasantry; and especially, where he can interpose anecdotes, and references to the authority of the eminent characters in the history of his country. No man appears, indeed, to have had such real respect for authority as he; and, therefore, when he speaks on that subject, he is always natural and in earnest; and not like those among *us*, who are so often declaiming about the wisdom of our ancestors, without knowing what they mean, or hardly ever citing any particulars of their conduct, or of their dicta.

I showed your proposed alteration in the *Tristia* to a very good judge, who approved of it very much. I confess, myself, that I like the old reading best, and think it more in Ovid's manner; but this, perhaps, is mere fancy. I have always been a great reader of him, and thought myself the greatest admirer he had, till you called him the first poet of antiquity, which is going even beyond me. The grand and spirited style of the *Iliad*, the true nature and simplicity of the *Odyssey*, the poetical language (far excelling that of all other poets in the world) of the *Georgics*, and the pathetic strokes in the *Æneid*, give Homer and Virgil a rank, in my judgment, clearly above all competitors; but next after them I should be very apt to class Ovid, to the great scandal, I believe, of all who pique themselves upon what is called purity of taste. You have somewhere compared him to Euripides, I think; and I can fancy I see a resemblance in them. This resemblance it is, I suppose, which makes one prefer Euripides to Sophocles; a preference which, if one were writing a dissertation, it would be very difficult to justify.

I cannot conceive upon what principle, or, indeed, from what motive, they have so restricted the intercourse between you and your family. My first impulse was, to write to Lord Ilchester to speak to Mr. Frampton; but as you seem to suspect that former applications have done mischief, I shall do nothing. Did you, who are such a hater of war, ever read the lines at the beginning of the second book of Cowper's *Task?* There are few things in our language superior to them, in my judgment. He is a fine poet, and has, in a great degree, conquered my prejudices against blank verse. I am, with great regard, sir,

Your most obedient servant,

C. J. Fox.

My hand is not yet so well as to give me the use of it, though the wound is nearly healed. The surgeon suspects there is more bone to come away. I have been here something more than a fortnight.

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[Among the schemes of intellectual exertion which presented themselves to the mind of Fox, during his repose from the excitement of politics and party, were treatises on Poetry, History, and Oratory; an edition of the works of Dryden; and a Defence of Racine, whom he appears to have admired with the enthusiasm of Gray. But Fox, although the most fluent of speakers, was the slowest and most cautious of writers. He confessed that he was too scrupulous about language. The Fragment upon the History of James the Second disappointed the curiosity its appearance had awakened. His published correspondence, however, displays the kindliness of his heart, the elegance of his taste, and the cultivation of his mind. Lord Holland has printed one of his familiar letters, which is not more interesting in itself than valuable as an illustration of character. The reader should refer to the 'Observations' upon this letter, appended to the History of the reign of James, where the opinion of Mr. Fox respecting the nightingale is very ingeniously examined and refuted.—*Willmott.*]

THE SAME TO MR. GRAY.

The Note of the Nightingale.

DEAR GRAY,—In defence of my opinion about the nightingales, I find Chaucer, who of all poets seems to have been the fondest of the singing of birds, calls it a *merry* note; and though Theocritus mentions nightingales six or seven times, he never mentions their note as plaintive or melancholy. It is true, he does not call it anywhere merry, as Chaucer does; but by mentioning it with the song of the blackbird, and as answering it, he seems to imply that it was a cheerful note. Sophocles is against us, but even *he* says, 'lamenting *Itys*,' and the comparison of her to Electra is rather

as to perseverance day and night, than as to sorrow. At all events, a tragic poet is not half so good authority on this question as Theocritus and Chaucer. I cannot light upon the passage in the *Odyssey*, where Penelope's restlessness is compared to the nightingale; but I am sure that it is only as to restlessness that he makes the comparison. If you will read the last twelve books of the *Odyssey*, you will certainly find it; and I am sure you will be paid for your hunt, whether you find it or not. The passage in Chaucer is in the 'Flower and Leaf,' p. 99. The one I particularly allude to in Theocritus is in his *Epigrams*, I think in the fourth. Dryden has transferred the word *merry* to the goldfinch in the 'Flower and the Leaf,' in deference, may be, to the vulgar error; but pray read his description of the nightingale there: it is quite delightful. I am afraid that I like those researches as much better than those that relate to Shaftesbury, Sunderland, etc., as I do those better than attending the House of Commons.

Yours affectionately,

C. J. Fox.

[Hannah More, while pronouncing, very unjustly, the severest censure upon Shenstone's Correspondence, excepted the letters of the Countess of Hertford, which she thought very pleasant and unaffected productions. —*Willmott.*]

THE COUNTESS OF HERTFORD, AFTERWARDS DUCHESS OF SOMERSET, TO LADY LUXBOROUGH.

Spring Weather; Thomson's 'Castle of Indolence;' Shenstone's 'Schoolmistress.'

Piercy Lodge, May 16, 1748.

DEAR MADAM,—How long soever your letters are in coming, they never fail to assure their welcome, by being more agreeable and entertaining, as well as breathing more of friendship than anybody's else have the art of doing. I have been here about a month, and find some little improvements, which were ordered when we went to London, completed; and I think they are not quite unworthy of the name. A piece of waste ground, on the lower side of the Abbey walk, has been turned into a corn-field, and a turf walk about eight feet wide round it, close to a flourishing hawthorn hedge; on one side there is a thatched seat open on three sides, which pretends to no name of greater dignity than justly belongs to what it represents, namely, a shepherd's hut; before it there is an irregular piece of turf, which was spared for the sake of some old oaks and beeches which are scattered upon it; and as you are sitting down there, you have, under these boughs, a direct view of Windsor Castle. There are sweet-williams, narcissuses, rose-campions, and such flowers as the hares will not eat, in little borders, round the foot of every tree; and I almost flatter myself that you would not be displeased with the rural appearance of the whole. The rains have given us the strongest verdure I ever saw; our lawns and meadows are enamelled with a profusion of daisies and cowslips; and we have the greatest appearance of fruit that has been seen there many years. I conclude you will read Mr. Thomson's *Castle of Indolence:* it is after the manner of Spenser; but I think he does not always keep so close to his style as the author of the *Schoolmistress*, whose name I never knew till you were so good as to inform me of it. I think it a charming poem; and was very much pleased with his ballad of Queen Elizabeth's seeing the milkmaid. She appears at least, in my humble imagination, in a more natural light than when we hear of her bullying foreign powers, and cutting off the head of an unhappy queen who fled to her for protection. But to return to the *Castle of Indolence*, I believe it will afford you much entertainment; there are many pretty paintings in it, but I think the Wizard's Song deserves a preference. 'He needs no muse who dictates from his heart.' Have you met with two little volumes, which contain four contemplations, written by a Mr. James Hervey, a young Cornish or Devonshire clergyman? The subjects are, upon Walking among the Tombs, upon a Flower Garden, upon Night, and upon the Starry Heavens. There is something poetical and truly pious. Now I have got into the impertinence of recommending books to one who is a much better judge than myself, I must name an *Essay on Delicacy*, a subject which, if I were not acquainted with you, and one or two more, I should imagine had no longer an existence upon our globe.

I sincerely sympathize in the pleasure which you must feel, dear madam, from the extreme good character which everybody gives of your son, and which his behaviour to you proves he deserves; may this, with every other blessing, be long continued to you; and may you always look upon me as a sincere though insignificant friend, as well as a most faithful and obedient, etc.

My lord is at present in London, but I hope he will be here time enough to save the postage of this letter. I should be very glad to see anything of Mr. Shenstone's.

[In the winter of the year 1790, an authoress, residing in a single room up two pair of stairs in Frith Street, presented to the world a tale, which, in natural truth and skilful delineation of the passions, has seldom been equalled. That authoress was Mrs. Inchbald; that tale was the *Simple Story*. The success of the novel was rapid and extensive; but its most grateful fruit was the friendship of Mrs. Phillips, wife of the surgeon to the King. Mrs. Inchbald's letters to this lady are the pleasantest in her biography, and afford the reader the clearest insight into her very singular character. The 'mutual acquaintance' was Mrs. Opie.—*Willmott.*]

MRS. INCHBALD TO MRS. PHILLIPS.

An Anecdote of Madame de Staël.

August 26, 1813.

I will now mention the calamity of a neighbour, by many degrees the first female writer in the world, as she is called by the Edinburgh Reviewers. Madame de Staël asked a lady of my acquaintance to introduce her to me. The lady was our mutual acquaintance, of course, and so far my friend as to conceal my place of abode; yet she menaced me with a visit from the Baroness of Holstein, if I would not consent to meet her at a third house. After much persuasion, I did so. I admired Madame de Staël much; she talked to me the whole time; so did Miss Edgeworth, whenever I met her in company. These authoresses suppose me dead, and seem to pay a tribute to my memory; but, with Madame de Staël, it seemed no passing compliment: she was inquisitive as well as attentive, and entreated me to explain to her the motive why I shunned society. 'Because,' I replied, 'I dread the loneliness that will follow.' 'What, will you feel your solitude more when you return from this company than you did before you came hither?' 'Yes.' 'I should think it would elevate your spirits: why will you feel your loneliness more?' 'Because I have no one to tell that I have seen *you;* no one to describe your person to; no one to whom I can repeat the many encomiums you have passed on my *Simple Story;* no one to enjoy any of your praises but myself.' 'Ah! ah! you have no children;' and she turned to an elegant young woman, her daughter, with pathetic tenderness. She then so forcibly depicted a mother's joys, that she sent me home more melancholy at the comparison of our situations in life than could have arisen from the consequences of riches or poverty. I called, by appointment, at her house, two days after: I was told she was *ill.* The next morning, my paper explained her illness. You have seen the death of her son in the papers; he was one of Bernadotte's aides-de-camp,—the most beautiful young man that ever was seen, only nineteen,—a duel with sabres, and the first stroke literally cut off his *head!* Necker's grandson.

[When the British Government had determined to punish the atrocious cruelty of the Algerines, the command of the expedition was entrusted to Lord Exmouth. Of his manner and appearance upon the memorable day which witnessed the destruction of this stronghold of piracy, a very graphic sketch has been given by his Arabic interpreter, Mr. Salamé, who had been despatched to the Dey with a flag of truce, to receive his reply to the Admiral's final demands. 'I was quite surprised,' he says, 'to see how his lordship was altered from what I left him in the morning, for I knew his manner was in general very mild, but now he seemed to me all fightful, as a fierce lion which had been chained in a cage, and was set at liberty. With all that his lordship's answer to me was, "Never mind, we shall see!" and at the same time he turned towards the officer, saying, "Be ready!" whereupon, I saw every one standing with the match or the string of the lock in his hand, anxiously waiting for the word "Fire!" During this time, the *Queen Charlotte,* in a most gallant and astonishing manner, took up a position opposite the head of the mole, and at a few minutes before three, the Algerines, from the eastern battery, fired the first shot at the *Impregnable,* which was astern, when Lord Exmouth, having seen only the smoke of the gun, and before the sound reached him, said, with great alacrity, "That will do—fire, my fine fellows!"' Lord Exmouth, in a spirit of confident bravery, which will remind the reader of the Duke of Wellington's conduct at Waterloo, had ordered his steward to keep several dishes ready, and he, accordingly, entertained the officers of the ship at supper after the engagement.—*Willmott.*]

LORD EXMOUTH TO HIS BROTHER.

The Battle of Algiers.

It has pleased God to give me again the opportunity of writing to you, and it has also

pleased Him to give success to our efforts against these hordes of barbarians. I never, however, saw any set of men more obstinate at their guns, and it was superior fire only that could keep them back. To be sure, nothing could stand before the *Queen Charlotte's* broadside. Everything fell before it; and the Swedish consul assures me we killed about five hundred at the very first fire, from the crowded way in which troops were drawn up, four deep, along the gun-boats, which were also full of men. I had myself beckoned to many around the guns close to us, to move away, previous to giving the order to fire; and I believe they are within bounds when they state their loss at seven thousand men. Our old friend, John Gaze, was as steady as a rock; and it was a glorious sight to see the *Charlotte* take her anchorage, and to see her flag towering on high, when she appeared to be within the flames of the mole itself; and never was a ship nearer burnt; it almost scorched me off the poop: we were obliged to haul in the ensign, or it would have caught fire. Everybody behaved uncommonly well. Admiral Milne came on board at two o'clock in the morning, and kissed my hand fifty times before the people, as did the Dutch admiral, Von Capellan. I was but slightly touched in the thigh, face, and fingers, my glass cut in my hand, and the skirts of my coat torn off by a large shot; but as I bled a good deal, it looked as if I was badly hurt, and it was gratifying to see and hear how it was received, even in the cockpit, which was then pretty full. My thigh is not quite skinned over, but I am perfectly well, and hope to reach Portsmouth by the 10th of October. Ferdinand has sent me a diamond star. Wise behaved most nobly, and took up a line-of-battle ship's station; but all behaved nobly. I never saw such enthusiasm in all my service,—not a wretch shrunk anywhere; and I assure you it was a very arduous task, but I had formed a very correct judgment of all I saw, and was confident, if supported, I should succeed. I could not wait for an off-shore wind to attack; the season was too far advanced, and the land winds become light and calmy. I was forced to attack at once with a lee-shore, or perhaps wait a week for a precarious wind along shore; and I was quite sure I should have a breeze off the land about one or two in the morning, and equally sure we could hold out that time. Blessed be God, it came, and a dreadful night with it of thunder, lightning, and rain, as heavy as I ever saw. Several ships had expended all their powder, and been supplied from the brigs. I had latterly husbanded, and only fired when they fired on us; and we expended 350 barrels, and 5420 shot, weighing about 65 tons of iron. Such a state of ruin of fortifications and houses was never seen; and it is the opinion of all the consuls, that two hours' more firing would have levelled the town, —the walls are all so cracked. Even the aqueducts were broken up, and the people famishing for water. The sea-defences, to be made effective, must be rebuilt from the foundation. The fire all round the mole looked like Pandemonium. I never saw anything so grand and so terrific, for I was not on velvet, for fear they would drive on board us. The copper bottoms floated full of fiery hot charcoal, and were red hot above the surface, so that we could not hook on our fire-grapnels to put our boats on, and could do nothing but push fire-booms, and spring the ship off by our warps, as occasion required.

[This letter is one of a series written during a tour into Staffordshire in company with Mr. Basil Montagu. The journey was accomplished in a one-horse carriage. This letter is given from Mr. Paul's *William Godwin*, by permission of C. K. Paul & Co.]

WILLIAM GODWIN TO MARY WOLLSTONECROFT GODWIN.

June 17, 1797.

You cannot imagine anything like Mr. Wynn and his wife. He is a raw country booby of eighteen, his hair about his ears, and a beard that has never deigned to submit to the stroke of the razor. His voice is loud, broad, and unmodulated, the mind of the possessor has never yet felt a sentiment that should give it flexibleness or variety. He has at present a brother with him, a lad, as I guess, of fifteen, who has come to Dr. Parr's house at Hatton, with a high generosity of sentiment, and a tone of mind, declaring that, if his brother be disinherited, he, who is the next brother, will not reap the benefit. His name is Julius, and John Wynn, the husband, is also a lad of very good dispositions. They both stammer: Julius extremely, John less; but with the stuttering of Julius there is an ingenuousness and warmth that have considerable charms. John, on the contrary, has all the drawling, both of voice and thinking, that usually characterizes a clown. His air is *gauche*, his gait negligent and slouching, his whole figure boorish. Both the lads are as ignorant, and as destitute of adventure and ambition, as any children that aristocracy has to boast. Poor Sarah, the bride, is the victim of her mother, as the bridegroom is her victim in turn. The mother taught her that the height of female wisdom was to marry a rich man and a fool, and she has religiously complied. Her mother is an admirable woman, and the daughter mistook, and fancied she was worthy of love. Never was a girl more attached to her mother than Sarah Wynn (Parr). You do not

know, but I do, that Sarah has an uncommon understanding, and an exquisite sensibility, which glows in her complexion, and flashes from her eyes. Yet she is silly enough to imagine that she shall be happy in love and a cottage with John Wynn. She is excessively angry with the fathers on both sides, who, as she says, after having promised the contrary, attempted clandestinely to separate them. They have each, beyond question, laid up a magazine of unhappiness; yet I am persuaded Dr. Parr is silly enough to imagine the match a desirable one.

We slept, as I told you, at Tamworth on Wednesday evening. Thursday morning we proceeded through Coleshill (where I found a permanent pillory established in lieu of the stocks), and where we passed through a very deep and rather formidable ford, the bridge being under repair, and breakfasted at the George, in the Tree, 18 miles. From thence the road by Warwick would have been 14 miles, and by a cross-country road only six. By this, therefore, we proceeded, and a very deep and rough road we found it. We arrived at Hatton about one, so, after dinner, thinking it too much to sit all day in the company I have described, I proposed to Montagu a walk to Kenilworth Castle, the seat originally of Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, who in the reign of Henry III., to whom he was an implacable enemy, was the author of the institution of the House of Commons; and, more recently, the seat of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, the favourite, and, as he hoped and designed, the husband of Elizabeth, to whom he gave a most magnificent and memorable entertainment at this place. The ruins are, beyond comparison, the finest in England. I found Montagu by no means a desirable companion in this expedition. He could not be persuaded to indulge the divine enthusiasm I felt coming on my soul, while I felt revived, and, as it were, embodied the image of ancient times; but, on the contrary, expressed nothing but indignation against the aristocracy displayed, and joy that it was destroyed. From Dr. Parr's to Kenilworth, across the fields, is only four miles. By the road, round by Warwick, it is nine. We of course took the field way, but derived but little benefit from it, as we were on foot from half after four to half after ten, exclusive of a rest of ten minutes. One hour out of the six we spent at Kenilworth, and two hours and a half in going and returning respectively, so utterly incapable were we of finding the path prescribed us.

To-day, Friday, as fortune determined, was Coventry Fair, with a procession of all the trades, with a female representative of Lady Godiva at their head, dressed in a close dress to represent nakedness. As fortune had thus disposed of us, we deemed it our duty not to miss the opportunity. We accordingly set out after breakfast, for Montagu proved lazy, and we did not get off till half after eleven. From Dr. Parr's to Warwick is four miles, from Warwick to Coventry ten miles. One mile on the Coventry side of Warwick is Guy's Cliff, Mr. Greathed's. My description of his garden was an irresistible motive with Montagu to desire to visit it, though I by no means desired it. We accordingly went, and walked round the garden. Mr. Greathed was in his grounds, and I left a card, signifying I had done myself the pleasure of paying my respects to him, and taken the liberty of leading my friend over his garden. This delay of half an hour precisely answered the purpose of making us too late for Lady Godiva. We saw the crowd, which was not yet dispersed, and the booths of the fair, but the lady, the singularity of the scene, was retired.

It is now Sunday evening: we are at Cambridge. Montagu says we shall certainly be in town to-morrow (Monday) night. The distance is fifty-three miles: we shall therefore probably be late, and he requests that, if we be not at home before ten, you will retain somebody to take the whisky from Summers Town to Lincoln's Inn. If Mary be at a loss on the subject, perhaps the people of Montagu's lodging can assist her.

Farewell: be happy: be in health and spirits. Keep a look-out, but not an anxious one. Delays are not necessarily tragical. I believe there will be none.

[The letters of Burns want the simplicity, the heartiness, and the facility of his verse. For these deficiencies two excuses have been offered. The first has been found in his comparative ignorance of our language. 'Burns, though for the most part he writes with singular force and even gracefulness, is not master of English prose, as he is of Scottish verse,—not master of it in proportion to the depth and vehemence of his matter.' The second, and more important excuse, is discovered in the peculiarity of the poet's social position. 'His correspondents are often men whose relation to him he has never accurately ascertained; whom, therefore, he is either forearming himself against, or else unconsciously flattering, by adopting the style he thinks will please them. Whenever he writes, as one would ever wish to do, to trusted friends, and on real interests, his style becomes simple, vivid, vigorous, expressive, sometimes even

beautiful.' Sir Walter Scott found many passages of great eloquence, accompanied by an air of affectation, and a tincture of pedantry; while Mr. Jeffrey, with more relentless severity, supposed a large portion of his letters to have been composed only with a view to effect. 'When Burns wrote this touching letter to his father,' observes Allan Cunningham, in his illustrative note, 'he was toiling as a heckler in his unfortunate flax speculation, a dull as well as a dusty employment. On the fourth day after it was penned, the poet and his relation Peacock were welcoming in the new year; a lighted candle touched some flax, and there was an end to all their hopes. Of William Burns, the father of the poet, much has already been said; he was a worthy and pious man, desirous of maintaining rigid discipline in his house, and solicitous about the future welfare of his children. He was somewhat austere of manners; loved not boisterous jocularity; was rarely himself moved to laughter; and has been described as abstemious of speech. His early and continued misfortunes, though they saddened his brow, never afflicted the warm benevolence of his nature; he was liberal to the poor, and stern and self-denying only to himself. He is buried in Alloway Kirkyard, and his grave is visited by all who desire to pay homage to the fame of his eminent son.'—*Willmott.*]

THE POET BURNS TO HIS FATHER.

Melancholy Forebodings.

Irvine, Dec. 27, 1781.

HONOURED SIR,—I have purposely delayed writing, in the hope that I should have the pleasure of seeing you on New-Year's Day; but work comes so hard upon us, that I do not choose to be absent on that account, as well as for some other little reasons which I shall tell you at meeting. My health is nearly the same as when you were here, only my sleep is a little sounder; and on the whole I am rather better than otherwise, though I mend by very slow degrees. The weakness of my nerves has so debilitated my mind, that I dare neither review past events, nor look forward into futurity; for the least anxiety or perturbation in my breast produces most unhappy effects on my whole frame. Sometimes, indeed, when for an hour or two my spirits are alightened, I glimmer a little into futurity; but my principal, and, indeed, my only pleasurable employment is, looking backwards and forwards in a moral and religious way: I am quite transported at the thought, that ere long, perhaps very soon, I shall bid an eternal adieu to all the pains, and uneasiness, and disquietudes of this weary life; for I assure you I am heartily tired of it; and if I do not very much deceive myself, I could contentedly and gladly resign it.

> The soul, uneasy and confined at home,
> Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

It is for this reason I am more pleased with the 15th, 16th, and 17th of the seventh chapter of Revelations, than with any ten times as many verses in the whole Bible, and would not exchange the noble enthusiasm with which they inspire me, for all that this world has to offer. As for this world, I despair of ever making a figure in it. I am not formed for the bustle of the busy, nor the flutter of the gay. I shall never again be capable of entering into such scenes. Indeed, I am altogether unconcerned at the thoughts of this life. I foresee that poverty and obscurity probably await me, and I am in some measure prepared, and daily preparing to meet them. I have but just time and paper to return you my grateful thanks for the lessons of virtue and piety you have given me, which were too much neglected at the time of giving them, but which I hope have been remembered ere it is yet too late. Present my dutiful respects to my mother, and my compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Muir; and with wishing you a merry New-Year's Day, I shall conclude. I am, honoured sir, your dutiful son,

ROBERT BURNS.

P.S.—My meal is out, but I am going to borrow till I get more.

[Burns arrived in Edinburgh towards the close of November 1786, and continued in the Scottish capital for several months, the wonder of every literary *coterie*. 'Mrs. Dunlop of Dunlop,' writes Allan Cunningham, 'the daughter of Sir Thomas Wallace, of Craigie, was proud of her descent from the race of Elderslie, and proud of her acquirements, which were considerable. Nor should we leave unmentioned, that she had some talent for rhyme. She had been ailing, and the first advantage she took of returning health was to read the poems of the Ayrshire Ploughman. She was struck with the beauty, natural and religious, of the *Cottar's Saturday Night.*'

'The poet's description of the simple cottagers,' she told Gilbert Burns, 'operated on her mind like the charm of a powerful exorcist, repelling the demon *ennui*, and restoring her to her wonted harmony and satisfaction.' An express, sent sixteen miles, for half-a-dozen copies of the book, and an invitation to Dunlop House, attested her sincerity. From this period we must date a friendship which did not close with the poet's life. The poet's letters to Mrs. Dunlop are by far the most valuable and interesting in his collected correspondence. They could not fail of being so, having been written, as he confessed, with all the artlessness of truth, and consisting, in his own words, of the 'rhapsody of the minute.'—*Willmott.*]

BURNS TO MRS. DUNLOP.

His Situation and Prospects.

Edinburgh, March 22, 1787.

MADAM,—I read your letter with watery eyes. A little, very little while ago, I had scarce a friend but the stubborn pride of my own bosom; now I am distinguished, patronized, befriended by you. Your friendly advices, I will not give them the cold name of criticisms, I receive with reverence. I have made some small alteration in what I before had printed. I have the advice of some very judicious friends among the literati here; but with them I sometimes find it necessary to claim the privilege of thinking for myself. The noble Earl of Glencairn, to whom I owe more than to any man, does me the honour of giving me his strictures; his hints, with respect to impropriety or indelicacy, I follow implicitly.

You kindly interest yourself in my future views and prospects; there I can give you no light. It is all

> 'Dark as was chaos, ere the infant sun
> Was roll'd together, or had tried his beams
> Athwart the gloom profound.'

The appellation of a Scottish bard is by far my highest pride; to continue to deserve it, is my most exalted ambition. Scottish themes and Scottish story are the themes I could wish to sing. I have no dearer aim than to have it in my power, unplagued with the routine of business, for which, heaven knows, I am unfit enough, to make leisurely pilgrimages through Caledonia; to sit on the fields of her battles; to wander on the romantic banks of her rivers; and to muse by the stately towers or venerable ruins, once the honoured abodes of her heroes. But these are all utopian thoughts. I have dallied long enough with life; 'tis time to be in earnest. I have a fond, an aged mother to care for; and some other bosom ties perhaps equally tender. Where the individual only suffers by the consequences of his own thoughtlessness, indolence, or folly, he may be excusable; nay, shining abilities, and some of the nobler virtues, may half sanctify a heedless character; but where God and nature have entrusted the welfare of others to his care—where the trust is sacred, and the ties are dear, that man must be far gone in selfishness, or strangely lost to reflection, when these connections will not rouse to exertion.

I guess that I shall clear two or three hundred pounds by my authorship; with that sum I intend, so far as I may be said to have any intention, to return to my old acquaintance the plough; and, if I can meet with a lease by which I can live, to commence farmer. I do not intend to give up poetry; being bred to labour secures me independence, and the Muses are my chief, sometimes have been my only enjoyment. If my practice second my resolution, I shall have principally at heart the serious business of life; but while following my plough, or building up my shocks, I shall cast a leisure glance to that dear—that only feature of my character, which gave me the notice of my country, and the patronage of a Wallace.

Thus, honoured madam, I have given you the bard, his situation, and his views, native as they are in his own bosom. R. B.

TO FRANCIS GROSE.

The Origin of Tam O'Shanter.

Dumfries, 1792.

Among the many witch stories I have heard relating to Alloway Kirk, I distinctly remember only two or three.

Upon a stormy night, amid whistling squalls of wind and bitter blasts of hail,—in short, on such a night as the devil would choose to take the air in,—a farmer, or farmer's servant, was plodding and plashing homeward, with his plough irons on his shoulder, having been getting some repairs on them at a neighbouring smithy. His way lay by the Kirk of Alloway, and being rather on the anxious look-out in approaching a place so well known to be a favourite haunt of the devil, and the devil's friends and emissaries, he was struck aghast by discovering through the horrors of the storm and stormy night a light, which, on his nearer approach, plainly showed itself to proceed from the haunted edifice. Whether he had been fortified from above, on his devout supplication, as is customary with people when they suspect the immediate presence of Satan, or whether, according to another custom, he had got courage-

ously drunk at the smithy, I will not pretend to determine; but so it was that he ventured to go up to, nay into, the very kirk. As luck would have it, his temerity came off unpunished.

The members of the infernal junto were all out on some midnight business or other, and he saw nothing but a kind of kettle or cauldron, depending from the roof over the fire, simmering some heads of unchristened children, limbs of executed malefactors, etc., for the business of the night. It was in for a penny in for a pound with the honest ploughman; so, without ceremony, he unhooked the cauldron from off the fire, and pouring out the damnable ingredients, inverted it on his head, and carried it fairly home, where it remained long in the family, a living evidence of the truth of the story.

Another story, which I can prove to be equally authentic, was as follows:—

On a market day, in the town of Ayr, a farmer from Carrick, and consequently whose way lay by the very gate of Alloway Kirkyard, in order to cross the river Doon at the old bridge, which is about two or three hundred yards farther on than the said gate, had been detained by his business, till by the time he reached Alloway it was the wizard hour, between night and morning.

Though he was terrified with a blaze streaming from the kirk, yet it is a well-known fact that to turn back upon these occasions is running by far the greatest risk of mischief; he prudently advanced on his road. When he had reached the gate of the kirkyard he was surprised and entertained through the ribs and arches of an old gothic window, which still faces the highway, to see a dance of witches, merrily footing it round their old sooty blackguard master, who was keeping them all alive with the power of his bagpipe. The farmer, stopping his horse to observe them a little, could plainly descry the faces of many old women of his acquaintance and neighbourhood. How the gentleman was dressed tradition does not say, but that the ladies were all in their smocks; and one of them, happening unluckily to have a smock which was considerably too short to answer all the purposes of that piece of dress, our farmer was so tickled that he involuntarily burst out with a loud laugh: 'Weel luppen, Maggy wi' the short sark!' and recollecting himself, instantly spurred his horse to the top of his speed. I need not mention the universally known fact, that no diabolical power can pursue you beyond the middle of a running stream. Lucky it was for the poor farmer that the river Doon was so near, for, notwithstanding the speed of his horse, which was a good one, against he reached the middle of the arch of the bridge, and consequently the middle of the stream, the pursuing, vengeful hags were so close at his heels, that one of them actually sprung to seize him; but it was too late, nothing was on her side of the stream but the horse's tail, which immediately gave way at her infernal grip, as if blasted by a stroke of lightning; but the farmer was beyond her reach. However, the unsightly, tailless condition of the vigorous steed was, to the last hour of the noble creature's life, an awful warning to the Carrick farmer not to stay too late in Ayr markets.

The last relation I shall give, though equally true, is not so well identified as the two former with regard to the scene; but as the best authorities give it for Alloway, I shall relate it.

On a summer's evening, about the time that nature puts on her sable to mourn the expiring of the cheerful day, a shepherd boy, belonging to a farmer in the immediate neighbourhood of Alloway Kirk, had just folded his charge and was returning home. As he passed the kirk, in the adjoining field he fell in with a crew of men and women, who were busy pulling stems of the plant ragwort. He observed that as each person pulled a ragwort, he or she got astride of it, and called out, 'Up, horsee,' on which the ragwort flew off, like Pegasus, through the air, with its rider. The foolish boy likewise pulled his ragwort, and cried with the rest, 'Up, horsee,' and, strange to tell, away he flew with the company. The first stage at which the cavalcade stopped was a merchant's wine-cellar in Bordeaux, where, without saying by your leave, they quaffed away at the best the cellar could afford, until the morning, foe to the imps and works of darkness, threatened to throw light on the matter, and frightened them from their carousals.

The poor shepherd lad being equally a stranger to the scene and the liquor, heedlessly got himself drunk; and when the rest took horse he fell asleep, and was found so next day by some of the people belonging to the merchant. Somebody that understood Scotch, asking him who he was, he said such-a-one's herdboy in Alloway, and by some means or other getting home again, he lived long to tell the world the wondrous tale. I am, etc., R. B.

[John Murdoch kept the school of Lochlea, and was for a time the teacher of Robert Burns and his brother Gilbert. He appears to have been a man of parts, and a willing teacher of clever and promising pupils. He removed to London, where he heard of the fame of his former pupil with much surprise. He died in London in April 1824. He published several educational works of some note in their day, and taught

English to several eminent personages, Talleyrand among the number. He said of Burns and his brother Gilbert:—'Gilbert always appeared to me to possess a more lively imagination, and to be more of a wit, than Robert. I attempted to teach them a little church music; here they were left far behind by all the rest of the school. Robert's ear, in particular, was remarkably dull, and his voice untunable; his countenance was generally grave, and expressive of a serious, contemplative, and thoughtful mind. Gilbert's face said, "Mirth, with thee I mean to live," and certainly if any person who knew the two boys had been asked which of them was most likely to court the Muses, he would surely never have guessed that Robert had a propensity of that kind.']

BURNS TO MR. JOHN MURDOCH, SCHOOLMASTER, STAPLES INN BUILDINGS, LONDON.

Lochlea, Jan. 15, 1783.

DEAR SIR,—As I have an opportunity of sending you a letter without putting you to that expense which any production of mine would but ill repay, I embrace it with pleasure, to tell you that I have not forgotten, nor ever will forget, the many obligations I lie under to your kindness and friendship.

I do not doubt, sir, but you will wish to know what has been the result of all the pains of an indulgent father, and a masterly teacher; and I wish I could gratify your curiosity with such a recital as you would be pleased with; but that is what I am afraid will not be the case. I have, indeed, kept pretty clear of vicious habits; and, in this respect, I hope my conduct will not disgrace the education I have gotten; but as a man of the world I am most miserably deficient. One would have thought that, bred as I have been, under a father who has figured pretty well as *un homme des affaires*, I might have been what the world calls a pushing, active fellow; but to tell you the truth, sir, there is hardly anything more my reverse. I seem to be one sent into the world to see and observe; and I very easily compound with the knave who tricks me of my money, if there be anything original about him, which shows me human nature in a different light from anything I have seen before. In short, the joy of my heart is to 'study men, their manners, and their ways,' and for this darling subject I cheerfully sacrifice every other consideration. I am quite indolent about those great concerns that set the bustling, busy sons of care agog; and if I have to answer for the present hour, I am very easy with regard to anything further. Even the last, worst shift of the unfortunate and the wretched[1] does not much terrify me; I know that even then my talent for what country-folks call 'a sensible crack,' when once it is sanctified by a hoary head, would procure me so much esteem that even then I would learn to be happy. However, I am under no apprehensions about that; for though indolent, yet so far as an extremely delicate constitution permits, I am not lazy; and in many things, especially in tavern matters, I am a strict economist,—not, indeed, for the sake of the money, but one of the principal parts in my composition is a kind of pride of stomach; and I scorn to fear the face of any man living; above everything, I abhor as hell the idea of sneaking into a corner to avoid a dun—possibly some pitiful, sordid wretch, who in my heart I despise and detest. 'Tis this, and this alone, that endears economy to me. In the matter of books, indeed, I am very profuse. My favourite authors are of the sentimental kind, such as Shenstone, particularly his *Elegies;* Thomson; *Man of Feeling*, a book I prize next to the Bible; *Man of the World;* Sterne, especially his *Sentimental Journey;* Macpherson's *Ossian*, etc.;—these are the glorious models after which I endeavour to form my conduct; and 'tis incongruous, 'tis absurd, to suppose that the man whose mind glows with sentiments lighted up at their sacred flame, the man whose heart distends with benevolence to all the human race,—he 'who can soar above this little scene of things,'—can descend to mind the paltry concerns about which the terræ-filial race fret, and fume, and vex themselves! Oh, how the glorious triumph swells my heart! I forget that I am a poor, insignificant devil, unnoticed and unknown, stalking up and down fairs and markets, when I happen to be in them, reading a page or two of mankind, and 'catching the manners living as they rise,' whilst the men of business jostle me on every side, as an idle encumbrance in their way. But I daresay I have by this time tired your patience; so I shall conclude with begging you to give Mrs. Murdoch—not my compliments, for that is a mere commonplace story, but my warmest, kindest wishes for her welfare; and accept of the same for yourself, from, dear sir, yours, R. B.

[1] The last shift alluded to here must be the condition of an itinerant beggar.—CURRIE.

TO MR. JAMES SMITH, AT MILLER AND SMITH'S OFFICE, LINLITHGOW.

June 30, 1787.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — On our return, at a Highland gentleman's hospitable mansion we fell in with a merry party, and danced till the ladies left us at three in the morning. Our dancing was none of the French or English insipid, formal movements. The ladies sang Scotch songs at intervals like angels; then we flew at 'Bab at the Bowster,' 'Tullochgorum,' 'Locherroch Side,' etc., like midges sporting in the mottie sun, or craws prognosticating a storm in a hairst day. When the dear lasses left us, we ranged round the bowl till the good-fellow hour of six; except a few minutes that we went out to pay our devotions to the glorious lamp of day peering over the towering top of Ben Lomond. We all kneeled. Our worthy landlord's son held the bowl, each man a full glass in his hand, and I, as priest, repeated some rhyming nonsense; like Thomas the Rhymer's prophecies, I suppose.

After a small refreshment of the gifts of Somnus, we proceeded to spend the day on Loch Lomond, and reached Dumbarton in the evening. We dined at another good fellow's house, and consequently pushed the bottle; when we went out to mount our horses, we found ourselves 'no very fou, but gayly yet.' My two friends and I rode soberly down the loch side, till by came a Highlandman at the gallop on a tolerably good horse, but which had never known the ornaments of iron or leather. We scorned to be out-galloped by a Highlandman, so off we started, whip and spur. My companions, though seemingly gaily mounted, fell sadly astern; but my old mare, Jenny Geddes, one of the Rosinante family, strained past the Highlandman, in spite of all his efforts with the hair halter. Just as I was passing him, Donald wheeled his horse, as if to cross before me to mar my progress, when down came his horse, and threw his rider's breekless bottom into a clipt hedge, and down came Jenny Geddes over all, and my bardship between her and the Highlandman's horse. Jenny trode over me with such cautious reverence that matters were not so bad as might well have been expected; so I came off with a few cuts and bruises, and a thorough resolution to be a pattern of sobriety for the future. As for the rest of my acts and my wars, and all my wise sayings, and why my mare was called Jenny Geddes, they shall be recorded in a few weeks hence at Linlithgow, in the chronicles of your memory. R. B.

TO MR. PETER HILL, BOOKSELLER, EDINBURGH.

Ellisland, Feb. 2, 1790.

No! I will not say one word about apologies or excuses for not writing—I am a poor, rascally gauger, condemned to gallop at least 200 miles every week to inspect dirty ponds and yeasty barrels, and where can I find time to write to, or importance to interest anybody? The upbraidings of my conscience, nay, the upbraidings of my wife, have persecuted me on your account these two or three months past. I wish to God I was a great man, that my correspondence might throw light upon you, to let the world see what you really are; and then I would make your fortune, without putting my hand in my pocket for you, which, like all other great men, I suppose I would avoid as much as possible. What are you doing, and how are you doing? Have you lately seen any of my new friends? What has become of the BOROUGH REFORM, or how is the fate of my poor namesake Mademoiselle Burns decided? O man! but for thee and thy selfish appetites, and dishonest artifices, that beauteous form, and that once innocent and still ingenuous mind, might have shone conspicuous and lovely in the faithful wife and the affectionate mother; and shall the unfortunate sacrifice to thy pleasures have no claim on thy humanity![1]

I saw lately in a review some extracts from a new poem, called the *Village Curate;* send it me. I want likewise a cheap copy of *The World.* Mr. Armstrong, the young poet, who does me the honour to mention me so kindly in his works, please give him my best thanks for the copy of his book—I shall write him my first leisure hour. I like his poetry much, but I think his style in prose quite astonishing.

Your book came safe, and I am going to trouble you with further commissions. I call it troubling you—because I want only BOOKS; the cheapest way, the best; so you may have to hunt for them in the evening auctions. I want Smollett's Works, for the sake of his incomparable humour. I have already *Roderick Random,* and *Humphrey Clinker. Peregrine Pickle, Launcelot Greaves,* and *Ferdinand, Count Fathom,* I still want; but as I said, the veriest ordinary copies will serve me. I am nice only in the appearance of my poets. I forget the price of Cowper's Poems, but I believe I must have them. I saw the other day proposals for a publication, entitled, *Banks's New and Complete Christian's Family Bible,* printed for C. Cooke, Paternoster Row, London. He promises, at least, to give in the work, I think it is three hundred and odd engravings, to

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[1] The frail female here alluded to had been the subject of some rather oppressive magisterial proceedings, which took their character from Creech, and roused some public feeling in her behalf.

which he has put the names of the first artists in London. You will know the character of the performance, as some numbers of it are published; and, if it is really what it pretends to be, set me down as a subscriber, and send me the published numbers.

Let me hear from you, your first leisure minute, and trust me you shall in future have no reason to complain of my silence. The dazzling perplexity of novelty will dissipate, and leave me to pursue my course in the quiet path of methodical routine. R. B.

TO MR. GRAHAM OF FINTRAY.

December 1792.

Sir,—I have been surprised, confounded, and distracted by Mr. Mitchel, the collector, telling me that he has received an order from your board to inquire into my political conduct, and blaming me as a person disaffected to government.

Sir, you are a husband—and a father. You know what you would feel, to see the much-loved wife of your bosom, and your helpless, prattling little ones, turned adrift into the world, degraded and disgraced from a situation in which they had been respectable and respected, and left almost without the necessary support of a miserable existence. Alas, sir! must I think that such soon will be my lot! and from the d——d, dark insinuations of hellish, groundless envy, too! I believe, sir, I may aver it, and in the sight of Omniscience, that I would not tell a deliberate falsehood, no, not though even worse horrors, if worse can be, than those I have mentioned, hung over my head; and I say, that the allegation, whatever villain has made it, is a lie! To the British constitution, on Revolution principles, next after my God, I am most devoutly attached. You, sir, have been much and generously my friend. Heaven knows how warmly I have felt the obligation, and how gratefully I have thanked you. Fortune, sir, has made you powerful, and me impotent; has given you patronage, and me dependence. I would not for my single self call on your humanity; were such my insular, unconnected situation, I would despise the tear that now swells in my eye—I could brave misfortune, I could face ruin; for at the worst, 'Death's thousand doors stand open;' but, good God! the tender concerns that I have mentioned, the claims and ties that I see at this moment, and feel around me, how they unnerve courage and wither resolution! To your patronage, as a man of some genius, you have allowed me a claim; and your esteem, as an honest man, I know is my due: to these, sir, permit me to appeal; by these may I adjure you to save me from that misery which threatens to overwhelm me, and which, with my latest breath I will say it, I have not deserved. R. B.

TO G. THOMSON.

Brow, on the Solway Firth,
July 12, 1796.

After all my boasted independence, curst necessity compels me to implore you for five pounds. A cruel wretch of a haberdasher, to whom I owe an account, taking it into his head that I am dying, has commenced a process, and will infallibly put me into jail. Do, for God's sake, send me that sum, and that by return of post. Forgive me this earnestness, but the horrors of a jail have made me half distracted. I do not ask all this gratuitously; for, upon returning health, I hereby promise and engage to furnish you with five pounds' worth of the neatest song-genius you have seen. I tried my hand on 'Rothemurche' this morning. The measure is so difficult that it is impossible to infuse much genius into the lines; they are on the other side. Forgive, forgive me!

G. THOMSON TO BURNS.

July 14, 1796.

My dear Sir,—Ever since I received your melancholy letters by Mrs. Hyslop, I have been ruminating in what manner I could endeavour to alleviate your sufferings. Again and again I thought of a pecuniary offer, but the recollection of one of your letters on this subject, and the fear of offending your independent spirit, checked my resolution. I thank you heartily, therefore, for the frankness of your letter of the 12th, and, with great pleasure, enclose a draft for the very sum I proposed sending. Would I were Chancellor of the Exchequer but for one day, for your sake!

Pray, my good sir, is it not possible for you to muster a volume of poetry? If too much trouble to you, in the present state of your health, some literary friend might be found here, who would select and arrange from your manuscripts, and take upon him the task of editor. In the meantime it could be advertised to be published by subscription. Do not shun this mode of obtaining the value of your labour; remember Pope published the *Iliad* by subscription. Think of this, my dear Burns, and do not reckon me intrusive with my advice. You are too well convinced of the respect and friendship I bear you, to impute anything

I say to an unworthy motive. Yours faithfully, G. T.

The verses to 'Rothemurche' will answer finely. I am happy to see you can still tune your lyre.

[The Clarinda of the Burns correspondence was a Mrs. M'Lehose, who resided in General's Entry, Potterrow, so called from a tradition that General Monk had lodged there. Her maiden name was Agnes Craig; she was the daughter of a highly respectable surgeon in Glasgow, and when only seventeen years of age was married to a Mr. M'Lehose, a law agent. Her husband seems to have been in no way worthy of her, and a separation was the consequence. At the time Burns met her (1787), her husband was in the West Indies. In addition to being beautiful in person and fascinating in manner, she was something of a poetess, and more than ordinarily intelligent; need it be wondered at, then, that she made a powerful impression on the susceptible poet, who was always ready to burst into a glow, even when the lady was not so attractive as Mrs. M'Lehose appears to have been! Burns has been blamed by several of his biographers for his connection with Mrs. M'Lehose in the face of his engagement with Jean Armour; but at the time there can be no doubt that he believed, and was justified in believing, that his engagement with her had come to an end. How slight was the impression made upon the poet by Clarinda, will be seen from the speedy making up of all his differences with Jean Armour and her family, and the rapid disappearance of Clarinda from his thoughts and correspondence. Mrs. M'Lehose acutely felt the poet's forgetfulness of her, but never ceased to hold his memory in affectionate remembrance. In her private journal, written forty years after the date of her last interview with him, she writes:—'6*th Dec.* 1831.—This day I never can forget. Parted with Burns in the year 1791, never more to meet in this world. Oh, may we meet in heaven!' Mr. Chambers says:—'I have heard Clarinda, at seventy-five, express the same hope to meet in another sphere the one heart that she had ever found herself able entirely to sympathize with, but which had been divided from her on earth by such pitiless obstacles.' She died in 1841, in her eighty-second year. There is but one opinion as to the nature of the correspondence. She can be charged with nothing more serious than the imprudence of loving and giving warm expression to her love for the poet while she was still the wife of another. Notwithstanding this, Clarinda appears to better advantage in the correspondence than Sylvander, and there can be no doubt as to the reality and intensity of her love and admiration for him; while his letters and after forgetfulness prove the truth of Gilbert Burns' assertion, that he was 'constantly the victim of some fair enslaver. One generally reigned paramount in his affections; but as Yorick's affections flowed out towards Madame de L—— at the remise door, while the eternal vows of Eliza were upon him, so Robert was frequently encountering other attractions, which formed so many under-plots in the drama of his love.']

MRS. M'LEHOSE TO ROBERT BURNS.

Wednesday Morning.

SYLVANDER,—I fancy you and Vulcan are intimates. He has lent you a key which opens Clarinda's heart at pleasure, shows you what is there, and enables you to adapt yourself to every feeling. I believe I shall give over writing to you. Your letters are too much! My way, alas! is hedged in; but had I, like Sylvander, 'the world before me,' I should bid him, if he had a friend that loved me, tell him to write as he does, and 'that would woo me.' Seriously, you are the first letter-writer I ever knew.

Either to-morrow or Friday I shall be happy to see you. On Saturday I am not sure of being alone, or at home. Say which you'll come. Come to tea if you choose; but eight will be an hour less liable to intrusions. You are a consummate flatterer; really my cheeks glow while I read your flights of fancy. I think you see I like it. If I grow affected or conceited, you alone are to blame. Sylvander, some most interesting parts of yours I cannot enter upon at present. I dare not think on the *parting*—on the interval; but I am sure both are ordered for our good.

'Lasting impressions!' Your key might have shown you better. Say, my lover-poet

and my friend, what day next month the eternity will end. When you use your key, don't rummage too much, lest you find I am half as great a fool in the 'tender' as yourself. Farewell! Sylvander. I may sign, for I am already sealed, your friend,

CLARINDA.

ROBERT BURNS TO CLARINDA.

Sunday Morning.

I have just been before the throne of my God, Clarinda; according to my association of ideas, my sentiments of love and friendship, I next devote myself to you. Yesterday night I was happy—happiness 'that the world cannot give.' I kindle at the recollection; but it is a flame where innocence looks smiling on, and honour stands by a sacred guard. Your heart, your fondest wishes, your dearest thoughts, these are yours to bestow, your person is unapproachable by the laws of your country; and he loves not as I do who would make you miserable.

You are an angel, Clarinda; you are surely no mortal that 'the earth owns.' To kiss your hand, to live on your smile, is to me far more exquisite bliss than the dearest favours that the fairest of the sex, yourself excepted, can bestow.

Sunday Evening.

You are the constant companion of my thoughts. How wretched is the condition of one who is haunted with conscious guilt, and trembling under the idea of dreaded vengeance! and what a placid calm, what a charming, secret enjoyment it gives, to bosom the kind feelings of friendship and the fond throes of love! Out upon the tempest of anger, the acrimonious gall of fretful impatience, the sullen frost of lowering resentment, or the corroding poison of withered envy! They eat up the immortal part of man! If they spent their fury only on the unfortunate objects of them, it would be something in their favour; but these miserable passions, like traitor Iscariot, betray their lord and master.

Thou Almighty Author of peace and goodness and love, do Thou give me the social heart that kindly tastes of every man's cup! Is it a draught of joy?—warm and open my heart to share it with cordial, unenvying rejoicing! Is it the bitter potion of sorrow?—melt my heart with sincerely sympathetic woe! Above all, do Thou give me the manly mind, that resolutely exemplifies in life and manner those sentiments which I would wish to be thought to possess! The friend of my soul—there may I never deviate from the firmest fidelity and most active kindness! Clarinda, the dear object of my fondest love—there may the most sacred, inviolate honour, the most faithful, kindling constancy, ever watch and animate my every thought and imagination!

Did you ever meet with the following lines spoken of religion, your darling topic?—

'*'Tis this*, my friend, that streaks our morning bright!
'Tis this that gilds the horrors of our night:
When wealth forsakes us, and when friends are few,
When friends are faithless, or when foes pursue,
'Tis this that wards the blow, or stills the smart,
Disarms affliction, or repels its dart;
Within the breast bids purest rapture rise,
Bids smiling Conscience spread her cloudless skies.'

I met with these verses very early in life, and was so delighted with them that I have them by me, copied at school.

Good-night and sound rest, my dearest Clarinda! SYLVANDER.

TO THE SAME.

I was on the way, *my Love*, to meet you (I never do things by halves) when I got your card. M—— goes out of town to-morrow morning to see a brother of his who is newly arrived from ——. I am determined that he and I shall call on you together; so, look you, lest I should never see to-morrow, we will call on you to-night; —— and you may put off tea till about seven; at which time, in the Galloway phrase, 'an the beast be to the fore, an the branks bide hale,' expect the humblest of your humble servants, and his dearest friend. We propose staying only half an hour, 'for aught we ken.' I could suffer the lash of misery eleven months in the year, were the twelfth to be composed of hours like yesternight. You are the soul of my enjoyment; all else is of the stuff and stocks of stones.

SYLVANDER.

TO THE SAME.

Thursday Morning.

'Unlavish Wisdom never works in vain.'

I have been tasking my reason, Clarinda, why a woman, who for native genius, poignant wit, strength of mind, generous sincerity of soul, and the sweetest female tenderness, is without a peer, and whose personal charms have few, very, very few parallels among her sex,—why, or how she should fall to the blessed lot of a poor harum-scarum poet, whom Fortune had kept for her particular use, to wreak her temper on whenever she was in ill-humour. One time I conjectured that, as Fortune is the most capricious jade ever known, she may have taken, not a fit of remorse, but a paroxysm of whim, to raise the poor devil out of the mire, where he had so often and so conveniently served her as a stepping-stone, and given him the most glorious boon she ever

had in her gift, merely for the maggot's sake, to see how his fool head and his fool heart will bear it. At other times I was vain enough to think that Nature, who has a great deal to say with Fortune, had given the coquettish goddess some such hint as, 'Here is a paragon of female excellence, whose equal in all my former compositions I never was lucky enough to hit on, and despair of ever doing so again; you have cast her rather in the shades of life; there is a certain poet of my making; among your frolics it would not be amiss to attach him to this masterpiece of my hand, to give her that immortality among mankind which no woman of any age ever more deserved, and which few rhymsters of this age are better able to confer.'

Evening, 9 o'clock.

I am here, absolutely unfit to finish my letter—pretty hearty after a bowl, which has been constantly plied since dinner till this moment. I have been with Mr. Schetki, the musician, and he has set it[1] finely. . . I have no distinct ideas of anything, but that I have drunk your health twice to-night, and that you are all my soul holds dear in this world.

SYLVANDER.

[Mr. Wilberforce has recorded an Easter Sunday passed at Mr. Unwin's vicarage. He says in his journal: 'At Stock with the Unwins—day delightful, out almost all of it—communicated—very happy.' Wilberforce, who was 'devoted to Cowper,' delighted to ramble in his footsteps through the rural scenes round Newport Pagnel. 'It is quite classic ground to me,' he wrote to Lord Muncaster. 'I have once already (but the day was bad, and I mean to do it again) carried some cold meat to a venerable old oak, to which he was much attached.' His friend, Mr. Bowdler, has given a pleasing sketch of him at this time. 'Mr. Wilberforce,' he says, 'enjoys his parsonage, I think, as much as possible: to say that he is happier than usual, is very bold; but certainly he is as happy as I ever beheld any human being. He carried me one day to Weston, and we wandered over many a spot which Cowper's feet had trod, and gazed on those scenes which his pen had immortalized. On another day we visited Stowe, a work to wonder at, for we were still in the land of poetry, and of music too, for Mr. Wilberforce made the shades resound with his voice, singing like a blackbird wherever he went.' With so much poetical sensibility, he would naturally derive a peculiar gratification from the society of Cowper's favourite correspondent. —*Willmott.*]

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE TO HIS SISTER.

A Sabbath in the Country.

Stock, April 16, 1786.

About five o'clock yesterday I put myself into a post-chaise, and in four hours found myself safely lodged with the vicar of Stock. It is more than a month since I slept out of town, and I feel all that Milton attributes to the man who has been

> 'Long in populous city pent,
> Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air.'

I scarce recollect to have spent so pleasant a day as that which is now nearly over. My heart opens involuntarily to Unwin and his wife; I fancy I have been with them every day since we first became acquainted at Nottingham, and expand to them with all the confidence of a twelve years' intimacy. Can my dear sister wonder that I call on her to participate in the pleasure I am tasting? I know how you sympathize in the happiness of those you love, and I could not, therefore, forgive myself if I were to keep my raptures to myself, and not invite you to partake of my enjoyment. The day has been delightful. I was out before six, and made the fields my oratory, the sun shining as bright and as warm as at midsummer. I think my own devotions become more fervent when offered in this way amidst the general chorus, with which all nature seems on such a morning to be swelling the song of praise and thanksgiving; and, except the time that has been spent at church and at dinner . . .[1] and neither in the sanctuary nor at table, I trust, had I a heart unwarmed with gratitude to the Giver of all good things. I have been all day basking in the sun. On any other day I should not have been so happy; a sense that I was neglecting the duties of my situation might have interrupted the course of my enjoyments, and have taken from their *totality;* for in such a situation as mine every moment may be made useful to the happiness of my fellow-creatures. But the Sabbath is a season of rest, in which we may be allowed to unbend the mind, and give a complete loose to those emotions of gratitude and admiration which a contemplation of the works, and a consideration of the good-

[1] 'Clarinda, mistress of my soul.'

[1] Something appears to have been omitted here in the transcript of the original MS.

ness of God, cannot fail to excite in a mind of the smallest sensibility. And surely this Sabbath, of all others, is that which calls forth these feelings in a supreme degree; a frame of united love and triumph well becomes it, and holy confidence and unrestrained affection. May every Sabbath be to me, and to those I love, a renewal of those feelings, of which the small tastes we have in this life should make us look forward to that eternal rest, which awaits the people of God, when the whole will be a never-ending enjoyment of those feelings of love, and joy, and admiration, and gratitude, which are, even in the limited degree we here experience them, the truest sources of comfort; when these (I say) will dictate perpetual songs of thanksgiving without fear, and without satiety. My eyes are bad, but I could not resist the impulse I felt to call on you and tell you how happy I have been.

[The history of this unfortunate and misguided nobleman has caused many tears to flow upon the annals of Ireland. While his public career must ever lie open to censure, his private character shines with unsullied beauty. He was an affectionate son, a tender father, and a stedfast friend. In the duties of social life, the charm of his temper developed itself. His letters have not been praised by his biographer more than they deserve. The verses, quoted by Moore from Beaumont and Fletcher, are happily descriptive of their pleasant and unaffected simplicity:

'There's no art in 'em,
They lie disordered on the paper, just
As hearty nature speaks 'em.'

The following account of a halting in an American wilderness is one of the most interesting in the collection. 'The quiet and affecting picture,' remarks Mr. Moore, 'of an evening in the woods, detailed with such natural eloquence, affords one of those instances in which a writer may be said to be a poet without knowing it.'—*Willmott.*]

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD TO HIS MOTHER.

A Night Scene in an American Forest.

St. John's, New Brunswick,
July 8, 1788.

My dearest Mother,—Here I am, after a very long and fatiguing journey. I had no idea of what it was: it was more like a campaign than anything else, except in one material point, that of having no danger. I should have enjoyed it most completely but for the mosquitoes, but they took off a great deal of my pleasure; the millions of them are dreadful; if it had not been for this inconvenience, my journey would have been delightful. The country is almost all in a state of nature, as well as its inhabitants. There are four sorts of these,—the Indians, the French, the old English settlers, and now the refugees from the other parts of America: the last seem the most civilised. The old settlers are almost as wild as Indians, but lead a very comfortable life: they are all farmers, and live entirely within themselves. They supply all their own wants by their contrivances, so that they seldom buy anything. They ought to be the happiest people in the world, but they do not seem to know it. They imagine themselves poor because they have no money, without considering they do not want it; everything is done by barter, and you will often find a farmer well supplied with everything, and yet not having a shilling in money. Any man that will work is sure, in a few years, to have a comfortable farm: the first eighteen months is the only hard time, and that in most places is avoided, particularly near the rivers, for in every one of them a man will catch in a day enough to feed him for the year. In the winter, with very little trouble, he supplies himself with meat by killing moose-deer; and in summer with pigeons, of which the woods are full. These he must subsist on till he has cleared ground enough to raise a little grain, which a hard-working man will do in the course of a few months. By selling his moose-skins, by making sugar out of the maple tree, and by a few days' work for other people, for which he gets great wages, he soon acquires enough to purchase a cow. This, then, sets him up, and he is sure, in a few years, to have a comfortable supply of every necessary of life. I came through a whole tract of country peopled by Irish, who came out not worth a shilling, and have all now farms, worth (according to the value of money in this country) from £1000 to £3000. The equality of everybody, and their manner of life, I like very much. There are no gentlemen; everybody is on a footing, provided he works, and wants nothing; every man is exactly what he makes himself, or has made himself, by industry. The more children a man has the better; the father has no uneasiness about providing for them, as this is done by the profit of their work. By the time they are fit to settle, he can always afford them two oxen, a cow, a gun, and an axe, and, in a few years, if they work, they will thrive. I came by a settlement along one of the rivers, which was all the work of one pair; the old man was seventy-two, the old lady seventy: they had been there thirty years; they came there with one cow, three children, and one servant; there

was not a being within sixty miles of them. The first year they lived mostly on milk and marsh leaves; the second year they contrived to purchase a bull, by the produce of their moose skins and fish: from this time they got on very well; and there are now five sons and a daughter, all settled in different farms along the river for the space of twenty miles, and all living comfortably and at ease. The old pair live alone in the little old cabin they first settled in, two miles from any of their children; their little spot of ground is cultivated by these children, and they are supplied with so much butter, grain, meal, etc., from each child, according to the share he got of the land, so that the old folks have nothing to do but to mind their house, which is a kind of inn they keep, more for the sake of the company of the few travellers there are than for gain. I was obliged to stay a day with the old people on account of the tides, which did not answer for going up the river till next morning: it was, I think, as odd and as pleasant a day (in its way) as ever I passed. I wish I could describe it to you, but I cannot; you must only help it out with your own imagination. Conceive, dearest mother, arriving about twelve o'clock in a hot day at a little cabin upon the side of a rapid river, the banks all covered with wood—not a house in sight, and there finding a little clean, tidy woman, spinning, with an old man, of the same appearance, weeding salad. We had come for ten miles up the river without seeing anything but woods. The old pair, on our arrival, got as active as if only five-and-twenty, the gentleman getting wood and water, the lady frying eggs and bacon, both talking a great deal, telling their story, as I mentioned before, how they had been there thirty years, and how their children were settled, and, when either's back was turned, remarking how old the other had grown; at the same time all kindness, all cheerfulness, and love to each other. The contrast of all this, which had passed during the day, with the quietness of the evening, when the spirits of the old people had a little subsided, and began to wear off with the day, and with the fatigue of their little work, sitting quietly at their door, on the same spot they had lived in thirty years together; the contented thoughtfulness of their countenances, which was increased by their age and the solitary life they had led, the wild quietness of the place, not a living creature or habitation to be seen, and me, Tony, and our guide, sitting with them all on one log; the difference of the scene I had left,—the immense way I had to get from this corner of the world to see anything I loved,—the difference of the life I should lead from that of this old pair, perhaps, at their age, discontented, disappointed, and miserable, wishing for power, etc.,—my dearest mother, if it was not for you, I believe I never should go home, at least I thought so at that moment. However, here I am with my regiment, up at six in the morning doing all sorts of right things, and liking it very much, determined to go home next spring, and live with you a great deal. Employment keeps up my spirits, and I shall have more every day. I own I often think how happy I should be with G—— in some of the spots I see; and envied every young farmer I met, whom I saw sitting down with a young wife whom he was going to work to maintain. I believe these thoughts made my journey pleasanter than it otherwise would have been; but I don't give way to them here. Dearest mother, I sometimes hope it will end well; but shall not think any more of it till I hear from England. Tell Ogilvie I am obliged sometimes to say to myself, *Tu l'as voulu*, George Dandin, when I find things disagreeable, but, on the whole, I do not repent coming; he won't believe me, I know. He will be in a fine passion when he finds I should have been lieutenant-colonel for the regulated price, if I had stayed in the Sixtieth; however, as fate seems to destine me for a major, I am determined to remain and not purchase. Give my love to him; I wish I could give him some of the wood here for Kilrush.

[Dr. Gregory obtained from Sir James Mackintosh a few particulars of his early intimacy with Robert Hall. They were both members of King's College, Aberdeen, Sir James being in his 18th year, and Hall about a year older. Their friendship soon grew close and affectionate. They read together, sat together at lectures, when they were able, and walked together. Mackintosh explained his attachment to Hall by saying 'that he could not help it.' Their praise of each other was constant and generous; Mackintosh admired the splendour of Hall's eloquence, and Hall discovered in the mind of Mackintosh a relationship to the intellect of Bacon. The occasion of the following letter was the most afflicting calamity to which humanity is subject. When Mr. Hall resumed his ministerial duties at Cambridge, he resided at Foulmire, a situation where he was totally deprived of society and relaxation. Solitude, sleeplessness, and pain combined to renew the malady which had already interrupted his labours. Complete abstraction from study, and the skilful attention of Dr. Coxe, near Bristol, gradually restored him to health

and activity. Writing to a friend, Feb. 1, 1806, he thus alludes to his recovery:—'With the deepest submission I wish to bow to the mandate of that awful, yet, I trust, paternal Power, which, when it pleases, confounds all human hopes, and lays us prostrate in the dust. It is for Him to dispose of His creatures as He pleases: and, if they be willing and obedient, to work out their happiness, though by methods the most painful and afflictive—it is with the sincerest gratitude that I would acknowledge the goodness of God in restoring me. I am, as far as I can judge, as remote from anything wild and irregular in the state of my mind as I ever was in my life; though I think, owing probably to the former increased excitation, I feel some abatement of vigour. My mind seems inert.'—*Willmott.*]

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH TO ROBERT HALL.

Bombay, Sept. 21, 1805.

My dear Hall,—I believe that in the hurry of leaving London, I did not answer the letter that you wrote to me in December 1803. I did not, however, forget your interesting young friend, from whom I have had one letter from Constantinople, and to whom I have twice written at Cairo, where he is. No request of yours could be lightly esteemed by me. It happened to me a few days ago, in drawing up (merely for my own use) a short sketch of my life, that I had occasion to give a statement of my recollection of the circumstances of my first acquaintance with you. On the most impartial survey of my early life, I could see nothing which tended so much to excite and invigorate my understanding, and to direct it towards high, though, perhaps, scarcely accessible objects, as my intimacy with you. Five and twenty years are now past since we first met; yet hardly anything has occurred since which has left a deeper or more agreeable impression on my mind. I now remember the extraordinary union of brilliant fancy with acute intellect, which would have excited more admiration than it has done if it had been dedicated to the amusement of the great and the learned, instead of being consecrated to the far more noble office of consoling, instructing, and reforming the poor and forgotten. It was then too early for me to discover that extreme purity which, in a mind preoccupied with the low realities of life, would have been no natural companion of so much activity and ardour, but which thoroughly detached you from the world, and made you the inhabitant of regions where alone it is possible to be always active without impurity, and where the ardour of your sensibility had unbounded scope amidst the inexhaustible combination of beauty and excellence.

It is not given us to preserve an exact medium. Nothing is so difficult as to decide how much ideal models ought to be combined with experience; how much of the future should be let into the present in the progress of the human mind. To ennoble and purify, without raising us above the sphere of our usefulness, to qualify us for what we ought to seek, without unfitting us for that to which we must submit—are great and difficult problems, which can be but imperfectly solved. It is certain the child may be too manly, not only for his present engagements, but for his future prospects. Perhaps, my good friend, you have fallen into this error of superior natures. From this error has, I think, arisen that calamity, with which it has pleased Providence to visit you, which, to a mind less fortified by reason and religion, I should not dare to mention; and which I consider in you little more than the indignant struggles of a pure mind with the low realities which surround it—the fervent aspirations after regions more congenial to it—and a momentary blindness, produced by the fixed contemplation of objects too bright for human vision. I may say in this case, in a far grander sense than that in which the words were originally spoken by our great poet:

'And yet
The light that led astray was light from heaven.'

On your return to us you must surely have found consolation in the only terrestrial product which is pure and truly exquisite, in the affections and attachments you have inspired, which you were most worthy to inspire, and which no human pollution can rob of their heavenly nature. If I were to prosecute the reflections, and indulge the feelings which at this moment fill my mind, I should soon venture to doubt whether for a calamity derived from such a source, and attended with such consolations, I should so far yield to the views and opinions of men as to seek to condole with you. But I check myself, and exhort you, my most worthy friend, to check your best propensities, for the sake of obtaining their object. You cannot live *for* men without living *with* them. Serve God, then, by the active service of men. Contemplate more the good you can do than the evil you can only lament. Allow yourself to see the loveliness of nature amidst all its imperfections, and employ your moral imagination, not so much by bringing it into contrast with the model of ideal perfection, as in gently blending some of the fainter colours with the brighter hues of real experience and excellence; thus brightening their beauty, instead of broadening the shade, which must surround us till

we waken from this dream in other spheres of existence.

My habits of life have not been favourable to this train of meditation. I have been too busy, or too trifling. My nature would have been better consulted if I had been placed in a *quieter* situation, where speculation might have been my business, and visions of the fair and good my chief recreation. When I approach you, I feel a powerful attraction towards this, which seems the natural destiny of my mind; but habit opposes obstacles, and duty calls me off, and reason frowns on him who wastes that reflection on a destiny independent of him, which he ought to reserve for actions of which he is the master. In another letter I may write to you on miscellaneous subjects; at present I cannot bring my mind to speak of them. Let me hear from you soon and often. Farewell, my dear friend,

Yours ever most faithfully,

JAMES MACKINTOSH.

[John Philpot Curran was of humble origin, born near Cork in 1750, and educated at Trinity College, Dublin. He went to London, and studied law in the Temple. At first he met with great difficulties in his career, but his talent for defence and debate soon caused him to be distinguished. He was a member of the Irish House of Commons in 1784, and on the Whigs coming into office in 1806, he was made Master of the Rolls in Ireland. He held this office till 1814, when he received a pension of £3000, after which time he for the most part resided in London. He died in 1817. The following is not the only record that Mr. Curran has left of his admiration of Scotland. His defence of Mr. Hamilton Rowan contains a short but glowing eulogium upon the genius of that country, for whose splendid services in the cause of the human mind no praises can be too great. After speaking of the excessive terror of French principles by which juries were governed in their verdicts, he proceeded: 'There is a sort of aspiring and adventurous credulity, which disdains assenting to obvious truths, and delights in catching at the improbability of circumstances as its best ground of faith. To what other circumstance can you ascribe that, in the wise, the reflecting, and the philosophic nation of Great Britain, a printer has been gravely found guilty of a libel for publishing those resolutions to which the present Minister of that kingdom had actually subscribed his name? To what other cause can you ascribe what, in my mind, is still more astonishing;—in such a country as Scotland—a nation cast in the happy medium between the spiritless acquiescence of submissive poverty and the sturdy credulity of pampered wealth—cool and ardent — adventurous and persevering — winging her eagle flight against the blaze of every science, with an eye that never winks, and a wing that never tires—crowned as she is with the spoils of every art, and decked with the wreath of every muse, from the deep and scrutinizing researches of her Hume, to the sweet and simple, but not less sublime and pathetic, morality of her Burns—how from the bosom of a country like that, genius, and character, and talents should be banished to a distant, barbarous soil, condemned to pine under the horrid communion of vulgar vice and base-born profligacy, for twice the period that ordinary calculation gives to the continuance of human life?'[1]]

LETTER WRITTEN BY J. P. CURRAN ON HIS ARRIVAL IN SCOTLAND.

The day is too bad for shooting, so I write. We arrived in miserable weather at Donaghadee; thence we set sail for the Port,[2] where, after a prosperous voyage of ten hours, we arrived. The English gentlemen had got before us to the inn, and engaged four horses, all there were; two might have drawn them one very short stage, and they saw us prepare to set out in a cart, which we did, and I trust with a cargo of more good manners and good humour aboard us, than the two churls could boast in their chaise and four.

I was greatly delighted with this country; you see no trace here of the devil working against the wisdom and beneficence of God, and torturing and degrading His creatures. It seems the romancing of travelling; but I am satisfied of the fact, that the poorest man here has his children taught to read and write, and

[1] In this latter outspoken sentiment Curran alludes to the sentence of Muir, Palmer, etc., who had been transported for sedition.

[2] Port-Patrick, then the usual landing-place in Scotland. The harbour and lighthouse are now disused, and the line of communication between Scotland and Ireland in this district transferred to Stranraer, a few miles distant.

that in every house is found a Bible, and in almost every house a clock; and the fruits of this are manifest in the intelligence and manners of all ranks. The natural effect of literary information, in all its stages, is to give benevolence and modesty. Let the intellectual taper burn ever so brightly, the horizon which it lights is sure, but scanty; and if it soothes our vanity a little, as being the circle of our light, it must check it also, as being the boundary of the interminable region of darkness that lies beyond it. I never knew any person of any real taste and feeling, in whom knowledge and humility were not in exact proportion. In Scotland, what a work have the four-and-twenty letters to show for themselves!—the natural enemies of vice, and folly, and slavery; the great sowers, but the still greater weeders, of the human soil. Nowhere can you see the cringing hypocrisy of dissembled detestation, so inseparable from oppression; and as little do you meet the hard, and dull, and right-lined angles of the southern visage; you find the notion exact and the phrase direct, with the natural tone of the Scottish muse.

The first night, at Ballantrae, the landlord attended us at supper; he would do so, though we begged him not. We talked to him of the cultivation of potatoes. I said, I wondered at his taking them in place of his native food, oatmeal, so much more substantial. His answer struck me as very characteristic of the genius of Scotland—frugal, tender, and picturesque. 'Sir,' said he, 'we are not so much i' the wrong as you think; the tilth is easy, they are swift i' the cooking, they take little fuel; and then it is pleasant to see the gudewife wi' a' her bairns aboot the pot, and each wi' a potato in its hand.'

We got on to Ayr. It was fortunate; it was the last day of the rain, and the first of the races; the town was unusually full, and we stood at the inn door—no room for us. 'My dear captain,'[1] said I, 'I suppose we must lie in the streets.' 'No, that you shall not,' says a good-looking man—it was Campbell of Fairfield—'my wife and I knew you were coming, and we have a warm bed ready for you; she is your countrywoman, and I am no stranger to you; I had a trial in Dublin eight years ago, and you were in the cause.' 'Oh! yes, sir, I remember; we beat the enemy.' 'Oh! yes, sir,' says Campbell of Fairfield, '*I* beat the enemy, though you were at his head.' I felt my appetite keen. I was charmed with the comical forgiveness of his hospitality. I assured him I heartily forgave him for threshing my rascal client; and a few moments brought me to the kind greeting of my very worthy countrywoman. They went a little aside, and I overheard their whispers about dinner. Trouble, you may suppose, I did not wish to give; but the feeling of the possible delay by an additional dish was my panic. 'My dear madam, I hope you won't make me feel that I am not one of your family by adding anything.' 'No, that I won't,' says she; 'and if you doubt my word, I'll give you the security of seven gentlemen against any extravagance.' So saying, she pointed to a group of seven miniatures of young men that hung over the fireplace. 'Six of those poor fellows are all over the earth; the seventh, and these two little girls, are with us; you will think that good bail against the wickedness of extravagance. Poor fellows!' she repeated. 'Nay, madam, don't say "poor fellows;" at the moment when you feel that hospitality prevents the stranger from being a poor fellow, you don't think this the only house in the world where the wanderer gets a dinner and a bed; who knows, my dear countrywoman, but Providence is at this moment paying to some of your poor fellows far away from you, for what your kind heart thinks it is giving for nothing.' 'Oh! yes,' cried she: 'God bless you for the thought.' 'Amen, my dear madam,' answered I; 'and I feel that He has done it.'

We were much pleased with the races; not, you may suppose, at a few foolish horses forced to run after each other, but to see so much order and cheerfulness; not a single dirty person, nor a ragged coat. I was introduced to many of their gentry, Lord Eglinton, Lord Cassilis, Lord Archibald Hamilton, etc., and pressed very kindly to spend some time with them.

Poor Burns!—his cabin could not be passed unvisited or unwept: to its two little thatched rooms—kitchen and sleeping-place—a slated sort of parlour is added, and 'tis now an alehouse. We found the keeper of it tipsy; he pointed to the corner on one side of the fire, and, with a most *mal-à-propos* laugh, observed, 'There is the very spot where Robert Burns was born.' The genius and the fate of the man were already heavy on my heart; but the drunken laugh of the landlord gave me such a view of the rock on which he foundered, I could not stand it, but burst into tears.

On Thursday we dine with Lord Eglinton, and thence I hope to pursue our little tour to Loch Lomond, Glasgow, Edinburgh, etc. These places are at this time of the year much deserted; however, we sha'n't feel it quite a solitude; and at all events, public buildings, etc. do not go to watering-places, so that still something will be visible. In this region the winter is always mild; but the rain is almost perpetual, and still worse as you advance to the north. An Englishman said to a Highlander, 'Bless me, sir, does it rain for ever?' The other answered, 'Oh! nay, sir, it snaws whiles.'

See what a chronicle I have written, etc. etc.

J. P. C.

[1] Joseph Atkinson, of Dublin.

[Letter from Sir John Dalrymple, Bart., author of the *Memoirs of Great Britain*, etc., to Admiral Dalrymple. He was for many years a Baron of Exchequer in Scotland, and died in 1810, in his 84th year.]

SIR JOHN DALRYMPLE TO ADMIRAL DALRYMPLE.

Cranston, Jan. 1, 1772.

My dear Sir,—Your shirts are safe. I have made many attempts upon them; but Bess, who has in honesty what she wants in temper, keeps them in safety for you.

You ask me what I have been doing. To the best of my memory, what has passed since I came home is as follows:—

Finding the roof bad, I sent slaters, at the peril of their necks, to repair it. They mended three holes, and made thirty themselves.

I pulled down as many walls round the house as would have fortified a town. This was in summer; but now that winter is come, I would give all the money to put them up again that it cost me to take them down.

I thought it would give a magnificent air to the hall to throw a passage into it. After it was done, I went out of town to see how it looked. It was night when I went into it; the wind blew out the candle from the over-size of the room; upon which, I ordered the partition to be built up again, that I might not die of cold in the midst of summer.

I ordered the old timber to be thinned; to which, perhaps, the love of lucre a little contributed. The workmen, for every tree they cut, destroyed three by letting them fall on each other. I received a momentary satisfaction from hearing that the carpenter I employed had cut off his thumb in felling a tree. But this pleasure was soon allayed, when, upon examining his measure, I found that he had measured false, and cheated me of twenty per cent.

Instead of saddle horses I bought mares, and had them sent to an Arabian. When I went, some months after, to mount them, the groom told me I should kill the foals; and now I walk on foot, with the stable full of horses, unless when, with much humility, I asked to be admitted into the chaise, which is generally refused me.

Remembering, with a pleasing complacency, the Watcombe pigs, I paid thirty shillings for a sow with pig. My wife starved them. They ran over to a madman, called Lord Adam Gordon, who distrained them for damage; and the mother, with ten helpless infants, died of bad usage.

Loving butter much, and cream more, I bought two Dutch cows, and had plenty of both. I made my wife a present of two more; she learned the way to market for their produce, and I have never got a bowl of cream since.

I made a fine hay-stack, but quarrelled with my wife as to the manner of drying the hay and building the stack. The hay-stack took fire; by which I had the double mortification of losing my hay, and finding my wife had more sense than myself.

I kept no plough; for which I thank my Maker, because then I must have wrote this letter from a gaol.

I paid twenty pounds for a dung-hill, because I was told it was a good thing; and now I would give anybody twenty shillings to tell me what to do with it.

I built and stocked a pigeon-house; but the cats watched below, the hawks hovered above; and pigeon-soup, roasted pigeon, or cold pigeon pie have I never seen since.

I fell to drain a piece of low ground behind the house; but hit upon the tail of the rock, and drained the well of the house; by which I can get no water for my victuals.

I entered into a great project for selling lime, upon a promise from one of my own farmers to give me land off his farm. But when I went to take off the ground, he laughed, said he had choused the lawyer, and exposed me to a dozen law-suits for breach of bargains, which I could not perform.

I fattened black cattle and sheep, but could not agree with the butchers about the price. From mere economy, we ate them ourselves, and almost killed all the family with surfeits.

I bought two score of six-year-old wethers for my own table; but a butcher, who rented one of the fields, put my mark upon his own carrion sheep; by which I have been living upon carrion all the summer.

I brewed much beer; but the small turned sour, and the servants drank all the strong.

I found a ghost in the house, whose name was M'Alister, a pedlar, that had been killed in one of the rooms at the top of the house two centuries ago. No servant would go on an errand after the sun was set for fear of M'Alister, which obliged me to set off one set of my servants. Soon after the housekeeper, your old friend Mrs. Brown, died, aged ninety; and then the belief ran, that another ghost was in the house, upon which many of the new set of servants begged leave to quit the house, and got it.

In one thing only I have succeeded. I have quarrelled with all my neighbours; so that, with a dozen gentlemen's seats in my view, I stalk alone like a lion in a desert.

I thought I should have been happy with my tenants, because I could be insolent to them without their being insolent to me. But they paid me no rent; and in a few days I shall have above one-half of the very few friends I have in the country in a prison.

Such being the pleasures of a country life, I intend to quit them all in about a month, to submit to the mortification of spending the spring in London, where, I am happy to hear, we are to meet. But I am infinitely happier to hear that Mrs. Dalrymple is doing so well. May God preserve her long to you! for she is a fine creature.

Just when I was going to you last spring, I received a letter from Bess that she was dying. I put off my journey to Watcombe, and almost killed myself with posting to Scotland, where I found madam in perfect good health. Yours always, my dear Jack,

JOHN DALRYMPLE.

Sir H. Dalrymple was member of Parliament for Haddington, and Sir Laurence Dundas an ancestor of the present Earl of Zetland.]

LETTER FROM SIR HEW DALRYMPLE TO SIR LAURENCE DUNDAS.

Church Patronage.

Dalzell, May 24, 1775.

DEAR SIR,—Having spent a long life in pursuit of pleasure and health, I am now retired from the world in poverty, and with the gout; so, joining with Solomon, that 'all is vanity and vexation of spirit,' I go to church and say my prayers.

I assure you that most of us religious people reap some little satisfaction in hoping that you wealthy voluptuaries have a fair chance of being damned to all eternity; and that Dives shall call out for a drop of water to Lazarus, one drop of which he seldom tasted when he had the twelve apostles (*twelve hogsheads of claret*) in his cellar.

Now, sir, that doctrine being laid down, I wish to give you, my friend, a loop-hole to creep through. Going to church last Sunday as usual, I saw an unknown face in the pulpit, and rising up to prayers, as others do upon like occasions, I began to look around the church to find out if there were any pretty girls there, when my attention was attracted by the foreign accent of the parson. I gave him my attention, and had my devotion awakened by the most pathetic prayer I ever heard. This made me all attention to the sermon; a finer discourse never came from the lips of a man. I returned in the afternoon, and heard the same preacher exceed his morning work by the finest chain of reasoning, conveyed by the most eloquent expressions. I immediately thought of what Agrippa said to Paul, 'Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.' I sent to ask the man of God to honour my roof and dine with me. I asked him of his country, and what not; I even asked him if his sermons were his own composition, which he affirmed they were. I assured him I believed it, for never man had spoke or wrote so well. 'My name is Dishington,' said he. 'I am an assistant to an old minister in the Orkneys, who enjoys a fruitful benefice of £50 a year, out of which I am allowed £20 for preaching and instructing 1200 people, who live in two separate islands; out of which I pay £1, 5s. to the boatman who transports me from the one to the other. I should be happy could I continue in that terrestrial paradise; but we have a great lord, who has many little people soliciting him for many little things that he can do, and that he cannot do; and if my minister dies, his succession is too great a prize not to raise up many powerful rivals to baulk my hopes of preferment.'

I asked him if he possessed any other wealth. 'Yes,' says he, 'I married the prettiest girl in the island; she has blessed me with three children, and as we are both young, we may expect more. Besides, I am so beloved in the island, that I have all my peats brought home carriage free.'

This is my story,—now to the prayer of my petition. I never before envied you the possession of the Orkneys, which I now do, only to provide for this eloquent, innocent apostle. The sun has refused your barren isles his kindly influence; do not deprive them of so pleasant a preacher; let not so great a treasure be for ever lost to that —— inhospitable country; for I assure you, were the Archbishop of Canterbury to hear him, or hear of him, he would not do less than make him an archdeacon. The man has but one weakness, that of preferring the Orkneys to all the earth.

This way, and no other, you have a chance for salvation. Do this man good, and he will pray for you. This will be a better purchase than your Irish estate, or the Orkneys. I think it will help me forward too, since I am the man who told you of the man so worthy and deserving, so pious, so eloquent, and whose prayers may do so much good. Till I hear from you on this head, yours in all meekness, love, and benevolence, H. D.

[In a most characteristic postscript, Dalrymple remarks what an 'unspeakable pleasure' it would be to look down from the upper world upon Rigby and Masterton, and all the Campbells and Nabobs who have their portion in the lower world; which happy result would attend his efforts in settling this man after the present incumbent.]

[The following is inserted merely to show what effect the singular letter of Sir Hew Dalrymple produced.]

LETTER FROM MR. DISHINGTON TO SIR JOHN SINCLAIR.

Edinburgh, August 2, 1791.

SIR,—Though it may seem ridiculous for one to talk of his own private concerns, I hope I may, without incurring the censure of egotism or vanity, be allowed to lay before you the following narrative, which may serve as an explanation of Sir Hew Dalrymple's letter. In the year 1776, being an assistant to a minister in the Orkneys, who was then in a very ill state of health, I went to Edinburgh, to try, if possible, to secure the survivancy, and to be appointed his successor. In this attempt being disappointed, I went to pay a visit to Mr. Thomas Hepburn, minister at Athelstaneford, with whom I had contracted an intimacy in my early years, and from whom I had often experienced every mark of the most sincere friendship. Indeed, it is but justice to his memory to observe, that he was the friend and patron of young men who had none to recommend them or to introduce them into the world. One Saturday evening, when I happened to be with him at Athelstaneford, he received a letter from one of his brethren, informing him, that being on his way to pay Mr. Hepburn a visit, and preach for him next day, he had unfortunately fallen from his horse, and received a slight hurt in his shoulder. At the same time he desired him, if any preachers were in the neighbourhood, to send one to officiate for him; upon which I was despatched away on Sunday morning, and had the good fortune to be taken notice of by my worthy and honourable friend Sir Hew Dalrymple, whose letter to Sir Laurence Dundas procured me my present living.

Before my presentation came to hand, I received a letter from Mr. Hepburn, dated October 8, 1776; a paragraph or two of which, as far as it respects the present subject, I here send you. 'Dear Andrew, the last time I saw Sir Hew, he told me he had spoke to Sir Laurence Dundas, who told him, "Sir Hew, your man shall get the first vacancy; and to show you that I am fixed in this matter, I will tell you that the Princess Amelia desired the favour of me to give my first kirk to a young man of her recommendation; I told her I was sorry I was pre-engaged. She asked to whom? when I replied to you, and she said it was well, for that it was for your man she was applying." This in the days of the renowned *Don Quixote*, or even in those of modern chivalry, might pass for enchantment; and I tell it you, that your soul may rest at ease. Meanwhile I charge you and Messrs. Lindsay and Laing, instantly to notify the first vacancy to me, that I may inform Sir Hew Dalrymple, who is going to winter at London. Whether I write you frequently or not, you may believe that no man has your happiness more at heart,' etc.

After the presentation came to hand, I was in danger of losing all, by the *jure devoluto*: the six months since the decease of my predecessor being near elapsed, at the end of which the right of presentation would have gone from the patron to the presbytery. It was now the depth of winter, and at that season of the year there is usually no communication between Orkney and Shetland; when I had therefore given up all for lost, a vessel came into Papa Sound, in Orkney, very near the manse where I resided; and on making inquiry, I was told it was the packet from Leith on her way for Shetland. There again was another surprising and uncommon circumstance, for it is very remarkable that this same packet was never known to put into the Orkneys either before or since that period. Not to trouble you any longer with a detail of uninteresting circumstances, I hasten to conclude with one general remark. Such a combination of fortuitous incidents, or what you please to call them, served to impress on my mind the truth of Cicero's observations more forcibly, and with a more powerful effect, than a whole body of divinity, or 50,000 sermons, preached by the most celebrated doctors of the church. '*Nec vero universo generi humano solum, sed etiam* SINGULIS, *Deus consuli et provideri solet.*'[1]—I am, etc. A. D.

THE HONOURABLE ANDREW ERSKINE TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

New Tarbat, Nov. 23, 1761.

DEAR BOSWELL,—As we never heard that Demosthenes could broil beef-steaks, or Cicero poach eggs, we may safely conclude that these gentlemen understood nothing of cookery. In like manner it may be concluded that you, James Boswell, and I, Andrew Erskine, cannot write serious epistles. This, as Mr. Tristram says, I deny; for this letter of mine shall contain the quintessence of solidity; it shall be a piece of boiled beef and cabbage, a roasted goose, and a boiled leg of pork and greens; in one word, it shall contain advice, sage and mature advice. O James Boswell! take care and don't break your neck, pray don't fracture your skull, and be very cautious in your manner of tumbling down precipices; beware of falling into coal-pits, and don't drown your-

1 'Providence seems to watch over the happiness, not only of the human race in general, but even of individuals.'

self in every pool you meet with. Having thus warned you of the most material dangers which your youth and inexperience will be ready to lead you into, I now proceed to others, less momentary indeed, but very necessary to be strictly observed. Go not near the Soaping Club; never mention Drury Lane Playhouse; be attentive to those pinchbeck buckles which fortune has so graciously given you, of which I am afraid you're hardly fond enough; never wash your face; but above all, forswear poetry; from experience I can assure you, and this letter may serve as a proof, that a man may be as dull in prose as in verse; and as dulness is what we aim at, prose is the easiest of the two. Oh, my friend! profit by these my instructions; think that you see me studying for your advantage, my reverend locks overshadowing my paper, my hands trembling, and my tongue hanging out, a figure of esteem, affection, and veneration. By heavens, Boswell! I love you more —— But this, I think, may be more conveniently expressed in rhyme:

More than a herd of swine a kennel muddy,
More than a brilliant belle polemic study,
More than fat Falstaff lov'd a cup of sack,
More than a guilty criminal the rack,
More than attorneys love by cheats to thrive,
And more than witches to be burnt alive.

I begin to be afraid that we shall not see you here this winter, which will be a great loss to you. If ever you travel into foreign parts, as Machiavel used to say, everybody abroad will require a description of New Tarbat[1] from you. That you may not appear totally ridiculous and absurd, I shall send you some little account of it. Imagine, then, to yourself what Thomson would call an interminable plain, interspersed in a lovely manner with beautiful green hills. The seasons here are only shifted by summer and spring. Winter, with his fur cap and his cat-skin gloves, was never seen in this charming retreat. The castle is of Gothic structure, awful and lofty; there are fifty bedchambers in it, with halls, saloons, and galleries without number. Mr. M——'s father, who was a man of infinite humour, caused a magnificent lake to be made just before the entry of the house. His diversion was to peep out of his window, and see the people who came to visit him skipping through it—for there was no other passage—then he used to put on such huge fires to dry their clothes, that there was no bearing them. He used to declare, that he never thought a man good company till he was half drowned and half burnt; but if in any part of his life he had narrowly escaped hanging (a thing not uncommon in the Highlands), he would perfectly doat upon him; and whenever the story was told him, he was ready to choke himself. But to return. Everything here is in the grand and sublime style. But, alas! some envious magician, with his —— enchantments, has destroyed all these beauties. By his potent art, the house, with so many bed-chambers in it, cannot conveniently lodge above a dozen people. The room which I am writing in just now is in reality a handsome parlour of twenty feet by sixteen; though in my eyes, and to all outward appearance, it seems a garret of six feet by four. The magnificent lake is a dirty puddle; the lovely plain a rude, wild country, covered with the most astonishing high black mountains; the inhabitants, the most amiable race under the sun, appear now to be the ugliest, and look as if they were overrun with the itch. Their delicate limbs, adorned with the finest silk stockings, are now bare, and very dirty; but to describe all the transformations would take up more paper than Lady B——, from whom I had this, would choose to give me. My own metamorphosis is indeed so extraordinary that I must make you acquainted with it. You know I am really very thick and short, prodigiously talkative, and wonderfully impudent. Now I am thin and tall, strangely silent, and very bashful. If these things continue, who is safe? Even you, Boswell, may feel a change. Your fair and transparent complexion may turn black and oily; your person little and squat; and who knows but you may eternally rave about the King of Great Britain's guards—a species of madness from which, good Lord, deliver us!

I have often wondered, Boswell, that a man of your taste in music cannot play upon the Jew's harp; there are some of us here that touch it very melodiously, I can tell you. Corelli's solo of *Maggie Lauder*, and Pergolesi's sonata of *The Carle he came o'er the Craft*, are excellently adapted to that instrument: let me advise you to learn it. The first cost is but three halfpence, and they last a long time. I have composed the following ode upon it, which exceeds Pindar as much as the Jew's harp does the organ:

ODE UPON A JEW'S HARP.

Sweet instrument! which fix'd in yellow teeth,
So clear, so sprightly, and so gay is found,
Whether you breathe along the shore of Leith,
Or Lomond's lofty cliffs thy strains resound;
Struck by a taper finger's gentle tip,
Ah, softly in our ears thy pleasing murmurs slip!

Where'er thy lively music's found,
All are jumping, dancing round:
Even trusty William lifts a leg,
And capers like sixteen with Meg;
Both old and young confess thy powerful sway,
They skip like madmen, and they frisk away.

Rous'd by the magic of the charming air,
The yawning dogs forego their heavy slumbers;

[1] A wild seat in the Western Highlands of Scotland, surrounded with mountains.

The ladies listen on the narrow stair,
And Captain Andrew straight forgets his numbers.
Cats and mice give o'er their battling;
Pewter plates on shelves are rattling;
But falling down, the noise my lady hears,
Whose scolding drowns the trump more tuneful than the spheres!

Having thus, Boswell, written you a most entertaining letter, with which you are highly pleased, to your great grief I give over in these or the like words, your affectionate friend,

ANDREW ERSKINE.

TO THE SAME.

New Tarbat, Dec. 13, 1761.

DEAR BOSWELL,—An Ode to Tragedy, by a gentleman of Scotland, and dedicated to you![1] Had there been only one spark of curiosity in my whole composition, this would have raised it to a flame equal to the general conflagration. May —— me, as Lord Peter says, if the edge of my appetite to know what it can be about is not as keen as the best razor ever used by a member of the Soaping Club. Go to Donaldson, demand from him two of my franks, and send it me even before the first post: write me, oh write me! what sort of man this author is, where he was born, how he was brought up, and with what sort of diet he has been principally fed; tell me his genealogy, like Mr. M——; how many miles he has travelled in post-chaises, like Colonel R——; tell me what he eats, like a cook; what he drinks, like a wine-merchant; what shoes he wears, like a shoemaker; in what manner his mother was delivered of him, like a man-midwife; and how his room is furnished, like an upholsterer: but if you happen to find it difficult to utter all this in terms befitting Mr. M——, Colonel R——, a cook, a wine-merchant, a shoemaker, a man-midwife, and an upholsterer, oh! tell it me all in your own manner, and in your own incomparable style.

Your scheme, Boswell, has met with—but the thoughts of this ode-writing gentleman of Scotland again come across me—I must now ask, like the *Spectator*, is he fat or lean, tall or short? does he use spectacles? what is the length of his walking-stick? has he a landed estate? has he a good coal-work?—Lord! Lord! what a melancholy thing it is to live twenty miles from a post-town! why am I not in Edinburgh? why am I not chained to Donaldson's shop?

I received both your letters yesterday, for we send to the post-house but once a week: I need not tell you how I liked them; were I to acquaint you with that, you would consecrate the pen with which they were written, and deify the inkhorn; I think the outside of one of them was adorned with the greatest quantity of good sealing-wax I ever saw; and my brother A—— and Lady A——, both of whom have a notable comprehension of these sort of things, agree with me in this my opinion.

Your Ode to Gluttony is altogether excellent; the descriptions are so lively, that mistaking the paper on which they were written for a piece of bread and butter spread with marmalade, I fairly swallowed the whole composition, and I find my stomach increased threefold since that time; I declare it to be the most admirable whet in the world, superior to a solan goose, or white wine and bitters; it ought to be hung up in every cook's shop in the three kingdoms, engraved on pillars in all market places, and pasted in all rooms in all taverns.

You seem to doubt in your first letter if ever Captain Erskine was better entertained by the great Donaldson than you were lately; banish that opinion; tell it not in Gath, nor publish it in Askalon; repeat it not in John's Coffee-house, neither whisper it in the Abbey of Holyroodhouse: no, I shall never forget the fowls and oyster-sauce which bedecked the board; fat were the fowls, and the oysters of the true pandore or croat kind; then the apple-pie with raisins, and the mutton with colliflower, can never be erased from my remembrance. I may forget my native country, my dear brothers and sisters, my poetry, my art of making love, and even you, O Boswell! but these things I can never forget; the impression is too deep, too well imprinted, ever to be effaced; I may turn Turk or Hottentot, I may be hanged for stealing a bag to adorn my hair, I may court the fattest Wapping landlady, but these things I can never forget; I may be sick and in prison, I may be deaf, dumb, and may lose my memory, but these things I can never forget.

And now, Boswell, I am to acquaint you, that your proposal is received with the utmost joy and festivity; and the scheme, if I live till to-morrow fortnight, will be put in execution. The New Tarbat chaise will arrive at Glasgow on Monday evening, the 28th of December, drove by William. Captain Andrew's slim personage will slip out; he will inquire for James Boswell, Esq.; he will be shown into the room where he is sitting before a large fire, the evening being cold, raptures and poetry will ensue, and every man will soap his own beard; every other article of the proposals will be executed as faithfully as this. But to speak very seriously, you must be true to your appointment, and come with the utmost

[1] This letter was occasioned by seeing an Ode to Tragedy, written by a gentleman of Scotland, and dedicated to James Boswell, Esq., advertised in the Edinburgh newspapers. It afterwards appeared that the Ode was written by Mr. Boswell himself.

regularity upon the Monday; think of my emotions at Græme's if you should not come; view my melancholy posture; hark! I rave like Lady Wishfort, No Boswell yet, Boswell's a lost thing. I must receive a letter from you before I set out, telling me whether you keep true to your resolution; and pray send me the Ode to Tragedy. I beg you'll bring me out in your pocket my Critical Review, which you may desire Donaldson to give you; but above all, employ Donaldson to get me a copy of Fingal, which tell him I'll pay him for; I long to see it.

There are some things lately published in London which I would be glad to have, particularly a *Spousal Hymn on the Marriage of the King and Queen*, and an *Elegy on viewing a Ruined Pile of Buildings;* see what you can do for me; I know you will not take it ill to be busied a little for that greatest of all poets, Captain Andrew.

The sluice of happiness you have let in upon me has quite overflowed the shallows of my understanding; at this moment I am determined to write more and print more than any man in the kingdom, except the great Dr. Hill, who writes a folio every month, a quarto every fortnight, an octavo every week, and a duodecimo every day. Hogarth has humorously represented a brawny porter almost sinking to the ground under a huge load of his works. I am too lazy just now to copy out an Ode to Indolence, which I have lately written; besides, it's fitting I reserve something for you to peruse when we meet, for upon these occasions an exchange of poems ought to be as regular as an exchange of prisoners between two nations at war. Believe me, dear Boswell, to be yours sincerely,

ANDREW ERSKINE.

P.S.—Pray write me before I set out for Glasgow.—The Ode to Tragedy, by a gentleman of Scotland; good now! wonderful!

[William Cobbett was born in 1762, near Farnham in Surrey. His childhood was spent in the occupations usual upon a farm, as his father's had been. At sixteen he attempted to make off to sea; at seventeen he went to London; at twenty-two he enlisted as a private soldier, and rose to the rank of sergeant-major. His regiment was in America for four years, when on its recall to England in 1791 he obtained his discharge. He married in 1792 and went to France, but on the outbreak of the Revolution he went to America, where he remained eight years. He now commenced his career as author and editor, and on his return to England in 1800, published the *Porcupine* and *Weekly Register*, the latter of which was continued up till the time of his death. It appeared at first as a Tory, but became eventually a Radical publication. It abounded in violent personal and political attacks on public men. He was twice fined and prosecuted for libel, and in 1809 was fined and imprisoned in Newgate for two years. In 1817 he went to America to avoid a prosecution under the 'Six Acts Bill,' where he remained two years until the Act was repealed. After the passing of the Reform Bill, he entered Parliament in 1832 as member for Oldham. He died in 1835. Besides his political writings, Cobbett wrote his *Cottage Economy*, *English Grammar*, *History of the Protestant Reformation*, and *Rural Rides*, etc. His language is uniformly forcible and vigorous, and as he himself says, 'his popularity' was owing to his 'giving truth in clear language.' The following is Cobbett's advertisement to his *Grammar of the French Language*:—'All that I shall ask of the public is, that those who are expending, or have been expending, money for the purpose of obtaining a knowledge of the French language for themselves or for their children—all I ask is, that these persons will first read steadily through all that they find in the first fifty pages of any other French Grammar, and that they will then read steadily through the first fifty pages of my Grammar. If this were done by all such persons, there would, I am convinced, be but one French Grammar in use in a very short time. Any person who has never studied French at all, will be able, by such reading, to form a competent judgment. He will find that, from other grammars, he can, by such reading, get no knowledge at all of the matter, while from mine he will get at some knowledge of it. Those who understand the subject, I request to compare what they find in my Grammar on those difficult parts, the impersonals, the two past times of the verbs, and the participles—I request them to compare these parts of my Grammar with what they find as to the same matters in any other grammar.']

WILLIAM COBBETT TO HIS SON RICHARD.

On the Utility of Learning French.

MY DEAR LITTLE SON,—1. Before we set about learning anything, be it what it may, it is right that we ascertain the thing to be such as is likely to be useful to us; and it is but reasonable that the usefulness should, in point of magnitude, bear a just proportion to the expense, whether of money or of time, demanded by the task which we are going to encounter. If I did not think the French language a thing of this character, I certainly should not wish you to learn it. But a very little reflection will convince you that it is a branch of learning which, in the present age, stands, in the scale of importance, next after that of our native language.

2. It would be tedious, my dear Richard, to enumerate all the reasons for learning French; but when I tell you that the laws of England were, for several centuries, written and administered in French; that some of the present statutes stand in that language; that a great part of the law terms in use at this day are also French,—were I to tell you only this, you would, I hope, see a motive more than sufficient to induce you to undertake the learning of this language, especially when you find that I have done all in my power to render the undertaking easy and pleasant.

3. There are, however, many other motives of equal, and some, perhaps, of greater weight. The French language is the language of all the courts of Europe. The cause of this is of no consequence; the fact is all that we have to do with here, and that is undeniable. Then, observe, that though each of the great nations of Europe generally insists that the treaties, to which it is a party, shall be in its own language or in Latin, yet the French is, in spite of all the efforts that have been made to prevent it, the universal language of negotiations. Few, indeed, comparatively speaking, are the persons employed in this way; but the instances in which, for purposes connected with war or with foreign commerce, it is necessary to be master of the French language are by no means few nor of little importance.

4. In the carrying on of trade, and in the affairs of merchants, it is frequently absolutely necessary to be able to speak and to write French. A young man, whether in trade of wholesale or of retail, and especially in the counting-house of a merchant, is worth a great deal more when he possesses the French language than when he does not. To travel on the continent of Europe without being able to speak French, is to be, during such travelling, a sort of deaf and dumb person. Humiliation and mortification greater than this it is hardly possible to imagine; and these will be by no means diminished by the reflection that we owe them to our own want of attention and industry.

5. Though many of the French books are translated into English, the far greater part are not; and in every branch of knowledge great indeed is the number of those books which it may be useful to read. But, were there only the pain arising from the want of a knowledge of French, when we fall into a company where we hear one of our own nation conversing with a Frenchman, this alone ought to be more than sufficient to urge a young person on to the study. I remember a young lady in Long Island, who had been out on a visit to a house where one of the company happened to be a French lady who could not speak English, and where a young American lady had been interpretress between this foreigner and the rest of the company; and I shall never forget the manner in which the first-mentioned young lady expressed the sense of her humiliation. 'I never before,' said she, 'in all my life, felt envy; but there was Miss ——, first turning to the right, and then to the left, and, at each turn, changing her language; and there sat I like a post, feeling myself more her inferior than I can describe.'

6. It is really thus. This talent gives, in such cases, not only an air of superiority, but also a reasonable and just claim to real superiority, because it must be manifest to every one that it is the effect of attention and of industry as well as of good natural capacity of mind. It is not a thing like dancing or singing, perfection in the former of which is most likely to arise from an accidental pliancy of the limbs, and in the latter from an organization of the throat and lungs not less accidental: it is not a thing of this sort, but a thing, the possession of which necessarily implies considerable powers of mind, and a meritorious application of those powers. Besides these considerations, there is this, that by learning French well, you will really become more thoroughly acquainted with your own language. If Dr. Johnson had known the French language, he could have committed scarcely any of those numerous blunders (relating to words from the French) which are contained in his Dictionary, and of which I will here give you a specimen. He has this passage: '*Rabbet*, a joint made by paring two pieces of wood, so that they wrap over one another.' Then the verb he has thus: '*To rabbet*, to pare down two pieces of wood so as to fit one another.' The Doctor meant, 'to make them fit one another.' But to our point. The Doctor says, that *to rabbet* comes from the French verb *rabbatre*, which means to bate, or abate, to bring down. So, says the Doctor, *to rabbet* comes from *rabbatre;* for the wood is brought down by the carpenter's tool! What! Doctor? to bate, abate, the wood! This is far-fetched indeed. Now, if the Doctor had known French only tolerably well, he would have known that *rabot* is a carpenter's plane;

that *raboter* is to plane wood with a carpenter's plane; and that boards fitted together by means of the plane, and not by means of the saw, the chisel, or other tools, are boards *rabotés*, or, in English, *raboted*. How plain is all this! And how clear it is that we have here got a piece of nonsense in our language, because Dr. Johnson did not know French!

7. Having now spoken of the motives to the learning of French, I shall, in the next letter, speak of the way to go to work and how to proceed, in order to accomplish the object. Before, however, I proceed further, let me explain to you the meaning of the numerical figures which I have used here, from one to seven. Each of the portions of writing, distinguished by these figures respectively, is called a paragraph; and as you, in the course of the letters that I am addressing to you, will find yourself frequently directed to look at parts of them other than the part which you are then reading, you will more quickly find the thing which you want by being referred to the paragraph, than you would if you were referred to the page.

8. The hope which I entertain of seeing you write and of hearing you speak French correctly is, I am sure, equalled by the desire which you have not to disappoint that hope. My dear little son, I beg you to remember, that to succeed in an undertaking like this requires great assiduity and perseverance; but remember also, that nothing is justly gained without labour of some sort or other; and bear constantly in mind, that in proportion to your increase in knowledge and talent will be the increase of the satisfaction of your affectionate father,

WILLIAM COBBETT.

Kensington, 17th June 1824.

[Mrs. Cockburn, mentioned by Scott in his Memoir as the authoress of the modern 'Flowers of the Forest,' born a Rutherford, of Fairnalie, in Selkirkshire, was distantly related to the poet's mother, with whom she had through life been in habits of intimate friendship. This accomplished woman was staying at Ravelstone, in the vicinity of Edinburgh, a seat of the Keiths of Dunnotar, nearly related to Mrs. Scott and to herself. With some of that family she spent an evening in George Square. She chanced to be writing next day to Dr. Douglas, the well-known and much-respected minister of her native parish, Galashiels; and her letter contains the following passage.—*Lockhart.*]

MRS. COCKBURN TO DR. DOUGLAS.

Boyhood of Sir Walter Scott.

Edinburgh, Saturday Night, 15th [1777] *of the gloomy month when the people of England hang and drown themselves.*

. . . I last night supped in Mr. Walter Scott's. He has the most extraordinary genius of a boy I ever saw. He was reading a poem to his mother when I went in. I made him read on; it was the description of a shipwreck. His passion rose with the storm. He lifted his eyes and hands. 'There's the mast gone,' says he; 'crash it goes! they will all perish!' After his agitation, he turns to me. 'That is too melancholy,' says he; 'I had better read you something more amusing.' I preferred a little chat, and asked his opinion of Milton and other books he was reading, which he gave me wonderfully. One of his observations was, 'How strange it is that Adam, just new come into the world, should know everything—that must be the poet's fancy,' says he. But when he was told he was created perfect by God, he instantly yielded. When taken to bed last night, he told his aunt he liked that lady. 'What lady?' says she. 'Why, Mrs. Cockburn; for I think she is a virtuoso, like myself.' 'Dear Walter,' says Aunt Jenny, 'what is a virtuoso?' 'Don't ye know? Why, it's one who wishes and will know everything.'

Now, sir, you will think this a very silly story. Pray, what age do you suppose this boy to be? Name it now, before I tell you. Why, twelve or fourteen. No such thing; he is not quite six years old.[1] He has a lame leg, for which he was a year at Bath, and has acquired the perfect English accent, which he has not lost since he came, and he reads like a Garrick. You will allow this an uncommon exotic.

[Riding one day with Fergusson, they met, some miles from Gilsland, a young lady taking the air on horseback, whom neither of them had previously remarked, and whose appearance instantly struck both so much that they kept her in view until they had satisfied themselves that she also was one of the party at Gilsland. The same evening there was a ball, at which Captain Scott produced himself in his regimentals, and Fergusson also thought proper to be equipped in the uniform of the Edinburgh Volunteers. There was no little rivalry

[1] He was, in fact, six years and three months old before this letter was written.

among the young travellers as to who should first get presented to the unknown beauty of the morning's ride; but though both the gentlemen in scarlet had the advantage of being dancing partners, their friend succeeded in handing the fair stranger to supper—and such was his first introduction to Charlotte Margaret Carpenter. Without the features of a regular beauty, she was rich in personal attractions; 'a form that was fashioned as light as a fay's;' a complexion of the clearest and lightest olive; eyes large, deep-set, and dazzling, of the finest Italian brown; and a profusion of silken tresses, black as the raven's wing—her address hovering between the reserve of a pretty young Englishwoman who has not mingled largely in general society, and a certain natural archness and gaiety that suited well with the accompaniment of a French accent. A lovelier vision, as all who remember her in the bloom of her days have assured me, could hardly have been imagined; and from that hour the fate of the young poet was fixed. She was the daughter of Jean Charpentier, of Lyons, a devoted royalist, who held an office under Government,[1] and Charlotte Volere, his wife. She and her only brother, Charles Charpentier, had been educated in the Protestant religion of their mother; and when their father died, which occurred in the beginning of the Revolution, Madame Charpentier made her escape with her children, first to Paris, and then to England, where they found a warm friend and protector in the late Marquis of Downshire, who had, in the course of his travels in France, formed an intimate acquaintance with the family, and, indeed, spent some time under their roof. M. Charpentier had, in his first alarm as to the coming Revolution, invested £4000 in English securities, part in a mortgage upon Lord Downshire's estates. On the mother's death, which occurred soon after her arrival in London, this nobleman took on himself the character of sole guardian to her children; and Charles Charpentier received in due time, through his interest, an appointment in the service of the East India Company, in which he had by this time risen to the lucrative situation of Commercial Resident at Salem.—*Lockhart.*]

MISS CARPENTER TO WALTER SCOTT.

Carlisle, Oct. 22, 1797.

Your last letter, my dear sir, contains a very fine train of *perhaps*, and of so many pretty conjectures, that it is not flattering you to say you excel in the art of tormenting yourself. As it happens, you are quite wrong in all your suppositions. I have been waiting for Lord D.'s answer to your letter, to give a full answer to your very proper inquiries about my family. Miss Nicolson says, that when she did offer to give you some information, you refused it—and advises me *now* to wait for Lord D.'s letter. Don't believe I have been idle: I have been writing very long letters to him, and all about you. How can you think that I will give an answer about the house until I hear from London?—that is quite impossible; and I believe you are a little out of your senses to imagine I can be in Edinburgh before the twelfth of next month. Oh, my dear sir, no, you must not think of it this *great while!* I am much flattered by your mother's remembrance: present my respectful compliments to her. You don't mention your father in your last *anxious* letter; I hope he is better. I am expecting every day to hear from my brother. You may tell your uncle he is Commercial Resident at Salem. He will find the name of Charles C. in his India list. My compliments to Captain Scott. *Sans adieu,* C. C.

TO THE SAME.

Carlisle, Oct. 25.

Indeed, Mr. Scott, I am by no means pleased with all this writing. I have told you how much I dislike it, and yet you still persist in asking me to write, and that by return of post. Oh, you really are quite out of your senses! I should not have indulged you in that whim of yours had you not given me that hint that my silence gives an air of mystery. I have no reason that can detain me in acquainting you that my father and mother were French, of the name of Charpentier; he had a place under Government; their residence was at Lyons, where you would find on inquiries that they lived in good repute and in *very good style.* I had the misfortune of losing my father before I could know the value of such a parent. At his death we were left to the care of Lord D., who was his very great friend, and very soon after I had the affliction of losing my mother. Our taking the name of Carpenter was on my

[1] 'In several deeds which I have seen, M. Charpentier is designed "Ecuyer du roi." What the post he held was I never heard.'—LOCKHART.

brother's going to India, to prevent any little difficulties that might have occurred. I hope now you are pleased. Lord D. could have given you every information, as he has been acquainted with all my family. You say you almost love *him*, but until your *almost* comes to a *quite* I cannot love *you*. Before I conclude this famous epistle, I will give you a little hint—that is, not to put so many *must* in your letters—it is beginning *rather too soon;* and another thing is, that I take the liberty not to mind them much, but I expect you mind me. You *must* take care of yourself; you *must* think of me, and believe me yours sincerely, C. C.

TO THE SAME.

Carlisle, Oct. 26.

I have only a minute before the post goes, to assure you, my dear sir, of the welcome reception of the stranger.[1] The very great likeness to a friend of mine will endear him to me; he shall be my constant companion, but I wish he could give me an answer to a thousand questions I have to make—one in particular, what reason have you for so many fears you express? Have your friends changed? Pray let me know the truth—they perhaps don't like me *being French.* Do write immediately, let it be in better spirits. *Et croyez-moi toujours votre sincère* C. C.

TO THE SAME.

October 31.

. . . All your apprehensions about your friends make me very uneasy. At your father's age prejudices are not easily overcome; old people have, you know, so much more wisdom and experience, that we must be guided by them. If he has an objection on my being *French*, I excuse him with all my heart, as I don't love them myself. Oh, how all these things plague me! when will it end? And to complete the matter you talk of going to the West Indies. I am certain your father and uncle say you are a hot, *heady* young man, quite mad, and I assure you I join with them; and I must believe that, when you have such an idea, you have then determined to think no more of me. I begin to repent of having accepted your picture. I will send it *back again*, if you ever think again about the West Indies. Your family then would *love me* very much, to forsake them for a *stranger*, a person who does not possess half the charms and good qualities that you *imagine*. I think I hear your uncle calling you a hot, heady young man. I am certain of it, and I am *generally right* in my conjectures. What does your sister say about it? I suspect that she thinks on the matter as I should do, with fears and anxieties for the happiness of her brother. If it be proper, and you think it would be *acceptable*, present my best compliments to your mother; and to my old acquaintance Captain Scott I beg to be remembered. This evening is the first ball; don't you wish to be of our party? I guess your answer—it would give me infinite pleasure. *En attendant le plaisir de vous revoir, je suis toujours votre constante*

CHARLOTTE.

[1] A miniature of Scott.

TO THE SAME.

The Castle, Hartford, October 29, 1797.

SIR,—I received the favour of your letter. It was so manly, honourable, candid, and so full of good sense, that I think Miss Carpenter's friends cannot in any way object to the union you propose. Its taking place, when or where, will depend upon herself, as I shall write to her by this night's post. Any provision that may be given to her by her brother, you will have settled upon her and her children; and I hope with all my heart, that every earthly happiness may attend you both. I shall be always happy to hear it, and to subscribe myself your faithful friend and obedient humble servant,

DOWNSHIRE.

(*On the same sheet.*)

Carlisle, Nov. 4.

Last night I received the enclosed for you from Lord Downshire. If it has your approbation, I shall be very glad to see you as soon as will be convenient. I have a thousand things to tell you; but let me beg of you not to think for some time of a house. I am sure I can convince you of the propriety and prudence of waiting until your father will settle things more to your satisfaction, and until I have heard from my brother. You *must* be of my way of thinking.—Adieu. C. C.

TO THE SAME.

Carlisle, Nov. 14.

Your letter never could have come in a more favourable moment. Anything you could have said would have been well received. You surprise me much at the regret you express you had of leaving Carlisle. Indeed, I can't believe it was on my account, I was so uncommonly stupid. I don't know what could be the matter with me, I was so very low, and felt really ill: it was even a trouble to speak. The settling of our little plans all looked so much in earnest, that I began reflecting more seriously than I generally do, or *approve of*. I don't think that very thoughtful people ever can be happy. As this is my maxim, adieu to all thoughts. I have made a determination of being pleased with everything and with everybody in Edinburgh; a wise system for happiness, is it not?

I enclose the lock; I have had almost all my hair cut off. Miss Nicolson has taken some, which she sends to London to be made into something, but this you are not to know of, as she intends to present it to you. . . . I am happy to hear of your father's being better pleased as to money matters; it will come at last; don't let that trifle disturb you. *Adieu, Monsieur, j'ai l'honneur d'être votre très humble et très obeissante* C. C.

TO THE SAME.

Carlisle, Nov. 27.

You have made me very *triste* all day. Pray never more complain of being poor. Are you not ten times richer than I am? Depend on yourself and your profession. I have no doubt you will rise very high, and be a *great rich man*, but we should look down to be contented with our lot, and banish all disagreeable thoughts. We shall do very well. I am very sorry to hear you have such a *bad head*. I hope I shall nurse away all your aches. I think you write too much. When I am *mistress* I shall not allow it. How very angry I should be with you if you were to part with *Lenore*. Do you really believe I should think it an *unnecessary expense* where your health and pleasure can be concerned? I have a better opinion of you, and I am very glad you don't give up the cavalry, as I love anything that is *stylish*. Don't forget to find a stand for the old carriage, as I shall like to keep it, in case we should have to go any journey; it is so much more convenient than the post chaises, and will do very well till we can keep *our carriage*. What an idea of yours was that to mention where you wish to have your *bones laid!* If you were married I should think you were tired of me. A very pretty compliment *before marriage*. I hope sincerely that I shall not live to see that day. If you always have those cheerful thoughts, how very pleasant and gay you must be!

Adieu, my dearest friend; take care of yourself if you love me, as I have *no wish* that you should *visit* that *beautiful* and *romantic* scene, the burying-place. Adieu, once more, and believe that you are loved very sincerely by

C. C.

TO THE SAME.

Dec. 10.

If I could but really believe that my letter gave you only half the pleasure you express, I should almost think, my dearest Scott, that I should get very fond of writing, merely for the pleasure to *indulge* you—that is saying a great deal. I hope you are sensible of the compliment I pay you, and don't expect I shall *always* be so pretty behaved. You may depend on me, my dearest friend, for fixing as *early* a day as I possibly can; and if it happens to be not quite so soon as you wish, you must not be angry with me. It is very unlucky you are such a bad housekeeper, as I am no better. I shall try. I hope to have very soon the pleasure of seeing you, and to tell you how much I love you; but I wish the first fortnight was over. With all my love, and those sort of pretty things, adieu. CHARLOTTE.

P.S.—Etudiez votre Français. Remember you are to teach me Italian in return, but I shall be but a stupid scholar. *Aimez Charlotte.*

TO THE SAME.

Carlisle, Dec. 14.

. . . I heard last night from my friends in London, and I shall certainly have the deed this week. I will send it to you directly; but not to lose so much time as you have been reckoning, I will prevent any little delay that might happen by the post, by fixing already next Wednesday for your coming here, and on Thursday the 21st—oh, my dear Scott!—on that day I shall be yours for ever. C. C.

P.S.—Arrange it so that we shall see none of your family the night of our arrival. I shall be so tired and such a fright, I should not be seen to advantage.

MR. SCOTT TO MISS JOANNA BAILLIE.

Ulva House, July 19, 1810.

I cannot, my dear Miss Baillie, resist the temptation of writing to you from scenes which you have rendered classical as well as immortal. We, which in the present case means my wife, my eldest girl, and myself, are thus far in fortunate accomplishment of a pilgrimage to the Hebrides. The day before yesterday we passed the Lady's Rock, in the Sound of Mull, so near that I could almost have touched it. This is, you know, the rock of your *Family Legend*. The boat, by my desire, went as near as prudence permitted, and I wished to have picked a relic from it, were it but a cockle-shell or a mussel, to have sent to you; but a spring tide was running with such force and velocity as to make the thing impossible. About two miles farther we passed under the Castle of Duart, the seat of Maclean, consisting of one huge (indeed immense) square tower, in ruins, and additional turrets and castellated buildings (the work, doubtless, of Benlora's guardianship), on which the roof still moulders. It overhangs the strait channel from a lofty rock, without a single tree in the vicinity, and is surrounded by high and barren mountains, forming altogether as wild and dreary a scene as I ever beheld. Duart is confronted by the opposite castles of Dunstaffnage, Dunolly, Ardtornish,

and others, all once the abodes of grim feudal chiefs, who warred incessantly with each other. I think I counted seven of these fortresses in sight at once, and heard seven times seven legends of war and wonder connected with them. We landed late, wet and cold, on the island of Mull, near another old castle called Aros; separated, too, from our clothes, which were in a large wherry, which could not keep pace with our row-boat. Mr. Macdonald of Staffa, my kind friend and guide, had sent his piper (a constant attendant, mark that!) to rouse a Highland gentleman's family in the neighbourhood, where we were received with a profusion of kindness and hospitality. Why should I appal you with a description of our difficulties and distresses—how Charlotte lost her shoes, and little Sophia her whole collection of pebbles—how I was divorced from my razors, and the whole party looked like a Jewish sanhedrim? By this time we were accumulated as follows:—Sir George Paul, the great philanthropist; Mrs. Apreece, a distant relation of mine; Hannah Mackenzie, a daughter of our friend Henry; and Mackinnon of Mackinnon, a young gentleman born and bred in England, but nevertheless a Highland chief. It seems his father had acquired wealth, and this young man, who now visits the Highlands for the first time, is anxious to buy back some of the family property which was sold long since. Some twenty Mackinnons, who happened to live within hearing of our arrival (that is, I suppose, within ten miles of Aros), came posting to see their young chief, who behaved with great kindness, and propriety, and liberality. Next day we rode across the isle on Highland ponies, attended by a numerous retinue of gillies, and arrived at the head of the salt-water loch called Loch an Gaoil, where Staffa's boats awaited us with colours flying and pipes playing. We proceeded in state to this lonely isle, where our honoured lord has a very comfortable residence, and were received by a discharge of swivels and musketry from his people.

Yesterday we visited Staffa and Iona. The former is one of the most extraordinary places I ever beheld. It exceeded, in my mind, every description I had heard of it; or rather, the appearance of the cavern, composed entirely of basaltic pillars as high as the roof of a cathedral, and running deep into the rock, entirely swept by a deep and swelling sea, and paved, as it were, with ruddy marble, baffles all description. You can walk along the broken pillars, with some difficulty, and in some places with a little danger, as far as the farthest extremity. Boats also can come in below when the sea is placid, which is seldom the case. I had become a sort of favourite with the Hebridean boatmen, I suppose from my anxiety about their old customs, and they were much pleased to see me get over the obstacles which stopped some of the party. So they took the whim of solemnly christening a great stone seat at the mouth of the cavern, *Clachan an Bairdh*, or the Poet's Stone. It was consecrated with a pibroch, which the echoes rendered tremendous, and a glass of whisky, not poured forth in the ancient mode of libation, but turned over the throats of the assistants. The head boatman, whose father had been himself a bard, made me a speech on the occasion; but as it was in Gaelic, I could only receive it as a silly beauty does a fine-spun compliment—bow, and say nothing.

When this fun was over (in which, strange as it may seem, the men were quite serious), we went to Iona, where there are some ancient and curious monuments. From this remote island the light of Christianity shone forth on Scotland and Ireland. The ruins are of a rude architecture, but curious to the antiquary. Our return was less comfortable; we had to row twenty miles against an Atlantic tide and some wind, besides the pleasure of seeing occasional squalls gathering to windward. The ladies were sick, especially poor Hannah Mackenzie, and none of the gentlemen escaped except Staffa and myself. The men, however, cheered by the pipes, and by their own interesting boat-songs, which were uncommonly wild and beautiful, one man leading and the others answering in chorus, kept pulling away without apparently the least sense of fatigue, and we reached Ulva at ten at night, tolerably wet, and well disposed for bed.

Our friend Staffa is himself an excellent specimen of Highland chieftainship; he is a cadet of Clanronald, and lord of a cluster of isles on the western side of Mull, and a large estate (in extent at least) on that island. By dint of minute attention to the property, and particularly to the management of his kelp, he has at once trebled his income and doubled his population, while emigration is going on all around him. He is very attentive to his people, who are distractedly fond of him, and has them under such regulations as conduce both to his own benefit and their profit; and keeps a certain sort of rude state and hospitality, in which they take much pride. I am quite satisfied that nothing under the personal attention of the landlord himself will satisfy a Highland tenantry, and that the substitution of factors, which is now becoming general, is one great cause of emigration. This mode of life has, however, its evils, and I can see them in this excellent man. The habit of solitary power is dangerous even to the best regulated minds, and this ardent and enthusiastic young man has not escaped the prejudices incident to his situation. But I think I have bestowed enough of my tediousness upon you. To ballast my letter, I put in one of the hallowed green pebbles from the shore of St. Columba; put it into your work-basket until we meet, when you will give

me some account of its virtues. Don't suppose the lapidaries can give you any information about it, for in their profane eyes it is good for nothing. But the piper is sounding to breakfast, so no more (excepting love to Miss Agnes, Dr., and Mrs. Baillie) from your truly affectionate WALTER SCOTT.

P.S.—I am told by the learned, the pebble will wear its way out of the letter, so I will keep it till I get to Edinburgh. I must not omit to mention that all through these islands, I have found every person familiarly acquainted with the *Family Legend*, and great admirers.

[While the abortive negotiation as to the Exchequer was still pending, Scott was visited, for the first time since his childish years, with a painful illness, which proved the harbinger of a series of attacks, all nearly of the same kind, continued at short intervals during more than two years. Various letters indicate how widely his habits of life when in Edinburgh differed from those of Abbotsford. They at all times did so to a great extent; but he had pushed his liberties with a most robust constitution to a perilous extreme while the affairs of the Ballantynes were labouring, and he was now to pay the penalty. The first serious alarm occurred towards the close of a merry dinner party in Castle Street (on the 5th of March 1817), when Scott suddenly sustained such exquisite torture from cramp in the stomach, that his masculine powers of endurance gave way, and he retired from the room with a scream of agony which electrified his guests. This scene was often repeated, as we shall see presently. His friends in Edinburgh continued all that spring in great anxiety on his account. Scarcely, however, had the first symptoms yielded to severe medical treatment, than he is found to have beguiled the intervals of his suffering by planning a dramatic piece on a story supplied to him by one of Train's communications, which he desired to present to Terry on behalf of the actor's first-born son, who had been christened by the name of Walter Scott Terry. Such was the origin of the *Fortunes of Devorgoil*, a piece which, though completed soon afterwards, and submitted by Terry to many manipulations with a view to the stage, was never received by any manager, and was first published, towards the close of the author's life, under the title, slightly altered for an obvious reason, of the *Doom of Devorgoil*. The sketch of the story which he gives in the following letter will probably be considered by many besides myself as well worth the drama. It appears that the actor had mentioned to Scott his intention of *Terryfying* the *Black Dwarf*.—*Lockhart.*]

MR. SCOTT TO MR. TERRY.

DEAR TERRY,—I am now able to write to you on your own affairs, though still as weak as water from the operations of the medical faculty, who, I think, treated me as a recusant to their authority, and having me once at advantage, were determined I should not have strength to rebel again in a hurry. After all, I believe it was touch and go; and considering how much I have to do for my own family and others, my elegy might have been that of the 'Auld Man's Mare'—

'The peats and turf are all to lead,
What ail'd the beast to die?'

You don't mention the nature of your undertaking in your last, and in your former you spoke both of the *Black Dwarf* and of *Triermain*. I have some doubts whether the town will endure a second time the following up a well-known tale with a dramatic representation, and there is no *vis comica* to redeem the Black Dwarf, as in the case of Dominie Sampson. I have thought of two subjects for you, if, like the archbishop's homilies, they do not smell of the apoplexy. The first is a noble and very dramatic tradition preserved in Galloway, which runs briefly thus:—The Barons of Plenton (the family name, I think, was——by Jupiter, forgot!) boasted of great antiquity, and formerly of extensive power and wealth, to which the ruins of their huge castle, situated on an inland loch, still bear witness. In the middle of the seventeenth century, it is said, these ruins were still inhabited by the lineal descendant of this powerful family. But the ruinous halls and towers of his ancestors were all that had descended to him, and he cultivated the garden of the castle, and sold its fruits for a subsistence. He married in a line suitable rather to his present situation than the dignity of his descent, and was quite sunk into the rank of peasantry, excepting that he was still called—more in mockery, or at least in familiarity, than in respect—the Baron of Plenton. A causeway connected the castle with the mainland; it was cut in the middle, and the moat only passable by a drawbridge which yet subsisted, and which

the poor old couple contrived to raise every night by their joint efforts, the country being very unsettled at the time. It must be observed, that the old man and his wife occupied only one apartment in the extensive ruins, a small one adjoining to the drawbridge; the rest was waste and dilapidated. As they were about to retire one night to rest, they were deterred by a sudden storm, which, rising in the wildest manner possible, threatened to bury them under the ruins of the castle. While they listened in terror to the complicated sounds of thunder, wind, and rain, they were astonished to hear the clang of hoofs on the causeway, and the voices of people clamouring for admittance. This was a request not rashly to be granted. The couple looked out, and dimly discerned through the storm that the causeway was crowded with riders. 'How many of you are there?' demanded John. 'Not more than the hall will hold,' was the answer; 'but open the gate, lower the bridge, and do not keep the *ladies* in the rain.' John's heart was melted for the *ladies*, and, against his wife's advice, he undid the bolts, sunk the drawbridge, and bade them enter in the name of God. Having done so, he instantly retired into his *sanctum sanctorum* to await the event, for there was something in the voices and language of his guests that sounded mysterious and awful. They rushed into the castle, and appeared to know their way through all its recesses. Grooms were heard hurrying their horses to the stables, sentinels were heard mounting guard, a thousand lights gleamed from place to place through the ruins, till at length they seemed all concentrated in the baronial hall, whose range of broad windows threw a resplendent illumination on the moss-grown court below. After a short time, a domestic, clad in a rich but very antique dress, appeared before the old couple, and commanded them to attend his lord and lady in the great hall. They went with tottering steps, and to their great terror found themselves in the midst of a most brilliant and joyous company; but the fearful part of it was, that most of the guests resembled the ancestors of John's family, and were known to him by their resemblance to pictures which mouldered in the castle, or by traditionary description. At the head, the founder of the race, dressed like some mighty baron, or rather some Galwegian prince, sat with his lady. There was a difference of opinion between these ghostly personages concerning our honest John. The chief was inclined to receive him graciously; the lady considered him, from his mean marriage, as utterly unworthy of their name and board. The upshot is, that the chief discovers to his descendant the means of finding a huge treasure concealed in the castle; the lady assures him that the discovery shall never avail him. In the morning no trace can be discovered of the singular personages who had occupied the hall. But John sought for and discovered the vault where the spoils of the Southrons were concealed, rolled away the covering stone, and feasted his eyes on a range of massy chests of iron, filled doubtless with treasure. As he deliberated on the best means of bringing them up, and descending into the vault, he observed it began slowly to fill with water. Baling and pumping were resorted to, and when he had exhausted his own and his wife's strength, they summoned the assistance of the neighbourhood. But the vengeance of the visionary lady was perfect: the waters of the lake had forced their way into the vault, and John, after a year or two spent in draining and so forth, died broken-hearted, the last Baron of Plenton.

Such is the tale, of which the incidents seem new, and the interest capable of being rendered striking; the story admits of the highest degree of decoration, both by poetry, music, and scenery, and I propose (in behalf of my godson) to take some pains in dramatizing it. As thus, you shall play John, as you can speak a little Scotch; I will make him what the Baron of Bradwardine would have been in the circumstances, and he shall be alternately ludicrous from his family pride and prejudices, contrasted with his poverty, and respectable from his just and independent tone of feeling and character. I think Scotland is entitled to have something on the stage to balance Macklin's two worthies.[1] You understand the dialect will be only tinged with the national dialect—not that the baron is to speak broad Scotch, while all the others talk English. His wife and he shall have one child, a daughter, suitored unto by the conceited young parson or schoolmaster of the village, whose addresses are countenanced by her mother, and by Halbert the hunter, a youth of unknown descent. Now this youth shall be the rightful heir and representative of the English owners of the treasure, of which they had been robbed by the baron's ancestors, for which unjust act their spirits still walked the earth. These, with a substantial character or two, and the ghostly personages, shall mingle as they may; and the discovery of the youth's birth shall break the spell of the treasure-chamber. I will make the ghosts talk as never ghosts talked in the body or out of it; and the music may be as unearthly as you can get it. The rush of the shadows into the castle shall be seen through the window of the baron's apartment in the flat scene. The ghosts' banquet and many other circumstances may give great exercise to the scene-painter and dresser. If you like this plan, you had better suspend any other for the present. In my opinion it has

[1] Sir Archy MacSarcasm and Sir Pertinax MacSycophant.

the infinite merit of being perfectly new in plot and structure, and I will set about the sketch as soon as my strength is restored in some measure by air and exercise. I am sure I can finish it in a fortnight then. Ever yours truly,

W. SCOTT.

[About this time, as the succeeding letter will show, Abbotsford had the honour of a short visit from Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, afterwards King of the Belgians. Immediately thereafter Scott heard of the death of Mrs. William Erskine, and repaired to Edinburgh to condole with his afflicted friend. His allusions meanwhile to views of buying more land on Tweedside are numerous. These speculations are explained in a most characteristic style to the cornet, and we see that one of them was cut short by the tragical death of a bonnet-laird — namely, *Lauchie Longlegs*, the admired of Geoffrey Crayon. —*Lockhart.*]

MR. SCOTT TO HIS SON WALTER.

Abbotsford, October 3, 1819.

MY DEAR LORD,—I am honoured with your Buxton letter. . . . *Anent* Prince Leopold, I only heard of his approach at eight o'clock in the morning, and he was to be at Selkirk by eleven. The magistrates sent to ask me to help them to receive him. It occurred to me he might be coming to Melrose to see the abbey, in which case I could not avoid asking him to Abbotsford, as he must pass my very door. I mentioned this to Mrs. Scott, who was lying quietly in bed, and I wish you had heard the scream she gave on the occasion. 'What have we to offer him?' 'Wine and cake,' said I, thinking to make all things easy; but she ejaculated, in a tone of utter despair, 'Cake! where am I to get cake?' However, being partly consoled with the recollection that his visit was a very improbable incident, and curiosity, as usual, proving too strong for alarm, she set out with me in order not to miss a peep at the great man. James Skene and his lady were with us, and we gave our carriages such additional dignity as a pair of leaders could add, and went off to meet him in full puff. The Prince very civilly told me, that, though he could not see Melrose on this occasion, he wished to come to Abbotsford for an hour. New despair on the part of Mrs. Scott, who began to institute a domiciliary search for cold meat through the whole city of Selkirk, which produced *one shoulder of cold lamb.* In the meanwhile, his Royal Highness received the civic honours of the BIRSE very graciously. I had hinted to Bailie Lang[1] that it ought only to be licked *symbolically* on the present occasion; so he flourished it three times before his mouth, but without touching it with his lips, and the Prince followed his example as directed. Lang made an excellent speech, sensible, and feeling, and well delivered. The Prince seemed much surprised at this great propriety of expression and behaviour in a magistrate, whose people seemed such a rabble, and whose whole band of music consisted in a drum and fife. He noticed to Bailie Anderson that Selkirk seemed very populous in proportion to its extent. 'On an occasion like this it seems so,' answered the bailie, neatly enough I thought. I question if any magistrates in the kingdom, lord mayors and aldermen not excepted, could have behaved with more decent and quiet good-breeding. Prince Leopold repeatedly alluded to this during the time he was at Abbotsford. I do not know how Mrs. Scott ultimately managed; but with broiled salmon, and blackcock, and partridges, she gave him a very decent lunch; and I chanced to have some very fine old hock, which was mighty germain to the matter.

The Prince seems melancholy, whether naturally or from habit I do not pretend to say; but I do not remember thinking him so at Paris, where I saw him frequently, then a much poorer man than myself; yet he showed some humour, for, alluding to the crowds that followed him everywhere, he mentioned some place where he had gone out to shoot, but was afraid to proceed for fear of 'bagging a boy.' He said he really thought of getting some shooting-place in Scotland, and promised me a longer visit on his return. If I had had a day's notice to have *warned the waters*, we could have met him with a very respectable number of the gentry; but there was no time for this, and probably he liked it better as it was. There was only young Clifton who could have come, and he was shy and cubbish, and would not, though requested by the Selkirk people. He was perhaps ashamed to march through Coventry with them. It hung often and sadly on my mind that *he* was wanting who could and would have received him like a prince indeed; and yet the meeting betwixt them, had they been fated to meet, would have been a very sad one. I think I have now given your lordship a very full, true, and particular account of our royal visit, unmatched even by that of King Charles at the Castle of Tillietudlem. That we did not speak of it for more than a week after it happened, and that that emphatic monosyllable, *The Prince*, is not heard amongst us more than ten times a day,

[1] Scott's good friend, Mr. Andrew Lang, Procurator-Fiscal for Selkirkshire, was then chief magistrate of the county town.

is, on the whole, to the credit of my family's understanding. The piper is the only one whose brain he seems to have endangered; for, as the Prince said he preferred him to any he had heard in the Highlands (which, by the way, shows his Royal Highness knows nothing of the matter), the fellow seems to have become incapable of his ordinary occupation as a forester, and has cut stick and stem without remorse to the tune of *Phail Phranse, i.e.* the Prince's welcome.

[In January 1822, Sir Walter had the great satisfaction of seeing Erskine at length promoted to a seat on the bench of the Court of Session, by the title of Lord Kinnedder; and his pleasure was enhanced doubtless by the reflection that his friend owed this elevation very much, if not mainly, to his own unwearied exertions on his behalf. This happy event occurred just about the time when Joanna Baillie was distressed by hearing of the sudden and total ruin of an old friend of hers, a Scotch gentleman long distinguished in the commerce of the city of London; and she thought of collecting among her literary acquaintance such contributions as might, with some gleanings of her own portfolios, fill up a volume of poetical miscellanies, to be published, by subscription, for the benefit of the merchant's family. In requesting Sir Walter to write something for this purpose, she also asked him to communicate the scheme, in her name, to various common friends in the north—among others, to the new judge.—*Lockhart.*]

MR. SCOTT TO JOANNA BAILLIE.

My dear Friend,—No one has so good a title as you to command me in all my strength and in all my weakness. I do not believe I have a single scrap of unpublished poetry, for I was never a willing composer of occasional pieces, and when I have been guilty of such effusions, it was to answer the purpose of some publisher of songs, or the like immediate demand. The consequence is that all these trifles have been long before the public, and whatever I add to your collection must have the grace of novelty, in case it should have no other. I do not know what should make it rather a melancholy task for me now-a-days to sit down to versify; I did not use to think it so, but I have ceased, I know not why, to find pleasure in it, and yet I do not think I have lost any of the faculties I ever possessed for the task; but I was never fond of my own poetry, and am now much out of conceit with it. All this another person less candid in construction than yourself would interpret into a hint to send a good dose of praise; but you know we have agreed long ago to be above ordinances, like Cromwell's saints. When I go to the country upon the 12th of March, I will try what the water-side can do for me, for there is no inspiration in causeways and kennels, or even the Court of Session. You have the victory over me now, for I remember laughing at you for saying you could only write your beautiful lyrics upon a fine warm day. But what is this something to be? I wish you would give me a subject, for that would cut off half my difficulties.

I am delighted with the prospect of seeing Miss Edgeworth, and making her personal acquaintance. I expect her to be just what you describe: a being totally void of affectation, and who, like one other lady of my acquaintance, carries her literary reputation as freely and easily as the milk-maid in my country does the *leglen*, which she carries on her head, and walks as gracefully with it as a duchess. Some of the fair sex, and some of the foul sex too, carry their renown in London fashion—on a yoke and a pair of pitchers. The consequence is, that besides poking frightfully, they are hitting every one on the shins with their buckets. Now, this is all nonsense, too fantastic to be written to anybody but a person of good sense. By the way, did you know Miss Austen, authoress of some novels which have a great deal of nature in them?—nature in ordinary and middle life, to be sure, but valuable from its strong resemblance and correct drawing. I wonder which way she carried her pail?

I did indeed rejoice at Erskine's promotion. There is a degree of melancholy attending the later stage of a barrister's profession, which, though no one cares for sentimentalities attendant on a man of fifty or thereabout, in a rusty black bombazine gown, are not the less cruelly felt; their business sooner or later fails, for younger men will work cheaper, and longer, and harder—besides that the cases are few, comparatively, in which senior counsel are engaged, and it is not etiquette to ask any one in that advanced age to take the whole burden of a cause. Insensibly, without decay of talent, and without losing the public esteem, there is a gradual decay of employment, which almost no man ever practised thirty years without experiencing; and thus the honours and dignities of the Bench, so hardly earned, and themselves leading but to toils of another kind, are peculiarly desirable. Erskine would have sat there ten years ago but for wretched intrigues. He has a very poetical and elegant mind, but I do not know of any poetry of his writing, except

some additional stanzas to Collins' Ode on Scottish Superstitions, long since published in the *Border Minstrelsy*. I doubt it would not be consistent with his high office to write poetry now, but you may add his name with Mrs. Scott's (Heaven forgive me! I should have said Lady Scott's) and mine to the subscription list. I will not promise to get you more, for people always look as if you were asking the guinea for yourself—there John Bull has the better of Sawney; to be sure he has more guineas to bestow, but we retain our reluctance to part with hard cash, though profuse enough in our hospitality. I have seen a laird, after giving us more champagne and claret than we cared to drink, look pale at the idea of paying a crown in charity.

I am seriously tempted, though it would be sending coals to Newcastle with a vengeance, not to mention salt to Dysart, and all other superfluous importations—I am, I say, strangely tempted to write for your *protégés* a dramatic scene on an incident which happened at the battle of Halidon Hill (I think). It was to me a nursery tale, often told by Mrs. Margaret Swinton, sister of my maternal grandmother, a fine old lady of high blood, and of as high a mind, who was lineally descended from one of the actors. The anecdote was briefly thus: The family of Swinton is very ancient, and was once very powerful, and at the period of this battle the Knight of Swinton was gigantic in stature, unequalled in strength, and a sage and experienced leader to boot. In one of those quarrels which divided the kingdom of Scotland in every corner, he had slain his neighbour, the head of the Gordon family, and an inveterate feud had ensued; for it seems that, powerful as the Gordons always were, the Swintons could then bide a bang with them. Well, the battle of Halidon began, and the Scottish army, unskilfully disposed on the side of a hill where no arrow fell in vain, was dreadfully galled by the archery of the English, as usual, upon which Swinton approached the Scottish general, requesting command of a body of cavalry, and pledging his honour that he would, if so supported, charge and disperse the English archers—one of the manœuvres by which Bruce gained the battle of Bannockburn. This was refused, out of stupidity or sullenness, by the general, on which Swinton expressed his determination to charge at the head of his own followers, though totally inadequate for the purpose. The young Gordon heard the proposal, son of him whom Swinton had slain, and with one of those irregular bursts of generosity and feeling which redeem the dark ages from the character of utter barbarism, he threw himself from his horse, and kneeled down before Swinton. 'I have not yet been knighted,' he said, 'and never can I take the honour from the hand of a truer, more loyal, more valiant leader than he who slew my father; grant me,' he said, 'the boon I ask, and I unite my forces to yours, that we may live and die together.' His feudal enemy became instantly his godfather in chivalry and his ally in battle. Swinton knighted the young Gordon, and they rushed down at the head of their united retainers, dispersed the archery, and would have turned the battle had they been supported. At length they both fell, and all who followed them were cut off; and it was remarked that while the fight lasted the old giant guarded the young man's life more than his own, and the same was indicated by the manner in which his body lay stretched over that of Gordon. Now, do not laugh at my Berwickshire *burr*, which I assure you is literally and lineally handed down to me by my grandmother from this fine old Goliath. Tell me, if I can clamper up the story into a sort of single scene, will it answer your purpose? I would rather try my hand in blank verse than rhyme.

The story, with many others of the same kind, is consecrated to me by the remembrance of the narrator, with her brown silk gown and triple ruffles, and her benevolent face, which was always beside our beds when there were childish complaints among us. Poor Aunt Margaret had a most shocking fate, being murdered by a favourite maid-servant in a fit of insanity, when I was about ten years old; the catastrophe was much owing to the scrupulous delicacy and high courage of my poor relation, who would not have the assistance of men called in for exposing the unhappy wretch her servant. I think you will not ask for a letter from me in a hurry again, but, as I have no chance of seeing you for a long time, I must be contented with writing. My kindest respects attend Mrs. Agnes, your kind brother and family, and the Richardsons, little and big, short and tall; and believe me most truly yours,

W. SCOTT.

P.S.—Sophia is come up to her Sunday dinner, and begs to send a thousand remembrances, with the important intelligence that her baby actually says ma-ma, and bow-wow when he sees the dog. Moreover, he is christened John Hugh; and I intend to plant two little knolls at their cottage, to be called Mount Saint John and Hougomont. The papa also sends his respects.

TO MISS EDGEWORTH.

Abbotsford, April 24, 1822.

MY DEAR MISS EDGEWORTH,—I am extremely sorry indeed that you cannot fulfil your kind intentions to be at Abbotsford this year. It is a great disappointment, and I am grieved to think it should have arisen from the loss of a

valued relation. That is the worst part of life when its earlier path is trod. If my limbs get stiff, my walks are made shorter, and my rides slower; if my eyes fail me, I can use glasses and a large print; if I get a little deaf, I comfort myself that, except in a few instances, I shall be no great loser by missing one full half of what is spoken; but I feel the loneliness of age when my companions and friends are taken from me. The sudden death of both the Boswells, and the bloody end of the last, have given me great pain.[1] You have never got half the praise Vivian ought to have procured you. The reason is, that the class from which the excellent portrait was drawn feel the resemblance too painfully to thank the author for it; and I do not believe the common readers understand it in the least. I, who, thank God, am neither great man nor politician, have lived enough among them to recognise the truth and nature of the painting, and am no way implicated in the satire. I begin to think that of the three kingdoms the English alone are qualified to mix in politics safely and without fatal results; the fierce and hasty resentments of the Irish, and the sullen, long-enduring, revengeful temper of my countrymen, make such agitations have a much wider and more dreadful effect amongst them. Well, we will forget what we cannot help, and pray that we may lose no more friends till we find, as I hope and am sure we shall do, friends in each other. I had arranged to stay at least a month after the 12th of May, in hopes of detaining you at Abbotsford, and I will not let you off under a month or two the next year. I shall have my house completed, my library replaced, my armoury new furbished, my piper new clothed, and the time shall be July. I trust I may have the same family about me, and perhaps my two sons. Walter is at Berlin studying the great art of war—and entertaining a most military conviction that all the disturbances of Ireland are exclusively owing to his last regiment, the 18th Hussars, having been imprudently reduced. Little Charles is striving to become a good scholar and fit for Oxford. Both have a chance of being at home in autumn 1823. I know nothing I should wish you to see which has any particular chance of becoming invisible in the course of fourteen months, excepting my old bloodhound, poor fellow, on whom age now sits so heavily that he cannot follow me far from the house. I wished you to see him very much—he is of that noble breed which Ireland, as well as Scotland, once possessed, and which is now almost extinct in both countries. I have sometimes thought of the final cause of dogs having such short lives, and I am quite satisfied it is in compassion to the human race; for if we suffer so much in losing a dog after an acquaintance of ten or twelve years, what would it be if they were to live double that time?

I don't propose being in London this year; I do not like it—there is such a riding and driving—so much to see—so much to say—not to mention plovers' eggs and champagne—that I always feel too much excited in London, though it is good to rub off the rust too, sometimes, and brings you up abreast with the world as it goes. But I must break off, being summoned to a conclave to examine how the progress of decay, which at present threatens to destroy the ruins of Melrose, can yet be arrested. The Duke of Buccleuch, though but a boy, is very desirous to have something done, and his guardians have acquiesced in a wish so reasonable and creditable to the little chief. I only hope they will be liberal, for a trifle will do no good, or rather, I think, any partial tampering is likely to do harm. But the Duke has an immense estate, and I hope they will remember that though a moderate sum may keep up this national monument, yet his whole income could not replace it should it fall.—Yours, dear Miss Edgeworth, with true respect and regard,

WALTER SCOTT.

TO MR. MORRITT.

Edgeworthstown, Aug. 3, 1825.

Your kind letter, my dear Morritt, finds me sweltering under the hottest weather I ever experienced, for the sake of seeing sights—of itself, you know, the most feverish occupation in the world. Luckily we are free of Dublin, and there is nothing around us but green fields and fine trees, 'barring the high roads,' which make those who tread on them the most complete *piepoudreux* ever seen; that is, if the old definition of *piepoudres* be authentic, and if not, you may seek another dusty simile for yourself—it cannot exceed the reality. I have with me Lockhart and Anne, Walter and his *cara sposa*, for all whom the hospitality of Edgeworthstown

[1] James Boswell, of the Temple, editor of the last Variorum Shakespeare, etc., a man of considerable learning and admirable social qualities, died suddenly, in the prime of life, about a fortnight before his brother Sir Alexander. Scott was warmly attached to them both, and the fall of the baronet might well give him a severe shock, for he had dined in Castle Street only two or three days before it occurred, and the merriest tones of his voice were still ringing in his friend's ears when he received the fatal intelligence. That evening was, I think, the gayest I ever spent in Castle Street; and though Charles Matthews was present, and in his best force, poor Boswell's songs, jokes, and anecdotes had exhibited no symptom of eclipse. It turned out that he had joined the party whom he thus delighted immediately after completing the last arrangements for his duel. It may be worth while to add, that several circumstances of his death are *exactly* reproduced in the duel scene of *St. Ronan's Well*.

has found ample space and verge enough. Indeed it is impossible to conceive the extent of this virtue in all classes; I don't think even our Scottish hospitality can match that of Ireland. Everything seems to give way to the desire to accommodate a stranger, and I really believe the story of the Irish harper, who condemned his harp to the flames for want of firewood to cook a guest's supper. Their personal kindness to me has been so great, that were it not from the chilling recollection that novelty is easily substituted for merit, I should think, like the booby in Steele's play, that I had been *kept back*, and that there was something more about me than I had been led to suspect. As I am LL.D. of Trinity College, and am qualified as a Catholic seer, by having mounted up into the bed of Saint Kevin at the celebrated seven churches of Glendalough, I am entitled to prescribe, *ex cathedrâ*, for all the diseases of Ireland, as being free both of the Catholic and Protestant parties. But the truth is that Pat, while the doctors were consulting, has been gradually and securely recovering of himself. He is very loth to admit this, indeed, there being a strain of hypochondria in his complaints which will not permit him to believe he's getting better. Nay, he gets even angry when a physician, more blunt than polite, continues to assure him that he is better than he supposes himself, and that much of his present distress consists partly of the recollection of former indisposition, partly of the severe practice of modern empirics.

In sober sadness, to talk of the misery of Ireland at this time is to speak of the illness of *malade imaginaire*. *Well* she is not, but she is rapidly becoming so. There are all the outward and visible tokens of convalescence. Everything is mending: the houses that arise are better a hundredfold than the cabins which are falling; the peasants of the younger class are dressed a great deal better than with the rags which clothe the persons of the more ancient Teagues, which realize the wardrobe of Jenny Sutton, of whom Morris sweetly sings—

> 'One single pin at night let loose
> The robes which veiled her beauty.'

I am sure I have seen with apprehension a single button perform the same feat, and when this mad scarecrow hath girded up his loins to run hastily by the side of the chaise, I have feared it would give way, and that then, as King Lear's fool says, we should all be shamed. But this, which seems once to have generally been the attire of the fair of the Green Isle, probably since the time of King Malachi and the collar of gold, is now fast disappearing, and the habit of the more youthful Pats and Patesses is more decent and comely. *Here* they all look well coloured, and well fed, and well contented; and as I see in most places great exertions making to reclaim bogs upon a large scale, and generally to improve ground, I must needs hold that they are in constant employment.

With all this there is much that remains to be amended, and which time and increase of capital only can amend. The price of labour is far too low, and this naturally reduces the labouring poor beyond their just level in society. The behaviour of the gentry in general to the labourers is systematically harsh, and this arrogance is received with a servile deference which argues anything excepting affection. This, however, is also in the course of amending. I have heard a great deal of the far-famed Catholic Question from both sides, and I think I see its bearings better than I did; but these are for your ear when we meet—as meet we shall—if no accident prevent it. I return *viâ* Holyhead, as I wish to show Anne something of England, and you may believe that we shall take Rokeby in our way. To-morrow I go to Killarney, which will occupy most part of the week. About Saturday I shall be back at Dublin to take leave of friends; and then for England, ho! I will, avoiding London, seek a pleasant route to Rokeby. Fate will only allow us to rest there for a day or two, because I have some desire to see Canning, who is to be on the Lakes about that time. *Et finis*, my leave will be exhausted. Anne and Lockhart send kindest compliments to you and the ladies. I am truly rejoiced that Mrs. John Morritt is better. Indeed, I had learned that agreeable intelligence from Lady Louisa Stuart. I found Walter and his wife living happily and rationally, affectionately, and prudently. There is great good sense and quietness about all Jane's domestic arrangements, and she plays the leaguer's lady very prettily. I will write again when I reach Britain, and remain ever yours,

WALTER SCOTT.

[When Scott returned to Edinburgh from Abbotsford on Monday the 16th of January 1826, he found that Hurst & Co. had dishonoured a bill of Constable's, and then proceeded, according to engagement, to dine at Mr. Skene's of Rubislaw. Mr. Skene assures me that he appeared that evening quite in his usual spirits, conversing on whatever topic was started as easily and gaily as if there had been no impending calamity; but at parting he whispered, 'Skene, I have something to speak to you about; be so good as to look in on me as you go to the Parliament House to-morrow.' When Skene called in Castle Street, about half-past nine o'clock next morning, he found Scott writing in his study. He rose

and said, 'My friend, give me a shake of your hand—mine is that of a beggar.' He then told him that Ballantyne had just been with him, and that his ruin was certain and complete, explaining briefly the nature of his connection with the three houses, whose downfall must that morning be made public. He added, 'Don't fancy I am going to stay at home to brood idly on what can't be helped. I was at work upon *Woodstock* when you came in, and I shall take up the pen the moment I get back from Court. I mean to dine with you again on Sunday, and hope then to report progress to some purpose.' When Sunday came he reported accordingly, that, in spite of all the numberless interruptions of meetings and conferences with his partner, the Constables, and men of business—to say nothing of his distressing anxieties on account of his wife and daughter—he had written a chapter of his novel every intervening day. The reader may be curious to see what account James Ballantyne's Memorandum gives of that dark announcement on the morning of Tuesday the 17th. It is as follows:—'On the evening of the 16th I received from Mr. Cadell a distinct message putting me in possession of the truth. I called immediately in Castle Street, but found Sir Walter had gained an unconscious respite by being engaged out at dinner. It was between eight and nine next morning that I made the final communication. No doubt he was greatly stunned—but, upon the whole, he bore it with wonderful fortitude. He then asked, "Well, what is the actual step we must first take—I suppose we must do something?" I reminded him that two or three thousand pounds were due that day, so that we had only to do what we must do—refuse payment—to bring the disclosure sufficiently before the world. He took leave of me with these striking words, "Well, James, depend upon that, I will never forsake you."'—*Lockhart.*]

SCOTT TO LOCKHART.

Edinburgh, January 20, 1826.

My dear Lockhart,—I have your kind letter. Whenever I heard that Constable had made a *cessio fori*, I thought it became me to make public how far I was concerned in these matters, and to offer my fortune so far as it was prestable, and the completion of my literary engagements (the better thing almost of the two); to make good all claims upon Ballantyne & Co.; and even supposing that neither Hurst & Co. nor Constable & Co. ever pay a penny they owe me, my old age will be far from destitute—even if my right hand should lose its cunning. This is the *very worst* that can befall me; but I have little doubt that, with ordinary management, the affairs of those houses will turn out favourably. It is needless to add that I will not engage myself, as Constable desires, for £20,000 more—or £2000—or £200. I have advanced enough already to pay other people's debts, and now must pay my own. If our friend C. had set out a fortnight earlier nothing of all this would have happened; but he let the hour of distress precede the hour of provision, and he and others must pay for it. Yet don't hint this to him, poor fellow; it is an infirmity of nature.

I have made my matters public, and have had splendid offers of assistance, all which I have declined, for I would rather bear my own burden than subject myself to obligation. There is but one way in such cases.

It is easy, no doubt, for any friend to blame me for entering into connection with commercial matters at all. But I wish to know what I could have done better, excluded from the Bar, and then from all profits for six years, by my colleague's prolonged life. Literature was not in those days what poor Constable has made it; and, with my little capital, I was too glad to make commercially the means of supporting my family. I got but £600 for the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, and—it was a price that made men's hair stand on end—£1000 for *Marmion*. I have been far from suffering by James Ballantyne. I owe it to him to say, that his difficulties, as well as his advantages, are owing to me. I trusted too much to Constable's assurances of his own and his correspondents' stability, but yet I believe he was only sanguine. The upshot is just what Hurst & Co. and Constable may be able to pay me; if 15s. in the pound, I shall not complain of my loss, for I have gained many thousands in my day. But while I live I shall regret the downfall of Constable's house, for never did there exist so intelligent and so liberal an establishment. They went too far when money was plenty, that is certain; yet if every author in Britain had taxed himself half a year's income, he should have kept up the house which first broke in upon the monopoly of the London trade, and made letters what they now are.

I have had visits from all the monied people, offering their purses—and those who are creditors, sending their managers and treasurers to assure me of their joining in and adopting any measures I may propose. I am glad of this for their sake, and for my own; for although I

shall not desire to steer, yet I am the only person that can *cann*, as Lieutenant Hatchway says, to any good purpose. A very odd anonymous offer I had of £30,000,[1] which I rejected, as I did every other. Unless I die, I shall beat up against this foul weather. A penny I will not borrow from any one. Since my creditors are content to be patient, I have the means of righting them perfectly, and the confidence to employ them. I would have given a good deal to have avoided the *coup d'éclat;* but that having taken place, I would not give sixpence for any other results. I fear you will think I am writing in the heat of excited resistance to bad fortune. My dear Lockhart, I am as calm and temperate as you ever saw me, and working at *Woodstock* like a very tiger. I am grieved for Lady Scott and Anne, who cannot conceive adversity can have the better of them, even for a moment. If it teaches a little of the frugality which I never had the heart to enforce when money was plenty, and it seemed cruel to interrupt the enjoyment of it in the way they liked best, it will be well.

Kindest love to Sophia, and tell her to study the song[2] and keep her spirits up. Tyne heart, tyne all; and it is making more of money than it is worth to grieve about it. Kiss Johnnie for me. How glad I am fortune carried you to London before these reverses happened, as they would have embittered parting, and made it resemble the boat leaving the sinking ship.—Yours, dear Lockhart, affectionately,

WALTER SCOTT.

[Towards the end of the year 1813, the Ettrick Shepherd wrote from Edinburgh to his brother William, with reference to his celebrated poem, *The Queen's Wake*, and various other matters.]

JAMES HOGG, THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD, TO HIS BROTHER.

Edinburgh, Nov. 28, 1813.

DEAR BROTHER,—I have been very much to blame in not answering your letter, but the truth is that I never write any letters. The one of yours which I received in Athol I cannot lay my hands upon, but I know I objected particularly to the terms *perfect breed* and *perfection of a breed*. I received all my things in the box safe, and I find them of excellent quality. I am sorry I have not got a copy of the *Wake* to you, though I sent for one. I send you the *Review* and *Mag*. You shall have a copy of the poem soon. I will see my nephew Robert to-day, as I am bound to the south. Mr. Gray has a good letter from you, which I understand he has been reading in all the literary circles of Edinburgh, to show them, as he says, that the genius of the family is not all concentred in one head. For God's sake, take some thought of your *wases* and *weres*, *has* and *have*, *is* and *are*, etc. Excuse me, my dear William, for, believe me, the writing of a letter is now the greatest penance I suffer.—I am your affectionate brother, JAMES HOGG.

TO PROFESSOR JOHN WILSON.

Mount Benger, August 1829.

MY DEAR AND HONOURED JOHN,—I never thought you had been so unconscionable as to desire a sportsman on the 11th or even the 13th of August to leave Ettrick Forest for the bare scraggy hills of Westmoreland!—Ettrick Forest, where the black cocks and white cocks, brown cocks and grey cocks, ducks, plovers and peaseweeps and whilly-whaups are as thick as the flocks that cover her mountains, and come to the hills of Westmoreland that can nourish nothing better than a castril or stonechat! To leave the great yellow-fin of Yarrow, or the still larger grey-locher, for the degenerate fry of Troutbeck, Esthwaite, or even Wastwater! No, no, the request will not do; it is an unreasonable one, and therefore not unlike yourself, for besides, what would become of Old North and Blackwood and all our friends for game, were I to come to Elleray just now? I know of no home of man where I could be so happy within doors with so many lovely and joyous faces around me; but this is not the season for in-door enjoyments; they must be reaped on the wastes among the blooming heath, by the silver spring, or swathed in the delicious breeze of the wilderness. Elleray, with all its sweets, could never have been my choice for a habitation, and perhaps you are the only Scottish gentleman who ever made such a choice, and still persists in maintaining it, in spite of every disadvantage. Happy days to you and a safe return! Yours most respectfully, JAMES HOGG.

[The smart critic in the *Edinburgh* could stoop to write a charming friendly letter. The work of the busy lawyer, the keen debater, and the ready journalist has served its day and generation, and few revive his criticism unless by way of comparison with views which have advanced and progressed; but the personal good qualities of Jeffrey shine throughout his *Life and Correspondence*, which was edited shortly after his death by his friend Lord Cockburn.]

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[1] Sir Walter never knew the name of this munificent person.

[2] 'Up with the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.'

LORD JEFFREY TO HIS COUSIN, MISS CROCKETT.

Oxford, March 9, 1792.

My dear Crocke,—I fancy I have provoked you. I have entirely forgotten what I wrote in my last, but recollect that it was written immediately after a very hearty dinner, on a very cold and a very cloudy day. I conclude it was incredibly amusing. I beg your pardon—I excuse your silence—and I proceed. But I would excuse anything at present, for I am mollified and melted to the very temper of a lamb within these three weeks, and all owing to the reading of some very large and admirably elegant books; which have so stupefied and harassed my understanding, so exercised and confirmed my patience, and, withal, so petrified and deadened my sensibility, that I can no longer perceive or resent any injury or affront that might be offered me. I have just intellect enough remaining to suggest the impropriety of proclaiming this my unhappy state, so tempting to insult or malice; but I know to whom I confide the secret, and I know that I am safe; for benevolence and compassion, especially when allied to a genuine nobility of spirit, will never take advantage of infirmity or misfortune; and the assurance of impunity can only be a temptation to the ungenerous and unfeeling. Now I beg you would never think of copying such sentences as these—I mean when you write to me on any other occasion. I am sure your purer taste must render the caution superfluous. There is a charm in simplicity and naturality of expression, for which neither excellent sense, nor egregious sentiment, nor splendid diction, can compensate. But this simplicity, in this vile, conceited, and puerile age, it is infinitely difficult to acquire; and all our best writers since Shakespeare, except the gentle Addison, and sometimes Sterne, have given up the attempt in despair, and trusted to gaudier vehicles for the conveyance of their respective reputations to the ears of posterity and the mansion of fame; which practice, you will allow, is greatly to the prejudice of those who are taught to consider them as the models of fine writing. However, I intend in a year or two to correct the depravity of taste, and to revive the simple and the sublime in all their purity and in all their majesty. This, you will perceive, is private and confidential. I wish you understood Latin, and particularly Greek, that you might understand what it is that I am talking about, in which wish I doubt nothing you join me most cordially. Now you conceive I am grown a pedant; that I have done nothing but read law and language and science since I came here. Shall I tell you the truth,—though it would be a pity to undeceive you in an error so flattering to my diligence and industry,—I never was so dissipated in my life, being out almost every day, and pestered with languor all the morning. But the vacation is coming on, and we shall have leisure enow, and there will be nothing but reading, and then we will get learning enow, etc.

Write me a letter as long as these two last of mine, and believe me, yours sincerely.

TO MR. R. MOREHEAD.

Edinburgh, September 20, 1799.

My dear Bobby,—I am happy to tell you that I found Mainie[1] almost entirely recovered from her late illness, and in every respect a great deal better than I had expected. This is the first chapter, and now I come to myself; and a whole chapter of accidents I have to indite on that subject, though I am not sure if I shall have the patience to present you with the whole of it. I was roused carefully half an hour before four yesterday morning, and passed two delightful hours in the kitchen waiting for the mail. There was an enormous fire, and a whole houseful of smoke. The waiter was snoring with great vehemency upon one of the dressers, and the deep, regular intonation had a very solemn effect, I can assure you, in the obscurity of that Tartarean region, and the melancholy silence of the morning. An innumerable number of rats were trotting and gibbering in one end of the place, and the rain clattered freshly on the windows. The dawn heavily in clouds brought on the day, but not, alas, the mail; and it was long past five when the guard came galloping into the yard, upon a smoking horse, with all the wet bags lumbering beside him (like Scylla's water-dogs), roaring out that the coach was broken down somewhere near Dundee, and commanding another steed to be got ready for his transportation. The noise he made brought out the other two sleepy wretches that had been waiting like myself for places, and we at length persuaded the heroic champion to order a post-chaise instead of a horse; into which we crammed ourselves all four with a whole mountain of leather bags, that clung about our legs like the entrails of a fat cow all the rest of the journey. At Kinross, as the morning was very fine, we prevailed with the guard to go on the outside to dry himself, and got on to the ferry about eleven, after encountering various perils and vexations, in the loss of horse-shoes and wheel-pins, and in a great gap in the road, over which we had to lead the horses and haul the carriage separately. At this place we supplicated our agitator for leave to eat a little breakfast; but he would not stop an instant, and we were obliged to snatch up a roll or two a-piece to gnaw the dry crusts during our passage, to keep soul and

[1] His sister Mary.

body together. We got in soon after one, and I have spent my time in eating, drinking, sleeping, and other recreations, down to the present hour. This is the conclusion of my journal, you see. Yours is not in such forwardness. But I hope the part of it that has been performed out of my guidance has been prosperous and agreeable. I rather think my return must have been a riddance to you, for I was both dull and ill-tempered during the last days of our travelling, etc.

And now farewell to you, my trusty travelling companion. We shall make another trip together again, I hope, very soon; and, in the meantime, try to make as few trips as possible asunder. I am persuaded that they are good things both for the mind and the body, and are very amusing, both past, present, and future; which is more than you can say of any other kind of gratification.

Remember me very kindly to Mrs. Morehead and her children twain, Mrs. B. and all the other members of that illustrious family, to all my friends and acquaintances, and, lastly, to the whole human race, rich and poor, friends and foes. Amen.—I am, dear Bob, always most affectionately yours.

TO A GRANDCHILD.

Craigcrook, June 20, 1848.

My sonsy Nancy!—I love you very much, and think very often of your dimples, and your pimples, and your funny little plays, and all your pretty ways: and I send you my blessing, and wish I were kissing your sweet, rosy lips, or your fat finger tips; and that you were here, so that I could hear your stammering words from a mouthful of curds; and a great purple tongue (as broad as it's long); and see your round eyes, open wide with surprise, and your wondering look, to find yourself at Craigcrook! To-morrow is Maggie's *birthday*, and we have built up a great bonfire in honour of it; and Maggie Rutherfurd (do you remember her at all?) is coming out to dance round it,—and all the servants are to drink her health, and wish her many happy days with you and Frankie,—and all the mammys and pappys, whether grand or not grand. We are very glad to hear that she and you love each other so well, and are happy in making each other happy; and that you do not forget dear Tarley or Frankie when they are out of sight, nor Granny either,—or even old Granny pa, who is in most danger of being forgotten, he thinks. We have had showery weather here, but the garden is full of flowers; and Frankie has a new wheel-barrow, and does a great deal of work, and *some mischief* now and then. All the dogs are very well; and Foxey is mine, and Froggy is Tarley's, and Frankie has taken up with great white Neddy,—so that nothing is left for Granny but old barking Jacky and Dover when the carriage comes. The donkey sends his compliments to you, and maintains that you are a cousin of his! or a near relation, at all events. He wishes, too, that you and Maggie would come; for he thinks that you will not be so heavy on his back as Tarley and Maggie Rutherfurd, who now ride him without mercy. This is Sunday, and Ali is at church—Granny and I taking care of Frankie till she comes back, and he is now hammering very busily at a corner of the carpet, which he says does not lie flat. He is very good, and really too pretty for a boy, though I think his two eye-brows are growing into one,—stretching and meeting each other above his nose! But he has not near so many *freckles* as Tarley, who has a very fine crop of them, which she and I encourage as much as we can. I hope you and Maggie will lay in a stock of them, as I think no little girl can be pretty without them in summer. Our pea-hens are suspected of having young families in some hidden place, for though they pay us short visits now and then, we see them but seldom, and always alone. If you and Maggie were here with your sharp eyes, we think you might find out their secret, and introduce us to a nice new family of young peas. The old papa cock, in the meantime, says he knows nothing about them, and does not care a farthing! We envy you your young peas of another kind, for we have none yet, nor any asparagus either, and hope you will bring some down to us in your lap. Tarley sends her love, and I send mine to you all, though I shall think most of Maggie to-morrow morning, and of you when your birth morning comes. When is that, do you know? It is never dark now here, and we might all go to bed without candles. And so bless you ever and ever, my dear dimply pussie. — Your very loving Grandpa.

[At a time when the relationships between author and publisher are sometimes strained, and when they too often only stand in the position of buyer and seller of literary wares, this letter of Southey's is worth referring to, as an example of honourable and high-minded business dealing. Shortly after Joseph Cottle, an enlightened Bristol bookseller, had been introduced to Southey, and while the poet was yet unknown to fame, he gave him eighty guineas for his *Poems* and *Joan of Arc*. This was the first stepping-stone to fame, and the commencement of a prosperous career of author-

ship for Southey; and when Cottle, after the sale of his effects, regretted he had not returned his copyrights, the poet replied in a letter which speaks strongly for the friendly feeling still subsisting between them.]

ROBERT SOUTHEY TO JOSEPH COTTLE.

Wednesday evening, Greta Hall, April 28, 1808.

MY DEAR COTTLE,—What you say of my copyrights affects me very much. Dear Cottle, set your heart at rest on that subject. It ought to be at rest. They were yours; fairly bought, and fairly sold. You bought them on the chance of their success, what no London bookseller would have done; and had they not been bought, they could not have been published at all. Nay, if you had not published *Joan of Arc*, the poem never would have existed, nor should I, in all probability, ever have obtained that reputation which is the capital on which I subsist, nor that power which enables me to support it.

But this is not all. Do you suppose, Cottle, that I have forgotten those true and most essential acts of friendship which you showed me when I stood most in need of them? Your house was my house when I had no other. The very money with which I bought my wedding ring, and paid my marriage fees, was supplied by you. It was with your sisters that I left my Edith, during my six months' absence; and for the six months after my return, it was from you that I received, week by week, the little on which we lived, till I was enabled to live by other means. It is not the settling of our cash account that can cancel obligations like these. You are in the habit of preserving your letters, and if you were not, *I would entreat you to preserve this, that it might be seen hereafter*. Sure I am, that there never was a more generous nor a kinder heart than yours; and you will believe me when I add, that there does not live that man upon earth, whom I remember with more gratitude and more affection. My heart throbs and my eyes burn with these recollections. Good-night, my dear old friend and benefactor.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

[Charles Lamb, the delightful humorist and essayist, was born in London, in Crown Office Row, Inner Temple, on Friday the 10th of February 1775. He was the youngest surviving child of a family of seven, and after attending a little day school, in his eighth year was presented to Christ's Hospital by Timothy Yeates, the governor. In 1792 he obtained a situation in the accountant's office of the East India Company, where he remained thirty-three years, till his salary had gradually risen from about £70 to £600 per annum. His thirty-three years' clerkship closed on Tuesday the 29th March 1825, when he received a retiring pension of £450 per annum, with a separate provision for his sister Mary. His feelings when 'he came home for ever' will be seen in his letter to Wordsworth. He did not marry, but during his lifetime remained devotedly attached to his sister, Mary Lamb, who was subject to periodical attacks of insanity, and who had, while under the influence of one of these attacks, stabbed her mother to death with one of the knives from the dinner-table. Throughout his lifetime he enjoyed the friendship of Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey, Rogers, Hazlitt, and other eminent men of the time. The 'Essays of Elia' were contributed to the *London Magazine* between 1820–25. The largest sum he received for these essays was £170 a year for two years together. Lamb died December 27, 1834. Three years afterwards his friend Justice Talfourd embalmed his memory in his *Final Memorials*, which have been anything but final, as we have had many monographs and biographies of Lamb since that time. His letters are as whimsical and entertaining as his essays, with this additional advantage, that they are at the same time autobiographical. Without these letters, no correct biography of Lamb would be possible at this distance of time.]

LAMB TO COLERIDGE.[1]

(*In allusion to a small volume of Poems by Coleridge, Lloyd, and Lamb, which was published by Cottle of Bristol.*)

Priestley, whom I sin in almost adoring, speaks of 'such a choice of company as tends to keep up that right bent, and firmness of mind, which a necessary intercourse with the world would otherwise warp and relax.' 'Such fellowship is the true balsam of life; its cement is infinitely more durable than that of the friend-

[1] This selection is quoted from *The Letters of Charles Lamb, with a Sketch of his Life*, by Thomas Noon Talfourd. London, 1837. Lamb has had many biographers, including Talfourd, Barry Cornwall, Percy Fitzgerald, Charles Kent, and Alfred Ainger.

ships of the world, and it looks for its proper fruit, and complete gratification, to the life beyond the grave.' Is there a possible chance for such an one as I to realize in this world such friendships? Where am I to look for 'em? What testimonials shall I bring of my being worthy of such friendship? Alas! the great and good go together in separate herds, and leave such as I to lag far, far behind in all intellectual, and, far more grievous to say, in all moral accomplishments. Coleridge, I have not one truly elevated character among my acquaintance; not one Christian; not one but undervalues Christianity—singly what am I to do? Wesley (have you read his life?), was he not an elevated character? Wesley has said, 'Religion is not a solitary thing.' Alas! it necessarily is so with me, or next to solitary. 'Tis true you write to me. But correspondence by letter, and personal intimacy, are very widely different. Do, do write to me, and do some good to my mind, already how much 'warped and relaxed' by the world! 'Tis the conclusion of another evening. Good-night. God have us all in His keeping.

If you are sufficiently at leisure, oblige me with an account of your plan of life at Stowey,—your literary occupations and prospects,—in short, make me acquainted with every circumstance, which, as relating to you, can be interesting to me. Are you yet a Berkleyan? Make me one. I rejoice in being speculatively a Necessitarian. Would to God I were habitually a practical one. Confirm me in the faith of that great and glorious doctrine, and keep me steady in the contemplation of it. You some time since expressed an intention you had of finishing some extensive work on the Evidences of Natural and Revealed Religion. Have you let that intention go? Or are you doing anything towards it? Make to yourself other ten talents. My letter is full of nothingness. I talk of nothing. But I must talk. I love to write to you. I take a pride in it. It makes me think less meanly of myself. It makes me think myself not totally disconnected from the better part of mankind. I know I am too dissatisfied with the beings around me; but I cannot help occasionally exclaiming, 'Woe is me that I am constrained to dwell with Meshech, and to have my habitation among the tents of Kedar.' I know I am in noways better in practice than my neighbours, but I have a taste for religion, an occasional earnest aspiration after perfection, which they have not. I gain nothing by being with such as myself; we encourage one another in mediocrity. I am always longing to be with men more excellent than myself. All this must sound old to you, but these are my predominant feelings when I sit down to write to you, and I should put force upon my mind were I to reject them. Yet I rejoice, and feel my privilege with gratitude, when I have been reading some wise book, such as I have just been reading, *Priestley on Philosophical Necessity*, in the thought that I enjoy a kind of communion, a kind of friendship even with the great and good. Books are to me instead of friends. I wish they did not resemble the latter in their scarceness.

And how does little David Hartley? *Ecquid antiquam virtutem?* Does his mighty name work wonders yet upon his little frame and opening mind? I did not distinctly understand you; you don't mean to make an actual ploughman of him? Is Lloyd with you yet? Are you intimate with Southey? What poems is he about to publish? He hath a most prolific brain, and is indeed a most sweet poet. But how can you answer all the various mass of interrogation I have put to you in the course of the sheet? Write back just what you like, only write something, however brief. I have now nigh finished my page, and got to the end of another evening (Monday evening), and my eyes are heavy and sleepy, and my brain unsuggestive. I have just heart enough awake to say good-night once more, and God love you, my dear friend. God love us all. Mary bears an affectionate remembrance of you.

[1797.] CHARLES LAMB.

TO THE SAME.

Your poem[1] is altogether admirable, parts of it are even exquisite. I perceived all its excellences, on a first reading, as readily as now you have been removing a supposed film from my eyes. I was only struck with a certain faulty disproportion, in the matter and the *style*, which I still think I perceive between these lines and the former ones. I had an end in view; I wished to make you reject the poem, only as being discordant with the other, and, in subservience to that end, it was politically done in me to over-pass, and make no mention of merit, which, could you think me capable of *overlooking*, might reasonably damn for ever in your judgment all pretensions, in me, to be critical. There—I will be judged by Lloyd, whether I have not made a very handsome recantation. I was in the case of a man whose friend has asked him his opinion of a certain young lady—the deluded wight gives judgment against her *in toto*, don't like her face, her walk, her manners; finds fault with her eyebrows; can see no wit in her; his friend looks blank, he begins to smell a rat—wind veers about—he acknowledges her good sense, her judgment in dress, a certain simplicity of manners and honesty of heart, something too in her manners which gains upon you after a short acquaintance, and then her accurate pronunciation of the

[1] A poem of Coleridge's, which he proposed to call the *Maid of Orleans*.

French language, and a pretty uncultivated taste in drawing. The reconciled gentleman smiles applause, squeezes him by the hand, and hopes he will do him the honour of taking a bit of dinner with Mrs. —— and him, a plain family dinner, some day next week; 'for I suppose you never heard we were married. I'm glad to see you like my wife, however; you'll come and see her, ha?' Now, am I too proud to retract entirely? Yet I do perceive I am in some sort straitened; you are manifestly wedded to this poem, and what fancy has joined let no man separate. I turn me to the *Joan of Arc*, second book.

The solemn openings of it are with sounds, which Ll. would say 'are silence to the mind.' The deep preluding strains are fitted to initiate the mind, with a pleasing awe, into the sublimest mysteries of theory concerning man's nature, and his noblest destination—the philosophy of a first cause—of subordinate agents in creation, superior to man—the subserviency of Pagan worship and Pagan faith to the introduction of a purer and more perfect religion, which you so elegantly describe as winning with gradual steps her difficult way northward from Bethabra. After all this cometh Joan, a *publican's* daughter, sitting on an ale-house *bench*, and marking the *swingings* of the *sign-board*, finding a poor man, his wife and six children, starved to death with cold, and thence roused into a state of mind proper to receive visions emblematical of equality; which, what the devil Joan had to do with, I don't know, or, indeed, with the French and American revolutions, though that needs no pardon, it is executed so nobly. After all, if you perceive no disproportion, all argument is vain; I do not so much object to parts. Again, when you talk of building your fame on these lines in preference to the *Religious Musings*, I cannot help conceiving of you, and of the author of that, as two different persons, and I think you a very vain man.

I have been re-reading your letter; much of it I *could* dispute, but with the latter part of it, in which you compare the two Joans, with respect to their predispositions for fanaticism, I, *toto corde*, coincide, only I think that Southey's strength rather lies in the description of the emotions of the Maid under the weight of inspiration—these (I see no mighty difference between *her* describing them or *you* describing them), these if you only equal, the previous admirers of his poem, as is natural, will prefer his,—if you surpass, prejudice will scarcely allow it; and I scarce think you will surpass, though your specimen at the conclusion, I am in earnest, I think very nigh equals them. And in an account of a fanatic or of a prophet, the description of her *emotions* is expected to be most highly finished. By the way, I spoke far too disparagingly of your lines, and, I am ashamed to say, purposely. I should like you to specify or particularize; the story of the 'Tottering Eld,' of 'his eventful years all come and gone,' is too general; why not make him a soldier, or some character, however, in which he has been witness to frequency of 'cruel wrong and strange distress'? I think I should. When I laughed at the 'miserable man crawling from beneath the coverture,' I wonder I did not perceive that it was a laugh of horror, such as I have laughed at Dante's picture of the famished Ugolino. Without falsehood, I perceive an hundred beauties in your narrative. Yet I wonder you do not perceive something out of the way, something unsimple and artificial, in the expression 'voiced a sad tale.' I hate made-dishes at the muses' banquet. I believe I was wrong in most of my other objections. But surely 'hailed him immortal,' adds nothing to the terror of the man's death, which it was your business to heighten, not diminish, by a phrase which takes away all terror from it. I like that line, 'They closed their eyes in sleep, nor knew 'twas death.' Indeed there is scarce a line I do not like. '*Turbid* ecstasy' is surely not so good as what you *had* written, 'troublous.' Turbid rather suits the muddy kind of inspiration which London porter confers. The versification is, throughout, to my ears unexceptionable, with no disparagement to the measure of the *Religious Musings*, which is exactly fitted to the thoughts.

You were building your house on a rock, when you rested your fame on that poem. I can scarce bring myself to believe that I am admitted to a familiar correspondence, and all the licence of friendship, with a man who writes blank verse like Milton. Now, this is delicate flattery, *indirect* flattery. Go on with your *Maid of Orleans*, and be content to be second to yourself. I shall become a convert to it, when 'tis finished.

. . . . . .

This afternoon I attend the funeral of my poor old aunt, who died on Thursday. I own I am thankful that the good creature has ended all her days of suffering and infirmity. She was to me the 'cherisher of infancy,' and one must fall on those occasions into reflections, which it would be commonplace to enumerate, concerning death, 'of chance and change, and fate and human life.' Good ——, who could have foreseen all this but four months back? I had reckoned, in particular, on my aunt's living many years; she was a very hearty old woman. But she was a mere skeleton before she died, looked more like a corpse that had lain weeks in the grave than one fresh dead. 'Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun; but let a man live many days and rejoice in them all, yet let him remember the days of darkness, for they shall be many.' Coleridge, why are we to

live on after all the strength and beauty of existence are gone, when all the life of life is fled, as Burns expresses it? Tell Lloyd I have had thoughts of turning Quaker, have been reading, and, or am rather just beginning to read, a most capital book, good thoughts in good language, William Penn's *No Cross, no Crown*. I like it immensely. Unluckily I went to one of his meetings, tell him, in St. John's Street, yesterday, and saw a man under all the agitations and workings of a fanatic, who believed himself under the influences of some 'inevitable presence.' This cured me of Quakerism; I love it in the books of Penn and Woolman, but I detest the vanity of a man thinking he speaks by the Spirit, when what he says an ordinary man might say without all that quaking and trembling. In the midst of his inspiration, and the effects of it were most noisy, was handed into the midst of the meeting a most terrible blackguard Wapping sailor; the poor man, I believe, had rather have been in the hottest part of an engagement, for the congregation of broad-brims, together with the ravings of the prophet, were too much for his gravity, though I saw even he had delicacy enough not to laugh out. And the inspired gentleman, though his manner was so supernatural, yet neither talked nor professed to talk anything more than good sober sense, common morality, with now and then a declaration of not speaking from himself. Among other things, looking back to his childhood and early youth, he told the meeting what a graceless young dog he had been, that in his youth he had a good share of wit: reader, if thou hadst seen the gentleman, thou wouldst have sworn that it must indeed have been many years ago, for his rueful physiognomy would have scared away the playful goddess from the meeting where he presided for ever. A wit! a wit! what could he mean? Lloyd, it minded me of Falkland in the *Rivals*, 'Am I full of wit and humour? No, indeed you are not. Am I the life and soul of every company I come into? No, it cannot be said you are.' That hard-faced gentleman a wit! Why, nature wrote on his fanatic forehead fifty years ago, 'Wit never comes, that comes to all.' I should be as scandalized at a *bon mot* issuing from his oracle-looking mouth, as to see Cato go down a country dance. God love you all. You are very good to submit to be pleased with reading my nothings. 'Tis the privilege of friendship to talk nonsense, and to have nonsense respected.

Yours ever, C. LAMB.

Monday [1797].

[The following letter—rich in fun—bears date Saturday, July 28, 1798. In order to make its allusions intelligible, it is only necessary to mention that Southey was then contemplating a calendar illustrative of the remarkable days of the year.—*Talfourd.*]

LAMB TO MR. SOUTHEY.

I am ashamed that I have not thanked you before this for the *Joan of Arc*, but I did not know your address, and it did not occur to me to write through Cottle. The poem delighted me, and the notes amused me, but methinks she of Neufchatel, in the print, holds her sword too 'like a dancer.' I sent your *notice* to Phillips, particularly requesting an immediate insertion, but I suppose it came too late. I am sometimes curious to know what progress you make in that same 'Calendar,' whether you insert the nine worthies and Whittington; what you do or how you can manage when two Saints meet and quarrel for precedency; Martlemas, and Candlemas, and Christmas are glorious themes for a writer like you, antiquity-bitten, smit with the love of boars' heads and rosemary; but how you can ennoble the 1st of April I know not. By the way, I had a thing to say, but a certain false modesty has hitherto prevented me; perhaps I can best communicate my wish by a hint—my birthday is on the 10th of February, new style, but if it interferes with any remarkable event, why, rather than my country should lose her fame, I care not if I put my nativity back eleven days. Fine family patronage for your 'Calendar,' if that old lady of prolific memory were living, who lies (or lyes) in some church in London (saints forgive me, but I have forgot *what* church), attesting that enormous legend of as many children as days in the year. I marvel her impudence did not grasp at a leap year. Three hundred and sixty-five dedications, and all in a family—you might spit in spirit on the oneness of Mæcenas patronage!

Samuel Taylor Coleridge, to the eternal regret of his native Devonshire, emigrates to Westphalia—'Poor Lamb (these were his last words), if he wants any *knowledge*, he may apply to me,'—— in ordinary cases, I thanked him, I have an *Encyclopedia* at hand, but on such an occasion as going over to a German university, I could not refrain from sending him the following propositions, to be by him defended or oppugned (or both) at Leipsic or Gottingen.

THESES QUÆDAM THEOLOGICÆ.

I.

'Whether God loves a lying angel better than a true man?'

II.

'Whether the archangel Uriel *could* knowingly affirm an untruth, and whether, if he *could*, he *would?*'

III.

'Whether honesty be an angelic virtue, or not rather belonging to that class of qualities which the Schoolmen term "virtutes minus splendidæ, et hominis et terræ nimis participes?"'

IV.

'Whether the seraphim ardentes do not manifest their goodness by the way of vision and theory? and whether practice be not a sub-celestial and merely human virtue?'

V.

'Whether the higher order of seraphim illuminati ever *sneer?*'

VI.

'Whether pure intelligences can *love*, or whether they can love anything besides pure intellect?'

VII.

'Whether the beatific vision be anything more or less than a perpetual representment to each individual angel of his own present attainments and future capabilities, something in the manner of mortal looking-glasses?'

VIII.

'Whether an "immortal and amenable soul" may not come *to be damn'd at last and the man never suspect it beforehand?*'

Samuel Taylor hath not deigned an answer; was it impertinent in me to avail myself of that offered source of knowledge?

Wishing Madoc may be born into the world with as splendid promise as the second birth, or purification, of the Maid of Neufchatel, I remain, yours sincerely, C. LAMB.

TO MR. WORDSWORTH.

DEAR WORDSWORTH,—I have not forgot your commissions. But the truth is,—and why should I not confess it?—I am not plethorically abounding in cash at this present. Merit, Heaven knows, is very little rewarded; but it does not become me to speak of myself. My motto is, 'Contented with little, yet wishing for more.' Now, the books you wish for would require some pounds, which, I am sorry to say, I have not by me; so, I will say at once, if you will give me a draft upon your town banker for any sum you propose to lay out, I will dispose of it to the very best of my skill in choice old books, such as my own soul loveth. In fact, I have been waiting for the liquidation of a debt to enable myself to set about your commission handsomely; for it is a scurvy thing to cry, 'Give me the money first,' and I am the first of the family of the Lambs that have done it for many centuries; but the debt remains as it was, and my old friend that I accommodated has generously forgot it! The books which you want, I calculate at about £8. Ben Jonson is a guinea book. Beaumont and Fletcher, in folio, the right folio not now to be met with; the octavos are about £3. As to any other dramatists, I do not know where to find them, except what are in Dodsley's old plays, which are about £3 also. Massinger I never saw but at one shop, but it is now gone; but one of the editions of Dodsley contains about a fourth (the best) of his plays. Congreve, and the rest of King Charles' moralists, are cheap and accessible. The works on Ireland I will inquire after, but, I fear, Spenser's is not to be had apart from his poems; I never saw it. But you may depend upon my sparing no pains to furnish you as complete a library of old poets and dramatists as will be prudent to buy; for I suppose you do not include the £20 edition of Hamlet, single play, which Kemble has. Marlow's plays and poems are totally vanished; only one edition of Dodsley retains one, and the other two of his plays; but John Ford is the man after Shakespeare. Let me know your will and pleasure soon, for I have observed, next to the pleasure of buying a bargain for oneself, is the pleasure of persuading a friend to buy it. It tickles one with the image of an imprudency, without the penalty usually annexed. C. LAMB.

[1800.]

[Thomas Manning was a mathematical tutor at Cambridge when Lamb first made his acquaintance. He had a strong scientific turn, and afterwards travelled in the remoter parts of China and Thibet.]

LAMB TO MR. MANNING.

DEAR MANNING,—Had you written one week before you did, I certainly should have obeyed your injunction; you should have seen me before my letter. I will explain to you my situation. There are six of us in one department. Two of us (within these four days) are confined with severe fevers; and two more, who belong to the Tower Militia, expect to have marching orders on Friday. Now six are absolutely necessary. I have already asked and obtained two young hands to supply the loss of the feverites. And, with the other prospect before me, you may believe I cannot decently ask leave of absence for myself. All I can promise is (and I do promise, with the sincerity of Saint Peter, and the contrition of sinner Peter if I fail), that I will come the very first spare week, and go nowhere till I have been at Cambridge. No matter if you are in a state of pupilage when I come; for I can

employ myself in Cambridge very pleasantly in the mornings. Are there not libraries, halls, colleges, books, pictures, statues? I wish you had made London in your way. There is an exhibition quite uncommon in Europe, which could not have escaped your genius,—a live rattlesnake, ten feet in length, and the thickness of a big leg. I went to see it last night by candlelight. We were ushered into a room very little bigger than ours at Pentonville. A man and woman and four boys live in this room, joint tenants with nine snakes, most of them such as no remedy has been discovered for their bite. We walked into the middle, which is formed by a half moon of wired boxes, all mansions of snakes—whip-snakes, thunder-snakes, pig-nose snakes, American vipers, and this monster. He lies curled up in folds; and immediately a stranger enters (for he is used to the family, and sees them play at cards), he set up a rattle like a watchman's in London, or near as loud, and reared up a head, from the midst of these folds, like a toad, and shook his head, and showed every sign a snake can show of irritation. I had the foolish curiosity to strike the wires with my finger, and the devil flew at me with his toad mouth wide open; the inside of his mouth is quite white. I had got my finger away, nor could he well have bit me with his big mouth, which would have been certain death in five minutes. But it frightened me so much, that I did not recover my voice for a minute's space. I forgot, in my fear, that he was secured. You would have forgot too, for 'tis incredible how such a monster can be confined in small, gauzy-looking wires. I dreamed of snakes in the night. I wish to heaven you could see it. He absolutely swelled with passion to the bigness of a large thigh. I could not retreat without infringing on another box, and just behind, a little devil, not an inch from my back, had got his nose out, with some difficulty and pain, quite through the bars! He was soon taught better manners. All the snakes were curious, and objects of terror; but this monster, like Aaron's serpent, swallowed up the impression of the rest. He opened his cursed mouth, when he made at me, as wide as his head was broad. I hallooed out quite loud, and felt pains all over my body with the fright.

I have had the felicity of hearing George Dyer read out one book of *The Farmer's Boy*. I thought it rather childish. No doubt, there is originality in it (which, in your self-taught geniuses, is a most rare quality, they generally getting hold of some bad models, in a scarcity of books, and forming their taste on them), but no *selection*. *All* is described.

Mind, I have only heard read one book. Yours sincerely, Philo-Snake,

[1800.] C. L.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR MANNING,—I have received a very kind invitation from Lloyd and Sophia, to go and spend a month with them at the lakes. Now it fortunately happens (which is so seldom the case!) that I have spare cash by me, enough to answer the expenses of so long a journey; and I am determined to get away from the office by some means. The purpose of this letter is to request of you (my dear friend) that you will not take it unkind, if I decline my proposed visit to Cambridge for the present. Perhaps I shall be able to take Cambridge in my way, going or coming. I need not describe to you the expectations which such an one as myself, pent up all my life in a dirty city, have formed of a tour to the lakes. Consider, Grasmere! Ambleside! Wordsworth! Coleridge! Hills, woods, lakes, and mountains to the eternal ——. I will eat snipes with thee, Thomas Manning. Only confess, confess a *bite*.

P.S.—I think you named the 16th; but was it not modest of Lloyd to send such an invitation! It shows his knowledge of *money* and *time*. I would be loath to think he meant

'Ironic satire sidelong sklented on my poor pursie.
BURNS.

For my part, with reference to my friends northward, I must confess that I am not romance-bit about nature. The earth, and sea, and sky (when all is said), is but as a house to dwell in. If the inmates be courteous, and good liquors flow like the conduits at an old coronation, if they can talk sensibly, and feel properly, I have no need to stand staring upon the gilded looking-glass (that strained my friend's purse strings in the purchase), nor his five-shilling print over the mantelpiece of old Nabbs the carrier (which only betrays his false taste). Just as important to me, in a sense, is all the furniture of my world; eye pampering, but satisfies no heart. Streets, streets, streets, markets, theatres, churches, Covent Gardens, shops sparkling with pretty faces of industrious milliners, neat sempstresses, ladies cheapening, gentlemen behind counters lying, authors in the street with spectacles (you may know them by their gait), lamps lit at night, pastry-cook and silver-smith shops, beautiful Quakers of Pentonville, noise of coaches, drowsy cry of mechanic watchmen at night, with bucks reeling home drunk; if you happen to wake at midnight, cries of fire and stop thief, inns of court, with their learned air, and halls, and butteries, just like Cambridge colleges; old book-stalls, *Jeremy Taylors*, *Burtons on Melancholy*, and *Religio Medicis* on every stall. These are thy pleasures, O London, with the many sins. O city, abounding in ——, for these may Keswick and her giant brood go hang!

[1800.] C. L.

TO MR. WORDSWORTH.

I ought before this to have replied to your very kind invitation into Cumberland. With you and your sister I could gang anywhere; but I am afraid whether I shall ever be able to afford so desperate a journey. Separate from the pleasure of your company, I don't now care if I never see a mountain in my life. I have passed all my days in London, until I have formed as many and intense local attachments as any of you mountaineers can have done with dead nature. The lighted shops of the Strand and Fleet Street, the innumerable trades, tradesmen, and customers, coaches, waggons, playhouses; all the bustle and wickedness round about Covent Garden; the watchmen, drunken scenes, rattles; life awake, if you awake, at all hours of the night; the impossibility of being dull in Fleet Street; the crowds, the very dirt and mud, the sun shining upon houses and pavements, the print-shops, the old book-stalls, parsons cheapening books, coffee-houses, steams of soups from kitchens, the pantomimes—London itself a pantomime and a masquerade—all these things work themselves into my mind, and feed me without a power of satiating me. The wonder of these sights impels me into night walks about her crowded streets, and I often shed tears in the motley Strand from fulness of joy at so much life. All these emotions must be strange to you; so are your rural emotions to me. But consider, what must I have been doing all my life, not to have lent great portions of my heart with usury to such scenes?

My attachments are all local, purely local—I have no passion (or have had none since I was in love, and then it was the spurious engendering of poetry and books) to groves and valleys. The rooms where I was born, the furniture which has been before my eyes all my life, a book-case which has followed me about like a faithful dog (only exceeding him in knowledge) wherever I have moved, old chairs, old tables, streets, squares, where I have sunned myself, my old school, these are my mistresses—have I not enough without your mountains? I do not envy you. I should pity you, did I not know that the mind will make friends of anything. Your sun, and moon, and skies, and hills, and lakes affect me no more, or scarcely come to me in more venerable characters, than as a gilded room with tapestry and tapers, where I might live with handsome, visible objects. I consider the clouds above me but as a roof beautifully painted, but unable to satisfy the mind; and at last, like the pictures of the apartment of a connoisseur, unable to afford him any longer a pleasure. So fading upon me, from disuse, have been the beauties of nature, as they have been confinedly called; so ever fresh, and green, and warm are all the inventions of men and assemblies of men in this great city. I should certainly have laughed with dear Joanna.[1]

Give my kindest love, *and my* sister's, to D. and yourself. And a kiss from me to little Barbara Lethwaite.[2] Thank you for liking my play! C. L.

[Lamb, accompanied by his sister, visited the lake country in 1802, and spent three weeks with Coleridge at Keswick. There he also met Thomas Clarkson, the philanthropist and opponent of the slave trade.]

LAMB TO MR. MANNING.

London, Sept. 24, 1802.

My dear Manning,—Since the date of my last letter, I have been a traveller. A strong desire seized me of visiting remote regions. My first impulse was to go and see Paris. It was a trivial objection to my aspiring mind that I did not understand a word of the language, since I certainly intend some time in my life to see Paris, and equally certainly intend never to learn the language; therefore that could be no objection. However, I am very glad I did not go, because you had left Paris (I see) before I could have set out. I believe, Stoddart promising to go with me another year, prevented that plan. My next scheme (for to my restless, ambitious mind London has become a bed of thorns) was to visit the far-famed peak in Derbyshire, where the devil sits, they say, without breeches. *This* my purer mind rejected as indelicate. And my final resolve was a tour to the lakes. I set out with Mary to Keswick, without giving Coleridge any notice, for, my time being precious, did not admit of it. He received us with all the hospitality in the world, and gave up his time to show us all the wonders of the country. He dwells upon a small hill by the side of Keswick, in a comfortable house, quite enveloped on all sides by a net of mountains; great floundering bears and monsters they seemed, all couchant and asleep. We got in in the evening, travelling in a post-chaise from Penrith in the midst of a gorgeous sunshine, which transmuted all the mountains into colours, purple, etc. etc. We thought we had got into fairyland. But that went off (and it never came again; while we stayed we had no more fine sunsets); and we entered Coleridge's comfortable study just in the dusk, when the mountains were all dark

[1] Alluding to the Inscription of Wordsworth's, entitled 'Joanna,' containing a magnificent description of the effect of laughter echoing amidst the great mountains of Westmoreland.

[2] Alluding to Wordsworth's poem 'The Pet Lamb.'

with clouds upon their heads. Such an impression I never received from objects of sight before, nor do I suppose that I can ever again. Glorious creatures, fine old fellows, Skiddaw, etc. I never shall forget ye, how ye lay about that night, like an entrenchment; gone to bed, as it seemed, for the night, but promising that ye were to be seen in the morning. Coleridge had got a blazing fire in his study, which is a large, antique, ill-shaped room, with an old-fashioned organ, never played upon, big enough for a church, shelves of scattered folios, an Æolian harp, and an old sofa, half bed, etc. And all looking out upon the fading view of Skiddaw, and his broad-breasted brethren: what a night! Here we stayed three full weeks, in which time I visited Wordsworth's cottage, where we stayed a day or two with the Clarksons (good people, and most hospitable, at whose house we tarried one day and night), and saw Lloyd. The Wordsworths were gone to Calais. They have since been in London, and passed much time with us; he is now gone into Yorkshire to be married. So we have seen Keswick, Grasmere, Ambleside, Ulswater (where the Clarksons live), and a place at the other end of Ulswater, I forget the name,[1] to which we travelled on a very sultry day, over the middle of Helvellyn. We have clambered up to the top of Skiddaw, and I have waded up the bed of Lodore. In fine, I have satisfied myself that there is such a thing as that which tourists call *romantic*, which I very much suspected before; they make such a spluttering about it, and toss their splendid epithets around them, till they give as dim a light as at four o'clock next morning the lamps do after an illumination. Mary was excessively tired when she got about half-way up Skiddaw; but we came to a cold rill (than which nothing can be imagined more cold, running over cold stones), and with the reinforcement of a draught of cold water, she surmounted it most manfully. Oh, its fine black head, and the bleak air atop of it, with a prospect of mountains all about and about making you giddy; and then Scotland afar off, and the border counties so famous in song and ballad! It was a day that will stand out like a mountain, I am sure, in my life. But I am returned (I have now been come home near three weeks—I was a month out), and you cannot conceive the degradation I felt at first, from being accustomed to wander free as air among mountains, and bathe in rivers without being controlled by any one, to come home and work. I felt very little. I had been dreaming I was a very great man. But that is going off, and I find I shall conform in time to that state of life to which it has pleased God to call me. Besides, after all, Fleet Street and the Strand are better places to live in for good and all than amidst Skiddaw. Still, I turn back to those great places where I wandered about, participating in their greatness. After all, I could not *live* in Skiddaw. I could spend a year, two, three years among them, but I must have a prospect of seeing Fleet Street at the end of that time, or I should mope and pine away, I know. Still, Skiddaw is a fine creature. My habits are changing, I think, *i.e.* from drunk to sober. Whether I shall be happier or no, remains to be proved. I shall certainly be more happy in a morning; but whether I shall not sacrifice the fat, and the marrow, and the kidneys, *i.e.* the night, glorious care-drowning night, that heals all our wrongs, pours wine into our mortifications, changes the scene from indifferent and flat to bright and brilliant?—O Manning, if I should have formed a diabolical resolution, by the time you come to England, of not admitting any spirituous liquors into my house, will you be my guest on such shame-worthy terms? Is life, with such limitations, worth trying? The truth is that my liquors bring a nest of friendly harpies about my house, who consume me. This is a pitiful tale to be read at St. Gothard, but it is just now nearest my heart. F—— is a ruined man. He is hiding himself from his creditors, and has sent his wife and children into the country. ——, my other drunken companion (that has been: *nam hic cœstus artemque repono*), is turned editor of a Naval Chronicle. Godwin continues a steady friend, though the same facility does not remain of visiting him often. Holcroft is not yet come to town. I expect to see him, and will deliver your message. Things come crowding in to say, and no room for 'em. Some things are too little to be told, *i.e.* to have a preference; some are too big and circumstantial. Thanks for yours, which was most delicious. Would I had been with you, benighted, etc. I fear my head is turned with wandering. I shall never be the same acquiescent being. Farewell; write again quickly, for I shall not like to hazard a letter, not knowing where the fates have carried you. Farewell, my dear fellow!

C. LAMB.

[1] Patterdale.

[The following letter, containing the germ of the well-known *Dissertation on Roast Pig*, was addressed to Coleridge, who had received a pig as a present, and attributed it erroneously to Lamb.—*Talfourd.*]

LAMB TO COLERIDGE.

DEAR C.,—It gives me great satisfaction to hear that the pig turned out so well—they are interesting creatures at a certain age—what a pity such buds should blow out into the maturity of rank bacon! You had all some of

the crackling — and brain sauce — did you remember to rub it with butter, and gently dredge it a little, just before the crisis? Did the eyes come away kindly, with no Œdipean avulsion? Was the crackling the colour of the ripe pomegranate? Had you no cursed compliment of boiled neck of mutton before it, to blunt the edge of delicate desire? Did you flesh maiden teeth in it? Not that I sent the pig, nor can form the remotest guess what part O—— could play in the business. I never knew him give anything away in my life. He would not begin with strangers. I suspect the pig, after all, was meant for me; but at the unlucky juncture of time being absent, the present somehow went round to Highgate. To confess an honest truth, a pig is one of those things I could never think of sending away. Teals, widgeons, snipes, barn-door fowl, ducks, geese, —your tame villalio things,—Welsh mutton, collars of brawn, sturgeon, fresh or pickled, your potted char, Swiss cheeses, French pies, early grapes, muscadines, I impart as freely unto my friends as to myself. They are but self extended; but pardon me if I stop somewhere—where the fine feeling of benevolence giveth a higher smack than the sensual rarity, there my friends (or any good man) may command me; but pigs are pigs, and I myself therein am nearest to myself. Nay, I should think it an affront, an undervaluing done to Nature who bestowed such a boon upon me, if in a churlish mood I parted with the precious gift. One of the bitterest pangs I ever felt of remorse was when a child. My kind old aunt had strained her pocket strings to bestow a sixpenny whole plum-cake upon me. In my way home through the Borough, I met a venerable old man, not a mendicant, — but thereabouts; a look-beggar, not a verbal petitionist; and in the coxcombry of taught-charity, I gave away the cake to him. I walked on a little in all the pride of an Evangelical peacock, when of a sudden my old aunt's kindness crossed me; the sum it was to her; the pleasure she had a right to expect that I— not the old impostor—should take in eating her cake; the cursed ingratitude by which, under the colour of a Christian virtue, I had frustrated her cherished purpose. I sobbed, wept, and took it to heart so grievously, that I think I never suffered the like—and I was right. It was a piece of unfeeling hypocrisy, and proved a lesson to me ever after. The cake has long been masticated, consigned to dunghill with the ashes of that unseasonable pauper.

But when Providence, who is better to us all than our aunts, gives me a pig, remembering my temptation and my fall, I shall endeavour to act towards it more in the spirit of the donor's purpose.

Yours (short of pig) to command in everything, C. L.

TO BERNARD BARTON.

Dear B. B.,—Do you know what it is to succumb under an insurmountable day-mare,— 'a whoreson lethargy,' Falstaff calls it,—an indisposition to do anything, or to be anything, —a total deadness and distate,—a suspension of vitality, — an indifference to locality, — a numb, soporifical good-for-nothingness, — an ossification all over,—an oyster-like insensibility to the passing events,—a mind-stupor,— a brawny defiance to the needles of a thrusting-in conscience? Did you ever have a very bad cold, with a total irresolution to submit to water-gruel processes? This has been for many weeks my lot, and my excuse; my fingers drag heavily over this paper, and to my thinking it's three-and-twenty furlongs from hence to the end of this demi-sheet. I have not a thing to say; nothing is of more importance than another; I am flatter than a denial or a pancake; emptier than Judge ——'s wig when the head is in it; duller than a country stage when the actors are off it; a cipher, an O! I acknowledge life at all, only by an occasional convulsional cough, and a permanent phlegmatic pain in the chest. I am weary of the world, and the world is weary of me. My day is gone into twilight, and I don't think it worth the expense of candles. My wick hath a thief in it, but I can't muster courage to snuff it. I inhale suffocation; I can't distinguish veal from mutton; nothing interests me. 'Tis twelve o'clock, and Thurtell is just now coming out upon the New Drop, Jack Ketch alertly tucking up his greasy sleeves to do the last office of mortality, yet cannot I elicit a groan or a moral reflection. If you told me the world will be at an end to-morrow, I should just say, 'Will it?' I have not volition enough left to dot my *i*'s, much less to comb my eyebrows; my eyes are set in my head; my brains are gone out to see a poor relation in Moorfields, and they did not say when they'd come back again; my skull is a Grub Street attic to let—not so much as a joint-stool left in it; my hand writes, not I; just as chickens run about a little when their heads are off. Oh for a vigorous fit of gout, of cholic, toothache,—an earwig in my auditory, a fly in my visual organs; pain is life—the sharper, the more evidence of life; but this apathy, this death! Did you ever have an obstinate cold,—a six or seven weeks' unintermitting chill and suspension of hope, fear, conscience, and everything? Yet do I try all I can to cure it; I try wine, and spirits, and smoking, and snuff in unsparing quantities, but they all only seem to make me worse instead of better. I sleep in a damp room, but it does me no good; I come home late o' nights, but do not find any visible amendment!

It is just fifteen minutes after twelve; Thurtell is by this time a good way on his

journey, baiting at Scorpion perhaps; Ketch is bargaining for his cast coat and waistcoat; the Jew demurs at first at three half-crowns, but, on consideration that he may get somewhat by showing 'em in the town, finally closes.

C. L.

[Written on his retirement from the post as clerk in the East India House in 1825.]

LAMB TO WORDSWORTH.

Colebrooke Cottage, April 6, 1825.

DEAR WORDSWORTH,—I have been several times meditating a letter to you concerning the good thing which has befallen me, but the thought of poor Monkhouse came across me. He was one that I had exulted in the prospect of congratulating me. He and you were to have been the first participators, for indeed it has been ten weeks since the first motion of it. Here am I, then, after thirty-three years' slavery, sitting in my own room at eleven o'clock this finest of all April mornings, a freed man, with £441 a-year for the remainder of my life, live I as long as John Dennis, who outlived his annuity and starved at ninety: £441, *i.e.* £450, with a deduction of £9 for a provision secured to my sister, she being survivor, the pension guaranteed by Act Georgii Tertii, etc.

I came home FOR EVER on Tuesday in last week. The incomprehensibleness of my condition overwhelmed me. It was like passing from life into eternity. Every year to be as long as three, *i.e.* to have three times as much real time—time that is my own, in it! I wandered about thinking I was happy, but feeling I was not. But that tumultuousness is passing off, and I begin to understand the nature of the gift. Holidays, even the annual month, were always uneasy joys, with their conscious fugitiveness, the craving after making the most of them. Now when all is holiday, there are no holidays. I can sit at home, in rain or shine, without a restless impulse for walkings. I am daily steadying, and shall soon find it as natural to me to be my own master as it has been irksome to have had a master. Mary wakes every morning with an obscure feeling that some good has happened to us.

—— and ——, after their releasements, describe the shock of their emancipation much as I feel mine. But it hurt their frames. I eat, drink, and sleep sound as ever. I lay no anxious schemes for going hither and thither, but take things as they occur. Yesterday I excursioned twenty miles; to-day I write a few letters. Pleasuring was for fugitive play-days, mine are fugitive only in the sense that life is fugitive. Freedom and life co-existent!

At the foot of such a call upon you for gratulation, I am ashamed to advert to that melancholy event. Monkhouse was a character I learned to love slowly, but it grew upon me, yearly, monthly, daily. What a chasm has it made in our pleasant parties! His noble, friendly face was always coming before me, till this hurrying event in my life came, and for the time has absorbed all interest; in fact it has shaken me a little. My old desk companions, with whom I have had such merry hours, seem to reproach me for removing my lot from among them. They were pleasant creatures; but to the anxieties of business, and a weight of possible woes ever impending, I was not equal. Indeed this last winter I was jaded out—winters were always worse than other parts of the year, because the spirits are worse, and I had no daylight. In summer I had daylight evenings. The relief was hinted to me from a superior power when I, poor slave, had not a hope but that I must wait another seven years with Jacob—and lo! the Rachel which I coveted is brought to me.

Have you read the noble dedication of Irving's *Missionary Orations* to S. T. C. Who shall call this man a quack hereafter? What the Kirk will think of it neither I nor Irving care. When somebody suggested to him that it would not be likely to do him good, *vidclicet*, among his own people, 'That is a reason for doing it,' was his noble answer. That Irving thinks he has profited mainly by S. T. C., I have no doubt. The very style of the dedication shows it.

Communicate my news to Southey, and beg his pardon for my being so long acknowledging his kind present of the *Church*, which circumstances, having no reference to himself, prevented at the time. Assure him of my deep respect and friendliest feelings.

Divide the same, or rather each take the whole to you—I mean you and all yours. To Miss Hutchinson I must write separate.

Farewell! and end at last, long selfish letter!

C. LAMB.

[The following letter, written in the beginning of 1830, describes his landlord and landlady, and expresses, with a fine solemnity, the feelings which still held him at Enfield.—*Talfourd.*]

LAMB TO WORDSWORTH.

And is it a year since we parted from you at the steps of Edmonton stage? There are not now the years that there used to be. The tale of the dwindled age of men, reported of successional mankind, is true of the same man only. We do not live a year in a year now. 'Tis a *punctum stans*. The seasons pass with indifference. Spring cheers not, nor winter heightens

our gloom; autumn hath foregone its moralities, —they are 'hey-pass repass,' as in a show-box. Yet, as far as last year recurs,—for they scarce show a reflex now, they make no memory as heretofore,—'twas sufficiently gloomy. Let the sullen nothing pass. Suffice it, that after sad spirits, prolonged through many of its months, as it called them, we have cast our skins; have taken a farewell of the pompous, troublesome trifle called housekeeping, and are settled down into poor boarders and lodgers at next door with an old couple, the Baucis and Baucida of dull Enfield. Here we have nothing to do with our victuals but to eat them; with the garden but to see it grow; with the tax-gatherer but to hear him knock; with the maid but to hear her scolded. Scot and lot, butcher, baker, are things unknown to us, save as spectators of the pageant. We are fed we know not how; quietists, — confiding ravens. We have the *otium pro dignitate*, a respectable insignificance. Yet in the self-condemned obliviousness, in the stagnation, some molesting yearnings of life, not quite killed, rise, prompting me that there was a London, and that I was of that old Jerusalem. In dreams I am in Fleet Market, but I wake and cry to sleep again. I die hard, a stubborn Eloisa in this detestable Paraclete. What have I gained by health? Intolerable dulness. What by early hours and moderate meals? A total blank. Oh! never let the lying poets be believed, who 'tice men from the cheerful haunts of streets, or think they mean it not of a country village. In the ruins of Palmyra I would gird myself up to solitude, or muse to the snoring of the Seven Sleepers; but to have a little teazing image of a town about one; country folks that do not look like country folks; shops two yards square, half-a-dozen apples and two penn'orth of overlooked gingerbread for the lofty fruiterers of Oxford Street; and, for the immortal book and print stalls, a circulating library that stands still, where the show-picture is a last year's valentine, and whither the fame of the last ten Scotch novels has not yet travelled (marry, they just begin to be conscious of *Redgauntlet*); to have a new-plastered flat church, and to be wishing that it was but a cathedral! The very blackguards here are degenerate; the topping gentry stock-brokers; the passengers too many to ensure your quiet, or let you go about whistling or gaping, too few to be the fine indifferent pageants of Fleet Street. Confining, room-keeping, thickest winter, is yet more bearable here than the gaudy months. Among one's books at one's fire by candle, one is soothed into an oblivion that one is not in the country; but with the light the green fields return, till I gaze, and in a calenture can plunge myself into St. Giles'. Oh! let no native Londoner imagine that health, and rest, and innocent occupation, interchange of converse sweet, and recreative study, can make the country anything better than altogether odious and detestable. A garden was the primitive prison, till man, with Promethean felicity and boldness, luckily sinned himself out of it. Thence followed Babylon, Nineveh, Venice, London, haberdashers, goldsmiths, taverns, playhouses, satires, epigrams, puns,—these all came in on the town part, and the thither side of innocence. Man found out inventions. From my den I return you condolence for your decaying sight; not for anything there is to see in the country, but for the miss of the pleasure of reading a London newspaper. The poets are as well to listen to; anything high may, nay must, be read out; you read it to yourself with an imaginary auditor; but the light paragraphs must be glid over by the proper eye; mouthing mumbles their gossamery substance. 'Tis these trifles I should mourn in fading sight. A newspaper is the single gleam of comfort I receive here; it comes from rich Cathay with tidings of mankind. Yet I could not attend to it, read out by the most beloved voice. But your eyes do not get worse, I gather. Oh for the collyrium of Tobias enclosed in a whiting's liver, to send you with no apocryphal good wishes! The last long time I heard from you, you had knocked your head against something. Do not do so; for your head (I do not flatter) is not a nob, or the top of a brass nail, or the end of a ninepin,—unless a Vulcanian hammer could fairly batter a 'Recluse' out of it; then would I bid the smirch'd god knock, and knock lustily, the two-handed skinker. Mary must squeeze out a line *propriâ manu*, but indeed her fingers have been incorrigibly nervous to letter-writing for a long interval. 'Twill please you all to hear, that though I fret like a lion in a net, her present health and spirits are better than they have been for some time past; she is absolutely three years and a half younger, as I tell her, since we have adopted this boarding plan.

Our providers are an honest pair, Dame W—— and her husband; he, when the light of prosperity shined on them, a moderately thriving haberdasher within Bow Bells, retired since with something under a competence; writes himself gentleman; hath borne parish offices; sings fine old sea songs at threescore and ten; sighs only now and then when he thinks that he has a son on his hands about fifteen, whom he finds a difficulty in getting out into the world, and then checks a sigh with muttering, as I once heard him prettily, not meaning to be heard, 'I have married my daughter, however;' takes the weather as it comes; outsides it to town in severest season; and o' winter nights tells old stories not tending to literature (how comfortable to author-rid folks!), and has *one anecdote*, upon which and about forty pounds a year he seems to have retired in green old age. It was how he was a rider in his youth,

travelling for shops, and once (not to balk his employer's bargain), on a sweltering day in August, rode foaming into Dunstable upon a mad horse, to the dismay and expostulatory wonderment of inn-keepers, ostlers, etc., who declared they would not have bestrid the beast to win the Derby. Understand, the creature galled to death and desperation by gadflies, cormorant-winged, worse than beset Inachus' daughter. This he tells, this he brindles and burnishes on a winter's eve; 'tis his star of set glory, his rejuvenescence, to descant upon. Far from me be it (*dii avertant*) to look a gift story in the mouth, or cruelly to surmise (as those who doubt the plunge of Curtius) that the inseparate conjuncture of man and beast, the centaur-phenomenon that staggered all Dunstable, might have been the effect of unromantic necessity; that the horse-part carried the reasoning, willy nilly; that needs must when such a devil drove; that certain spiral configurations in the frame of T—— W—— unfriendly to alighting, made the alliance more forcible than voluntary. Let him enjoy his fame for me, nor let me hint a whisper that shall dismount Bellerophon. But in case he was an involuntary martyr, yet if in the fiery conflict he buckled the soul of a constant haberdasher to him, and adopted his flames, let accident and he share the glory. You would all like T—— W——.[1] [ ] How weak is painting to describe a man! Say that he stands four feet and a nail high by his own yard measure, which, like the sceptre of Agamemnon, shall never sprout again, still you have no adequate idea; nor when I tell you that his dear hump, which I have favoured in the picture, seems to me of the buffalo—indicative and repository of mild qualities, a budget of kindnesses—still you have not the man. Knew you old Norris of the Temple? sixty years ours and our father's friend? He was not more natural to us than this old W., the acquaintance of scarce more weeks. Under his roof now ought I to take my rest, but that back-looking ambition tells me I might yet be a Londoner! Well, if we ever do move, we have incumbrances the less to impede us; all our furniture has faded under the auctioneer's hammer, going for nothing like the tarnished frippery of the prodigal, and we have only a spoon or two left to bless us. Clothed we came into Enfield, and naked we must go out of it. I would live in London shirtless, bookless. Henry Crabbe is at Rome; advices to that effect have reached Bury. But by solemn legacy he bequeathed at parting (whether he should live or die) a turkey of Suffolk to be sent every succeeding Christmas to us and divers other friends. What a genuine old bachelor's action! I fear he will find the air of Italy too classic. His station is in the Harz forest; his soul is be-Goethed. Miss Kelly we never see; Talfourd not this half-year: the latter flourishes, but the exact number of his children, God forgive me, I have utterly forgotten; we single people are often out in our count there. Shall I say two? We see scarce anybody. Can I cram loves enough to you all in this little O? Excuse particularizing.

C. L.

[1] Here was a rude sketch of a gentleman answering to the description.

[John Leyden (1775–1811) was an enthusiastic student, with an extraordinary power for acquiring languages, and any branch of knowledge in which he might be interested. He went out to India as an assistant surgeon, and was rapidly rising in the Indian service when death cut short a promising career. His arrival at Madras, and his first experiences in that city, are graphically depicted by his own hand as follows:—]

LEYDEN'S ARRIVAL AT MADRAS.[1]

We landed, after passing through a very rough and dangerous surf, and being completely wetted by the spray. We were received on the beach by a number of the natives, who wanted to carry us from the boat on their naked, greasy shoulders, shining with cocoa oil. I leapt on shore with a loud huzza, tumbling half a dozen of them on the sand. But the sun was so excruciatingly hot, that my brains seemed to be boiling, for which reason I got into a palanquin and proceeded to the principal inn. On my way thither, wishing to speak to one of my messmates, I overset the palanquin, by leaning incautiously to one side, and nearly tumbled head foremost into the street. At the inn I was tormented to death by the impertinent persevering of the black people, for every one is a beggar as long as you are reckoned a *griffin*, or new-comer. I then saw a number of jugglers, and fellows that play with the hooded snake a thousand tricks, though its bite is mortal; and among the rest, I saw a fellow swallow a sword. You are not to suppose, however, that this was a Highland broadsword, or even a horseman's sabre; it was only a broad piece of iron, perfectly blunt at the edges. I then set out to survey the town in the self-same palanquin. The houses had all of them an unearthly appearance, by no means consonant to our ideas of Oriental splendour. The animals differed a good deal from ours. The dogs looked wild and mangy, their hair stood on end, and they

[1] We quote our letters from the centenary edition of the *Poetical Works of John Leyden*, edited by Thomas Brown, M.A., 1875.

had all the appearance of being mad. The cows and bullocks had all bunches on their shoulders, and their necks low, and apparently bowed beneath the burden. The trees were totally different from any that I had seen, and the long hedges of prickly aloes, like large house leeks in their leaves; and spurge, whose knotted and angular branches seemed more like a collection of tapeworms than anything else. The dress of the natives was so various and fantastic, as quite to confuse you; and their complexions, of all kinds of motley hues, except the healthy European red and white. Can you be surprised that my curiosity was so thoroughly satisfied, that I even experienced a considerable degree of sickness, and felt all my senses so dazzled and tormented, that my head ached, and my ears tingled, and I was so completely fatigued by the multitude of new sensations which crowded on me on every side, that, to free myself from the torment, like an ox tormented with gad-flies, I took to the water, and got again on ship-board, with more satisfaction than I had descried land after a five months' voyage.

The first night I slept ashore I was waked by my side smarting very severely, and, rolling myself on my side, discovered, with very little satisfaction, that the smart was occasioned by a large animal, which I imagined to be a snake. As the chamber was dark, I disengaged myself from it with as little bustle and violence as possible, not wishing to irritate such an antagonist. With great pleasure I heard it make its way from the couch to the floor, and, with great *sang froid*, lay down to sleep again, as quietly as my blistered side would permit. On the morn, however, I discovered it to be a large lizard, termed a *blood-sucker* here, which nods with its head when you look at it; and it saluted me with a nod from the window, like Xailoun's cousin, the Karduwan, in the Arabian Tales, which saluted him so kindly, though it would not condescend to enter into conversation.

[Leyden here relates the incidents of a trip taken for the benefit of his health, and other events that occurred during the first two years of his Indian life, in two letters sent in October 1805 to Constable and Ballantyne.]

LIFE IN INDIA.

Prince of Wales' Island,
alias Puloo Penang, Oct. 23, 1805.

DEAR CONSTABLE,—I would with great pleasure apologize for not answering sooner your brief note, accompanying a vol. of the *Edinburgh Review*, but really it is not a couple of months since I received it, and the last of these has been spent at sea, between Travancore and Achin. I had almost forgot, that it is very probable these names are not quite so familiar to you as York and Newcastle, or any other two places one might pitch on between Edinburgh and London, on the great high road. Be it therefore known to you, that the one is the name of a kingdom on the Malabar coast, and the other of a sultanship on the western coast of Sumatra, the sultan of which styles himself 'Lord of heaven and earth, and of the four-and-twenty umbrellas.' But how came you to be so long in receiving my card and volume? You will say, Why so? Because I have been stationed in Mysore during the greater part of the time I have been in India, and during a considerable part of the time amid the jungles of Coimbatore, and on the confines of the Wynaad, where neither mail-coach nor post-chaise ever come at all; and during a considerable part of that time, the communication between Mysore and Madras has been cut off by the Gentoo Polygars, and between Mysore and Malabar by the Nairs of the Wynaad, into whose hands I nearly fell about five months ago, when I descended into Malabar through the passes of Coory. Besides all these obstacles, you must take into consideration that ever since I left Madras, which was a few months after my arrival, it has seldom been an easy matter to tell where I should be in a few days, or even within a few hundred miles of it.

. . . . . .

You say you will be glad to hear that I have found Madras according to my wish. Why then rejoice *therefor*, as ancient Pistol says. I assure you that I have found it exactly the field for me, where, if I stretch out my arms, I may grasp at anything—no fear but I show you I have long hands. There is, to be sure, one terrible drawback with all this—the pestilent state of health I have enjoyed, or rather suffered under, ever since I came to the country. This, however, I think I may expect to triumph over, though it has, even at this very time, brought me from Mysore to Puloo Penang. In spite of all this, I think I may venture safely to say, that no person whatever has outstripped me in the acquisition of country languages, whether sick or well. I have, nevertheless, been given up by the physicians three or four times within these last eleven months, as any one might very well be, afflicted at once with the four most formidable diseases of India—*i.e.* liver, spleen, bloody flux, and fever of the jungles, which is reckoned much akin to the African yellow fever. Notwithstanding all that, I am the old man, a pretty tough chap, with a heart as sound as a roach, and, moreover, as merry as a grig,—

'So let the world go as it will,
I'll be free and easy still.'

I shall only add that my first medical appointment has been worth more than any possessed

by three-fourths of the medical men on the Madras establishment. I have been extremely successful in all my medical and surgical practice so that at Madras my medical reputation is at least as high as my literary character. This I may say without vanity, after some of the services I have been employed in.

. . . . . .

I have forgot two things which ought to have been mentioned. The first is, when you are disposed to remember old friends, and my name comes athwart you, direct to the care of Messrs. Binnie & Dennison, Madras, who are my agents, and consequently always better apprised of my motions than others; else your letters may chance not to reach me in a couple of years, or perhaps never come within a thousand miles of me. I should be well pleased if you were to send the *Scots Magazine*, from the time I was first connected with it to the present, and continue. I lost the copy in London of the first year; send also the *Edinburgh Review*, for I have only odd numbers of it, and Murray's *Bruce's Travels*, when published. Let this, however, be entirely at your own pleasure. I cannot transmit you the value till I have opened a communication with London direct, which cannot be till I revisit Madras, which may be perhaps some time, as after the Mysore survey is closed, I am to be employed, I understand, as a Mahratta interpreter, as well as physician and surgeon, at one of the Mahratta residences or courts. So you see I cannot immediately answer that you will be paid for them; therefore, do as you think fit; if they come in my way I shall provide myself. Is *Sir Tristram* published? I have not seen a *Review* less than a year and ten months old. The wars of Wynaad are nearly finished. When I was there the Nairs could not venture to show themselves, though they sometimes kept up a rattling fire from the bushes. The rebellion of the Nairs in Travancore has been quashed by the skill of Colonel Macaulay, the resident. The war in Ceylon goes badly on from our own misconduct. We lately took Candy a second time, and were obliged to leave it from not having provided magazines. The wars with the Mahrattas are more glorious than advantageous: had the Marquis Wellesley remained half a year longer, they would have been crushed to pieces. But M. Cornwallis is unfit for such active service, and besides, he is just dying of the dropsy in the chest. We are tigers among hares here.

[The following letter was sent by Leyden from Puloo Penang to Mr. Ballantyne:—]

My dear Ballantyne,—Finding an extra Indiaman, *The Revenge*, which has put into this harbour in distress, bound to Europe, I take another opportunity of attempting to revive, or rather commence, an intercourse with my European friends, for since my arrival in India I have never received a single letter from one of them—*Proh Deum!*—Mr. Constable excepted; and my friend Erskine writes me from Bombay, that none of you have received the least intelligence of my motions since I left Europe. This is to me utterly astonishing and incomprehensive, considering the multitude of letters and parcels that I have despatched from Mysore, especially during my confinement for the liver disease at Seringapatam, where I had for several months the honour of inhabiting the palace of Tippoo's prime minister. I descended into Malabar in the beginning of May, in order to proceed to Bombay, and perhaps eventually up the Persian Gulf as far as Bassorah, in order to try the effect of a sea voyage. I was, however, too late, and the rains had set in, and the last vessels sailed two or three days before my arrival. As I am always a very lucky fellow, as well as an unlucky one, which all the world knows, it so fell out that the only vessel which sailed after my arrival was wrecked, while some secret presentiment, or rather 'sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,' prevented my embarking on board of her. I journeyed leisurely down to Calicut from Cananore, intending to pay my respects to the Cutwall and the Admiral, so famous in the *Lusiad* of Camoens; but only think of my disappointment when I found that the times are altered, and the tables turned with respect to both these sublime characters. The Cutwall is only a species of borough-bailiff, while the Admiral—God help him—is only the chief of the fishermen. From Calicut I journeyed to Paulgantcherry, which signifies, in the Tamal language, 'the town of the forest of palms,' which is exactly the meaning of *Tadmor*, the name of a city founded by Solomon—not for the Queen of Sheba, but, as it happened, for the equally famous Queen Zenobia. Thus having demonstrated that Solomon understood the Tamal language, we may proceed to construct a syllogism in the following manner: Solomon understood the Tamal language, and he was wise; I understand the Tamal language, therefore I am as wise as Solomon! I fear your logical lads of Europe will be very little disposed to admit the legitimacy of the conclusion; but, however the matter may stand in Europe, I can assure you it's no bad reasoning for India. At Paulgantcherry I had a most terrible attack of the liver, and should very probably have passed away, or, as the Indians say, changed my climate—an elegant periphrasis for dying, however—had I not obstinately resolved on living, to have the pleasure of being *revenged* on all of you for your determined silence and perseverance therein to the end.

Hearing about the middle of August that a Bombay cruiser had touched at Aleppo, between Quilon and Cochin, I made a desperate push through the jungles of the Cochin rajah's country, in order to reach her, and arrived about three hours after she had set sail. Anybody else would have died of chagrin, if they had not hanged themselves outright. I did neither one nor the other, but 'tuned my pipes and played a spring to John o' Badenyon!' after which I set myself coolly down and translated the famous Jewish tablets of brass, preserved in the synagogue of Cochin ever since the days of Methuselah. Probably you may think this no more difficult a task than deciphering the brazen tablet on any door of Princes or Queen Street. But here I beg your pardon; for so far from anybody, Jew, Pagan, or Christian, having ever been able to do this before, I assure you the most learned men of the world have never been able to decide in what language or in what alphabet they were written. As the character has for a long time been supposed to be antediluvian, it has for a long time been as much despaired of as the Egyptian hieroglyphics. So much was the diwan—or grand vizier, if you like it—of Travancore astonished at the circumstance, that he gave me to understand that I had only to *pass through the Sacred Cow* in order to merit adoption into the holy order of Brahmins. I was forced, however, to decline the honour of the sacred cow, for unluckily Phalaris' bull and Moses' calf presented themselves to my imagination, and it occurred to me that perhaps the Ram-rajah's cow might be a beast of the breed. Apprehensive of a severe attack of the liver, I was forced to leave Travancore with great precipitation, in the first vessel that presented itself, which, as the devil would have it, was a Mapilla brig, bound to Puloo Penang, the newly-erected presidency on the Straits of Malacca, where I have just arrived, after a perverse pestilent voyage, in which I have been terribly ill of revulsions of bile and liver, without any of the conveniences which are almost necessary to a European in these parts, and particularly to an invalid. We have had a very rough passage, the cabin very often all afloat, while I have been several times completely drenched. In addition to this, we have been pursued by a Frenchman, and kept in a constant state of alarm and agitation; and now, to mend the matter, I am writing you at a kind of naval tavern, while all around me is ringing with the vociferation of tarpaulins, the hoarse bawling of sea-oaths, and the rattling of the dice-box. However, I flatter myself I have received considerable benefit from the voyage, tedious and disgusting and vexatious as it has been. Thank God, my dear fellow, that you have nothing to do with tedious, tiresome semi-savages, who have no idea of the value of time whatsoever, and who will dispute even more keenly about a matter of no importance whatsoever than one that deserves the highest consideration. Not knowing where to begin or where to end, I have said nothing of my previous rambles and traverses in Mysore or elsewhere; of course, if no person has heard from me at all, all my proceedings must be completely a riddle. But I beg and request you to consider, that all this is utterly out of my power to prevent, if nobody whatsoever will condescend to take the trouble of writing me; for how is it possible for me to divine which of my letters arrive at their destination and which do not? I have now despatched for Europe exactly fifty-seven letters. I had intended to make a dead pause after the fiftieth, for at least a couple of years, and wrote Erskine to that effect, when he informed me in return, that he had the utmost reason to think nobody had ever heard from me at all, not only since I arrived in India, but for some time before leaving London. Utterly amazed, astonished, and confounded at this, I have resolved to write out the hundred complete; and if none of my centenary brings me an answer, why then farewell, till we meet . . . I write no more, except in crook-backed characters, and this I swear by all petty oaths that are not dangerous.

Now, my friend, the situation in which I am placed by this most vexatious silence is extremely odd and perplexing. I am actually afraid to inquire for anybody, lest it should turn out that they have for a long time been *dead*, *damned*, and *straughted*. It is all in vain that I search for every obituary, and peruse it with the utmost care, anxiety, and terror. There are many of you good Scotch folks that love to slip slily out of the world, like a knotless thread, without ever getting into any obituary at all; and, besides, it is always very nearly a couple of years before any review, magazine, or obituary reaches the remote and almost inaccessible regions in which my lot has been long cast. To remedy a few of these inconveniences, I propose taking a short trip to Bengal as soon as I have seen how the climate of Puloo Penang agrees with my health; and as in that region they are generally better informed with regard to all European matters, and better provided with reviews, magazines, and newspapers, I shall probably be able to discover that a good many of you have gone 'to kingdom come' since I bade adieu to Auld Reekie.

When I arrived in Madras, I first of all reconnoitered my ground, when I perceived that the public men fell naturally into two divisions. The mercantile party consisting chiefly of men of old standing, versed in trade, and inspired with a spirit in no respect superior to that of the most pitiful pettifogging pedlar, nor in their views a whit more enlarged; in short, men whose sole occupation is to make money, and

who have no name for such phrases as national honour, and would not scruple to sell their country's credit to the highest bidder. What is more unfortunate, this is the party that stands highest in credit with the East India Company. There is another party, for whom I am more at a loss to find a name. They cannot with propriety be termed the anti-mercantile party, as they have the interests of our national commerce more at heart than the others; but they have discovered that we are not merely merchants in India, but legislators and governors, and they assert that our conduct there ought to be calculated for stability and security, and equally marked by a wise internal administration of justice, financial and political economy, and by a vigilant, firm, and steady system of external politics. This class is represented by the first as only actuated by the spirit of innovation, and tending to embroil us everywhere in India. Its members consist of men of the first abilities, as well as principles, that have been drafted from the common professional routine for difficult or dangerous service. I fancy this division applies as much to Bombay and Bengal as to Madras. As to the members of my own profession, I found them in a state of complete depression, so much so, that the commander-in-chief had assumed all the powers of the medical board, over whom a court-martial was at that very time impending. The medical line had been from time immemorial shut out from every appointment, except professional, and the emoluments of these had been greatly diminished just before my arrival. In this situation I found it very difficult at first what to resolve on. I saw clearly that there were only two routes in a person's choice: first, to sink into a mere professional drudge, and, by strict economy, endeavour to amass a few thousand pounds in the course of twenty years; or, secondly, to aspire a little beyond it, and by a superior knowledge of India, its laws, relations, politics, and languages, to claim a situation somewhat more respectable in addition to those of the line itself. You know when I left Scotland, I had determined at all events to become a furious Orientalist, *nemini secundus*, but I was not aware of the difficulty. I found the expense of native teachers would prove almost insurmountable to a mere assistant surgeon, whose pay is seldom equal to his absolutely necessary expenses; and, besides, that it was necessary to form a library of MSS. at a most terrible expense, in every language to which I should apply, if I intended to proceed beyond a mere smattering. After much consideration I determined on this plan, at all events, and was fortunate enough in a few months to secure an appointment which furnished me with the means of doing so, though the tasks and exertions it imposed on me were a good deal more arduous than the common duties of a surgeon, even in a Mahratta campaign. I was appointed medical assistant to the Mysore survey, and at the same time ordered to carry on inquiries concerning the natural history of the country, and the manners and languages, etc. of the natives of Mysore. This, you would imagine, was the very situation I wished for, and so it would, had I previously had time to acquire the country languages. But I had them now to acquire after severe marches and counter-marches in the heat of the sun, night-marches and day-marches, and, amid the disgusting details of a field hospital, the duties of which were considerably arduous. However, I wrought incessantly and steadily, and without being discouraged by any kind of difficulty, till my health absolutely gave way; and when I could keep the field no longer, I wrought on my couch, as I generally do still, though I am much better than I have been. As I had the assistance of no intelligent Europeans, I was obliged long to grope my way; but I have now acquired a pretty correct idea of India in all its departments, which increases in geometrical progression as I advance in the languages. The languages that have attracted my attention since my arrival have been Arabic, Persic, Hindostani, Mahratta, Tamal, Telinga, Canara, Sanskrit, Malayalam, Malay, and Armenian! You will be ready to ask where the —— I picked up these hard names, but I assure you it is infinitely more difficult to pick up the languages themselves; several of which include dialects as different from each other as French or Italian from Spanish or Portuguese; and in all these, I flatter myself, I have made considerable progress. What would you say, were I to add the Maldivian and Mapella languages to these? Besides, I have deciphered the inscriptions of Mavalipoorani, which were written in an ancient Canara character, which had hitherto defied all attempts at understanding it; and also several *Lada Lippi* inscriptions, which is an ancient Tamal dialect and character; in addition to the Jewish tablets of Cochin, which were in the ancient Malayalam, generally termed Malabar. I enter into these details merely to show you that I have not been idle, and that my time has neither been dissipated nor without plan, though that plan is not sufficiently unfolded. To what I have told you of, you are to add constant and necessary exposure to the sun, damps and dews from the jungles, and putrid exhalations of marshes, before I had been properly accustomed to the climate; constant rambling in the haunts of tigers, leopards, bears, and serpents of thirty or forty feet long, that make nothing of swallowing a buffalo, by way of demonstrating their appetite, in a morning, together with smaller and more dangerous snakes, whose haunts are dangerous, and bite deadly—and you have a faint idea of a situation, in which,

with health, I lived as happy as the day was long. It was diversified with rapid jaunts of a hundred miles or so, as fast as horses or bearers could carry me, by night or day, swimming through rivers, afloat in an old brass kettle, at midnight! Oh, I could tell you adventures to outrival the Witch of Endor, or any witch that ever swam in egg-shell or sieve; but you would undoubtedly imagine I wanted to impose on you were I to relate what I have seen and passed through. No! I certainly shall never repent of having come to India. It has awakened energies in me that I scarcely imagined I possessed, though I could gnaw my living nails with pure vexation, to think how much I have been thwarted by indisposition. If, however, I get over it, I shall think the better of my constitution as long as I live. It is not every constitution that can resist the combined attack of liver, spleen, bloody flux, and jungle fever, which is much akin to the plague of Egypt and yellow fever of America. It is true I have been five times given up by the most skilful physicians in these parts; but in spite of that, I am firmly convinced that 'my doom is not to die this day,' and that you shall see me emerge from this tribulation like gold purified in the fire; and when that happens, egad, I may boast that I have been refined by the very same menstruum too, even the universal solvent mercury, which is almost the only cure for the liver, though I have been obliged to try another, and make an issue on my right side. Now pray, my dear Ballantyne, if this ever comes to hand, instantly sit down, and write me a letter a mile long, and tell me of all our common friends; and if you see any of them that have the least spark of friendly recollection, say to them how vexatious their silence is, and how very unjust, if they have received my letters. But particularly you are to commend me kindly to your good motherly mother, and tell her I wish I saw her oftener; and then to your brother Alexander, and request him sometimes on a Saturday night, precisely at eight o'clock, for my sake, to play *Jingling Johnnie* on his flageolet. If I had you both in my tent, you should drink yourself drunk with wine of Shiraz, which is our Eastern Falernian, in honour of Hafez, our Persian Anacreon. As for me, I often drink your health in *water* (ohon a ree!), having abandoned both wine and animal food, not from choice, but dire necessity.

[Lord Minto's expedition arrived at Java on the 4th of August 1811, and on the 7th entered Batavia, its capital, without resistance. The enemy had retired to a stronger position some miles inland. After a hard-fought battle the British troops remained masters of the field. Leyden meanwhile busied himself in exploring the captured city. Its fragments of literature especially attracted his attention, and it was while one day searching for a valuable library, that he entered into a low, unventilated house which contained some interesting manuscripts and books. He inadvertently neglected to allow the fresh air to pass through it, but went in and breathed its pestiferous particles for some hours. On leaving he was seized with sickness and shivering. He felt from the first that the end of his career was approaching, and that the poison of Batavia's noxious air was deadly for a frame that had frequently been, for some years, on the very brink of death. The fever increased for three days, and cut short his useful and laborious life on the 27th of August 1811, when he was within ten days of completing his thirty-sixth year. Lord Minto and Mr. Raffles performed the last sad services to his remains, and communicated the sad tidings to his parents. The news produced universal sorrow among his friends at home, for they were in the full hope of seeing him again among them at a very early date.]

LEYDEN TO HIS FATHER.

Ship 'Phœnix,' in the latitude of Masulipatam, March 20, 1811.

My dear Father,—After what I wrote you in my last letter, of the probability of my confining my wanderings to Calcutta for the time I may stay in India, you will probably be not a little surprised to find me again at sea. However, you need not, I hope, be the least alarmed, for I am in company with Lord Minto, and not in the least likely to be more exposed than his lordship. We left Calcutta on the 9th of this month for Madras, where there is an army collected of about 10,000 men, black and white, ready to sail the instant his lordship arrives, against the Dutch and French in the islands of Java, Sumatra, Borneo, Celebes, and the other Malay countries which are under the celebrated Batavia. We expect to reach Madras in four days, where we do not mean to stay more than three days. From Madras we set sail for Malacca and Puloo Penang, or Prince of Wales' Island, which we expect to reach in twenty days more. In three weeks further we expect to be off Batavia, which is now very much deserted by the Dutch, from its unhealthy situation. For that reason we shall not stop

there, but advance to the centre of the island of Java, which is reckoned the healthiest country in the East, and where the Dutch and French army are encamped about 20,000 strong; but we have no fear of beating them with half their force, as we will be joined by all the Malays and Javanese, which make the greatest part of their force. I take the advantage of the ship *Georgiana*, which goes part of the way in our company, to send you the duplicate of the £100, of which I sent the first in the end of last month. I shall send the duplicate of the same for fear the first or second miscarry from Madras, and it is my intention to remit another £100 by the first ship which leaves Java.

I accompany Lord Minto on this occasion, to assist in settling the country when conquered, and as interpreter for the Malay language, which I acquired when I was among the Eastern Isles four years ago; and I hold myself highly honoured on the occasion, as his lordship has taken very few persons to accompany him, and those who have volunteered, and been refused, are very numerous. It is not my intention, however, to take up my residence in Java, but to return with his lordship to Bengal. I therefore do not resign my appointment of Assay Master of the Mint, but my assistant is appointed to supply my place till my return, which I expect to be in eight or ten months from the present. I am highly delighted at the prospect, for I shall have the opportunity of seeing a very curious and very fine country, with which the English are very little acquainted.

I hope you will not think of being anxious about me on this occasion, as I do not consider it as more dangerous than a common journey, of which I have not taken a few. Moreover, if there were any dangers, I should not hesitate a particle more than as it is; for I should think all paternal and other feelings most unworthily exerted in endeavouring to detain me from the clear and obvious path of duty, if ever it called me to expose myself to danger for my country, or for my benefactors. Indeed, if the truth be spoken, I am only sorry there appears no danger whatever, for I should certainly think it my duty to encounter it if it were, and I am not a man to shrink from dangers of any kind, especially if it were to be on Lord Minto's account. About 6000 or 7000 have already sailed from Bengal, but we shall probably overtake them at Malacca. The Madras army is chiefly that which has returned from the boasted Isle of France, which did not cost us 200 men killed and wounded, though about two months before the arrival of the fleet, four of our frigates were driven on the rocks and compelled to surrender. However, the crews were all recovered when the island was taken, and as soon as our army had landed, the French surrendered after a slight skirmish. Java is now the last place that remains to them in the East. I will let you know how we come on by the first ships. Tell my mother not to be so frightened as she generally is.—I am, dear father, your most affectionate son,

JOHN LEYDEN.

[John Wilson, the genial and inspired Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, and the 'Christopher North' of *Blackwood's Magazine*, is here seen in a holiday mood. In the first letter he is as whimsical and facetious as Lamb in some of his famous letters to Manning, with a wholesome, breezy freshness running riot in his pages. In September 1830, he was at Penny Bridge, and wrote in this manner to his wife.]

JOHN WILSON TO JAMES HOGG.

Edinburgh, September 1815.

MY DEAR HOGG,—I am in Edinburgh, and wish to be out of it. Mrs. Wilson and I walked 350 miles in the Highlands, between the 5th of July and the 26th of August, sojourning in divers glens from Sabbath unto Sabbath, fishing, eating, and staring. I purpose appearing in Glasgow on Thursday, where I shall stay till the Circuit is over. I then go to Elleray, in the character of a Benedictine monk, till the beginning of November. Now pause and attend. If you will meet me at Moffat on October 6th, I will walk or mail it with you to Elleray, and treat you there with fowls and Irish whisky. Immediately on receipt of this, write a letter to me, at Mr. Smith's Bookshop, Hutcheson Street, Glasgow, saying positively if you will or will not do so. If you don't, I *will lick you*, and fish up at Douglas Burn before you, next time I come to Ettrick. I saw a letter from you to M—— the other day, by which you seem to be alive and well. You are right in not making verses when you can catch trout. Francis Jeffrey leaves Edinburgh this day for Holland and France. I presume, after destroying the King of the Netherlands he intends to annex that kingdom to France, and assume the supreme power of the United Countries, under the title of Geoffrey the First. You he will make poet laureate and fishmonger, and me admiral of the Musquito Fleet.

If you have occasion soon to write to Murray, I pray introduce something about *The City of the Plague*, as I shall probably offer him that poem in about a fortnight or sooner. Of course I do not wish you to say that the poem is utterly worthless. I think that a bold eulogy

from you (if administered immediately) would be of service to me; but if you do write about it, do not tell him that I have any intention of offering it to him, but you may say, you hear I am going to offer it to a London bookseller. We stayed seven days at Mrs. Izett's, at Kinnaird, and were most kindly received. Mrs. Izett is a great ally of yours, and is a fine creature. I killed in the Highlands 170 dozen of trouts. One day 19 dozen and a half, another seven dozen. I one morning killed ten trouts that weighed nine pounds. In Loch Awe, in three days, I killed 76 pounds' weight of fish, all with the fly. The Gaels were astonished. I shot two roebucks, and had nearly caught a red deer by the tail. *I was within half a mile of it at farthest.* The good folks in the Highlands are not dirty. They are clean, decent, hospitable, ugly people. We domiciliated with many, and found no remains of the great plague of fleas, etc., that devastated the country from the time of Ossian to the accession of George the Third. We were at Loch Katrine, Loch Lomond, Inveraray, Dalmally, Loch Etive, Glen Etive, Dalness, Appin, Ballachulish, Fort-William, Moy, Dalwhinnie, Loch Ericht (you dog), Loch Rannoch, Glen Lyon, Taymouth, Blair Athole, Bruar, Perth, Edinburgh. Is not Mrs. Wilson immortalized?

I know of Cona. It is very creditable to our excellent friend, but will not sell any more than the *Isle of Palms*, or *The White Doe*. The *White Doe* is not in season; venison is not liked in Edinburgh. It wants flavour; a good Ettrick wether is preferable. Wordsworth has more of the poetical character than any living writer, but he is not a man of first-rate intellect; his genius oversets him. Southey's *Roderic* is not a first-rate work; the remorse of Roderic is that of a Christian devotee rather than that of a dethroned monarch. His battles are ill fought. There is no processional march of events in the poem, no tendency to one great end, like a river increasing in majesty till it reaches the sea. Neither is there national character, Spanish or Moorish. No sublime imagery; no profound passion. Southey wrote it, and Southey is a man of talent; but it is his worst poem.

Scott's *Field of Waterloo* I have seen. What a poem!—such bald and nerveless language, mean imagery, commonplace sentiments, and clumsy versification! It is beneath criticism. Unless the latter part of the battle be very fine indeed, this poem will injure him.

Wordsworth is dished; Southey is in purgatory; Scott is dying; and Byron is married. Herbert is frozen to death in Scandinavia. Moore has lost his manliness. Coleridge is always in a fog. Joanna Baillie is writing a system of cookery. Montgomery is in a madhouse, or ought to be. Campbell is sick of a constipation in the bowels. Hogg is herding sheep in Ettrick Forest; and Wilson has taken the plague. O wretched writers! Unfortunate bards! What is Bobby Miller's back shop to do this winter? Alas! alas! alas! a wild doe is a noble animal; write an address to one, and it shall be inferior to one I have written—for half a barrel of red herrings! The Highlanders are not a poetical people. They are too national; too proud of their history. They imagine that a *colleyshangy* between the Macgregors and Campbells is a sublime event; and they overlook mountains four thousand feet high. If Ossian did write the poems attributed to him, or any poems like them, he was a dull dog, and deserved never to taste whisky as long as he lived. A man who lives for ever among mist and mountains knows better than to be always prosing about them. Methinks I feel about objects familiar to infancy and manhood, but when we speak of them, it is only upon great occasions, and in situations of deep passion. Ossian was probably born in a flat country.

Scott has written good lines in the *Lord of the Isles*, but he has not done justice to the Sound of Mull, which is a glorious strait. The Northern Highlanders do not admire *Waverley*, so I presume the South Highlanders despise *Guy Mannering*. The Westmoreland peasants think Wordsworth a fool. In Borrowdale, Southey is not known to exist. I met ten men at Hawick who did not think Hogg a poet, and the whole city of Glasgow think me a madman. So much for the voice of the people being the voice of God. I left my snuff-box in your cottage. Take care of it. The Anstruther bards have advertised their anniversary; I forget the day.

I wish Lieutenant Gray of the Marines had been devoured by the lion he once carried on board his ship to the Dey of Algiers, or that he was kept a perpetual prisoner by the Moors in Barbary. Did you hear that Tennant had been taken before the session for an offence against good morals? If you did not, neither did I! Indeed it is, on many accounts, exceedingly improbable. Yours truly,

JOHN WILSON.

JOHN WILSON TO HIS WIFE.

Penny Bridge, Tuesday, Sept. 1830.

MY DEAREST JANE,—We came here yesterday; and my intention was to take Maggy back to Elleray with me to-day, and thence in a few days to Edinburgh. But I find that that arrangement would not suit, and therefore have altered it. Our plans now are as follows:—We return in a body to Elleray (that is, I and Maggy, and James Ferrier) this forenoon. There is a ball at Mrs. Edmund's (the Gale!) to-night, where we shall be. On Thursday,

there is a grand public ball at Ambleside, where we shall be; and I shall keep Maggy at Elleray till Monday, when she and the boys will go in a body to Penny Bridge, and I return *alone* to Edinburgh.

From your letters I see you are well; and I cannot deny Maggy the pleasure of the two balls; so remain on her account, which I hope will please you, and that you will be happy till and after my return. The session will begin soon, and I shall have enough to do before it comes on. Dearest Jane, be good and cheerful; and I hope all good will attend us all during the winter. Such weather never was seen as here! Thursday last was fixed for a regatta at Lowood. It was a dreadful day, and nothing occurred but a dinner-party of twenty-four, where I presided. On Friday, a sort of small regatta took place. A repast at three o'clock was attended by about seventy-five ladies and gentlemen, and the ball in the evening was, I believe, liked by the young people. The 'worstling' took place during two hours of rain and storm. The ring was a tarn. Robinson, the schoolmaster, threw Brunskil, and Irvine threw Robinson; but the last fall was made up between them, and gave no satisfaction. The good people here are all well and *kind*. Maggy has stood her various excursions well, and is fat. I think her also grown tall. She is a quarter of an inch taller than Mrs. Barlow. Colonel B—— lost his wife lately by elopement, but is in high spirits, and all his conversation is about the fair sex. He is a pleasant man, I think, and I took a ride with him to Grasmere t'other day. The old fool waltzes very well, and is in love with Maggy. He dined with us at Elleray on Sunday. I have not seen the Watsons for a long time, but shall call on them to-morrow. The weather and the uncertainty of my motions have stood in the way of many things. I have constant toothache and rheumatism, but am tolerably well notwithstanding. Give my love to Molly and Umbs. Tell them both to be ready on my arrival, to help me in arranging my books and papers in the garrets and elsewhere. My dearest Jane, God bless you always.—Your affectionate husband,

J. WILSON.

[Next year he paid another visit to Westmoreland, from which he writes to his wife.]

TO THE SAME.

Penny Bridge, Sunday, Sept. 26, 1831.

MY DEAR JANE,—I delayed visiting this place with Mary till I could leave Elleray, without interruption, for a couple of days. T. Hamilton stayed with us a fortnight, and as he came a week later, and stayed a week longer, than he intended, so has my return to Edinburgh been inevitably prevented. Mary and I came here on Thursday, since which hour it has never ceased raining one minute, nor has one of the family been out of doors. They are all well, including Mrs. and Miss Hervey, who have been staying about a month. It now threatens to be fair, and I purpose setting off by and by on foot to Elleray, a walk of fifteen miles, which perhaps may do me good; but if I feel tired at Newby Bridge, I will take a boat or chaise. Mary I leave at Penny Bridge for another week. The boys will join her here next Thursday, and remain till the Monday following, when they will all return to Windermere. On that Monday, Mary will go to Rayrig for two days or three, and either on Thursday or Friday arrive together in Edinburgh. I and Gibb will most probably be in Edinburgh on *Thursday first*, unless I find any business to detain me at Elleray for another day, on my return there to-night. If so, you will hear from me on *Wednesday*. As Mary wrote a long letter on Tuesday last, full, I presume, of news, I have nothing to communicate in that line. Birkbeck has been at Elleray for two or three days, and Johnny says he expects Stoddart, who perhaps may be there on my return to-night. We all went to the Kendal ball, which the young people seemed to enjoy. Twenty-six went from Bowness, forming the majority of the rank and beauty. I hope you have been all quite well since I saw you, as all letters seem to indicate, and that I shall find you all well on my return. A severe winter lies before me, for I must lecture on Political Economy this session, as well as Moral Philosophy; and that Magazine will also weigh heavy on me. I certainly cannot work as I once could, and feel easily wearied and worn down with long sitting; but what must be must, and toil I must, whatever be the consequence. The month before the session opens will be of unspeakable importance to me, to relieve, if possible, my miserable appearance in College beginning of last session. I wish to do my duty in that place at least, and change and exposure there are hard to bear, and of infinite loss to my interests. I feel great uneasiness and pain very often from the complaint I spoke of; but how else can I do what is necessary for me to do? Whatever be the consequence, and however severe the toil, I must labour this winter like a galley-slave; and since it is for us all, *in that at least* I shall be doing what is at once right and difficult, and in itself deserving of commendation. If I fall through it, it shall only be with my life, or illness beyond my strength to bear up against. I hope Maggy's playing the guitar and singing frequently, and that Umbs is a good boy. Kindest love to them. I should like to have a few kind lines from you, written *on Monday*, the evening you

receive this, and sent to post office then. I may, or rather *must* miss them, but if anything prevents it I shall conclude you are undoubtedly all well. You need not send any newspapers after receipt of this, but please to keep them together. Do not say anything about my motions to the Blackwoods, as I wish to be at home a day or two *incog.* I shall get my room done up when I arrive, which will save me trouble perhaps afterwards in looking out for papers. Mary is getting fat, and looks well, and the boys are all right.—I am, my dearest Jane, yours ever affectionately,

JOHN WILSON.

[Henry Kirke White fell a martyr to over-exertion in his studies in 1806. How hard a student he was appears from time to time in these letters, which are his best biography. He was destined to fill an early grave, like Chatterton and Keats in England, and Michael Bruce in Scotland, before the remarkable promise of his life obtained fulfilment. He was in turn stocking-weaver, clerk with an attorney, and student at St. John's College, Cambridge, and at all times a hard and earnest student. His *Remains* were edited by Southey, and proved eminently successful.]

HENRY KIRKE WHITE TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

Nottingham, June 26, 1800.

DEAR BROTHER,—My mother has allowed me a good deal lately for books, and I have a large *assortment* (a retailer's phrase). But I hope you do not suppose they consist of novels; no, I have made a firm resolution never to spend above one hour at this amusement. Though I have been obliged to enter into this resolution in consequence of a vitiated taste acquired by reading romances, I do not intend to banish them entirely from my desk. After long and fatiguing researches in *Blackstone* or *Cope*, when the mind becomes weak, through intense application, *Tom Jones*, or *Robinson Crusoe*, will afford a pleasing and necessary relaxation.

Apropos, now we are speaking of *Robinson Crusoe*, I shall observe that is allowed to be the best novel for youth in the English language. De Foe, the author, was a singular character; but as I make no doubt you have read his life, I will not trouble you with any further remarks.

The books which I now read with attention are, *Blackstone*, *Knox's Essays*, *Plutarch*, *Chesterfield's Letters*, four large volumes; *Virgil*, *Homer*, and *Cicero*, and several others. *Blackstone* and *Knox*, *Virgil* and *Cicero*, I have got; the others I read out of Mr. Coldham's library. I have finished Rollin's *Ancient History*, Blair's *Lectures*, Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, Hume's *England* and *British Nepos* lately. When I have read *Knox* I will send it you, and recommend it to your attentive perusal; it is a most *excellent* work. I also read now the *British Classics*, the common edition of which I now take in; it comes every fortnight. I dare say you have seen it; it is Cooke's edition. I would recommend you also to read these; I will send them to you. I have got the *Citizen of the World*, *Idler*, *Goldsmith's Essays*, and part of the *Rambler*. I will send you soon the fourth number of the *Monthly Preceptor*. I am noticed as worthy of commendation, and as affording an encouraging prospect of future excellence. You will laugh. I have also turned poet, and have translated an Ode of Horace into English *verse*, also for the *Monthly Preceptor*, but, unfortunately, when I sent it I forgot the title, so it won't be noticed.

I do not forsake the flowery paths of poesy, for that is my chief delight; I read the best poets. Mr. Coldham has got Johnson's complete set, with their lives; these, of course, I read.

With a little drudgery, I read Italian; have got some good Italian works, as *Pastor Fido*, etc. I taught myself, and have got a grammar.

I must now beg leave to return you my sincere thanks for your kind present. I like *La Bruere the Less* very much; I have read the original *La Bruere*: I think him like Rochefoucault. Madame de Genlis is a very able woman.

. . . . . .

But I must now attempt to excuse my neglect in not writing to you. First I have been very busy with these essays and poems for the *Monthly Preceptor*. Second, I was rather angry at your last letter. I can bear anything but a sneer, and it was one continued grin from beginning to end, as were all the notices you made of me in my mother's letters, and I could not, nor can I now, brook it. I could say much more, but it is very late, and must beg leave to wish you good night.—I am, dear brother, your affectionate friend, H. K. WHITE.

P.S.—You may expect a regular correspondence from me in future, but no sneers; and shall be very obliged by a long letter.

TO THE SAME.

Nottingham, Michaelmas-day, 1800.

DEAR NEVILLE,—I cannot divine what, in an epistolary correspondence, can have such charms (with people who write only commonplace occurrences) as to detach a man from his usual affairs, and make him waste time and paper on what cannot be of the least real benefit to his

correspondent. Amongst relatives, certainly, there is always an incitement; we always feel an anxiety for their welfare. But I have no *friend* so dear to me as to cause me to take the trouble of reading his letters, if they only contained an account of his health, and the mere nothings of the day; indeed, such an one would be unworthy of friendship. What, then, is requisite to make one's correspondence valuable? I answer, *sound sense*. Nothing more is requisite. As to the style, one may very readily excuse its faults, if repaid by the sentiments. You have better natural abilities than many youth, but it is with regret I see that you will not give yourself the trouble of writing a good letter. There is hardly any species of composition (in my opinion) easier than the epistolary; but, my friend, you never found any art, however trivial, that did not require some application at first. For if an artist, instead of endeavouring to surmount the difficulties which presented themselves, were to rest contented with mediocrity, how could he possibly ever arrive at excellence? Thus 'tis with you; instead of that indefatigable perseverance which, in other cases, is the leading trait in your character, I hear you say, 'Ah, my poor brains were never formed for letter-writing, I shall never write a good letter,' or some such phrases; and thus by despairing of ever arriving at excellence, you render yourself hardly tolerable. You may perhaps think this art beneath your notice, or unworthy of your pains; if so, you are assuredly mistaken, for there is hardly anything which would contribute more to the advancement of a young man, or which is more engaging.

You read, I believe, a good deal; nothing could be more acceptable to me, or more improving to you, than making a part of your letters to consist of your sentiments, and opinion of the books you peruse; you have no idea how beneficial this would be to yourself; and that you are able to do it I am certain. One of the greatest impediments to good writing, is the thinking too much before you note down. This I think you are not entirely free from. I hope that by always writing the first idea that presents itself, you will soon conquer it. My letters are always the rough first draft; of course there are many alterations; these you will excuse.

I have written most of my letters to you in so negligent a manner, that if you will have the goodness to return all you have preserved, *sealed*, I will peruse them, and all sentences worth preserving I will extract, and return.

You observe, in your last, that your letters are read with contempt. Do you speak as you think?

You had better write again to Mr. ——. Between friends, the common forms of the world, in writing letter for letter, need not be observed; but never write three without receiving one in return, because in that case they must be thought unworthy of answer.

We have been so busy lately I could not answer yours sooner. Once a month suppose we write to each other. If you ever find that my correspondence is not worth the trouble of carrying on, inform me of it, and it shall cease.

. . . . . .

P.S.—If any expression in this be too harsh, excuse it. I am not in an ill humour, recollect.

TO MR. R. A——.

Nottingham, May 7, 1804.

DEAR ROBERT,—You don't know how I long to hear how your declamation was received, and 'all about it,' as we say in these parts. I hope to see it, when I see its author and pronouncer. Themistocles, no doubt, received due praise from you for his valour and *subtlety;* but I trust you poured down a torrent of eloquent indignation upon the ruling principles of his actions and the motive of his conduct, while you exalted the mild and unassuming virtues of his more amiable rival. The object of Themistocles was the aggrandizement of himself, that of Aristides the welfare and prosperity of the state. The one endeavoured to swell the glory of his country; the other to promote its security, external and internal, foreign and domestic. While you estimated the services which Themistocles rendered to the state, in opposition to those of Aristides, you of course remembered that the former had the largest scope for action, and that he influenced his countrymen to fall into all his plans, while they banished his competitor, not by his superior wisdom and goodness, but by those intrigues and factious artifices which Aristides would have disdained. Themistocles certainly did use *bad* means to a desirable end; and if we may assume it as an axiom, that Providence will forward the designs of a good sooner than those of a bad man, whatever inequality of abilities there may be between the two characters, it will follow that had Athens remained under the guidance of Aristides, it would have been better for her. The difference between Themistocles and Aristides seems to me to be this: That the former was a wise and a *fortunate* man; and that the latter, though he had equal wisdom, had not equal good fortune. We may admire the heroic qualities and the crafty policy of the one, but to the temperate and disinterested patriotism, the good and virtuous dispositions of the other, we can alone give the meed of heartfelt *praise*.

I only mean by this, that we must not infer

Themistocles to have been *the better or the greater* man, because he rendered more essential services to the state than Aristides, nor even that his system was the most judicious, but only that, by decision of character and by good fortune, his measures succeeded best.

. . . . . .

The rules of composition are, in my opinion, very few. If we have a mature acquaintance with our subject, there is little fear of our expressing it as we ought, provided we have had some *little* experience in writing. The first thing to be aimed at is perspicuity. *That* is the great point, which, once attained, will make all other obstacles smooth to us. In order to write perspicuously, we should have a *perfect* knowledge of the topic on which we are about to treat, in all its bearings and dependencies. We should think well beforehand what will be the clearest method of conveying the drift of our design. This is similar to what the painters call the massing, or getting the effect of the more prominent lights and shades by broad dashes of the pencil. When our thesis is well arranged in our mind, and we have predisposed our arguments, reasonings, and illustrations, so as they shall conduce to the object in view, in regular sequence and gradation, we may sit down and express our ideas in as clear a manner as we can, always using such words as are most suited to our purpose; and when two modes of expression, equally luminous, present themselves, selecting that which is the most harmonious and elegant.

It sometimes happens that writers, in aiming at perspicuity, overreach themselves, by employing too many words, and perplex the mind by a multiplicity of illustrations. This is a very fatal error. Circumlocution seldom conduces to plainness; and you may take it as a maxim, that when once an idea is *clearly expressed*, every additional stroke will only confuse the mind and diminish the effect.

When you have once learned to express yourself with clearness and propriety, you will soon arrive at elegance. Everything else, in fact, will follow as of course. But I warn you not to invert the order of things, and be paying your addresses to the graces, when you ought to be studying perspicuity. Young writers, in general, are too solicitous to round off their periods, and regulate the cadences of their style. Hence the feeble pleonasms and idle repetitions which deform their pages. If you would have your compositions vigorous, and masculine in their tone, let every WORD TELL; and when you detect yourself polishing off a sentence with expletives, regard yourself in exactly the same predicament with a poet who should eke out the measure of his verses with 'titum, titom, tee,sir.'

So much for style. . . .

TO MR. B. MADDOCK.

Winteringham, March 1, 1805.

MY DEAR BEN,—I hope and trust that you have at length arrived at that happy temperament of disposition, that although you have much cause of sadness within, you are yet willing to be amused with the variegated scenes around you, and to join, when occasions present themselves, in innocent mirth. Thus, in the course of your peregrinations, occurrences must continually arise, which, to a mind willing to make the best of everything, will afford amusement of the chastest kind. Men and manners are a never-failing source of wonder and surprise, as they present themselves in their various phases. We may very innocently laugh at the brogue of a Somerset peasant, and I should think that person both cynical and surly, who would pass by a group of laughing children, without participating in their delight, and joining in their laugh. It is a truth most undeniable, and most melancholy, that there is too much in human life which extorts tears and groans, rather than smiles. This, however, is equally certain, that our giving way to unremitting sadness on these accounts, so far from ameliorating the condition of mortality, only adds to the aggregate of human misery, and throws a gloom over those moments when a ray of light is permitted to visit the dark valley of light, and the heart ought to be making the best of its fleeting happiness. Landscape, too, ought to be a source of delight to you; fine buildings, objects of nature, and a thousand things which it would be tedious to name. I should call the man, who could survey such things as these without being affected with pleasure, either a very weak-minded and foolish person, or one of no mind at all. To be always sad, and always pondering on internal griefs, is what I call utter selfishness; I would not give twopence for a being who is locked up in his own sufferings, and whose heart cannot respond to the exhilarating cry of nature, or rejoice because he sees others rejoice. The loud and unanimous chirping of the birds on a fine sunny morning pleases me, because I see they are happy; and I should be very selfish did I not participate in their seeming joy. Do not, however, suppose that I mean to exclude a man's own sorrows from his thoughts, since that is an impossibility, and, were it possible, would be prejudicial to the human heart. I only mean that the whole mind is not to be incessantly engrossed with cares, but with cheerful elasticity to bend itself occasionally to circumstances, and give way without hesitation to pleasing emotions. To be pleased with little is one of the greatest blessings.

Sadness is itself sometimes infinitely more pleasing than joy; but this sadness must be of the expansive and generous kind, rather

referring to mankind at large, than the individual; and this is a feeling not incompatible with cheerfulness and a contented spirit. There is a difficulty, however, in setting bounds to a pensive disposition; I have felt it, and I have felt that I am not always adequate to the task. I sailed from Hull to Barton the day before yesterday, on a rough and windy day, in a vessel filled with a marching regiment of soldiers; the band played finely, and I was enjoying the many pleasing emotions which the water, sky, winds, and musical instruments excited, when my thoughts were suddenly called away to more melancholy subjects. A girl, genteelly dressed, and with a countenance which, for its loveliness, a painter might have copied for Hebe, with a loud laugh seized me by the greatcoat, and asked me to lend it her; she was one of those unhappy creatures who depend on the brutal and licentious for a bitter livelihood, and was now following in the train of one of the officers. I was greatly affected by her appearance and situation, and more so by that of another female who was with her, and who, with less beauty, had a wild sorrowfulness in her face, which showed she knew her situation. This incident, apparently trifling, induced a train of reflections which occupied me fully during a walk of six or seven miles to our parsonage. At first I wished that I had fortune to erect an asylum for all the miserable and destitute:—and there was a soldier's wife with a wan and haggard face, and a little infant in her arms, whom I would also have wished to place in it:—I then grew out of humour with the world, because it was so unfeeling and so miserable, and because there was no cure for its miseries; and I wished for a lodging in the wilderness, where I might hear no more of wrongs, affliction, or vice; but, after all my speculations, I found there was a reason for these things in the gospel of Jesus Christ, and that to those who sought it there was also a cure. So I banished my vain meditations, and knowing that God's providence is better able to direct the affairs of men than our wisdom, I leave them in His hands.

TO MR. JOHN CHARLESWORTH.

St. John's, Sept. 22, 1806.

MY DEAR CHARLESWORTH,—Thank you for taking the blame of our neglected correspondence on your own shoulders. I thought it rested elsewhere. Thrice have I begun to write to you—once in Latin, and twice in English; and each time have the fates opposed themselves to the completion of my design. But, however, *pax sit rebus*, we are naturally disposed to forgive, because we are, as far as intention goes, mutual offenders.

I thank you for your invitation to Clapham, which came at a fortunate juncture, since I had just settled with my tutor that I should pay a visit to my brother in London this week. I shall of course see you, and shall be happy to spend a few days with you at Clapham, and to rhapsodize on your common. It gives me pleasure to hear you are settled, and I give you many hearty good wishes for practice and prosperity. I hope you will soon find that a wife is a very necessary article of enjoyment in a domesticated state; for how indeed should it be otherwise? A man cannot cook his dinner while he is employed in earning it. Housekeepers are complete *helluones rei familiaris*, and not only pick your pockets, but abuse you into the bargain; while a wife, on the contrary, both cooks your dinner, and enlivens it with her society; receives you after the toils of the day with cheerfulness and smiles; and is not only the faithful guardian of your treasury, but the soother of your cares and the alleviator of your calamities. Now, am I not very poetical? But on such a subject who would not be poetical? A wife!—a domestic fireside;—the cheerful assiduities of love and tenderness! It would inspire a Dutch burgomaster! and if, with all this in your grasp, you shall still choose the *pulsare terram pede libero*, still avoid the *irrupta copula*, still deem it a matter of light regard to be an object of affection and fondness to an amiable and sensible woman, why then you deserve to be fellow of a college all your days; to be kicked about in your last illness by a saucy and careless bed-maker; and lastly, to be put in the ground in your college chapel, followed only by the man who is to be your successor. Why, man, I dare no more *dream* that I shall ever have it in my power to have a wife, than that I shall be Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of all England. A suite of rooms in a still, quiet corner of old St. John's, which was once occupied by a crazy monk, or by one of the translators of the Bible in the days of good King James, must form the boundary of my ambition. I must be content to inhabit walls which never echoed with a female voice, to be buried in glooms which were never cheered with a female smile. It is said, indeed, that women were sometimes permitted to visit St. John's, when it was a monastery of White-Friars, in order to be present at particular religious ceremonies; but the good monks were careful to sprinkle holy water wherever their profane footsteps had carried contagion and pollution.

It is well that you are free from the restrictions of monastic austerity, and that, while I sleep under the shadow of towers and lofty walls, and the safeguard of a vigilant porter, you are permitted to inhabit your own cottage, under your own guardianship, and to listen to the sweet accents of domestic affection.

Yes, my very Platonic, or rather Stoical

friend, I must see you safely bound in the matrimonial noose, and then, like a confirmed bachelor, ten years hence I shall have the satisfaction of pretending to laugh at, while, in my heart, I envy you. So much for rhapsody. I am coming to London for relaxation's sake, and shall take it pretty freely; that is, I shall seek after fine sights—stare at fine people—be cheerful with the gay—foolish with the simple—and leave as little room to suspect as possible that I am (anything of) a philosopher and mathematician. I shall probably talk a little Greek, but it will be by stealth, in order to excite no suspicion.

I shall be in town Friday or Saturday. I am in a very idle mood, and have written you a very idle letter, for which I entreat your pardon: and I am, dear C., very sincerely yours, H. K. White.

[George Gordon, Lord Byron, was born in Holles Street, London, on 22d January 1788. His father was Captain John Byron, of the Guards, and his mother Catherine Gordon, who came of an Aberdeenshire family. His father speedily dissipated his mother's fortune, when she returned to Aberdeen to bring up her only son on a narrow income. Young Byron succeeded his grand-uncle in his title and to Newstead Abbey, and afterwards went to Dulwich and Harrow to continue his education. At the age of fifteen he became enamoured of Mary Chaworth, but she became betrothed to another; Byron has recorded this passion in his poem, 'The Dream.' After this time he went to Cambridge, where his studies were pursued in a desultory manner. His first volume of poetry, *Hours of Idleness*, appeared in 1807, and was sharply noticed in the *Edinburgh Review*, which roused Byron's spirit to the famous rejoinder, *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. One of these letters is an apology to Scott for this youthful performance. After two years of foreign travel, during which he visited Greece and Turkey, he issued the two first cantos of *Childe Harold* in 1812, when 'he awoke one morning and found himself famous.' Work after work now flowed from his pen, and his fame was at its height; he went a round of fashionable dissipation, married the daughter of Sir Ralph Milbanke, and separated from her after the union had lasted a twelvemonth. One daughter, afterwards Countess of Lovelace, was the fruit of this marriage. Byron left his native land once more, reckless and miserable, yet conscious of his great powers; visited France and Brussels, and pursued the course of the Rhine to Geneva. He went to Italy, where he remained till 1823, plunged in a course of dissipation at Venice, when he left for Greece to assist in the struggle for independence. He arrived at Missolonghi, and his influence was just making itself felt in the cause he had most at heart, when he died from fever, on 19th April 1824. A statue was erected to the poet at Missolonghi in 1881. Besides his dramas, *Don Juan* was his most important poem written abroad. See Moore's *Life of Byron*, and *Byron*, by John Nichol, in 'English Men of Letters' series. Byron is a great letter-writer; his letters are always pointed and pithy, full of dash and fire, and their meaning is unmistakeable. The poet is more fully represented as a letter-writer in the next section of the book.]

LORD BYRON TO SIR WALTER SCOTT.

An Apology for his 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.'

St. James's Street, July 6, 1812.

Sir,—I have just been honoured with your letter. I feel sorry that you should have thought it worth while to notice the 'evil works of my nonage,' as the thing is suppressed *voluntarily*, and your explanation is too kind not to give me pain. The Satire was written when I was very young and very angry, and fully bent on displaying my wrath and my wit, and now I am haunted by the ghosts of my wholesale assertions. I cannot sufficiently thank you for your praise; and now, waiving myself, let me talk to you of the Prince Regent. He ordered me to be presented to him at a ball; and after some sayings peculiarly pleasing from royal lips, as to my own attempts, he talked to me of you and your immortalities: he preferred you to every bard past and present, and asked which of your works pleased me most. It was a difficult question. I answered, I thought the *Lay*. He said his own opinion was nearly similar. In speaking of the others, I told him that I thought you more particularly the poet of princes, as they never appeared more fascinating than in *Marmion* and the *Lady of the Lake*. He was pleased to coincide, and to dwell on the description of your Jameses as no less royal than poetical. He spoke alternately

of Homer and yourself, and seemed well acquainted with both; so that (with the exception of the Turks and your humble servant) you were in very good company. I defy Murray to have exaggerated his Royal Highness's opinion of your powers, nor can I pretend to enumerate all he said on the subject; but it may give you pleasure to hear that it was conveyed in language which would only suffer by my attempting to transcribe it, and with a tone and taste which gave me a very high idea of his abilities and accomplishments, which I had hitherto considered as confined to manners certainly superior to those of any living gentleman.

The interview was accidental. I never went to the levee; for having seen the courts of Mussulman and Catholic sovereigns, my curiosity was sufficiently allayed; and my politics being as perverse as my rhymes, I had, in fact, no business there. To be thus praised by your sovereign must be gratifying to you; and if that gratification is not alloyed by the communication being made through me, the bearer of it will consider himself very fortunately and sincerely your obliged and obedient servant,

BYRON.

P.S.—Excuse this scrawl, scratched in a great hurry, and just after a journey.

TO THOMAS MOORE.

Announcing his approaching Marriage.

Newstead Abbey, September 20, 1814.

Here's to her who long
Hath waked the poet's sigh!
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy.

MY DEAR MOORE,—I am going to be married—that is, I am accepted, and one usually hopes the rest will follow. My mother of the Gracchi (that *are* to be) *you* think too strait-laced for me, although the paragon of only children, and invested with 'golden opinions of all sorts of men,' and full of 'most blest conditions' as Desdemona herself. Miss Milbanke is the lady, and I have her father's invitation to proceed there in my elect capacity,—which, however, I cannot do till I have settled some business in London and got a blue coat.

She is said to be an heiress, but of that I really know nothing certainly, and shall not inquire. But I do know that she has talents and excellent qualities; and you will not deny her judgment, after having refused six suitors and taken me.

Now, if you have anything to say against this, pray do; my mind's made up, positively fixed, determined, and therefore I will listen to reason, because now it can do no harm. Things may occur to break it off, but I will hope not. In the meantime, I tell you (a secret, by the bye,—at least, till I know she wishes it to be public) that I have proposed and am accepted. You need not be in a hurry to wish me joy, for one mayn't be married for months. I am going to town to-morrow; but expect to be here, on my way there, within a fortnight.

If this had not happened, I should have gone to Italy. In my way down, perhaps, you will meet me at Nottingham, and come over with me here. I need not say that nothing will give me greater pleasure. I must, of course, reform thoroughly; and seriously, if I can contribute to her happiness, I shall secure my own. She is so good a person, that—that—in short, I wish I was a better. Ever, etc.

TO THE SAME.

The Merits of Pope as a Poet.

Ravenna, May 3, 1821.

Though I wrote to you on the 28th ultimo, I must acknowledge yours of this day, with the lines. They are sublime, as well as beautiful, and in your very best mood and manner. They are also but too true.

However, do not confound the scoundrels at the heel of the boot with their betters at the top of it. I assure you that there are some loftier spirits.

Nothing, however, can be better than your poem, or more deserved by the Lazzaroni. They are now abhorred and disclaimed nowhere more than here.

We will talk over these things (if we meet) some day, and I will recount my own adventures, some of which have been a little hazardous, perhaps.

So, you have got the Letter on Bowles? I do not recollect to have said anything of you that could offend ——, certainly nothing intentionally. As for ——, I meant him a compliment. I wrote the whole off-hand, without copy or correction, and expecting then every day to be called into the field. What have I said of you? I am sure I forget. It must be something of regret for your approbation of Bowles. And did you not approve, as he says? Would I had known that before! I would have given him some more gruel. My intention was to make fun of all these fellows; but how I succeeded, I don't know.

As to Pope, I have always regarded him as the greatest name in our poetry. Depend upon it, the rest are barbarians. He is a Greek temple, with a Gothic cathedral on one hand, and a Turkish mosque and all sorts of fantastic pagodas and conventicles about him. You may call Shakespeare and Milton pyramids, if you please, but I prefer the Temple of Theseus or

the Parthenon to a mountain of burnt brick-work.

The Murray has written to me but once, the day of its publication, when it seemed prosperous. But I have heard of late from England but rarely. Of Murray's other publications (of mine) I know nothing, nor whether he has published. He was to have done so a month ago. I wish you would do something, or that we were together. Ever yours and affectionately, B.

[George Peabody, the well-known American philanthropist, was born at Danvers, Massachusetts, in 1795, and died in London, 4th November 1869. He prospered in America in a large dry goods business, and afterwards settled in London as a merchant and money-broker. Amongst many acts of munificence was his gift of half a million of money in four instalments (1862-69), to be used for the benefit of the poor of London. In acknowledgment he received an autograph letter from the Queen, and this is his reply. From the Report for 1881 by the Trustees of the Peabody Fund, we learn that the nett gains from rents and interest for that year were close upon £30,000. Mr. Peabody's gift of £500,000 has, says the *Christian World*, under the good management of the trustees, increased until it now stands at over £780,000. The fund had provided, up to the end of 1881, accommodation for no less than 11,459 persons. The average rent of each room is 2s. a week, and of each dwelling 4s. 5½d. a week. This extremely moderate rent includes the free use of water, laundries, sculleries, and bath-rooms, and it is not surprising that there is a rush for these dwellings as fast as they can be provided. The trustees state that for the 432 new dwellings provided last year they received more than 3000 applications. The Report further completely disposes of the allegation which has sometimes been made, 'that the trustees, in following the system on which they have now acted for nearly twenty years, have departed from the expressed intentions of the founder, and that the benefits of the fund are enjoyed by a class for which they were not originally designed.' Mr. Peabody's wisely-planned and munificent gift is undoubtedly fulfilling his intention, and conferring a great and lasting benefit on the working classes in London. A bronze statue of Mr. Peabody was erected near the Royal Exchange, London, a short time previous to his death.]

GEORGE PEABODY'S REPLY TO THE QUEEN.

The Palace Hotel, Buckingham Gate, London, April 3, 1868.

MADAME,—I feel sensibly my inability to express in adequate terms the gratification with which I have read the letter which your Majesty has done me the high honour of transmitting by the hands of Earl Russell.

On the occasion which has attracted your Majesty's attention of setting apart a portion of my property to ameliorate the condition and augment the comforts of the poor of London, I have been actuated by a deep sense of gratitude to God, who has blessed me with prosperity, and of attachment to this great country, where, under your Majesty's benign rule, I have received so much personal kindness, and enjoyed so many years of happiness.

Next to the approval of my own conscience, I shall always prize the assurance which your Majesty's letter conveys to me of the approbation of the Queen of England, whose whole life has attested that her exalted station has in no degree diminished her sympathy with the humblest of her subjects.

The portrait which your Majesty is graciously pleased to bestow on me I shall value as the most precious heirloom that I can leave in the land of my birth, where, together with the letter which your Majesty has addressed to me, it will ever be regarded as an evidence of the kindly feeling of the Queen of the United Kingdom towards a citizen of the United States.

I have the honour to be your Majesty's most obedient servant, GEORGE PEABODY.

To Her Majesty the Queen.

[Thomas Carlyle, one of the most original of recent writers and thinkers, was born at Ecclefechan, in Dumfriesshire, on the 4th December 1795. He attended first the parish school of Ecclefechan, and afterwards that of Annan, in 1806. In 1809 he came to study at the Edinburgh University. His habits at this time were lonely and contemplative, and his reading in all kinds of literature assiduous and extensive. In 1818 he returned to Edinburgh, took pupils there, and became a

contributor to the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, and also made a translation of *Legendre's Geometry*. In 1822 he acted as tutor to Charles Buller. He published a translation of Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister* in 1824, and his other great works followed in succession. From the year of his marriage with a daughter of Dr. Welsh of Haddington in 1826, till 1834, he resided at Craigenputtock, a retired farm-house about fifteen miles from Dumfries. In 1834 he removed to London, settling at Chelsea, where he resided until his death in February 1881. In 1837 he delivered a course of lectures on 'German Literature,' in Willis's Rooms, London; in 1839 he lectured on the 'Revolutions of Modern Europe,' and in 1840 on 'Hero-Worship.' This was his last public appearance in this capacity, with the exception of his rectorial address to the Edinburgh students in 1866. It was on this occasion that he was the guest of his friend Mr. Erskine of Linlathen, to whom these letters are addressed. Before he had time to return to England, a great sorrow fell upon him in the death of his wife. Shortly after his death, Mr. Froude issued his *Reminiscences* in 2 vols., which was followed by a biography, also in 2 vols., in 1882. Mr. W. H. Wylie, one of his biographers, has justly said, that a collection of his letters would make a book greater, 'both as to its literary interest and its enduring value, than even the poetic romance of *Sartor*, or the greatest of his histories.']

THOMAS CARLYLE TO THOMAS ERSKINE OF LINLATHEN.

Upon the Death of a Sister.

Chelsea, April 1, 1867.

DEAR MR. ERSKINE,—Your mournful tidings, not unanticipated, were abundantly sad to us here; and have been painfully present ever since, though till now I have written nothing. Alas! what can writing do in such a case? The inexorable stroke has fallen; the sore heart has to carry on its own unfathomable dialogue with the Eternities and their gloomy Fact; all speech in it, from the friendliest sympathiser, is apt to be vain, or worse. Under your quiet words in that little note, there is legible to me a depth of violent grief and bereavement, which seems to enjoin silence rather. We knew the beautiful soul that has departed, the love that had united you and Her from the beginnings of existence,—and how desolate and sad the scene now is for him who is left solitary. Ah me! ah me!

Yesterday gone a twelvemonth (31st March 1866, *Saturday* by the day of the week) was the day I arrived at your door in Edinburgh, and was met by that friendliest of hostesses and you; three days before, I had left at the door of this room one dearer and kinder than all the earth to me, whom I was not to behold again: what a change for you since then, what a change for me! Change *after* change following upon both of us,—upon you especially!

It is the saddest feature of old age, that the old man has to see himself daily grow more lonely; reduced to commune with the inarticulate Eternities, and the Loved Ones now unresponsive who have preceded him thither. Well, well; there is a blessedness in this too, if we take it well. There is a grandeur in it, if also an *extent* of sombre sadness, which is new to one; nor is hope quite wanting,—nor the clear conviction that those whom *we* would most screen from sore pain and misery are now safe and at rest. It lifts one to real kingship withal, *real* for the first time in this scene of things. Courage, my friend; let us endure patiently and act piously to the end.

Shakespeare sings pathetically somewhere:

> 'Fear no more the heat of the sun,
> Nor the furious winter's rages;
> *Thou* thy weary task hast done,
> Home hast gone, and ta'en thy wages;'

—inexpugnable and well art *thou!* These tones go tinkling through me, sometimes, like the pious chime of far-off church bells.

Adieu, my friend. I must come to Scotland again at least once, if I live; and while you are there it is not quite a solitary country to me.—Yours ever truly,

T. CARLYLE.

TO THE SAME.

Chelsea, January 23, 1868.

DEAR MR. ERSKINE,—The sight of your handwriting is itself welcome and cheering to me at all times. And I owe you many thanks this time for that pious little visit you have made to Greenend and poor Betty.[1] Often had I thought of asking you to do such a thing for me by some opportunity, but in the new, sad circumstances, never had the face. Now that the ice is broken, let me hope you will from time to time continue, and, on the whole, keep yourself and me in some kind of mutual visibility with poor Betty, so long as we are all spared to continue here. The world has not many shrines to a devout man at present, and perhaps in our own section of it there are few objects holding more authentically of Heaven and an unseen 'better world'

[1] Mrs. Braid, an old nurse of Mrs. Carlyle.

than the pious, loving soul and patient, heavy-laden life of this poor old venerable woman. The love of human creatures one to another, where it is true and unchangeable, often strikes me as a strange fact in their poor history, a kind of perpetual Gospel, revealing itself in them; sad, solemn, beautiful, the heart and mother of all that can, in any way, ennoble their otherwise mean and contemptible existence in this world.

I am very idle here, very solitary, which I find to be oftenest less miserable to me than the common society that offers. Excepting Froude almost alone, whom I see once a week, there is hardly anybody whose talk, always polite, clear, sharp, and sincere, does me any considerable good. He has an excellent article in the last *Fraser's Magazine*, on 'Protestantism,' which I think you, if you have not already read it, would read with sympathy.

It is a great evil to me that now I have no work, none worth calling by the name; that I am too weak, too languid, too sad of heart, to be fit for any work, in fact to care sufficiently for any object left me in the world, to think of grappling round it and coercing it by work. A most sorry dog-kennel it oftenest all seems to me, and wise words, if one even had them, to be only thrown away on it. Basta-basta, I for most part say of it, and look with longings towards the still country where at last we and our loved ones shall be together again. Amen, amen.

A sister of mine is with me here for these two months, to help us through the dark hollow of the year; it is the one you saw in Edinburgh, as she right well remembers, I can see. Lady Ashburton is again in Mentone with her child. Adieu, dear friend.—Yours ever, T. CARLYLE.

TO THE SAME.

Chelsea, Feb. 12, 1869.

DEAR MR. ERSKINE,—I was most agreeably surprised by the sight of your handwriting again, so kind, so welcome! The letters are as firm and honestly distinct as ever;—the mind, too, in spite of its frail *environments*, as clear, *plumb-up*, calmly expectant, as in the best days: right so; *so* be it with us all, till we quit this dim sojourn, now grown so lonely to us, and our change come! 'Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy name, Thy will be done;'—what else can we say? The other night, in my sleepless tossings about, which were growing more and more miserable, these words, that brief and grand Prayer, came strangely into my mind, with an altogether new emphasis; as if *written*, and shining for me in mild, pure splendour on the black bosom of the Night there; when I, as it were, *read* them word by word,—with a sudden check to my imperfect wanderings, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for perhaps thirty or forty years had I once formally repeated that Prayer;—nay, I never felt before how intensely the voice of Man's soul it is; the inmost aspiration of all that is high and pious in poor Human Nature; right worthy to be recommended with an 'After this manner pray ye.'

I am very thankful that you went to see poor Betty; she is one of the most venerable human figures now known to me in the world. I called there, the first thing after my bit of surgery in the neighbourhood, end of July last; I seemed to have only one other *visit* to make in all Scotland,—and I made only *one*. The sight of poor Betty, mournful as it is, and full of mournfullest memories to me, always does me good. So far as I could any way learn, she is well enough in her humble, thrifty *economics*, etc.: if otherwise at any time, I believe you understand that help from this quarter would be a *sacred* duty to me.

I am still able to walk, though I do it on compulsion merely, and without pleasure except as in work *done*. It is a great sorrow that *you* now get fatigued so soon, and have not your old privilege in this respect;—I only hope you perhaps do not quite so indispensably need it as I; with me it is the key to *sleep*, and in fact the one medicine (often ineffectual, and now gradually oftener) that I ever could discover for this poor clay tabernacle of mine. I still keep working, after a weak sort; but can now do little, often almost nothing;—all my little 'work' is henceforth *private* (as I calculate); a setting of my poor house in order; which I would fain finish *in time*, and occasionally fear I shan't. Dear Mr. Erskine, good be ever with you. Were my hand *as little* shaky as it is to-day, I would write to you oftener. A word *from* you will ever be welcome here!—Yours sincerely and much, T. CARLYLE.

[Carlyle, having heard that James Dodds, one of his correspondents, and afterwards a well-known parliamentary solicitor and lecturer, intended to proceed in due time to London, to prosecute his adopted career as a lawyer, thus addressed him:]

THOMAS CARLYLE TO JAMES DODDS.

Chelsea, July 11, 1844.

MY DEAR SIR,—You are probably right in your determination towards London; at least I will by no means say you are wrong. Your description of Edinburgh life has much in it that agrees with my own experience and observation there; and certainly the patience with which you have

seen and admitted all that, and silently gone on with it, and are still ready to go on with it, in manful diligence under such conditions as there may be, is of good augury for you here or elsewhere. Go where we will, we find ourselves again in a conditional world.

Of law in London I know nothing practical. I see some few lawyers in society at times, a tough, withered, wiry sort of men; but they hide their law-economies, even when I question them, very much under lock and key. I have understood that the labour is enormous in their profession, and the reward likewise; the successful lawyer amasses hundreds of thousands, and actually converts himself into what we might call a 'spiritual speldrin,' no very blessed bargain! On the whole, I would not prophesy for you the first prizes in such a course, nor like you the worse that you went without prize at all in it. But there is much here besides law; law is a small item here.

The great question is: Dare you, must you? It is an awful enterprise that of London, but also full of generous results if you have strength —strength to look chaos and hell in the face; to struggle through them toward the Adamantine Isles! For a literary lawyer, I should say Edinburgh was far preferable. Success in law here is totally incompatible with literature. This you should reflect on before starting.

On the whole, if you have the offer of a clerkship that will secure you subsistence, there can be no harm in coming up to take a view of us, and to try what kind of chaos we are. There is much here to interest a brave young Scotsman, to expand him, to repress him, and in many ways instruct him, if he have strength to learn. If he will not learn, they will kill him here in one way or other.

You may depend very certainly on my omitting no opportunity that may arise to further you in this matter. If my power equalled my inclination, you were very safe in it. If your present half-certain outlook end in nothing, pray apprise me of that, and I will at least speak to some persons about it.

And so I will wish you a wise resolution, wise and genuine as in the sight of God your Maker, which indeed is wishing you all. The heedless clamour and babble of our fellow-creatures do but bewilder us. 'Thou must be a great man,' they cry, 'or we will not be flunkies to thee!' 'Who wants you for flunkies? I will be a small man!' Believe me, yours very sincerely,

T. CARLYLE.

[During the visitation of cholera in 1832, Dumfries suffered terribly, as many as forty-four deaths taking place in one day. About one thousand persons were attacked, and nearly seven hundred perished in Dumfries and suburbs. Carlyle wrote this letter, which breathes a strong practical piety, to a brother of his mother's resident in the town at the time.]

CARLYLE TO MR. JOHN AITKEN, MASON, FRIARS' VENNEL, DUMFRIES.

Craigenputtock, October 16, 1832.

MY DEAR UNCLE,—Judge if I am anxious to hear from you! Except the silence of the newspapers, I have no evidence that you are still spared. The disease, I see, has been in your street; in Shaw's; in Jamie Aitken's; it has killed your friend Thomson: who knows what farther was its appointed work! You I strive to figure in the meanwhile as looking at it, in the universal terror, with some calmness, as knowing and practically believing that your days, and the days of those dear to you, were now, as before and always, in the hand of God only; from whom it is in vain to fly; towards whom lies the only refuge of man. Death's thousand doors have ever stood open; this indeed is a wide one, yet it leads no farther than they all lead. Our boy was in the town a fortnight ago (for I believe by experience the infectious influence to be trifling, and quite inscrutable to man; therefore go and send whithersoever I have *business*, in spite of cholera); but I had forgot that he would not naturally see Shaw or some of you, and gave him no letter; so got no tidings. He will call on you to-morrow, and in any case bring a verbal message. If you are too hurried to write in time for him, send a letter next day to the care of Mrs. Welsh, his mother-in-law, Templand, Thornhill; tell me only that you are all spared alive! We are for Annandale, after Thornhill, and may possibly enough return by Dumfries. I do not participate in the panic. We were close beside cholera for many weeks in London; every ball has its billet. I hear the disease is fast abating; it is likely enough to come and go among us; to take up his dwelling with us among our other maladies. The sooner we grow to compose ourselves beside it the wiser for us. Man who has reconciled himself *to die* need not go distracted at the manner of his death. God make us all ready; and be His time ours! No more to-night. Ever your affectionate

T. CARLYLE.

[That Mrs. Carlyle was worthy of the noble stock from which she came, and that she possessed not a little of the ready wit of brave Mrs. Welsh of Ayr, has been attested by all who knew her. Among her other gifts was that of writing a letter in no wise inferior to the choicest productions of her husband in the epistolary line. Of this we find an example in a playful communication to Sir George Sinclair, written in 1860, shortly after her husband had gone north on a visit to the baronet at Thurso Castle.—W. H. Wylie's *Thomas Carlyle, the Man and his Books* (1881).]

JANE WELSH CARLYLE TO SIR GEORGE SINCLAIR.

5 *Cheyne Row, Chelsea.*

MY DEAR SIR,—Decidedly you are more thoughtful for me than the man who is bound by vow to 'love and cherish' me; not a line have I received from *him* to announce his safe arrival in your dominions.

The more shameful on his part, that, as it appears by your note, he had such good accounts to give of himself, and was perfectly *up* to giving them.

Well! now that you have relieved me from all anxiety about the effects of the journey on him, he may write at his own 'reasonably good leisure.' Only I told him I should not write until I heard of his arrival from himself; and he knows whether or no I am in the habit of keeping my word to the letter.

A thousand thanks for the primrose roots, which I shall plant so soon as it fairs! To-day we have again a deluge, adding a deeper shade of horror to certain household operations going on under my inspection (by way of 'improving the occasion' of *his* absence)! *One* bedroom has got all the feathers of its bed and pillows airing themselves out on the floor! creating an atmosphere of down in the house more choking even than cotton-fuzz. In another, upholsterers and painters are plashing away for their life; and a couple of bricklayers are tearing up flags in the kitchen to seek 'the solution' of a non-acting drain! All this on the one hand; and on the other, visits from my doctor, resulting in ever new 'composing draughts,' and charges to 'keep my mind perfectly tranquil.' You will admit that one could easily conceive situations more ideal. Pray do keep him as long as you like! To hear of him 'in high spirits' and 'looking remarkably well' is more composing for me than any amount of 'composing draughts,' or of insistence on the benefits of 'keeping myself perfectly tranquil.' It is so very different a state of things with him from that in which I have *seen* him for a long time back!

Oh! I must not forget to give you the 'kind remembrance' of a very charming woman, whom any man may be pleased to be remembered by as kindly as *she* evidently remembered *you!* I speak of Lady William Russell.[1] She knew you in Germany, 'a young student,' she told me, when she was *Bessy Rawdon.* She 'had a great affection for you, and had often thought of you since.' You were 'very romantic in those days; oh, *very* romantic and *sentimental*,' she could assure me! Pray send me back a pretty message for her, she will like so much to know that she has not remembered you 'with the reciprocity all on one side.' I don't even send my regards to Mr. C., but—— affectionately yours, JANE W. CARLYLE.

[The publication in 1877 of the *Letters of Thomas Erskine of Linlathen*, under the editorial care of the Rev. William Hanna, D.D., revealed to the general public a nature of great originality, depth, and spirituality. His letters, whatever their main subject may be, or to whomsoever addressed, invariably lead up to some spiritual truth, which is expressed with great clearness and simplicity. The style of his letters may be gathered from these specimens; he ranked amongst his correspondents, Thomas Carlyle, Lady Augusta Stanley, the Rev. J. Macleod Campbell of Row, and many others. We are indebted to the courtesy of the editor of these letters, and to Mr. Erskine of Linlathen, for our present instalment, and also for those previously given, which were addressed to him by Thomas Carlyle.]

THOMAS ERSKINE TO MISS WEDGWOOD.

Polloc House, Glasgow, May 18, 1865.

BELOVED SNOW,—I have read over your letter more than once with deep sympathy. I wish I could say anything that might help you. At all events, I know you are in the hands of One who can help you, and who not only sees these dark gropings in you, but who in a certain sense put them there. My own feelings of love and justice give me an assurance that He has them, that He is loving and just, and I am sure that love and justice must seek to communicate themselves. When I am persuaded that a thing ought to be, I feel certain that it will be sooner or later—not that it will

[1] The mother of the present Duke of Bedford, a lady of rare gifts.

come of itself, but that God will not cease to press it until it is accomplished. I am sure that all the good which I feel the want of is in God, and that He makes me feel the want of it that I may look to Him for it with a confident expectation. I feel that we are created to be educated into a perfect sympathy with God, with the living personal Fountain of all goodness. Understand what I mean, that our education is not into absolute or independent goodness, but a goodness continually to be received through sympathy—fresh every moment—a well of water springing up into everlasting life, so that we may not only have the blessedness of the goodness, but also of that loving sympathy which is continually supplying it.

The evidence of a spiritual state which continually forces itself upon me, is the demand which my conscience makes on me for qualities and feelings which would not be at all necessary if this outward social order were all. To do actions beneficial to society, and to abstain from actions hurtful to society, would be enough; but love and holiness, and trust in an unseen, are demanded by my conscience, and are necessary for my peace, still more than any outward actions whatever, and I cannot meet these demands without knowing something of the nature of that spiritual world of which they are the natural laws. My whole being is a contradiction if there be not a spiritual world, and if I do not belong to it. But it is impossible that my being should be a contradiction. I feel that goodness and truth and righteousness are realities, eternal realities, and that they cannot be abstractions or vapours floating in a spiritual atmosphere, but that they necessarily imply a living personal will, a good, loving, righteous God, in whose hands we are perfectly safe, and who is guiding us by unfailing wisdom. I have known in my life two or three persons who, I knew, honestly and earnestly and unceasingly endeavoured to help me to be a right man; and now, in looking back on these persons, I feel what a deep confidence this purpose of theirs inspired me with, and I am conscious of having a similar confidence in God through all varieties in His treatment of me, because I have in my conscience the continual proof that He never for a moment relaxes His earnest purpose that I should be right.

Dear friend, I write these fragmentary sentences from the hope that you may catch hold of something in them which may help you to take hold of God. There is nothing else which can do us any good. If I believe in God, in a Being who made me, and fashioned me, and knows my wants and capacities and necessities, because He gave them to me, and who is perfectly good and loving, righteous, and perfectly wise and powerful, whatever my circumstances, inward or outward, may be, however thick the darkness which encompasses me, I yet can trust, yea, be assured, that all will be well, that He can draw light out of darkness, and make crooked things straight. Without such a thought of God, the consciousness of being embarked in an unending existence, out of which we cannot extricate ourselves, would be a horror insupportable; but I know that He can make it not only supportable, but a real and continual joy, and a reason for continual thankfulness.

Que mon âme vive qu'elle te loue. Dear Madame de Broglie used to repeat that verse the last year of her life as the chief expression of her feeling.

Yes, beloved Snow, we shall yet see a moral law of gravitation doing in the world of spirits that which the material law of gravitation does in this visible system of things; we yet shall see the infinite righteous love of God attracting all hearts, and uniting them to Himself and to each other, and filling them all out of His fulness.

Farewell. I may be here for a few days longer, but Linlathen will be my proper address through the summer. Ever yours very affectionately, T. ERSKINE.

I am just looking at some beautiful fragrant flowers, and they seem to me to say so much of the gentleness and tenderness of their Creator. What do they represent? Can we say when they are before us that we have no evidence of the love and righteousness of God? But still the demand of righteousness within us is the chiefest evidence,—an evidence which the dismal condition of the human race does not seem to me at all to shake. God is in no hurry, and man requires a long and varied process.

TO BISHOP EWING.

Education not Probation.

Linlathen, August 17, 1864.

VESCOVO CARISSIMO,— . . . It is as clear as day, that however true a truth may be, it can never have its full legitimate influence over me and value to me, until I discern the truthfulness of it; but I require to be gradually educated into the discernment of its truthfulness; and authority is an indispensable element in this education. A child must begin in its knowledge of numbers by believing on the authority of its teacher that twice two is four, yet no one even supposes that the child has really learned the truth on this matter, until it is in a condition to reject any authority that would try to give it the idea that twice two was five. Even so in religious truth we must begin with

authority: the child is to be educated into the discernment of truth, and we know that in regard to much in this department of thought, nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand remain children to the end of their lives. At the same time, the object of the true teacher will always be to help the child (whether he be young or old) to discern the truthfulness of the truth, and this is to be done by helping it from a lower step to a higher, by letting it perceive the connection between them; just as a child, after it has perceived that twice two is four, may be helped to see that twice four is eight. Thus a child may soon understand that God wishes it to be good, if it has the good fortune to have a father or mother who it feels wishes it to be good; and when it has got the knowledge in this way, it has hold of the truth, not on authority, but really. In the same way it may learn that God's purpose in punishing it, is to make it good, and that the meaning of God's goodness in relation to it is, that He will use the fittest treatment (whether pain or pleasure) to make it good. It may then go on to learn that real trust in God means a confidence that His purpose in all that He does is to make it good. It is quite evident that the duty of faith in God might be taught as a dogma resting on the authority of Catechism or Scripture for a hundred years without the slightest good, because the old child has never discerned the truthfulness of the truth. Now, as I believe that all the dogmas of Revelation are connected with that primal truth, their truthfulness must be discerned in the light of that truth before they can do the work they are intended for. The true teaching of Christianity is helping men to see that the work of Christ is simply the declaration of and carrying out of this primal truth, that God's purpose is to make men good. For my own part, I feel that I believe the Bible because of the things that I find in it, rather than that I believe them because they are in the Bible.

I believe that if it were generally adopted as a fundamental truth that man was created not to be tried but to be educated, it would help to clear the way both of teachers and of learners very much. The idea that we are in a state of trial or probation necessarily forces us to look on God as a judge, and forces us also to be more occupied with the forgiveness of sins, than with a deliverance from sinfulness. It is this idea which has given its character of substitution to the life and death of Christ, representing it as the ground on which God is justified in forgiving men, rather than as the actings of the root of the human tree, by which the sap is prepared for and propelled into the branches. It seems to me also, that it is this idea which has made eternal punishment to be received as a principle in God's government. If it were believed that God had created us for education, and that not one in a thousand had really received any education, it would generally be accepted without hesitation that the education must necessarily proceed in the next world.

I hope the Great Physician's treatment may be profitable both for your soul and body.—Yours very truly, T. ERSKINE.

TO MRS. BATTEN.

Sudden Conversions.

Linlathen, August 17, 1859.

DEAR MRS. BATTEN,—The information contained in your own letter, and in Mr. Brendon's, and the other, about the conversions taking place in your neighbourhood and elsewhere, is very remarkable and very interesting.

I do not pretend to judge them. I am sure the Lord desires the conversion of all, and that His Spirit is striving with all, whether they yield to the sacred influence or resist it.

A conversion, that is to say a true conversion, implies a knowledge of God, and of the relation in which we stand to Him in His Son. It implies a knowledge of God as a holy, loving Father, who desires for us that we should be partakers of His own holiness and His own blessedness. But a man may be awakened without being converted; he may discern that it is a fearful thing to be opposed to the God who holds him and all things in His hands. He may discern that the words which he has been in the habit of using about God and sin are the representatives of tremendous realities; but until he knows that this God is his own loving Father, he can never turn to Him truly. I would say that God lives by and in His own Will, that Will is the eternal life of God, and when a created spirit receives God's Will into its will, it becomes partaker of the eternal life. This I conceive is salvation; I don't understand any other meaning of salvation. This is what I believe man was made for; his danger, his temptation, is self-will,—making himself his centre. This is sin, that which separates a man from God and his fellow-creatures.

Jesus came to save men from sin, from this sin, which is the root and summing-up of all sin. This, then, is the salvation of Christ: I don't believe that He came to deliver men from any penalty. I believe that every penalty which God has inflicted on men has been for good, so that deliverance from it would be an evil. I cannot see any distinction between salvation and the conformity of the will to God.

I agree with Mr. Brenton that I should expect more lasting results from a silent

conversion than from a more excited one, still it is the actual turning to God which is the important matter.

In this country we are all brought up from childhood with the great words of Christianity sounding in our ears, but they have no meaning to us until we hear them in the Spirit.

This discovery of the truth does not make God our Father. He always was and is so; He is the Father of the prodigal whilst eating the husks with the swine; but until he knows His Father's love, he shuts out the eternal life, because he cannot trust his Father. He cannot open his will to let in and embrace his Father's Will, for that seems to threaten him with destruction; but when he discovers that that Will seeks only to deliver him from the disorder and confusion and misery which his blinded self-seeking has produced, then he can and will say, 'Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts, and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.' He now sees that what God desires for him is the very thing which he desires for himself, but which he can only get through a participation in God's Spirit, and through yielding himself to all God's training.

'Open Thou mine eyes, that I may see wondrous things out of Thy law.' God is my Father, Christ is my head, and the Spirit proceeding from the Father and the Son is breathing into my conscience.

This is all true, whether I believe it or not. My faith cannot make it, but until I know Him whose voice it is, until I know whence that voice cometh, and whither it would lead me, I am not, and cannot be, born of it; for this is life eternal, to know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent; and the birth of the Spirit, the birth from above, is just to receive the eternal life, to receive the will of God, instead of the will of the flesh, or of self-will.

One man may teach another words, but he cannot even give him thought, much less can he give him a realizing apprehension of the realities of the unseen world.

I think that there is a great deal of wisdom in Mr. Brendon's observation, that in the case of these sudden conversions there is always the danger of the person trusting in the conversion, instead of trusting in God. In fact there is a continual temptation to escape difficulties by substituting a sham for a reality. I may have eternal life for ten minutes, but I must abide in it by a sustained faith in God, and by the continual action of my will, if I would keep the blessing. I must fight the good fight of faith, not merely to get hold of eternal life, but to keep hold of it, and to make progress in it.

Man was created perfect, that is, merely without the wrong bias; and he was placed where he was, that he might learn the superiority of God's Will to his own, and practically to acknowledge that superiority. He had the self-will in him which he was to keep in subjection to the will of God. This he could only do by continual trust and continual watchfulness; but he seems to have forgotten that he was placed there to learn to fight, and thought only of enjoying, and thus the first temptation overcame him. And are we to think ourselves secure because we have tasted of the love of God?

I don't believe that a man is or can ever be stereotyped either in good or evil. To suppose that God is good by necessity and not by His own will, would be to degrade Him; and it must be the same with the creatures made in His image. Moral good always implies choice, so man can neither be made good nor upheld in good by a mere act of power. And yet neither conversion nor perseverance in good is man's own act. They are the voluntary yieldings of man to the actings of God. We are the branches of the Vine, whether we receive the sap or not; our will cannot make the sap, or be a substitute for it. The voice of conscience is the effort of the sap to enter into the branch; that effort gives us the power to receive. Man is made to be a continual receiver, and in order to this he must be in a continual state of trustful dependence. We are to be fellow-workers with God, I suppose and believe, for ever.

I believe that the baptism of an infant means simply to declare God's fatherly love and relation to the child, and His purpose to educate it for Himself,—this I believe to be true of every child born into this world. Baptism declares the truth, it does not make it. The child must afterwards learn to yield its will.

I believe also that the forgiveness to be preached through Christ is the same thing which is declared in baptism.

It is not withdrawing any penality, it is the declaration of God's fatherly love and relationship to every human being, and His unchanged and unchangeable purpose to train him into conformity with the Divine Will, which will be carried forward on the other side of the grave as well as on this.—I am, etc.,

T. ERSKINE.

[Sara Coleridge, daughter of S. T. Coleridge, the poet, was born at Greta Hall, near Keswick, December 22, 1802. Her father, who was absent in Germany at the time, on his return wrote thus to a friend:—'My sweet little Sara is a remarkably interesting baby, with the finest possible skin, and large blue eyes; and she smiles as if she were basking in a sunshine as mild as moonlight in her own happiness.' She was married to her first cousin, Henry Nelson Coleridge, and settled at Hampstead. Her husband died in 1843. Her own death took place on May 3, 1852, when in her forty-ninth year. Her remains rest in the family burying-ground in the old churchyard of Highgate. In the literary work she accomplished she is said to have displayed 'powers of critical analysis, and of doctrinal, political, and historical research, of no mean order.' Her life and letters, edited by her daughter, when published in 1873, charmed a wide circle of admirers. We quote one specimen from this book, through the courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. C. K. Paul, Trench, & Co.]

SARA COLERIDGE TO MISS E. TREVENEN.

Hampstead, August 1834.

Mary Howitt's book[1] is a perfect *love* as to its external part; the prints are really exquisite. The poems I have not read through, but what I have read confirm me in my previous opinion, that she has a genuine vein of poetry, though not, I think, a very affluent one. Some of the puffs (one of them at least) said that she had even surpassed the authoresses[2] of the *Original Poems* in hitting off something truly poetical, yet *intelligible to children*, in verse. To this particular theme of praise I cannot subscribe. I think Mary Howitt's verses do *not* contain what all children must enter into, in the same degree that the *Original Poems* do; but in this respect I think them preferable even as regards fitness for youthful (I mean for childish) minds, that they represent scarcely anything but what is bright and joyous. Children should dwell apart from the hard and ugly realities of life as long as possible. The *Original Poems* give too many revolting pictures of mental depravity, bodily torture, and of adult sorrows; and I think the sentiments (the tirades against hunting, fishing, shooting, etc., for instance) are morbid, and partially false.

When I say that Mary Howitt's vein is not affluent, I mean that she is given to *beat out* one fancy as a gold-beater does a bit of gold,—that the self-same imagination is reproduced, with a little change of attire, in one poem after another.

You speak of Mrs. Hannah More. I have seen abundant extracts from her *Remains*, and I think I could not read them through if I were to meet with them. I fear you will think I want a duly disciplined mind, when I confess that her writings are not to my taste. I remember once disputing on this subject with a young chaplain, who affirmed that Mrs. Hannah More was the greatest female writer of the age. 'Whom,' he asked, 'did I think superior?' I mentioned a score of authoresses whose names my opponent had never even heard before. I should not now dispute doggedly with a divine in a stage-coach; but years of discretion have not made me alter the opinion I then not very discreetly expressed, of the disproportion between Mrs. More's celebrity and her literary genius, as compared with that of many other female writers whose fame has not extended to the Asiatic Islands. I cannot see in her productions aught comparable to the imaginative vigour of Mrs. J. Baillie, the eloquence and (for a woman) the profundity of Madame de Staël, the brilliancy of Mrs. Hemans (though I think *her* over-rated), the pleasant broad comedy of Miss Burney and Miss Ferrier, the melancholy tenderness of Miss Bowles, the pathos of Inchbald and Opie, the masterly sketching of Miss Edgeworth (who, like Hogarth, paints manners as they grow out of morals, and not merely as they are modified and tinctured by fashion); the strong and touching, but sometimes coarse pictures of Miss Martineau, who has some highly interesting sketches of childhood in humble life; and last, not least, the delicate mirth, the gently-hinted satire, the feminine decorous humour of Jane Austen, who, if not the greatest, is surely the most faultless of female novelists. My uncle Southey and my father had an equally high opinion of her merits, but Mr. Wordsworth used to say that though he admitted that her novels were an admirable copy of life, he could not be interested in productions of that kind; unless the truth of nature were presented to him clarified, as it were, by the pervading light of imagination, it had scarce any attractions in his eyes; and for this reason, he took little pleasure in the writings of Crabbe. My uncle Southey often spoke in high terms of *Castle Rackrent;* he thought it a work of true genius. Miss Austen's works are essentially feminine, but the best part of Miss Edgeworth's seem as if

[1] *Sketches of Natural History.*

[2] Ann and Jane Taylor, daughters of Isaac Taylor of Ongar, and sisters of the popular author of the *Natural History of Enthusiasm.*

they had been written by a man. *Castle Rackrent* contains genuine humour, a thing very rare in the writings of women, and not much relished by our sex in general. *Belinda* contains much that is powerful, interspersed, like the fine parts of Scotland, with tracts of dreary insipidity; and what is good in this work I cannot think of so high an order as the good things in *Castle Rackrent* and *Emma*. I have been led to think that the exhibition of disease and bodily torture is but a coarse art to 'freeze the blood.' Indeed, you will acquit me of any affected pretence to originality of criticism, when you recollect how early my mind was biassed by the strong talkers I was in the habit of listening to. The spirit of what I sport on critical matters, though not always the application, is generally derived from the sources that you wot of. Yet I know well that we should not go by authority without finding out a reason for our faith; and unless we test the opinions learned from others with those of the world in general, we are apt to hold them in an incorrect, and, at the same time, a more strong and unqualified way than than those do from whom we have derived them.

Though I think with the *Spectator*, etc., that Mrs. More's very great notoriety was more the work of circumstances, and the popular turn of her mind, than owing to a strong original genius, I am far from thinking her an *ordinary* woman. She must have had great energy of character, and a sprightly versatile mind, which did not originate much, but which readily caught the spirit of the day, and reflected all the phases of opinion in the pious and well-disposed portion of society in a clear and lively manner. To read Mrs. More's new book was a sort of good work, which made the reader feel satisfied with him or her self when performed; and it is agreeable to have one's very own opinions presented to one in handsome language, and placed in a highly respectable point of view. Then Mrs. More entered the field when there were few to make a figure there beside, and she was set agoing by Garrick and Johnson. Garrick, who pleased all the world, said that the world ought to be pleased with her; and Johnson, the Great Mogul of literature, was gracious to a pretender whose highest ambition was to follow him at a humble distance. He would have sneered to death a writer of far subtler intellect, and more excursive imagination, who dared to deviate from the track to which he pronounced good sense to be confined. He even sneered a little at his dear pet, Fanny Burney; *she* had set up shop for herself, to use a vulgarism; she had ventured to be original. I must add that Mrs. More's steady devotion to the cause of piety and good morals added the stamp of respectability to her works, which was a deserved passport to their reception; though such a passport cannot enable any production to keep its hold on the general mind if it is not characterized by power as well as good intention.

I admired some of Walpole's Letters in this publication, and I read a flattering one from Mrs. Barbauld, who was a very acute-minded woman herself. Some of her Essays are very clever indeed. I like Mrs. More's style,—so neat and sprightly. The Letters seem to contain a great deal of anecdote, the rage of the reading public, but that is an article which I am not particularly fond of.

[Thomas Babington Macaulay (Lord Macaulay) was born at Rothley Temple, Leicestershire, October 25, 1800. Young Macaulay graduated at Cambridge, was the author of two prize poems, was elected to the Craven scholarship in 1821, and became a fellow of Trinity College in 1822. In February 1826 he was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn. In the same year he commenced his brilliant career as an essayist by the publication of the paper on Milton in the *Edinburgh Review*, written when twenty-five years of age. He was next appointed Commissioner of Bankruptcy, and was returned as Member of Parliament for Calne in 1830. In 1834 he visited India, as a member and legal adviser of the Supreme Council, to draw up a new code of Indian law, and as one of the results of this visit, afterwards contributed his two famous essays to the *Edinburgh Review* on Lord Clive and Warren Hastings. In 1839 he was made Secretary of War, and in 1840 he was elected M.P. for Edinburgh. In 1857 he was raised to the peerage under the title of Baron Macaulay of Rothley. The state of his health forbidding his taking part in the public business in the House of Lords, his time was mainly devoted to the writing of his *History of England*. Four volumes of his exceedingly popular *History* appeared during his lifetime; the fifth, which had not received his final revision, was published after his death, which took place at Holly Lodge, in his sixtieth year, December 28, 1859. The *Life and Letters* of this great historian and brilliant essayist, by his nephew, G. Otto Trevelyan, M.P., was published in March 1876, and is one of the

best and most interesting of modern biographies. We quote two specimens of Macaulay's letters from this book with the sanction of the author.]

MACAULAY TO ELLIS.

London, March 30, 1831.

DEAR ELLIS,—I have little news for you, except what you will learn from the papers as well as from me. It is clear that the Reform Bill must pass, either in this or in another Parliament. The majority of one does not appear to me, as it does to you, by any means inauspicious. We should, perhaps, have had a better plea for a dissolution if the majority had been the other way. But surely a dissolution under such circumstances would have been a most alarming thing. If there should be a dissolution now, there will not be that ferocity in the public mind which there would have been if the House of Commons had refused to entertain the bill at all. I confess that, till we had a majority, I was half inclined to tremble at the storm which we had raised. At present I think that we are absolutely certain of victory, and of victory without commotion.

Such a scene as the division of last Tuesday I never saw, and never expect to see again. If I should live fifty years, the impression of it will be as fresh and sharp in my mind as if it had just taken place. It was like seeing Cæsar stabbed in the Senate House, or seeing Oliver taking the mace from the table; a sight to be seen only once, and never to be forgotten. The crowd overflowed the House in every part. When the strangers were cleared out, and the doors locked, we had six hundred and eight members present,—more by fifty-five than ever were in a division before. The ayes and noes were like two volleys of cannon from opposite sides of a field of battle. When the Opposition went out into the lobby, an operation which took up twenty minutes or more, we spread ourselves over the benches on both sides of the House, for there were many of us who had not been able to find a seat during the evening. When the doors were shut we began to speculate on our numbers. Everybody was despondent. 'We have lost it. We are only two hundred and eighty at most. I do not think we are two hundred and fifty. They are three hundred. Alderman Thompson has counted them. He says they are two hundred and ninety-nine.' This was the talk on our benches. I wonder that men who have been long in Parliament do not acquire a better *coup d'œil* for numbers. The House, when only the ayes were in it, looked to me a very fair House,—much fuller than it generally is even on debates of considerable interest. I had no hope, however, of three hundred. As the tellers passed along our lowest row on the left-hand side, the interest was insupportable,—two hundred and ninety-one,—two hundred and ninety-two,—we were all standing up and stretching forward, telling with the tellers. At three hundred there was a short cry of joy,—at three hundred and two another,—suppressed, however, in a moment; for we did not yet know what the hostile force might be. We knew, however, that we could not be severely beaten. The doors were thrown open, and in they came. Each of them, as he entered, brought some different report of their numbers. It must have been impossible, as you may conceive, in the lobby, crowded as they were, to form any exact estimate. First we heard that they were three hundred and three; then that number rose to three hundred and ten; then went down to three hundred and seven. Alexander Barry told me that he had counted, and that they were three hundred and four. We were all breathless with anxiety, when Charles Wood, who stood near the door, jumped up on a bench and cried out, 'They are only three hundred and one.' We set up a shout that you might have heard to Charing Cross, waving our hats, stamping against the floor, and clapping our hands. The tellers scarcely got through the crowd: for the House was thronged up to the table, and all the floor was fluctuating with heads like the pit of a theatre. But you might have heard a pin drop as Duncannon read the numbers. Then again the shouts broke out, and many of us shed tears. I could scarcely refrain. And the jaw of Peel fell; and the face of Twiss was as the face of a damned soul; and Herries looked like Judas taking his necktie off for the last operation. We shook hands, and clapped each other on the back, and went out laughing, crying, and huzzaing into the lobby. And no sooner were the outer doors opened than another shout answered that within the House. All the passages and the stairs into the waiting-rooms were thronged by people who had waited till four in the morning to know the issue. We passed through a narrow lane between two thick masses of them; and all the way down they were shouting and waving their hats, till we got into the open air. I called a cabriolet, and the first thing the driver asked was, 'Is the bill carried?' 'Yes, by one.' 'Thank God for it, sir.' And away I rode to Gray's Inn,—and so ended a scene which will probably never be equalled till the reformed Parliament wants reforming; and that I hope will not be till the days of our grandchildren—till that truly orthodox and apostolical person, Dr. Francis Ellis, is an archbishop of eighty.

As for me, I am for the present a sort of lion. My speech has set me in the front rank, if I can keep there; and it has not been my luck hitherto to lose ground when I have once got it. Sheil and I are on very civil terms. He talks largely concerning Demosthenes and Burke.

He made, I must say, an excellent speech; too florid and queer, but decidedly successful.

Why did not Price speak? If he was afraid, it was not without reason; for a more terrible audience there is not in the world. I wish that Praed had known to whom he was speaking. But, with all his talent, he has no tact, and he has fared accordingly. Tierney used to say that he never rose in the House without feeling his knees tremble under him; and I am sure that no man who has not some of that feeling will ever succeed there.

Ever yours,

T. B. MACAULAY.

TO HANNAH MORE MACAULAY.

London, June 1, 1831.

MY DEAR SISTER,—My last letter was a dull one. I mean this to be very amusing. My last was about Basinghall Street, attorneys, and bankrupts. But for this—take it dramatically in the German style.

Fine morning. Scene, the great entrance of Holland House.

Enter MACAULAY, *and* TWO FOOTMEN *in livery.*

First Footman—Sir, may I venture to demand your name?

Macaulay—Macaulay, and thereto I add M.P.

And that addition, even in these proud halls,
May well ensure the bearer some respect.

Second Footman—And art thou come to breakfast with our lord?

Macaulay—I am: for so his hospitable will.
And hers—the peerless dame ye serve—hath bade.

First Footman—Ascend the stair, and thou above shalt find,
On snow-white linen spread, the luscious meal.

(*Exit* MACAULAY *up-stairs.*)

In plain English prose, I went this morning to breakfast at Holland House. The day was fine, and I arrived at twenty minutes after ten. After I had lounged a short time in the dining-room, I heard a gruff, good-natured voice asking, 'Where is Mr. Macaulay? Where have you put him?' and in his arm-chair Lord Holland was wheeled in. He took me round the apartments, he riding and I walking. He gave me the history of the most remarkable portraits in the library, where there is, by the bye, one of the few bad pieces of Lawrence that I have seen—a head of Charles James Fox, an ignominious failure. Lord Holland said that it was the worst ever painted of so eminent a man by so eminent an artist. There is a very fine head of Machiavelli, and another of Earl Grey, a very different sort of man. I observed a portrait of Lady Holland painted some thirty years ago. I could have cried to see the change. She must have been a most beautiful woman. She still looks, however, as if she had been handsome, and shows in one respect great taste and sense. She does not rouge at all; and her costume is not youthful, so that she looks as well in the morning as in the evening. We came back to the dining-room. Our breakfast party consisted of my lord and lady, myself, Lord Russell, and Luttrell. You must have heard of Luttrell. I met him once at Rogers's; and I have seen him, I think, in other places. He is a famous wit,—the most popular, I think, of all the professed wits,—a man who has lived in the highest circles, a scholar, and no contemptible poet. He wrote a little volume of verse, entitled, *Advice to Julia*,—not first-rate, but neat, lively, piquant, and showing the most consummate knowledge of fashionable life.

We breakfasted on very good coffee, and very good tea, and very good eggs, butter kept in the midst of ice, and hot rolls. Lady Holland told us her dreams; how she had dreamed that a mad dog bit her foot, and how she set off to Brodie, and lost her way in St. Martin's Lane, and could not find him. She hoped, she said, the dream would not come true. I said that I had had a dream which admitted of no such hope; for I had dreamed that I heard Pollock speak in the House of Commons, that the speech was very long, and that he was coughed down. This dream of mine diverted them much.

After breakfast Lady Holland offered to conduct me to her own drawing-room, or, rather, commanded my attendance. A very beautiful room it is, opening on a terrace, and wainscotted with miniature paintings interesting from their merit, and interesting from their history. Among them I remarked a great many—thirty, I should think—which even I, who am no great connoisseur, saw at once could come from no hand but Stothard's. They were all on subjects from Lord Byron's poems. 'Yes,' said she; 'poor Lord Byron sent them to me a short time before the separation. I sent them back, and told him that, if he gave them away, he ought to give them to Lady Byron. But he said that he would not, and that, if I did not take them, the bailiffs would, and that they would be lost in the wreck.' Her ladyship then honoured me so far as to conduct me through her dressing-room into the great family bedchamber, to show me a very fine picture by Reynolds of Fox, when a boy, bird-nesting. She then consigned me to Luttrell, asking him to show me the grounds.

Through the grounds we went, and very pretty I thought them. In the Dutch garden is a fine bronze bust of Napoleon, which Lord Holland put up in 1817, while Napoleon was a prisoner at St. Helena. The inscription was

selected by his lordship, and is remarkably happy. It is from Homer's *Odyssey*. I will translate it, as well as I can extempore, into a measure which gives a better idea of Homer's manner than Pope's sing-song couplet:

> For not, be sure, within the grave
> Is hid that prince, the wise, the brave;
> But in an islet's narrow bound,
> With the great ocean roaring round,
> The captive of a foeman base,
> He pines to view his native place.

There is a seat near the spot which is called Rogers's seat. The poet loves, it seems, to sit there. A very elegant inscription by Lord Holland is placed over it:

> 'Here Rogers sate; and here for ever dwell
> With me those pleasures which he sang so well.'

Very neat and condensed, I think. Another inscription by Luttrell hangs there. Luttrell adjured me with mock pathos to spare his blushes; but I am author enough to know what the blushes of authors mean. So I read the lines, and very pretty and polished they were, but too many to be remembered from one reading.

Having gone round the grounds I took my leave, very much pleased with the place. Lord Holland is extremely kind. But that is of course; for he is kindness itself. Her ladyship too, which is by no means of course, is all graciousness and civility. But, for all this, I would much rather be quietly walking with you; and the great use of going to these fine places is to learn how happy it is possible to be without them. Indeed, I care so little for them, that I certainly should not have gone to-day, but that I thought that I should be able to find materials for a letter which you might like.

Farewell,

T. B. MACAULAY.

[Hugh Miller, one of the most remarkable of our self-taught writers, and popular illustrators of geology, was a native of Cromarty, born October 10, 1802. His family were seafaring men, his own father being drowned at sea in a storm, 1807. He received a common school education, through the interest of two maternal uncles, and thereafter at his own request was apprenticed as a stonemason. In the Cromarty quarries he began that habit of keen observation, and virtuous self-denial, the first of which placed him in the front rank as a scientific and descriptive writer, and the latter kept him safe in his often hard and rough surroundings. His first attempt in the field of literature was the publication of a volume of poems. Some letters written to the *Inverness Courier*, on the Herring Fishing, drew the attention of the editor towards him, and paved the way for the publication in 1834 of *Scenes and Legends in the North of Scotland*. When a bank accountant in Cromarty, he married Lydia Falconer Fraser, to whom one of these letters is addressed. A chapter in *My Schools and Schoolmasters* is devoted to their romantic courtship. In 1840 he was called to Edinburgh as editor of the *Witness* newspaper, which appeared twice a week, for which post he had previously shown great capacity. He continued its editorship till his self-inflicted death at Portobello on the 24th of December 1856. He was the victim of an overtasked brain, and while suffering in both mind and body, shot himself in the heart, and almost instantly expired. During the last fifteen years of his life Miller wrote *The Old Red Sandstone*, 1841; *First Impressions of England*, 1847; *Footprints of the Creator*, 1850; *My Schools and Schoolmasters*, an autobiography, 1854; *The Testimony of the Rocks*, a work which he left finished, but which was not published till after his death. Two other works were also published after his death, *The Cruise of the Betsey*, and *Sketch-Book of Popular Geology*. Mrs. Miller, who also possessed good literary taste, and wrote some minor works in Natural History, survived him twenty years, and died at the house of a son-in-law in Sutherlandshire, March 11, 1876, and on the 20th of the same month was buried beside her husband in the Grange Cemetery, Edinburgh. A daughter, Mrs. Harriet Miller Davidson, has shown no mean power as a novelist. Miller's *Schools and Schoolmasters* closes with his entrance upon the editorship of the *Witness*, but an elaborate *Life and Letters*, edited by Dr. Peter Bayne, appeared in 1871, which gives a full account of his career. This book should be read by every one who wishes to gain a complete idea of the man and his work; it contains some excellent letters. Those we quote are given with Dr. Bayne's sanction, and also that of Mr. Strahan, who originally published the work.

When Miss Fraser taught him to understand the love-poetry of Burns, as he expressly says she did, he bade adieu for ever, though not without a sigh, to the tranquil hopes which had hitherto inspired him. He told Miss Fraser that she had spoiled a good philosopher, and it was with no exultation, though with calm and fixed resolution, that he felt the spirit of the philosophic recluse die within him and the spirit of the man arise. The classic fable was reversed. Daphne overtook and disenchanted her lover. Miller awoke from the dream which was stealing over him; the roots which had already struck deep into his native soil, and which promised to bind him down to a mild tree-like existence on the hill of Cromarty, were snapped asunder; a stronger circulation swept in fierce thrills along his veins; and with new hope, new ambition, new aspiration, he girded up his loins for the race of life. Hitherto, 'he professed just what he felt, to be content with a table, a chair, and a pot, with a little fire in his grate and a little meat to cook on it.' He professed such contentment no longer; for himself he could have lived and died a working man, but he could not endure the idea of his wife being in any rank save that of a lady. Habitually self-conscious, observant of every event in his mental history, Miller did not fail to mark the change which had passed over him. In a letter written in the summer of 1834 he describes it, with grace, naïvete, and lightness of touch, to her who was its cause. The first part of the letter is unimportant, but it may as well be inserted for the illustration it affords of his simple and pleasurable mode of life in Cromarty at this period.—*Bayne.*]

HUGH MILLER TO MISS FRASER.

Cromarty, Wednesday, 12 *o'clock.*

I am afraid you are still unwell. Your window was shut till near ten this morning, and as I saw no light from it last evening, I must conclude you went early to bed. How very inefficient, my L——, are the friendships of earth! My heart is bound up in you, and yet I can only wish and regret, and—yes, pray. Well, that is something. I cannot regulate your pulses, nor dissipate your pains, nor give elasticity to your spirits; but I can implore on your behalf the great Being who can. Would that both for your sake and my own my prayers had the efficacy of those described by simple-hearted James![1] They are sincere, my L——, when you form the burden of them, but they are not the prayers of the righteous. . . .

My mother, as you are aware, has a very small garden behind her house. It has produced this season one of the most gigantic thistles of the kind which gardeners term the Scotch, that I ever yet saw. The height is fully nine feet, the average breadth nearly five. Some eight years ago I intended building a little house for myself in this garden. I was to cover it outside with ivy, and to line it inside with books; and here was I to read and write and think all my life long—not altogether so independent of the world as Diogenes in his tub, or the savage in the recesses of the forest, but quite as much as is possible for man in his social state. Here was I to attain to wealth not by increasing my goods, but by moderating my desires. Of the thirst after wealth I had none,—I could live on half-a-crown per week and be content; nor yet was I desirous of power,—I sought not to be any man's master, and I had spirit enough to preserve me from being any man's slave. I had no heart to oppress;—why wish, then, for the seat or the power of the oppressor?—I had no dread of being subjected to oppression;—did the proudest or the loftiest dare infringe on my rights as a man, there might be disclosed to him, perchance,

'Through peril and alarm,
The might that slumber'd in a peasant's arm.'

Even for fame itself I had no very exciting desire. If I met with it in quest of amusement, well; if not, I could be happy enough without it. So much for the great disturbers of human life—avarice and ambition, and the thirst of praise. My desires were not tall enough to penetrate into those upper regions which they haunt;—I was too low for them, and for the inferior petty disturbers of men's happiness I was as certainly too high. Love, for instance, I could have nothing to fear from. I knew myself to be naturally of a cool temperament;—and, then, were not my attachments to my friends so many safety-valves? Besides, no woman of taste could ever love me, for I was ugly and awkward; and as I could love only a woman of taste, and could never submit to woo one to whom I was indifferent, my being ugly and awkward was as an iron wall to me. No, no, I had nothing to fear from love. My own dear L——, only see how much good philosophy you have spoiled. I am not now indifferent to wealth or power or place in the world's eye. I would fain be rich, that I might render you comfortable; powerful, that I might raise you to those high places of society which you are so

[1] 'The effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.'—JAMES v. 16.

fitted to adorn; celebrated, that the world might justify your choice. I never think now of building the little house or of being happiest in solitude; and if my life is to be one of celibacy, it must be one of sorrow also,—of heart-wasting sorrow for—but I must not think of that.

TO MRS. FRASER.

Cromarty, Nov. 2, 1833.

MY DEAR MADAM,—I trust ingratitude is not among the number of my faults. But how render apparent the sense I entertain of your kindness in so warmly interesting yourself in my welfare? Just by laying my whole mind open before you. Two years ago there was not a less ambitious or more contented sort of person than myself in the whole kingdom. I knew happiness to be altogether independent of external circumstances; I more than knew it,—I felt it. My days passed on in a quiet, even tenor; and though poor, and little known, and bound down to a life of labour, I could yet anticipate, without one sad feeling, that in all these respects my future life was to resemble the past. Why should I regret my poverty? I was independent, in debt to no one, and in possession of all I had been accustomed to regard as the necessaries of life. Why sigh over my obscurity? My lot was that of the thousands around me; and, besides, was I not born to an immortality too sublime to borrow any of its grandeur or importance from the mock immortality of fame? Why repine because my life was to be one of continual labour? I had acquired habits of industry, and had learned from experience that, if labour be indeed a curse, the curse of indolence is by far the weightier of the two. It will not surprise you, my dear madam, that, entertaining such sentiments, I should have used no exertions, and expressed no wish, to quit my obscure sphere of life for a higher. Why should I? I carried my happiness about with me, and was independent of every external circumstance.

I shall not say that I still continue to think and feel after this manner, for, though quite the same sort of man at present that I was then, I have, perhaps, ascertained that my happiness does not now centre so exclusively in myself. To you, I dare say, I need not be more explicit. But though, in consequence of this discovery, I have become somewhat solicitous, perhaps, of rising a step or two higher in the scale of society, I find it is one thing to wish and quite another to attempt. I find, too, that habits long indulged in, and formed under the influence of sentiments such as I describe, must militate so powerfully against me, if that attempt be made, as to leave little chance of success. My lack of a classical education has barred against me all the liberal professions: I have no turn for business matters; and the experience of about twelve years has taught me that, as an architect or contractor (professions which, during at least that space of time, have been the least fortunate in this part of the kingdom of all others), I can indulge no rational hope of realizing what I desire. There is one little plan, however, which is rather more a favourite with me than any of the others. I think I have seen men not much more clever than myself, and possessed of not much greater command of the pen, occupying respectable places in the ephemeral literature of the day as editors of magazines and newspapers, and deriving from their labours incomes of from one to three hundred pounds per annum. A very little application, if I do not overrate my abilities, natural and acquired, might fit me for occupying a similar place, and of course deriving a corresponding remuneration. But how push myself forward? Simply in this manner. I have lately written, as I dare say you are aware, a small traditional work, which I submitted to the consideration of some of the literati of Edinburgh, and of which they have signified their approval, in a style of commendation far surpassing my fondest anticipations. I shall try and get it published. If it succeed in attracting any general notice, I shall consider my literary abilities, such as they are, fairly in the market; if (what is more probable) it fail, I shall just strive to forget the last two years of my life, and try whether I cannot bring a very dear friend to forget them too. God has not suffered me in the past to be either unhappy myself, or a cause of unhappiness to those whom I love, and I can trust that He will deal with me after the same fashion in the future. I need not say, my dear madam, that I write in confidence, and for your own eye alone. If I fail in my little scheme, I shall bear my disappointment all the better if it be not known that I built much upon it, or looked much beyond it. In such an event, the pity of people who, in the main, are less happy than myself (and the great bulk of mankind are certainly not happier) shall, I trust, never be solicited by,

My dear madam, etc.

[The two letters addressed to Mr. William Smith, Forres, are without question among the most important Miller ever wrote. They form a supplement to that portion of his spiritual history which embraced his period of indifference and semi-scepticism, and contain not only an explicit confession of faith, but a statement of that intellectual basis on which it was for him a necessity that his faith should rest. Reticent as he was in all that related to his soul's condition,—sensitively averse to the un-

veiling to human eyes of his spiritual experience,—he would probably never have written such letters had not an occasion occurred which constrained him to overcome every scruple. A friend lay ill, perhaps unto death; it seemed possible to Hugh that he might minister to his spirit's health and his eternal salvation; and he yielded to the impulse of affection and the mandate of duty. The scheme of religion which he unfolds in the letters is that of simple acceptance of Christ for salvation, as He is offered in the gospel, acceptance with the heart as well as the head, acceptance with clear consciousness that the difficulties of the intellect cannot be wholly removed. The religion of Miller was to cling close to Christ, to die with Christ, to rise with Christ, to wear with Him the crown of thorns, and to receive from Him the crown of glory. The idea formerly thrown out by Miller, that Christianity suggests objections so many and so obvious that common sense would not have permitted its invention by man, receives in these letters its balance and counterpart in the hypothesis that the adaptation of Christianity to man's wants is so exquisite, and its evidence so strong, that its obvious offences to mere human reason tend to prove that it is divine. From a biographic point of view, the letters have a special interest as showing the tenacity with which Miller retained thoughts which had once been deliberately accepted into his intellectual system. The illustration of the working of the atonement of Christ, given long subsequently in the *Schools and Schoolmasters*, is but a slight expansion of that which he here lays before his friend; and the thesis maintained, that man can apprehend facts and results in God's universe, whether physical or spiritual, but not the constructive principles and processes by which they are brought about, is worked out in a chapter on the Discoverable and the Revealed in the *Testimony of the Rocks*, which is perhaps the most valuable that Hugh Miller ever penned.—*Bayne.*]

TO MR. SMITH, FORRES.

Cromarty, August 5, 1835.

My dear William,—I need not tell you how famous Cromarty is for its hasty reports, or on how slender a foundation the imagination of the townsfolks sometimes contrives to build. I must needs tell you, however, for the circumstance forms my only apology for now writing you, that the last story current among us affected me more deeply than any of its class ever did before. On your late severe attack, your brother, the doctor, was called hastily to Forres, and the story went that you were dead. I never before knew how much I valued and esteemed you;—the thought too that one with whom I had so often conversed, and with whose mind I was so thoroughly acquainted, had passed the dark bourne which separates this world from the other, had something inexpressibly solemn and melancholy in it. I felt for the time that, disguise the fact as we may, the main business of this life consists in preparing for another, and conscience was not quite silent when I remembered that, though you and I had beaten together over many an interesting topic, the most interesting of all had been omitted. You remember the fable of the wise men who were permitted to make a three days' visit to the moon that they might report to our lower world regarding its plants and animals, and who on their return had to confess that they had squandered their time in drinking with gay young men, and dancing with beautiful women, and had only remarked that the trees and sky of the planet, when seen casually through a window, very much resembled those of our own. Alas for the application of this ingenious story.

There are few men who do not at some time or other think seriously of the future state, or who have not formed some at least theoretic set of notions regarding the best mode of preparing for it. Man was born to anticipate a hereafter,—he is a religious animal by the very constitution of his nature, and the thousand forms of superstition which still overspread the world and darken every page of its history are just so many proofs of this. It has often struck me that the infidel, when in his assaults on revelation he draws largely from this store of delusion, sadly mistakes his argument;—every false religion which has sprung out of the nature of man shows us—not surely that there is no true religion, but that we stand in need of a true one;—every mythologic folly and absurdity should convince us that we need an infallible guide. Regarded in this light, the *Shaster* and the *Koran* are substantial proofs of how ill we could do without the Bible; and Paganism and Mahometanism powerfully recommend Christianity. You, my dear William, to whom it has been given to possess an inquiring and reflecting mind, must have often thought of the final destinies of man; I myself have observed in you much of that respect for sacred things which is one of the characteristics of an ingenuous nature; but there is perhaps danger that your very ingenuity and acuteness might

have led you into error. Christianity is emphatically termed the wisdom of God, but it is not on a first examination that a reasoning mind can arrive at the evidence of its being such; on the contrary, some of its main doctrines seem opposed to the more obvious principles of common sense; and this quite in the same way that, before the days of Newton, it would have seemed contrary to these principles to allege that the whiteness of light was occasioned by a combination of the most vivid colours, or that the planets were held in their orbits by the law which impelled a falling stone towards the ground. Now this is exactly what we might expect of the true religion. A religion made by rational men—many Deists, you know, were eminently such, and we may instance theirs — will be, like themselves, rational and easily understood; but this very facility is a conclusive proof that it had its origin in the mind of man. It is like all his other works—like the clocks and watches and steam engines of his construction—easily understood, and easily imitated; but it is not thus with Christianity, nor is it thus with the great machine of the universe. Let us, my dear William, take a brief survey of some of the main doctrines of this religion; they concern us so nearly that it may be fatal to misunderstand them.

The invariable reply of the apostles of our Saviour to that most important of all queries, 'What shall I do to be saved?' was, 'Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ.' Belief seems to be, if I may so speak, the main condition of man's acceptance, but belief in what or whom? in a person who is at once God and Man, and who thus, to the perfection of a divine nature, adds the feelings of a human heart. Now there is something amazing in this, something which, for its exquisite fitness to our moral and sentient constitution, is worthy the conception of a God. Observe, my dear William, the false religions of the world, and you will find that they run into two opposite extremes. In the artificial religions which have been formed by the intellect of man, God is represented as a mere abstraction of wisdom and power. He is the Great First Cause of the philosopher, and it is scarcely more possible for the human heart to love Him as such, than it is for Him to love any of the great second causes, such as the sun with its light and heat, or the law of gravitation. And hence the coldness and utter inefficacy of all such religions, whether known under the name of philosophical Deism or Socinian Christianity;—they are totally unfitted to the nature of man. The religions of the other class are rather the offspring of passion than intellect; they arise in those obscure and remote ages when unenlightened man created his gods in his own image. What was Jupiter or his son Hercules, or what their companions in the court of Olympus, the Dianas, Venuses, or Minervas with which the old poets have brought us acquainted, but human creatures bearing the very mould and impression of their worshippers? And such deities could be loved and feared just in the way one human creature can love or fear another; the belief in them powerfully influenced the conduct, but their worship, as it originated in the darkened human heart, was a worship of impurity. Observe with what a truly God-like wisdom Christianity is formed to avoid the opposite extremes of these two classes, and how it yet embraces more than the philosophy of the one and more than the warmth of the other: the object of our worship is at once God the First Great Cause, and the man Jesus Christ our brother.

But not merely must we believe in Christ as God, but also as our Saviour; as the restorer of our moral nature, and our sacrifice or atonement. There are wonderful Janus-like mysteries here, — inexplicable in their one aspect as they regard God, though simple and easy in the other as they regard man. Perhaps an illustration from the human frame may serve to explain my meaning. Need I remind you, who are an anatomist, and acquainted with Paley to boot, of the admirable adaptation of the human frame to the various ends for which it was created, or how easy it is for a person of even ordinary capacity to be made to perceive this adaptation? Almost any one can see how fairly and beautifully the machine works,—but who, on the other hand, can conceive of the higher principles on which it is constructed? Who can know anything of the workings of the brain as the organ of thought, or of the operations of the nerves as the seats of feeling,—of how the chyle is chosen by its thousand blind mouths, and every other fluid rejected,—of how one gland should secrete a liquor so unlike that secreted by another,—of, in short, any of the thousand phenomena of our animal nature when we trace them towards their first cause? The working of the machine is simple, its construction we find to be inexplicably mysterious. Now it is thus with Christianity. No one can understand how the sufferings of the Saviour satisfy the justice of God,—that regards, if I may so speak, the construction of the scheme; but every one who examines may see how wonderfully these vicarious sufferings are suited to the nature and the wants of man,—for that regards its working. But it is not in the limits of so brief a composition as a letter that such a subject can be discussed.

May I recommend to you, my dear William, to lay hold on this Saviour as the way, and the truth, and the life? He is willing and able to save to the uttermost all who trust in Him. You suffer from pain and dejection; He suffered from pain and dejection also, and

hence His wonderful fitness to be the God and Saviour of a race born to anguish and sorrow. Not only does He know our weaknesses as God, but He sympathizes in them as man. Forgive me the freedom with which I write you;—it is as a friend,—as one foolish and careless, and often so wrapped up in the dreams of life as to forget its real businesses, but also as one convinced that the Saviour can through His Spirit make wise unto salvation, and that to secure an interest in Him is to possess a righteousness that is perfect, and to have every sin forgiven through an atonement that is complete. May I ask, my dear William, that when you address yourself to Him,—and oh, He is willing to hear and ready to help,—you will put up one petition for your affectionate friend,

HUGH MILLER.

[When Thackeray was delivering his lectures in America upon the 'English Humorists,' in 1853, he made the acquaintance of the Hon. H. B. Reed, to whom the first letter is here addressed, and who afterwards published a brief memorial of the great novelist, under the title of *Haud Immemor—Thackeray in America*. Reed was for a time United States Minister to China, and printed a private edition of his monograph, which was written in May 1864. A copy found its way to England, and was reproduced in *Blackwood's Magazine*, June 1872. On the back of the note on which the first of these letters was written was a pen-and-ink sketch, evidently one of the illustrations to his fairy tale, *The Rose and the Ring*, to which he alludes as 'the rubbishing picture which I didn't see.' A fac-simile of this letter appears in *Anecdote Biographies of Thackeray and Dickens*, by R. H. Stoddard (New York: Scribner, 1877). It contains a reprint of Reed's monograph on Thackeray, also articles by Dickens, Dr. John Brown, James Hannay, etc., reprinted from British periodicals, and in the absence of any authorized memoir, is the most authentic and complete account of the author of *Pendennis* which has yet appeared.]

WILLIAM M. THACKERAY TO THE HON. W. B. REED.

Neufchatel, Switzerland, July 21, 1853.

MY DEAR REED,—Though I am rather slow in paying the tailor, I always pay him; and as with tailors, so with men; I pay my debts to my friends, only at rather a long day. Thank you for writing to me so kindly, you who have so much to do. I have only begun to work ten days since, and now, in consequence, have little leisure. Before, since my return from the West, it was flying from London to Paris, and *vice versa*—dinners right and left—parties every night. If I had been in Philadelphia, I could scarcely have been more feasted. Oh, you unhappy Reed! I see you (after that little supper with M'Michael) on Sunday, at your own table, when we had that good sherry-madeira, turning aside from the wine cup with your pale face! That cup has gone down this well so often, that I wonder the cup isn't broken, and the well as well as it is. Three weeks of London were more than enough for me, and I feel as if I had had enough of it and of pleasure. Then I remained a month with my parents; then I brought my girls on a little pleasuring tour. We spent ten days at Baden, when I set intrepidly to work again; and have been five days in Switzerland now, not bent on going up mountains, but on taking things easily. How beautiful it is! How pleasant! How great and affable, too, the landscape is! It's delightful to be in the midst of such scenes—the ideas get generous reflections from them. I don't mean to say my thoughts grow mountainous and enormous like the Alpine chain yonder—but, in fine, it is good to be in the presence of this noble nature. It is keeping good company; keeping away mean thoughts. I see in the papers now and again accounts of fine parties in London. *Bon Dieu!* Is it possible any one ever wanted to go to fine London parties, and are there now people sweating in May-fair routs?

The European continent swarms with your people. They are not all as polished as Chesterfield. I wish some of them spoke French a little better. I saw five of them at supper, at Basle, the other night, with their knives down their throats. It was awful. My daughter saw it, and I was obliged to say: 'My dear, your great-great grandmother, one of the finest ladies of the old school I ever saw, always applied cold steel to her victuals. It's no *crime* to eat with a knife,' which is all very well, but I wish five of 'em at a time wouldn't.

Will you please beg M'Michael, when Mrs. Glyn, the English tragic actress, comes to read Shakespeare in your city, to call on her—do the act of kindness to her, and help her with his valuable editorial aid? I wish we were going to have another night soon, and that I was going this very evening to set you up with a headache against to-morrow morning. By Jove, how kind you all were to me! How I like people, and want to see 'em again! You are more tender-hearted, romantic, sentimental, than we are. I keep on telling this to our fine people here, and have so belaboured your—

(Here the paper on being turned revealed a pen-and-ink caricature. At the top is written, 'Pardon this rubbishing picture: but I didn't see, and can't afford to write page 3 over again') —your country with praise in private that I sometimes think I go too far. I keep back some of the truth; but the great point to try and ding into the ears of the great, stupid, virtue-proud English is, that there are folks as good as they in America. That's where Mrs. Stowe's book has done harm, by inflaming us with an idea of our own superior virtue in freeing our blacks, whereas you keep yours. Comparisons are always odorous, as Mrs. Malaprop says.

I am about a new story, but don't know as yet if it will be any good. It seems to me I am too old for story-telling; but I want money, and shall get 20,000 dollars for this, of which (*D.V.*) I'll keep fifteen. I wish this rubbish (the sketch) were away; I might put written rubbish in its stead. Not that I have anything to say, but that I always remember you and yours, and honest Mac, and Wharton, and Lewis, and kind fellows who have been kind to me, and I hope will be kind to me again.

Good-bye, my dear Reed, and believe me, ever sincerely yours, W. M. THACKERAY.

TO ——.

Written partly on board the 'Canada,' and partly after he had reached London.

On board, last day—May 7, 1856.

MY DEAR OLD ——,—I tell you that writing is just as dismal and disgusting as saying good-bye. I hate it, and but for a sense of duty I wouldn't write at all—confound me if I would. But you know, after a fellow has been so uncommonly hospitable and kind, and that sort of thing, a fellow ought, you see, to write and tell a fellow that a fellow is very much obliged; and, in a word, you understand. So you made me happy when I was with you, you made me sorry to come away, and you make me happy now when I think what a kind, generous, friendly W. B. R. you are. You have —— back in the Bower of Virtue—you'll fill that jug when (*sic*) one day and drink my health, won't you; and when you come to Europe, you'll come to me, etc.—and my girls, mind, and we'll see if there is not some good claret at 36 Onslow Square. . . . We have had a dreary rough passage—yesterday the hardest blow of all. I have been ill with one of my old intermittent attacks, after which my mouth broke out with an unusually brilliant eruption, and I am going to Liverpool with a beard eight days long. It is not becoming in its present stage. I have not been sea-sick; but haven't been well a single day. Wine is ojus to me, segars create loathing; couldn't I write something funnier and more cheerful? Perhaps I may when we are fairly into Liverpool; perhaps we may be there to-night, perhaps not till to-morrow morning, for it blew a hurricane in our face last night, and the odds are we shall not have water enough to pass the bar. Home (viz. 36 Onslow Square, Brompton, London), May 9. We did pass the bar, and didn't I have a good dinner at the Adelphi, and wasn't I glad to get back to town yesterday, and wasn't there a great dinner at the Garrick Club (the annual Shakespeare dinner, which ought to have come off on the 23d ult., but was put off on account of a naval review), and didn't I make a Yankee speech, and O Lor'—haven't I got a headache this morning? I'm ashamed to ask for a soberwater, that's the fact. And so here the old house, the old roöm, the old teapot by my bedside—the old trees nodding in at the window—it looks as if I'd never been away—and that it's a dream I have been making. Well, in my dream I dreamed that there was an uncommonly good fellow by name W. B. R., and I dreamed that he treated me with all sorts of kindness, and I sent him and J. C. B. P. and D. D. (and what's his name down-stairs?) my heartiest regards; and when my young women come home, I shall tell them what a deal of kindness their papa had across the water—so good-bye my dear ——, and believe me, always gratefully yours,

W. M. THACKERAY.

[Charles Dickens, one of England's most popular novelists, also excelled as a letter-writer, and certainly wrote out of the abundance of his heart, as each letter is a picture of his mood of mind when written. Dickens was born at Landport, Portsmouth, on the 7th February 1812, and educated first at a private school at Chatham, and afterwards at a good school in or near London. His father sent him to the office of a solicitor. He soon afterwards acted as reporter for some time for a publication entitled the *Mirror of Parliament*, and afterwards obtained a situation as reporter for the *Morning Chronicle*. Messrs. Chapman & Hall engaged him to write a story in monthly parts. The result was the popular and well-known *Pickwick Papers*, which had an enormous sale. Work after work flowed from his pen, with no diminution but rather increase to his popularity.

He also appeared as a public reader of his own works in America, also in London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and many important provincial towns. He had commenced a new novel, *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, but death found him busy at his task, and called him away ere the mystery for the public was solved. He died at his residence, Gad's Hill, of effusion of blood on the brain, brought on by over-work, 9th June 1870, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, 14th June. His *Letters*, which are as characteristic as anything he ever wrote, place him in the front rank of modern letter-writers. The two series were edited by his eldest daughter and sister-in-law, to whom we are indebted for permission to include the following specimens.]

DICKENS TO CATTERMOLE.

Illustrations for Barnaby Rudge.

Devonshire Terrace, Tuesday, February 9, 1841.

My dear George,—My notes tread upon each other's heels. In my last I quite forgot business.

Will you, for No. 49, do the locksmith's house, which was described in No. 48? I mean the outside. If you can, without hurting the effect, shut up the shop as though it were night, so much the better. Should you want a figure, an ancient watchman in or out of his box, very sleepy, will be just the thing for me.

I have written to Chapman and requested him to send you a block of a long shape, so that the house may come upright, as it were.

Faithfully ever.

TO THE SAME.

Old Ship Hotel, Brighton, Feb. 26, 1841.

My dear Kittenmoles,—I passed your house on Wednesday, being then atop of the Brighton Era; but there was nobody at the door, saving a solitary poulterer, and all my warm-hearted aspirations lodged in the goods he was delivering. No doubt you observed a peculiar relish in your dinner. That was the cause.

I send you the MS. I fear you will have to read all the five slips; but the subject I think of is at the top of the last, when the guest, with his back towards the spectator, is looking out of window. I think, in your hands, it will be a very pretty one.

Then, my boy, when you have done it, turn your thoughts (as soon as other engagements will allow) first to the outside of the Warren—see No. 1; secondly, to the outside of the locksmith's house, by night—see No. 3. Put a penny pistol to Chapman's head and demand the blocks of him.

I have addled my head with writing all day, and have barely wit enough left to send my love to my cousin, and—there's a genealogical poser—what relation of mine may the dear little child be? At present, I desire to be commended to her clear blue eyes. Always, my dear George, faithfully yours,

Boz.

TO CLARKSON STANFIELD.

Devonshire Terrace, March 6, 1846.

My dear Stanny,—In reference to the damage of the candlesticks, I beg to quote (from *The Cricket on the Hearth*, by the highly popular and deservedly so Dick) this reply:

'I'll damage you if you inquire.'

Ever yours,

My block-reeving,
Main-brace splicing,
Lead-heaving,
Ship-conning,
Stun' sail-bending,
Deck-swabbing
Son of a sea-cook,

Henry Bluff,
H.M.S. *Timber.*

TO MARK LEMON.

H. W. Office, July 2, 1856.

My dear Mark,—I am concerned to hear that you are ill, that you sit down before fires and shiver, and that you have stated times for doing so, like the demons in the melodramas, and that you mean to take a week to get well in.

Make haste about it, like a dear fellow, and keep up your spirits, because I have made a bargain with Stanny and Webster that they shall come to Boulogne to-morrow week, Thursday the 10th, and stay a week. And you know how much pleasure we shall all miss if you are not among us—at least for some part of the time.

If you find any unusually light appearance in the air at Brighton, it is a distant refraction (I have no doubt) of the gorgeous and shining surface of Tavistock House, now transcendently painted. The theatre partition is put up, and is a work of such terrific solidity, that I suppose it will be dug up, ages hence, from the ruins of London, by that Australian of Macaulay's who is to be impressed by its ashes. I have wandered through the spectral halls of the

Tavistock mansion two nights, with feelings of the profoundest depression. I have breakfasted there, like a criminal in Pentonville (only not so well). It is more like Westminster Abbey by midnight than the lowest-spirited man—say you at present, for example—can well imagine.

There has been a wonderful robbery at Folkestone, by the new manager of the Pavilion, who succeeded Giovannini. He had in keeping £16,000 of a foreigner's, and bolted with it, as he supposed, but in reality with only £1400 of it. The Frenchman had previously bolted with the whole, which was the property of his mother. With him to England the Frenchman brought a 'lady,' who was, all the time and at the same time, endeavouring to steal all the money from him and bolt with it herself. The details are amazing, and all the money (a few pounds excepted) has been got back.

They will be full of sympathy and talk about you when I get home, and I shall tell them that I send their loves beforehand. They are all enclosed. The moment you feel hearty, just write me that word by post. I shall be so delighted to receive it. Ever, my dear boy, your affectionate friend.

[Rev. Norman Macleod, D.D., was born at Campbeltown, Argyleshire, June 3, 1812, and studied at Edinburgh and Glasgow, and for some time acted as a private tutor. He was ordained pastor of the parish of Loudoun, Ayrshire, in 1838. He removed to Dalkeith in 1843, and was translated to the Barony parish, Glasgow, in 1851. There he worked earnestly and unweariedly for the elevation of the people of his parish, taking a deep interest in both home and foreign missions. In 1854 he preached before the Queen at Crathie. In 1860, at the request of Mr. Alexander Strahan, the well-known publisher, he undertook the editorship of *Good Words*, and some of his most popular works appeared in its pages. It carried his name wherever the English language is spoken. In 1867 he visited India as a deputation from the Church of Scotland, ostensibly to give a new impetus to mission work in India. On his return he delivered his memorable address on missions before the General Assembly. He died at his residence in Glasgow, on Sunday, June 16, 1872, universally regretted by all classes of the community. His biography, written by his brother Donald, was issued in 1876, and more fully revealed his earnestness and large-heartedness. Many of his letters—the first we quote is a specimen—were full of fun and rollicking humour, such as we are hardly accustomed to find in religious biographies. These specimens are given with the assent of the publisher of the *Memoir of Norman Macleod.*]

NORMAN MACLEOD TO SIR J. CAMPBELL OF KILDALLOIG.

On the Birth of a Son and Heir.

Officer of the Watch. The commodore is signalling, sir.

Captain. What has she got up?

Officer. No. 1, sir. 'An heir apparent is born.'

Captain. Glorious news! All hands on deck. Bend on your flags. Stand by your halyards. Load your guns! All ready fore and aft?

All ready, sir.

Hoist and fire away!

Three cheers!!!

Load. Fire! Three cheers!!!

Load again. Fire!

Three tremendous cheers!!!

For the Laird of Kildalloig!

It is impossible to do justice to the sensation which was created on every part of the ship. The vessel herself made one of her best *bows*, and for once ceased to look *stern*. The sails, though suffering much from the *bight* of a rope, for which the doctor had stuck on them a number of *leeches* and recommended wet *sheets*, nevertheless 'looked swell' and much pleased as the *top gallants* said sweet things into their *lee earing*. The royals, though rather high and complaining of the *truck* system, waved their *caps*. The chain-cable sung 'Old King *Coil*,' while the best-bower cried *encore!* (anchor). The *capstan* began to make love to the *windlass*, who was thought to be a great *catch*, but who preferred the *caboose* on account of his *coppers*. The *boatswain* took the ship round *the waist*, but got it *pitched* into him for his impertinence. He said it was all *friendship*. The *binnacle* was out of his wits with joy—quite *non-compass*. The wheel never *spoke;* he had more *conning* than any in the ship, and was afraid of being *put down*, or getting *hard* up. The *cuddy* gave a fearful bray. The *cat-of-nine-tails* gave a mew which was heard a mile off, and scampered off to the *best-bower*, which was embracing the *cat head* and sharing its *stock* with it. The *life-buoy* roused up the *dead lights*, who rushed and wakened the *dead eyes*, who began to weep tears of joy. The *shrouds* changed into wedding garments. The two *davits* said they would, out of compliment to the laird, call themselves after the two *Johns*. The *companion* got so in love with marriage,

that he swore he would not be cheated by a mere name, but get another companion as soon as possible. The long-boat sighed for a punt, and began to pay his addresses to the cutter. The launch got so jealous that he kicked the *bucket;* while the *swab* declared he would turn cleanly, and try and earn a good character, so as to get spliced to a *holy-stone.* The guns offered their services to all hands, and promised that they would marry all and sundry *can(n)onically,* and each gave a *ball* on the occasion. The *block-heads* alone were confused, but even they said they would contribute their *sheaves.* The very *man-holes* spoke lovingly of the fair sex; and the *false keel* for once spoke truth, saying he never saw such fun, but that he would be *at the bottom* of all this mystery.

What the effects of all this might have been no one can tell, if all the above marriages had taken place; but just as all parties were ready for being spliced (the *marling-spikes* acting as curates), it was found every gun was deep in *port.* But in the meantime the captain summoned all on deck, and gave the following short but neat speech:—

'My men,—Fill your glasses! Drink a bumper to the health of the young Laird of Kildalloig. May he swim for many a long year over the stormy ocean on which he has been launched. May neither his provisions nor cloth ever fail him. May he ever be steered by the helm of conscience, and go by the chart of duty and the compass of truth; and may every breeze that blows and every sea that dashes carry him nearer a good haven!'

Hurrah!

[At the end of May 1862, accompanied by Mrs. Macleod and his brother Donald, he took a six weeks' tour in Italy, crossing Mont Cenis to Turin, and thence by Genoa and the Riviera to Florence, Bologna, Venice, Milan, and the Italian lakes, and returning home by Courmayeur, the Great St. Bernard, and Basle. His impressions of Italy were afterwards recorded in *Good Words.*]

NORMAN MACLEOD TO A. STRAHAN.

Monastery of the Great St. Bernard, June 21, 1862.

Ere I bid farewell to the world, I wish to bid farewell to thee. I have resolved to join the Brothers of St. Bernard. All is arranged. I find that they never heard of Presbyterianism, Free, or U.P. Kirk; know nothing even of Dr. —— or Dr. ——, and have kept up service here, helping the poor and needy, for 800 years. I find I can live here for nothing, never preach, but only chant Latin prayers; that they never attend public meetings, never go to Exeter Hall nor to a General Assembly, but attend to the big dogs and the travellers of all nations. In short, it is the very place for me, and I have craved admission, and hope to be received to-night. I shall be known henceforth as Frater Flemingus. (I think I owe it to the Captain to adopt his name.) My wife goes to a nunnery; I leave my children to your care—3½ to you and 3½ to Isbister. Farewell, best of men and of publishers! Farewell, Isbister, best of men and of smokers! Farewell, *Good Words!* Farewell, the world and all its vanities!—— I was interrupted at this point by a procession of monks, who came to strip me of my worldly garments, and to prescribe the vows. Before changing garments, I inquired about the vows. Judge of my amazement in finding I must renounce cigars for ever! I pause——

P.S.—2 A.M., 22*d.*—The monks won't give in. The weather is fearfully cold. No fires in the cells. The dogs are mangy.

3 A.M.—I am half-dead with cold. I shan't lie in the morgue. I repent!

6 A.M.—Off for London! Hurrah

[No portion of the earth's surface has recently received more attention by the missionary, traveller, and commercial adventurer, than Africa. This applies more particularly to the region lying south of the equator. There has been an extraordinary influx of population to the diamond fields consequent upon the discovery of diamonds in Griqualand West. But two of the strongest links in the chain of circumstances which have kept the country before the eyes of the public, and helped to bring this about, are the lives and labours of Dr. Moffat and his son-in-law, David Livingstone. Moffat by his example and his missionary labours, and Livingstone by his unparalleled journeys and discoveries, have both done much to draw the attention of the civilised world towards what has long been termed the Dark Continent, now less dark than ever. The publication of his missionary travels marked the era of a new departure in African discovery, which was only deepened by his subsequent wanderings and lonely death at Ilala on Lake Bemba. His letters came from time to time to England as the voice of one crying in the wilderness. He did not only describe what he saw and experienced, but his whole soul was stirred within him at the evils of the

accursed slave traffic. The reports by Dutch missionaries, on the east coast, of the existence of a large inland lake in the southern equatorial regions of Africa, was the means of attracting the attention of the Geographical Society to the subject. Burton and Speke were despatched to South Africa, and subsequently discovered Lake Tanganyika; on the return journey to Zanzibar from the interior, Speke left Burton at the village of Kazeh, and journeying northwards, caught a glimpse of the southern end of the Victoria N'yanza. Speke subsequently returned to the scene of his discovery, accompanied by Captain Grant, and confirmed the fact of the existence of the great lake, which has since been more fully made known by its circumnavigation by H. M. Stanley in 1876. Livingstone, attracted to the mission-field in South Africa partly by the presence and example of Moffat, whose daughter Mary he afterwards married, was not long in discovering where his real strength lay. This was in missionary exploration. In the remarkable journeys which he performed, he discovered lakes Bangweolo, N'gami, N'yassa; explored the Zambesi and its tributaries; crossed the continent from St. Paul de Loanda to Quillimane on the east coast; surveyed Tanganyika, and laid open a vast field for possible exploration and missionary labour. The reported death of Livingstone, with his long silence on his third and final journey, led to two great expeditions, all tending to make the country and people better known. Lieutenant Young made a journey to N'yassa, and proved the falsity of Livingstone's reported death; and H. M. Stanley, a young journalist on the staff of the *New York Herald*, at the instigation of Mr. Bennett, the proprietor of that newspaper, undertook a journey, satisfying the civilised world that the great explorer was still alive, and succeeded in succouring him when help was greatly needed. This exploit of Stanley's doubtless paved the way for his more remarkable journey across Africa from Zanzibar, by way of the Victoria N'yanza, Tanganyika, and the Congo, to the west coast, in which several geographical problems were solved. Other explorers have been more recently at work, notably Lieutenant Cameron, who crossed the continent, and Major Serpa Pinto, who has crossed from Benguela on the west coast to Natal on the east; also Mr. Joseph Thomson, who has more fully explored the districts lying between the great lakes N'yassa and Tanganyika, and many others. But the most gratifying result of the labours of Livingstone and others, has been the decided attempts to evangelize the Dark Continent, making the Great Lakes the basis of operations. Mission stations, for the founding of which all the Scotch churches have co-operated, exist at the southern end of N'yassa, which is now comparatively easy of access from the coast, on Tanganyika, and on Lake Victoria N'yanza. The annexation of Basutoland and Griqualand, and the placing of large tracts of country in South Africa under British control, has led to troublesome wars with the Boers, Basutos, and Zulus; although remote, in many cases, from the field of missionary operations, this has had a retarding influence; but the good work goes on, the existence of much of which is due to the labours of Livingstone and Moffat. As our second extract shows, Livingstone was proud of the pluck and spirit displayed by his daughter.]

DR. LIVINGSTONE TO HIS DAUGHTER AGNES.

Preparations for the Last Journey.

Bombay, September 20, 1865.

. . . By advice of the Governor, I went up to Nassick, to see if the Africans there under Government instruction would suit my purpose as members of the expedition. I was present at the examination of a large school, under Mr. Price, by the Bishop of Bombay. It is partly supported by Government. The pupils (108) are not exclusively African, but all showed very great proficiencies. They excelled in music. I found some of the Africans to have come from parts I know,—one from Ndonde on the Rovuma,—and all had learned some handicraft, besides reading, writing, etc., and it is probable that some of them will go back to their own country with me. Eight have since volunteered to go. Besides these I am to get some men from the 'Marine Battalion' who have been accustomed to rough it in various ways, and their pensions will be given to their widows if they should die. The Governor (Sir Bartle Frere) is going to do what he can for my success.

After going back to Bombay I came up to near Poonah, and am now at Government House, the guest of the Governor.

Society here consists mainly of officers and their wives. . . . Miss Frere, in the absence of Lady Frere, does the honours of the establishment, and very nicely she does it. She is very clever, and quite unaffected—very like her father. . . . Christianity is gradually diffusing itself, leavening as it were in various ways the whole mass. When a man becomes a professor of Christianity, he is at present cast out, abandoned by all his relations, even by his wife and children. This state of things makes some who don't care about Christian progress say that all Christian servants are useless. They are degraded by their own countrymen, and despised by others, but time will work changes. Mr. Maine, who came out here with us, intends to introduce a law whereby a convert deserted by his wife may marry again. It is in accordance with the text in Corinthians: If an unbelieving wife depart, let her depart. People will gradually show more sympathy with the poor fellows who come out of heathenism, and discriminate between the worthy and unworthy. You should read Lady Duff Gordon's *Letters from Egypt*. They show a nice sympathizing heart, and are otherwise very interesting. She saw the people as they are. Most people see only the outside of things.

Avoid all nasty French novels. They are very injurious, and effect a lasting injury on the mind and heart. I go up to Government House again three days hence, and am to deliver two lectures,—one at Poonah, and one at Bombay.

[Probably no human being was ever in circumstances parallel to those in which Livingstone now stood. Years had passed since he had heard from home. The sound of his mother-tongue came to him only in the broken sentences of Chuma or Susi or his attendants, or in the echoes of his own voice as he poured it out in prayer, or in some cry of home-sickness that could not be kept in. In long pain and sickness there had been neither wife nor child nor brother to cheer him with sympathy, or lighten his dull hut with a smile. He had been baffled and tantalized beyond description in his efforts to complete the little bit of exploration which was yet necessary to finish his task. His soul was vexed for the frightful exhibitions of wickedness around him, where 'man to man,' instead of brothers, were worse than wolves and tigers to each other. During all his past life he had been sowing his seed weeping, but so far was he from bringing back his sheaves rejoicing, that the longer he lived the more cause there seemed for his tears. He had not yet seen of the travail of his soul—*Blaikie's Life of Livingstone.*]

DR. LIVINGSTONE TO HIS DAUGHTER AGNES.

I commit myself to the Almighty Disposer of events, and if I fall, will do so doing my duty, like one of His stout-hearted servants. I am delighted to hear you say that, much as you wish me home, you would rather hear of my finishing my work to my own satisfaction, than come merely to gratify you. That is a noble sentence, and I felt all along sure that all my friends would wish me to make a complete work of it, and in that wish, in spite of every difficulty, I cordially joined. I hope to present to my young countrymen an example of manly perseverance. I shall not hide from you that I am made by it very old and shaky, my cheeks fallen in, space round the eyes ditto; mouth almost toothless,—a few teeth that remain out of their line, so that a smile is that of a he-hippopotamus,—a dreadful old fogie; and you must tell Sir Roderick that it is an utter impossibility for me to appear in public till I get new teeth, and even then the less I am seen the better.

[Livingstone reached Ujiji on the 23d of October 1871, and on the 28th Mr. H. M. Stanley arrived to succour him. 'The great traveller,' says Mr. Stanley, 'was reduced to a skeleton by illness and fatigue; he was sick, destitute, and forlorn. All his men except four had either deserted or had died, and there seemed to be no hope for him. His piteous appeals for help to his friends at Zanzibar were either neglected or his letters were lost. There was no prospect but that of lingering illness and death before him. Under the influence, however, of good cheer and nourishing food, and, perhaps, social fellowship with another of his race, he speedily recovered, and in six or seven days after his rescue was enabled to accompany a portion of the American Expedition in a boat to the north end of Lake Tanganyika, where both Livingstone and the author saw a river running through a broad gorge enclosed by lofty mountains into the lake, with no possible outlet whatever at any part in the firmly connected mountain-walls which surround the entire

northern half of the Tanganyika. After a journey of 750 miles, and a residence of over four months together, Livingstone and the American Expedition became parted for ever at Unyanyembé on March 14, 1872.']

A LETTER OF THANKS TO MR. JAMES GORDON BENNETT OF THE 'NEW YORK HERALD.'

If I explain the forlorn condition in which he [Stanley] found me, you will easily perceive that I have good reason to use very strong expressions of gratitude. I came to Ujiji off a tramp of between 400 and 500 miles beneath a blazing vertical sun, having been baffled, worried, defeated, and forced to return, when almost in sight of the end of the geographical part of my mission, by a number of half-caste Moslem slaves sent to me from Zanzibar instead of men. The sore heart, made still sorer by the truly woful sights I had seen of 'man's inhumanity to man,' reacted on the bodily frame, and depressed it beyond measure. I thought that I was dying on my feet. It is not too much to say, that almost every step of the weary sultry way I was in pain, and I reached Ujiji a mere ruckle of bones. Here I found that some £500 worth of goods I had ordered from Zanzibar had unaccountably been intrusted to a drunken half-caste Moslem tailor, who, after squandering them for sixteen months on the way to Ujiji, finished up by selling off all that remained for slaves and ivory for himself. He had divined on the Koran, and found that I was dead. He had also written to the governor of Unyanyembé that he had sent slaves after me to Manyema, who returned and reported my decease, and begged permission to sell off the few goods that his drunken appetite had spared. He, however, knew perfectly well from men who had seen me that I was alive, and waiting for the goods and men; but as for morality, he is evidently an idiot; and there being no law here except that of the dagger or musket, I had to sit down in great weakness, destitute of everything save a few barter cloths and beads I had taken the precaution to leave here in case of extreme need. The near prospect of beggary among Ujijians made me miserable. I could not despair, because I laughed so much at a friend, who, on reaching the mouth of the Zambesi, said 'that he was tempted to despair on breaking the photograph of his wife: we could have no success after that.' After that, the idea of despair has to me such a strong smack of the ludicrous, it is out of the question.

Well, when I had got to about the lowest verge, vague rumours of an English visitor reached me. I thought of myself as the man who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho; but neither priest, Levite, nor Samaritan could possibly pass my way. Yet the good Samaritan was close at hand, and one of my people rushed up at the top of his speed, and in great excitement gasped out, 'An Englishman coming! I see him!' And off he darted to meet him. An American flag, the first ever seen in these parts, at the head of a caravan, told me the nationality of the stranger. I am as cold and non-demonstrative as we islanders are usually reputed to be, but your kindness made my frame thrill. It was indeed overwhelming, and I said in my soul, 'Let the richest blessings descend from the Highest on you and yours.'

The news Mr. Stanley had to tell me was thrilling: the mighty political changes on the Continent, the success of the Atlantic cables, the election of General Grant, and many topics riveted my attention for days together, and had an immediate and beneficial effect on my health. I had been without news from home for years, save what I could glean from a few *Saturday Reviews* and copies of *Punch* for 1868. The appetite revived, and in a week I began to feel strong again. Mr. Stanley brought a most kind and encouraging despatch from Lord Clarendon, whose loss I sincerely deplore,—the first I have received from the Foreign Office since 1866,—and information that Her Majesty's Government had kindly sent £1000 to my aid. Up to his arrival I was not aware of any pecuniary aid. I came unsalaried, but this want is now happily repaired; and I am anxious that you and all my friends should know that, though uncheered by letters, I have stuck to the task which my friend Sir Roderick Murchison set me, with John-Bullish tenacity, believing that all will come right at last.

[Probably few beyond his own personal friends would have heard of Thomas Davidson, had not the Rev. James Brown, D.D., collected his scattered poems and letters, and enshrined them in an interesting memoir of this promising but not very fortunate student. Thomas Davidson was born at Oxnam Row, near Jedburgh, in 1838, and died of consumption at the latter town in 1870. His father, Jonah Davidson, was a decent, God-fearing Border shepherd, latterly an elder in a United Presbyterian Church, Jedburgh, who died in 1881. Young Davidson was intended for the ministry of the United Presbyterian Church, but he never got farther than the probationary stage, and died without a church. It was the moving to and fro from place to place in the country, on various preaching expeditions, that gave

him food and play for his vein of kindly humour, seen in the two letters which he wrote from Sixtowns and Cullybackey in Ireland. His poems are full of promise, and have been likened to flowers or to a bird's song. While attending Edinburgh University, he gained the second prize in the class of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres for a poem, the subject being *Ariadne at Naxos*. An enthusiastic fellow-student sent on this poem, unknown to the author, to W. M. Thackeray, then editor of the newly-started *Cornhill Magazine*. Much to the delight and astonishment of Davidson, it received a place of honour in the magazine, with an illustration, while the author received a welcome remittance of ten guineas for his contribution. His letters are eminently suggestive, free and spontaneous, and always the utterance of the heart. We quote these specimens with the sanction of Mr. Maclehose, the publisher of the *Life of a Scottish Probationer*.]

DAVIDSON TO ——.

Cullybackey, January 4, 1865.

. . . I meant to devote last night, or at least a bit of it, to writing to you; but Mr. Knowles, knowing my fondness for Scotch music, had gone and invited down specially an Irish fiddler who lives not a great way off, to treat me to a quantity. The fiddler made his appearance, fiddle and all, about six o'clock, and barring the time we took to tea and several intermissions for smoking purposes, which Mr. Knowles himself turned to good use in singing Irish melodies, Mr. Larry M'Kie's 'elbo jinked and diddled' till past eleven o'clock. Larry has been in Australia, where he learned a great many Scotch airs from the Scotch gold-diggers, and now he is settled down comfortably to cultivate music and potatoes, for Mr. M'Kie is both a fiddler and a farmer. Also, he sings remarkably well, and the humour with which he renders Sam Lover's Irish songs is quite overpowering, I assure you. Larry has got the Irish susceptibility as well as the Irish humour, and when I touched the strings of his violin in succession downwards, he begged me 'fur goodness sake not to do that same; it was so murnfull and melancholy-like it wud make him cry, and,' he added, 'that's jist as sure as my neem's Larry M'Kie.' He is as fond of his fiddle as an ordinary mortal is of his sweetheart. The evening was damp when he came down, and, to prevent her from 'ketching harm,' he had her secured in the never-failing green bag, then this was swathed in a fine Paisley shawl, then he put the 'darlint' under his greatcoat, surmounting the whole with a cotton umbrella as big as a Lammas-fair tent; and even on his arrival the first thing he did with her was to disentangle and disengage her from all these securities, and warm her tenderly at the fire. Larry is not good at a slow tune, or *chune* as he calls it, but he comes out strong in 'jigs, strathspeys, and reels,' and he 'whacked off' 'Tullochgorum,' 'Killiecrankie,' and 'The Braes of Tullymet and Mar,' not to mention 'Garryowen' and 'The Pradhestan Bhoys,' and 'Saint Pathrick's Day' and 'Boyne Water,' with inconceivable *vim* and vigour. Altogether, I liked Larry very much indeed; and Larry took so kindly to me that he begged me to settle down here and he would himself take a seat in the church! I thanked him heartily, and assured him that I didn't think the place would just exactly suit me, and that, moreover, I didn't think that I would exactly suit the place. Larry then assured me in turn that it wasn't just such an 'absheure pleece as most people took it to be, for shure,' he added, 'ye mushn't have heard the song about it that I sung meself twelve times over the night before I left Geelong, and not a sowl there but was weepin' like a Donegal summer, though their bairds were as long as the Apostle Aaron's.' I desired him to sing it, which he did with great pathos, and a very nice little song it is, and Larry is going to write down for me both the words and the music. So you see I continue to extract no small amusement and enjoyment out of my quarters in Ireland. Don't believe half the stories they tell you about it, they're all blarney; in fact, there is very little difference between this and Scotland. At the same time, I am beginning to weary slightly to get across the Channel again. However, I haven't very long to wait; I shall be at liberty in about ten days: on Monday week I hope to be in Glasgow. . . . I had just finished dinner, and had taken my two young friends Lizzie and Willie on my knee to sing them a song, when a deputation of the elders came in to pay me my fee, and also to pay Mrs. Knowles for the lodgings. They paid me much in the usual kind of coin, but Mrs. Knowles, to whom they gave twenty-five shillings, found it to consist of so many coins that she couldn't count it, and was forced to call in my assistance. With some difficulty I succeeded. There were, I think, five fourpenny pieces, nine threepennies, and I don't know how many pennies and halfpennies. This, of course, was done after they went away. You never saw such a droll-looking session in your life. All their hats put together wouldn't have fetched sixpence in an old clothes shop. The principal spokesman was clothed in corduroy breeks, red with a year's draining in heavy clayey soil, a black surtout coat, a red cotton neckerchief, and a pair of clogs. Saving the

coat, which I believe he must have donned for the sake of upholding his dignity as chief speaker, the rest were arrayed in very much the same style. They asked me sundry questions, as, How did I like Cullybackey? How long had I been *out?* Did I find the church *very* damp and *awfully* cold? — which questions Mrs. Knowles interpreted to me after the three worthies had taken their departure. It seems that this is a sly style of fishing which they employ in order to *expiscate* (I always like to carry out a metaphor) the man's sentiments as to accepting or declining if they should happen to give him a call. As soon as they had learned that I hadn't been a year *out*, they looked at each other, scratched their heads, rubbed their beards, or at least their jaws, for they are all close shaven, and finally took their pocket-handkerchiefs out of their hats, and, having blown their noses, said that they would have to be going, which they accordingly proceeded to do.

Cullybackey is, however, a rather pleasant little place. There are plenty of roads and walks about it, some of them going through woods and avenues, some of them merely through long tracts of fields with lots of houses, all farm-houses, for everybody is a farmer here, with a little wee farmie that just keeps the family jogging and eating, and not what might be called downright scarecrows. On Sundays they look very respectable, saving their hats. Ireland is a great field for the study of the human hat, as you may see in poor Leech's Irish sketches. I have often stood an hour at the hotel window in Dublin watching the hats, and never failing to be thoroughly interested and amused. But, to return, I feel it very pleasant to walk along one of these roads here, especially after dark, as the candles are all lighted up, and the whole country-side is a-twinkle with them, here and there and yonder, and through on the other side, and up the hill behind you there, in the jolliest disorder and prettiest confusion. I often think that you would enjoy an hour's walk with all those tiny lights blinking and winking and flitting about, and going out of a sudden, and then of a sudden jumping *in* again. You see I can enjoy almost any place. The church here is a very poor one; the congregation very thin (just now); the pulpit not in good repair; the floor an earthen one, and not a living soul able to keep his feet still for five minutes. Moreover, it stands low, though it does stand very prettily too, fast by the river Maine, which passes on its way to Lough Neagh. There is a church-yard beside the church too—a queer-looking, unsymmetrical place, shapen like a bit of paper which one would tear off the corner and along the side of the daily *Scotsman* to light his pipe with. Trees fringe this on all sides round; but through them you can easily count the graves as you go along the public road to Kilrea, which passes behind. There are a good many of them, some close to the river's brink, others out on the green, and others, again, lying up the hill, at an angle of forty-five degrees, basking, as it were, with their faces turned to the south. The people, of course I mean the *living*, are very old-fashioned. They don't sing paraphrases, as Mr. —— —— assured me before the whole congregation, when I had just given them out the 46th, and they read the line always, which has a very strange effect to one who is unaccustomed to it. However, they have not acquired the good old time-honoured Scotch custom of sleeping during the sermon—they listen (I *must* say it, for I have no better simile at hand) 'like swine at a yett.'

I have had some little difficulty in sliding into the thread of my discourse again at that last 'however,' for my good friend Larry again made his appearance, and entertained me for several hours with a new batch of songs and airs of all descriptions. He seems perfectly inexhaustible, does Larry. He came down to-night to settle about an excursion we are going to make to-morrow—Mr. Knowles, Larry, and myself—to a place called Bellaghy. This I take to be rather a *plenteous* place, for I learn that the host (intended) is much troubled with gout. I expect, therefore, to find myself in clover for a day, not that I don't find myself in clover where I am, and good broad-leaved, red-and-white-flowered clover, too; but then, you know, 'one star differeth from another star,' albeit they both be stars. . . .

I have had a letter and a great many papers from Bruce here, for which I am very grateful, for in the present aspect of the American War I devour all discussions of the question and news of the state of affairs with even greater avidity than usual. I am much obliged for your papers too. My sister Frank also sent me a whole bundle of *Scotsmans* (is that the plural?), which took four postage stamps to carry them. The royal mail (or the royal female rather, for our letters are carried by a woman) has never been well since! Having got to the end of that sentence, let me apologize for the pun—do you see it? I didn't want to cumber the sentence with more parentheses than one, else I should have marrow-boned immediately after it was down. But really it was such an obvious one—'humblest capacity,' you know—and then I'm in Ireland, and I defy any man to be in Ireland and not joke. Why, I wrote an indignant letter to Mr. MacGill the other day, and I joked all the way through it!

TO THE SAME.

Sixtowns, January 13, 1865.

This is a most entertaining place, rendered so by the amusing petty wants and laughable

hardships to which the dwellers in it are subjected. . . . As you know, I am living at the house of Mr. Kennedy, who, with his own unaided and unassisted energies, discharges the threefold duties of schoolmaster, precentor, and hairdresser. The other night we had a number of the 'boys'—so called here because they are not boys but men—for the last-mentioned trade to be exercised upon. They submitted their polls successively to the scissors. Mr. Kennedy followed up the pruning operations with a few 'chunes' on the fiddle. He plays pretty tolerably on an instrument *of his own making*, which underlined bit of information reminds me of the fact that to all his other trades he adds the elements of cabinet-making and playing. . . . The house is a new one (and it answers for church too). It is the dreadfullest house for smoke I ever lived in. Mr. Kennedy smokes, I smoke, and so does every chimney in the place. Indeed, we have had to sit with the front door half-open, with a 'great muckle stane' at the back of it to keep it from opening too far, ever since I came—the wind happening to be in the worst direction. If we close it for a moment, there is an immediate strike among the chimneys. Now, it happens just to open at the back of my own door, consequently a wind sweeps across the floor of my room and up the chimney like the great Euroclydon. It is as much as I can do to keep my slippers from going up with it! To supplement this little laughing Zephyr, there are two panes out of the window, their place being but somewhat insufficiently supplied by a curious and ingenious combination of newspapers and pot-lids, between whose multitudinous interstices the wind plays pibrochs from morning to night, and then again from night to morning. Occasionally it takes a momentary capricious fit and goes backwards, in which case a perfectly volcanic eruption takes place, clouds and volumes of half-burned peats, and whitey-brown scoriæ, come belching into the room, and, remembering the terrible fate of Pliny, I rush precipitately to the farthest corner, from which, when all is over again, I cautiously emerge, and brush my garments. By good luck, when I was in Dublin, my sister Frank sent me a smoking-cap, which I am obliged here to wear constantly to prevent my hair from getting dishevelled and powdered with peat ashes. Thus fortified with my cap and my philosophy, I thoroughly enjoy the humour of the situation; and I am sure if Mr. Kennedy were to hear my cachinnations (especially during the eruptions), he would have serious doubts of my sanity.

HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND DESCRIPTIVE LETTERS.

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[Among the voyagers and naval heroes flourishing in the times of Queen Elizabeth, a high place must be given to Sir Francis Drake for his courage and persevering bravery, displayed in almost every enterprise, successful or unsuccessful, with which he was identified. Drake was born about 1539 or 1541, and died while upon an expedition against the Spanish colonies in 1596. The last paragraph of Drake's letter, written to Lord Walsingham during the heat of the pursuit after the Invincible Armada, with little verbal alteration resolves itself into blank verse. It may be taken as an example of a great mind when under strong emotion expressing itself poetically :

'We have the army of Spain before us,
And by God's grace shall wrestle a pull with him.
Never was anything pleased me better
Than seeing the enemy flying
With a southerly wind to the northwards.
God grant you have a good eye on Parma.
By God's grace, if we live, we'll so handle
This Duke of Sidonia, he'll wish himself back
To St. Mary's, safe 'mid his orange trees.'

A childish rhyme of the period, which has thus been translated, testifies how far the dislike and terror of his name had entered into the Spanish mind :

'My brother Don John
To England is gone,
To kill the Drake,
And the Queen to take,
And the heretics all to destroy.'

This dislike attended even on his memory, for it is said when the news of his death reached Panama, two days of religious festivities were celebrated in honour of his death and damnation. In Stowe's *Annals* he is described as 'low of stature, of strong limbs, broad breasted, rounde headed, broune hayre, full bearded; his eyes round, large, and clear, well favoured, fayre, and of a cheerfull countenance. His name was a terror to the French, Spaniard, Portugal, and Indians. Many princess of Italy, Germany, and other, as well enemies as friends, in his lifetime desired his picture. He was the second that ever went through the Straights of Magellanes, and the first that ever went rounde aboute the worlde.' A monument to Drake has been proposed to be set up at Plymouth.]

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE TO LORD WALSINGHAM.

July 31, 1588.

MOST HONORABLE,—I am comaunded to send these prisoners ashore by my Lord Admerall, which had, ere this, byne long done, but that I thought ther being here myght have done something which is not thought meet now.

Lett me beseche your Honor that they may be presented unto her Majestie, either by your honor, or my honorable good lord, my Lord Chancellor, or both of you. The one, Don Pedro, is a man of great estymacyon with the King of Spayne, and thowght next in this armye to the Duke of Sedonya. If they shoulde be geven from me unto any other, it would be som gref to my friends. Yf her Majestie will have them, God defend but I shoulde thinck it happye.

We have the armey of Spayne before us, and mynd with the grace of God to wressell a poull with him.

Ther was never anything pleased me better than the seeing the enemy flying with a Sotherly wynd to the Northwards. God grant you have a good eye to the Duke of Parma, for with the grace of God, yf we live, I doubt it not, but ere it be long so to handell the matter with the

Duke of Sedonya, as he shall wish hymselff at Saint Marie Port among his orynge trees. God gyve us grace to depend upon Him, so shall we not doubt victory; for our cawse is good. Humbly taking my leave this last of July 1588, your Honor's faythfully to be commanded ever,

FRA. DRAKE.

DR. SHARP TO THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

With Queen Elizabeth's Speech to her Army at Tilbury Fort, 1588.

I remember in eighty-eight waiting upon the Earl of Leicester at Tilbury Camp, and in eighty-nine going into Portugal with my noble master, the Earl of Essex, I learned somewhat fit to be imparted to your grace.

The Queen lying in the camp one night, guarded with her army, the old Lord Treasurer, Burleigh, came thither, and delivered to the earl the examination of Don Pedro, who was taken and brought in by Sir Francis Drake, which examination the Earl of Leicester delivered unto me to publish to the army in my next sermon. The sum of it was this:—

Don Pedro being asked what was the intent of their coming, stoutly answered the lords, What but to subdue your nation, and root it out.

Good, said the lords; and what meant you then to do with the Catholics? He answered, We meant to send them (good men) directly unto heaven, as all you that are heretics to hell. Yea, but said the lords, what meant you to do with your whips of cord and wire (whereof they had great store in their ships)? What? said he, we meant to whip you heretics to death that have assisted my master's rebels, and done such dishonours to our Catholic king and people. Yea, but what would you have done, said they, with their young children? They, said he, which were above seven years old should have gone the way their fathers went, the rest should have lived, branded in the forehead with the letter L for Lutheran, to perpetual bondage.

This, I take God to witness, I received of those great lords upon examination taken by the council, and by commandment delivered it to the army.

The Queen the next morning rode through all the squadrons of her armie, as armed Pallas, attended by noble footmen, Leicester, Essex, and Norris, then Lord Marshal, and divers other great lords, where she made an excellent oration to her army, which the next day after her departure I was commanded to re-deliver to all the army together, to keep a public fast. Her words were these:—

'My loving people, we have been persuaded by some, that are careful of our safety, to take heed how we commit ourself to armed multitudes for fear of treachery: but, I assure you, I do not desire to live to distrust my faithful and loving people. Let tyrants fear; I have always so behaved myself that, under God, I have placed my chiefest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts and good-will of my subjects. And therefore I am come amongst you, as you see, at this time, not for my recreation and disport, but being resolved in the midst and heat of the battle to live or die amongst you all, to lay down for my God, and for my kingdom, and for my people, my honour and my blood, even in the dust. I know I have the body but of a weak and feeble woman, but I have the heart and stomach of a king, and of a king of England too; and think foul scorn that Parma, or Spain, or any prince of Europe, should dare to invade the borders of my realm; to which, rather than any dishonour shall grow by me, I myself will take up arms, I myself will be your general, judge, and rewarder of every one of your virtues in the field. I know already, for your forwardness, you have deserved rewards and crowns; and we do assure you, in the word of a prince, they shall be duly paid you. In the meantime, my lieutenant-general shall be in my stead, than whom never prince commanded a more noble or worthy subject; not doubting but by your obedience to my general, by your concord in the camp, and your valour in the field, we shall shortly have a famous victory over those enemies of my God, of my kingdoms, and of my people.'

This I thought would delight your grace, and no man hath it but yourself and such as I have given it to, and therefore I make bold to send it unto you, if you have it not already.

[Thomas Egerton was Lord Chancellor in the reign of James I.; he was in succession Attorney-General, Master of the Rolls, and then Lord Keeper. He was appointed Lord Chancellor, with the title of Baron Ellesmere, in 1603. This seasonable advice was addressed to Essex when in disgrace at the court of Elizabeth, and dismissed from her presence.]

LORD CHANCELLOR EGERTON TO THE EARL OF ESSEX.

A Letter of Advice.

MY VERY GOOD LORD,—It is often seen, that he that stands by seeth more than he that playeth the game; and for the most part, every one in his own cause standeth in his own light, and seeth not so clearly as he should. Your lordship hath dealt in other men's causes, and in great and weighty affairs, with great

wisdom and judgment; now your own is in hand, you are not to contemn or refuse the advice of any that love you, how simple soever. In this order I rank myself among others that love you, none more simple, and none that love you with more true and honest affection, which shall plead my excuse if you shall either mistake or mistrust my words or meaning. But, in your lordship's honourable wisdom, I neither doubt nor suspect the one nor the other. I will not presume to advise you, but shoot my bolt, and tell you what I think. The beginning and long continuance of this so unseasonable discontentment you have seen and proved, by which you aim at the end. If you hold still this course, which hitherto you find to be worse and worse (and the longer you go the farther you go out of the way), there is little hope or likelihood the end will be better. You are not yet gone so far but that you may well return: the return is safe, but the progress is dangerous and desperate in this course you hold. If you have any enemies, you do that for them which they could never do for themselves. Your friends you leave to scorn and contempt; you forsake yourself, and overthrow your fortunes, and ruinate your honour and reputation; you give that comfort and courage to the foreign enemies, as greater they cannot have, for what can be more welcome and pleasing news than to hear that her Majesty and the realm are maimed of so worthy a member, who hath so often and so valiantly quailed and daunted them? You forsake your country when it hath most need of your counsel and aid; and, lastly, you fail in your indissoluble duty which you owe unto your most gracious sovereign,—a duty imposed upon you not by nature and policy only, but by the religious and sacred bond wherein the divine majesty of Almighty God hath by the rule of Christianity obliged you.

For the four first, your constant resolution may perhaps move you to esteem them as light; but, being well weighed, they are not light, nor lightly to be regarded. And for the four last, it may be that the clearness of your own conscience may seem to content yourself, but that is not enough; for these duties stand not only in contemplation or inward meditation, and cannot be performed but by external actions, and where that faileth, the substance also faileth. This being your present state and condition, what is to be done? What is the remedy, my good lord? I lack judgment and wisdom to advise you, but I will never want an honest true heart to wish you well; nor, being warranted by a good conscience, will fear to speak that I think. I have begun plainly, be not offended if I proceed so. *Bene credit qui cedit tempori;* and Seneca saith, *Cedendum est fortunæ.* The medicine and remedy is not to contend and strive, but humbly to yield and submit. Have you given cause, and yet take a scandal unto you? then all you can do is too little to make satisfaction. Is cause of scandal given unto you? Yet policy, duty, and religion enforce you to sue, yield, and submit to our sovereign, between whom and you there can be no equal proportion of duty. Where God requires it as a principal duty and care to Himself, and when it is evident that great good may ensue of it to your friends, yourself, your country, and your sovereign, and extreme harm by the contrary, there can be no dishonour to yield; but in denying, dishonour and impiety. The difficulty, my good lord, is to conquer yourself, which is the height of true valour and fortitude, whereunto all your honourable actions have tended. Do it in this and God will be pleased, her Majesty, no doubt, well satisfied, your country will take good, and your friends comfort by it; and yourself (I mention you last, for that of all these you esteem yourself least) shall receive honour; and your enemies (if you have any) shall be disappointed of their bitter sweet hope.

I have delivered what I think simply and plainly: I leave you to determine according to your own wisdom; if I have erred, it is *error amoris* and not *amor erroris*. Construe and accept it, I beseech you, as I meant it: not as an advice, but as an opinion to be allowed or cancelled at your pleasure. If I might conveniently have conferred with yourself in person, I would not have troubled you with so many idle blots. Whatsoever you judge of this my opinion, yet be assured my desire is to further all good means that may tend to your lordship's good. And so wishing you all happiness and honour, I cease.—Your lordship's most ready and faithful, though unable, poor friend,

THO. EGERTON.

THE EARL'S ANSWER.

MY VERY GOOD LORD,—Though there is not that man this day living whom I would sooner make judge of any question that might concern me than yourself, yet you must give me leave to tell you, that in some cases I must appeal from all earthly judges, and if in any, then surely in this, when the highest judge on earth hath imposed upon me the heaviest punishment without trial or hearing. Since, then, I must either answer your lordship's arguments, or else forsake mine own just defence, I will force mine aching head to do me service for an hour. I must first deny my discontentment (which was forced) to be an humorous discontent; and in that it was unseasonable, or is so long continuing, your lordship should rather condole with me than expostulate: natural seasons are expected here below, but violent and unseasonable storms come from above. There is no tempest to the passionate indignation of a

prince, nor yet at any time so unseasonable as when it lighteth on those that might expect a harvest of their careful and painful labours. He that is once wounded must needs feel smart till his hurt be cured, or the part hurt become senseless. But cure I expect none, her Majesty's heart being obdurate; and be without sense I cannot, being of flesh and blood. But, you may say, I aim at the end: I do more than aim, for I see an end of all my fortunes, I have set an end to all my desires. In this course do I anything for mine enemies? When I was present I found them absolute, and therefore I had rather they should triumph alone, than have me attendant upon their chariots. Or do I leave my friends? When I was a courtier I could sell them no fruit of my love, and now that I am an hermit, they shall bear no envy for their love to me. Or do I forsake myself because I do not enjoy myself? Or do I overthrow my fortunes because I build not a fortune of paper walls, which every puff of wind bloweth down? Or do I ruinate mine honour because I leave following the pursuit, or wearing the false mark or the shadow of honour? Do I give courage or comfort to the enemies, because I neglect myself to encounter them, or because I keep my heart from business, though I cannot keep my fortune from declining? No, no; I give every one of those considerations his due right, and the more I weigh them the more I find myself justified from offending in any of them. As for the two last objections, that I forsake my country when it hath most need of me, and fail in that indissoluble duty which I owe to my sovereign, I answer, That if my country had at this time any need of my public service, her Majesty, that governeth it, would not have driven me to a private life. I am tied to my country by two bonds: one public, to discharge carefully and industriously that trust which is committed to me; the other private, to sacrifice for it my life and carcase, which hath been nourished in it. Of the first I am free, being dismissed by her Majesty; of the other nothing can free me but death, and therefore no occasion of performance shall sooner offer itself but I will meet it half way. The indissoluble duty I owe unto her Majesty, the service of an earl and of a marshal of England, and I have been content to do her the service of a clerk; but I can never serve her as a villain or a slave. But you say I must give way to time. So I do; for now that I see the storm come, I have put myself into harbour. Seneca saith, we must give way to fortune. I know that fortune is both blind and strong, and therefore I go as far as I can out of the way. You say the remedy is not to strive: I neither strive nor seek for remedy. But you say I must yield and submit: I can neither yield myself to be guilty, nor this my imprisonment lately laid upon me to be just; I owe so much to the Author of truth, as I can never yield truth to be falsehood, nor falsehood to be truth. Have I given cause, you ask, and yet take a scandal? No, I gave no cause to take up so much as *Fimbria* his complaint: for I did *totum telum corpore accipere;* I patiently bear and sensibly feel all that I then received when this scandal was given me. Nay, when the vilest of all indignities are done unto me, doth religion enforce me to sue? doth God require it? is it impiety not to do it? why? cannot princes err? cannot subjects receive wrong? is an earthly power infinite? Pardon me, pardon me, my lord, I can never subscribe to these principles. Let Solomon's fool laugh when he is stricken; let those that mean to make their profit of princes show to have no sense of princes' injuries; let them acknowledge an infinite absoluteness on earth that do not believe an absolute infiniteness in heaven. As for me, I have received wrong, I feel it; my cause is good, I know it; and whatsoever comes, all the powers on earth can never show more strength or constancy in oppressing, than I can show in suffering whatsoever can or shall be imposed upon me. Your lordship, in the beginning of your letter, makes me a player and yourself a looker on; and me a player of my own game, so you may see more than I; but give me leave to tell you, that since you do but see, and I do suffer, I must of necessity feel more than you. I must crave your lordship's patience to give him that hath a crabbed fortune leave to use a crooked stile. But whatsoever my stile is, there is no heart more humble, nor more affected towards your lordship, than that of your lordship's poor friend,

ESSEX.

The meshes of the net were rapidly closing around Queen Mary when this appeal was penned to Queen Elizabeth. After her escape from Lochleven, the battle of Langside had proved fatal to Mary's cause in Scotland; she rapidly changed her plans, pushed across the Solway in a boat, and reached Carlisle Castle, where this letter was written. As a result of the decisions of the English Privy Council, she was afterwards conducted, in spite of remonstrances and complaints, to Bolton, a castle of Lord Scroop's on the borders of Yorkshire. There her prospect of escape seemed small, while correspondence with Scotland was rendered more and more difficult. The letter closes with a pathetic appeal to the tender mercies of Elizabeth.]

QUEEN MARY TO QUEEN ELIZABETH.

MADAM,—Although the necessity of my cause (which maketh me to be importunate to you) do make you to judge that I am out of the way, yet such as have not my passion, nor the respects whereof are persuaded, will think that I do as my cause doth require. Madam, I have not accused you, neither in words, nor in thought, to have used yourself evil towards me. And I believe that you have no want of good understanding to keep you from persuasion against your natural good inclination. But in the meantime I cannot choose (having my senses) but perceive very evil furtherance in my matters since my coming hither. I thought that I had sufficiently discoursed unto you the discommodities which this delay bringeth unto me. And especially that they think in this next month of August to hold a parliament against me and all my servants. And in the meantime I am stayed here, and yet will you, that I should put myself farther into your country (without seeing you), and remove me farther from mine; and there do me this dishonour at the request of my rebels, as to send commissioners to hear them against me, as you would do to a mere subject, and not hear me by mouth. Now, madam, I have promised you to come to you, and having there made my moan and complaint of these rebels, and they coming thither, not as possessors, but as subjects to answer, I would have besought you to hear my justification of that which they have falsely set forth against me, and if I could not purge myself thereof, you might then discharge your hands of my causes, and let me go for such as I am. But to do as you say, if I were culpable I would be better advised; but being not so, I can't accept this dishonour at their hands, that being in possession they will come and accuse me before your commissioners, whereof I can't like. And seeing you think it to be against your honour and consignage to do otherwise, I beseech you that you will not be mine enemy until you can see how I can discharge myself every way, and to suffer me to go into France, where I have a dowry to maintain me, or at least to go into Scotland, with assurance that if there come any strangers thither, I will bind myself for their return without any prejudice to you; or if it please you not to do thus, I protest I will not impute it to falsehood if I receive strangers in my country without making you any other discharge for it. Do with my body what you will, the honour or blame shall be yours, for I had rather die here, and that my faithful servants may be succoured (though you would not so) by strangers, than to suffer them to be utterly undone, upon hope to receive, in time to come, particular commodity. There be many things to move me to fear that I shall have to do, in this country, with others than with you. But forasmuch as nothing hath followed upon my last moan, I hold my peace, happen what may hap. I have as lief to endure (abide) my fortune as to seek it, and not find it. Further it pleased you to give licence to my subjects to go and come. This has been refused by my Lord Scroop and Mr. Knoils (as they say) by your commandment, because I would not depart hence to your charge, until I had answer of this letter, though I showed them that you required my answer upon the two points contained in your letter.

The one is to let you briefly understand, I am come to you to make my moan to you, the which being heard, I would declare unto you mine innocency, and then require your aid, and for lack thereof, I can't but make my moan and complaint to God, that I am not heard in my just quarrel, and to appeal to other princes to have respect thereunto, as my case requireth; and to you, madam, first of all when you shall have examined your conscience before him, and have him for witness. And the other, which is to come farther into your country, and not to come to your presence, I will esteem that as no favour, but will take it for the contrary, obeying it as a thing forced. In meantime, I beseech you, to return to me my Lord Herries, for I can't be without him, having none of my counsel here, and also to suffer me, if it please you, without further delay to depart hence whithersoever it be out of this country. I am sure you will not deny me this simple request for your honour's sake, seeing it doth not please you to use your natural goodness to me otherwise, and seeing that of mine own accord I am come hither, let me depart again with yours. And if God permit my cause to succeed well, I shall be bound to you for it, and happening otherwise yet I cannot blame you. As for my Lord Fleeming, seeing that upon my credit you suffered him to go home to his house, I warrant you he shall pass no further, but shall return when it shall please you. In that you trust me, I will not (to die for it) deceive you. But *from*[1] Dumbarton I answer not, when my Lord Fleeming shall be in the Tower. For they which are within it will not forbear to receive succour, if I don't assure them of yours, no, though you would charge me withal, for I have left them in charge, to have more respect to my servants and to my estate than to my life. Good sister, be of another mind, win the heart, and all shall be yours and at your commandment. I thought to satisfy you wholly if I might have seen you. Alas! do not as the serpent that stoppeth his hearing, for I am no enchanter, but your sister, a natural cousin. If Cæsar had not disdained to hear or

[1] Perhaps *for*.

read the complaint of an advertiser, he had not so died; why should princes' ears be stopped, seeing that they are painted so long? meaning that they should hear all and be well advised before they answer. I am not of the nature of the basilisk, and less of the chameleon, to turn you to my likeness; and though I should be so dangerous and cursed as men say, you are sufficiently armed with constancy and with justice, which I require of God, who give you grace to use it well with long and happy life.

From Carlisle, 5th of July 1568.

[Sir Walter Raleigh, born in 1552, was descended from an old Devonshire family, and educated at a common school, and at Oriel College, Oxford. The three years which he spent at the University were well employed, although he left without a degree. We find him among the select troop of volunteers who went to France to assist the Protestants. Here he remained for six years, employed in studying the art of war, and the language and manners of the country. In 1575 he was engaged in the wars in the Low Countries, and was with the Prince of Orange when engaged against the Spaniards. An unsuccessful expedition to Newfoundland was undertaken in 1579, and for two years afterwards he was engaged in the Irish Rebellion; on his return he was introduced at court, and became a favourite with Queen Elizabeth until her death. The other events in Raleigh's life were the discovery of Virginia in 1584, his gallant conduct in the destruction of the Spanish Armada, and his subsequent operations against the Spaniards at Panama, and the taking of Cadiz. He undertook expeditions towards Newfoundland, Florida, the search for the North-west Passage, and voyaged to Virginia and Guiana. His name stands identified with the introduction of tobacco and the potato to the Old World. After the death of Queen Elizabeth in 1603 his fortunes waned; he was accused of a plot against James I., and tried and sentenced to death. A reprieve came, and he lay for twelve years in the Tower. The enforced leisure of this imprisonment was utilized in reading, writing, and in the composition of his *History of the World*. On his release he was engaged in an expedition to Guiana, and thrown into prison on his return to gratify the Spaniards, who were incensed at him. The former sentence was revived against him, and he was executed at Westminster in 1618. Raleigh wrote much, if we consider how his life was occupied in public affairs, on such subjects as history, politics, geography, travel, and military and naval matters. See also p. 19.]

SIR WALTER RALEIGH TO JAMES I.

It is one part of the office of a just and worthy prince, to hear the complaints of his vassals, especially such as are in great misery. I know not, amongst many other presumptions gathered against me, how your Majesty hath been persuaded that I was one of them who were greatly discontented, and therefore the more likely to prove disloyal. But the great God so relieve me in both worlds as I was the contrary: and I took as great comfort to behold your Majesty, and always learning some good, and bettering my knowledge by hearing your Majesty's discourse. I do most humbly beseech your sovereign Majesty not to believe any of those in my particular, who under pretence of offences to kings, do easily work their particular revenge. I trust no man, under the colour of making examples, should persuade your Majesty to leave the word merciful out of your style; for it will be no less profit to your Majesty, and become your greatness, than the word invincible. It is true that the laws of England are no less jealous of the kings than Cæsar was of Pompey's wife; for notwithstanding she was cleared for having company with Claudius, yet for being suspected, he condemned her. For myself, I protest before Almighty God, and I speak it to my master and sovereign, that I never invented treason against him; and yet I know I shall fall *in manibus eorum, a quibus non possum evadere*, unless by your Majesty's gracious compassion I be sustained. Our law therefore, most merciful prince, knowing her own cruelty, and knowing that she is wont to compound treason out of presumptions and circumstances, doth give this charitable advice to the king her supreme, *Non solum sapiens esse sed et misericors*, etc. *Cum tutius sit reddere rationem misericordiæ quam judicii.* I do therefore on the knees of my heart beseech your Majesty, from your own sweet and comfortable disposition, to remember that I have served your Majesty twenty years, for which your Majesty hath yet given me no reward; and it is fitter I should be indebted unto my sovereign lord, than the king to his poor vassal. Save me, therefore, most merciful prince, that I may owe your Majesty my life itself, than which there cannot be a greater

debt. Limit me at least, my sovereign lord, that I may pay it for your service when your Majesty shall please. If the law destroy me, your Majesty shall put me out of your power, and I shall have none to fear but the King of kings. WALTER RALEIGH.

TO SIR ROBERT CAR.[1]

SIR,—After many losses, and many years' sorrows, of both which I have cause to fear I was mistaken in their ends, it is come to my knowledge, that yourself (whom I know not but by an honourable favour) hath been persuaded to give me and mine my last fatal blow, by obtaining from his Majesty the inheritance of my children and nephews, lost in law for want of a word. This done, there remaineth nothing with me but the name of life. His Majesty, whom I never offended (for I hold it unnatural and unmanlike to hate goodness), staid me at the grave's brink; not that I thought his Majesty thought me worthy of many deaths, and to behold mine cast out of the world with myself, but as a king that knoweth the poor in truth, hath received a promise from God that his throne shall be established.

And for you, sir, seeing your fair day is but in the dawn, mine drawn to the setting, your own virtues and the king's grace assuring you of many fortunes and much honour, I beseech you begin not your first building upon the ruins of the innocent, and let not mine and their sorrows attend your first plantation. I have ever been bound to your nation, as well for many other graces as for the true report of my trial to the King's majesty; against whom had I been malignant, the hearing of my cause would not have changed enemies into friends, malice into compassion, and the minds of the greatest number then present into the commiseration of mine estate. It is not the nature of foul treason to beget such fair passions; neither could it agree with the duty and love of faithful subjects (especially of your nation) to bewail his overthrow that had conspired against their most natural and liberal lord. I therefore trust that you will not be the first that shall kill us outright, cut down the tree with the fruit, and undergo the curse of them that enter the fields of the fatherless: which, if it please you to know the truth, is far less in value than in fame. But that so worthy a gentleman as yourself will rather bind us to you (being six gentlemen not base in birth and alliance) which have interest therein; and myself with my uttermost thankfulness will remain ready to obey your commandments. WALTER RALEIGH.

[1] Earl of Somerset and favourite of James I., to whom Raleigh's estates were given previous to his first imprisonment.

TO PRINCE HENRY, SON OF JAMES I.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,—The following lines are addressed to your Highness, from a man who values his liberty, and a very small fortune in a remote part of this island, under the present Constitution, above all the riches and honours that he could anywhere enjoy under any other Establishment.

You see, sir, the doctrines that are lately come into the world, and how far the phrase has obtained, of calling your royal father God's vicegerent; while ill men have turned both to the dishonour of God, and the impeachment of his Majesty's goodness. They adjoin vicegerency to the idea of being all-powerful, and not to that of being all-good. His Majesty's wisdom, it is to be hoped, will save him from the snare that may lie under gross adulations; but your youth, and the thirst of praise, which I have observed in you, may possibly mislead you to hearken to these charmers, who would conduct your noble nature into tyranny. Be careful, O my prince! hear them not, fly from their deceits; you are in the succession to a throne, from whence no evil can be imputed to you, but all good must be conveyed from you. Your father is called the vicegerent of heaven. While he is good he is the vicegerent of heaven. Shall man have authority from the Fountain of Good to do evil? No, my prince; let mean and degenerate spirits, which want benevolence, suppose your power impaired by a disability of doing injuries. If want of power to do ill be an incapacity in a prince, with reverence be it spoken, it is an incapacity he has in common with the Deity. Let me not doubt but all pleas, which do not carry in them the mutual happiness of prince and people, will appear as absurd to your great understanding, as disagreeable to your noble nature. Exert yourself, O generous prince, against such sycophants, in the glorious cause of liberty; and assume such an ambition worthy of you, to secure your fellow-creatures from slavery; from a condition as much below that of brutes, as to act without reason is less miserable than to act against it. Preserve to your future subjects the divine right of being free agents; and to your own royal house the divine right of being their benefactors. Believe me, my prince, there is no other right can flow from God. While your Highness is forming yourself for a throne, consider the laws as so many commonplaces in your study of the science of government; when you mean nothing but justice, they are an ease and help to you. This way of thinking is what gave men the glorious appellations of deliverers and fathers of their country; this made the sight of them rouse their beholders into acclamations, and mankind incapable of bearing their very appearance without applauding it as a benefit. Consider the inexpressible advantages which

will ever attend your Highness, while you make the power of rendering men happy the measure of your actions. While this is your impulse, how easily will that power be extended! The glance of your eye will give gladness, and your very sentence have a force of bounty. Whatever some men would insinuate, you have lost your subjects when you have lost their inclinations. You are to preside over the minds, not the bodies of men; the soul is the essence of the man, and you cannot have the true man against his inclinations. Choose therefore to be the king or the conqueror of your people; it may be submission, but it cannot be obedience that is passive. I am, sir, your Highness' most faithful servant, WALTER RALEIGH.

London, August 12, 1611.

[The most affecting eulogy upon the fallen Chancellor was pronounced by his friend Ben Jonson, in one of those majestic fragments of prose upon which he bestowed the name of *Explorata*, or *Discoveries*:—'My conceit of his person was never increased towards him by his place, or honours; but I have, and do reverence him, for the greatness that was only proper to himself, in that he seemed to me ever, by his work, one of the greatest men, and most worthy of admiration, that had been in many ages. In his adversity I ever prayed that God would give him strength; for greatness he could not want. Neither could I condole in a word or syllable for him, as knowing no accident could do harm to virtue, but rather help to make it manifest.' The *Discoveries* appeared in the folio of 1641. Bacon died, April 9th, 1626, in the sixty-sixth year of his age. The parliamentary sentence, under which he had suffered more than three years, was remitted in the beginning of 1624, by the command of James, who expired at Theobalds in the spring of the following year. A very ample and interesting narrative of the proceedings against Lord Bacon, and of the evidence adduced to support the charge of bribery, may be seen in Basil Montagu's edition of his works, vol. xvi. (*Life*).[1] After his fall, his annual income appears to have comprised a pension from the crown of £1200, £600 from the Alienation Office, and £700 from his own estate. The pension he retained unto his death. From the King he probably derived pecuniary assistance; and Buckingham, in one of his letters, communicates the consent of James 'to yield unto the three years' advance.' But his disposition was munificent, and his embarrassments frequent. See also page 15.—*Willmott.*]

[1] Now superseded by Spedding's *Life*.

LORD BACON, AFTER HIS DISGRACE, TO JAMES I.

TO THE KING,—It may please your most excellent Majesty, in the midst of my misery, which is rather assuaged by remembrance than by hope, my chiefest worldly comfort is to think, that, since the time I had the first vote of the Commons House of Parliament for Commissioner of the Union, until the time that I was, by this last Parliament, chosen by both Houses for their messenger to your Majesty in the petition of religion (which two were my first and last services), I was evermore so happy as to have my poor services graciously accepted by your Majesty, and likewise not to have had any of them miscarry in my hands; neither of which points I can anywise take to myself, but ascribe the former to your Majesty's goodness, and the latter to your prudent directions, which I was ever careful to have and keep. For, as I have often said to your Majesty, I was towards you but as a bucket and cistern, to draw forth and conserve, whereas yourself was the fountain. Unto this comfort of nineteen years' prosperity, there succeeded a comfort even in my greatest adversity, somewhat of the same nature, which is that, in those offences wherewith I was charged, there was not any one that had special relation to your Majesty, or any your particular commandments. For as towards Almighty God there are offences against the first and second table, and yet all against God; so with the servants of kings, there are offences more immediate against the sovereign, although all offences against law are also against the king. Unto which comfort there is added this circumstance, that as my faults were not against your Majesty, otherwise than as all faults are; so my fall was not your Majesty's act, otherwise than as all acts of justice are yours. This I write not to insinuate with your Majesty, but as a most humble appeal to your Majesty's gracious remembrance, how honest and direct you have ever found me in your service, whereby I have an assured belief that there is in your Majesty's own princely thoughts a great deal of serenity and clearness towards me, your Majesty's now prostrate and cast-down servant.

Neither, my most gracious sovereign, do I, by this mention of my former services, lay claim to your princely graces and bounty, though the privilege of calamity doth bear that form of petition. I know well, had they been much more, they had been but by bounden duty: nay, I must also confess, that they were, from time

to time, far above my merit, over and super-rewarded by your Majesty's benefits, which you heaped upon me. Your Majesty was and is that master to me that raised and advanced me nine times, thrice in dignity, and six times in offices. The places were indeed the painfullest of all your services; but then they had both honour and profits; and the then profits might have maintained my now honours, if I had been wise; neither was your Majesty's immediate liberality wanting towards me in some gifts, if I may hold them. All this I do most thankfully acknowledge; and do herewith conclude, that for anything arising from myself to move your eye of pity towards me, there is much more in my present misery than in my past services; save that the same, your Majesty's goodness, that may give relief to the one, may give value to the other.

And indeed, if it may please your Majesty, this theme of my misery is so plentiful as it need not be coupled with anything else. I have been somebody by your Majesty's singular and undeserved favour, even the prime officer of your kingdom. Your Majesty's arm hath often been laid over mine in council when you presided at the table; so near was I! I have borne your Majesty's image in metal, much more in my heart. I was never, in nineteen years' service, chidden by your Majesty; but, contrariwise, often overjoyed when your Majesty would sometimes say, I was a good husband for you, though none for myself; sometimes, that I had a way to deal in business *fauvibus modis*, which was the way which was most according to your own heart; and other most gracious speeches of affection and trust, which I feed on to this day. But why should I speak of these things which are now vanished but only the better to express my downfall?

For now it is thus with me: I am a year and a half[1] old in misery; though, I must ever acknowledge, not without some mixture of your Majesty's grace and mercy. For I do not think it possible that any one, whom you once loved, should be totally miserable. Mine own means, through my own improvidence, are poor and weak, little better than my father left me. The poor things that I have had from your Majesty are either in question or at courtesy. My dignities remain marks of your past favour, but burdens of my present fortune. The poor remnants which I had of my former fortunes, in plate or jewels, I have spread upon poor men unto whom I owed, scarce leaving myself a convenient subsistence; so as to conclude, I must pour out my misery before your Majesty, so far as to say, *Si tu deferis, perimus.*

But as I can offer to your Majesty's compassion little arising from myself to move you, except it be my extreme misery, which I have truly opened; so looking up to your Majesty's own self, I should think I committed Cain's fault if I should despair. Your Majesty is a king, whose heart is as inscrutable for secret motions of goodness as for depth of wisdom. You are, Creator-like, factive, not destructive; you are the prince in whom hath ever been noted an aversion against anything that savoured of an hard heart; as on the other side, your princely eye was wont to meet with any motion that was made on the relieving part. Therefore, as one that hath had the happiness to know your Majesty near-hand, I have, most gracious sovereign, faith enough for a miracle, and much more for a grace, that your Majesty will not suffer your poor creature to be utterly defaced, nor blot that name quite out of your book, upon which your sacred hand hath been so oft for the giving him new ornaments and additions.

Unto this degree of compassion, I hope God (of whose mercy towards me, both in my prosperity and adversity, I have had great testimonies and pledges, though mine own manifold and wretched unthankfulness might have averted them) will dispose your princely heart, already prepared to all piety you shall[1] do for me. And as all commiserable persons (especially such as find their hearts void of all malice) are apt to think that all men pity them, so I assure myself that the lords of your council, who, out of their wisdom and nobleness, cannot but be sensible of human events, will, in this way which I go, for the relief of my estate, further and advance your Majesty's goodness towards me; for there is, as I conceive, a kind of fraternity between great men that are, and those that have been, being but the several tenses of one verb. Nay, I do further presume, that both Houses of Parliament will love their justice the better if it end not in my ruin; for I have been often told, by many of my lords, as it were in the way of excusing the severity of the sentence, that they knew they left me in good hands. And your Majesty knoweth well I have been all my life long acceptable to those assemblies; not by flattery, but by moderation, and by honest expressing of a desire to have all things go fairly and well.

But if it may please your Majesty (for saints I shall give them reverence, but no adoration; my address is to your Majesty, the fountain of goodness), your Majesty shall, by the grace of God, not feel that in gift, which I shall extremely feel in help; for my desires are moderate, and my courses measured to a life orderly and reserved, hoping still to do your Majesty honour in my way; only I most humbly beseech your Majesty to give me leave to conclude with these words, which necessity speaketh. Help me,

[1] Therefore this was written near the middle of the year 1622.

[1] Vouchsafe to express towards me.

dear sovereign, lord and master, and pity so far, as that I, that have borne a bag, be not now in my age forced, in effect, to bear a wallet; nor that I, that desire to live to study, may not be driven to study to live. I most humbly crave pardon of a long letter, after a long silence. God of heaven ever bless, preserve, and prosper your Majesty. Your Majesty's poor ancient servant and beadsman, FR. BACON.

LORD BACON TO JAMES I.

IT MAY PLEASE YOUR MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY,—I do many times with gladness, and for a remedy of my other labours, revolve in my mind the great happiness which God (of His singular goodness) hath accumulated upon your Majesty every way; and how complete the same would be, if the state of your means were once rectified and well ordered; your people military and obedient, fit for war, used to peace; your church enlightened with good preachers, as an heaven of stars; your judges learned, and learning from you, just, and just by your example; your nobility in a right distance between crown and people, no oppressors of the people, no overshadowers of the crown; your council full of tributes, of care, faith, and freedom; your gentlemen and justices of peace willing to apply your royal mandates to the nature of their several counties, but ready to obey; your servants in awe of your wisdom, in hope of your goodness; the fields growing every day by the improvement and recovery of grounds, from the desert to the garden; the city grown from wood to brick; your sea-walls, or *pomerium* of your island surveyed, and in edifying; your merchants embracing the whole compass of the world, east, west, north, and south; the times giving you peace, and yet offering you opportunities of action abroad; and, lastly, your excellent royal issue entailing these blessings and favours of God, to descend to all posterity. It resteth, therefore, that God having done so great things for your Majesty, and you for others, you would do so much for yourself as to go through (according to your good beginnings) with the rectifying and settling of your estate and means, which only is wanting. *Hoc rebus defuit unum.* I therefore, whom only love and duty to your Majesty, and your royal line, hath made a financier, do intend to present unto your Majesty a perfect book of your estate, like a perspective-glass, to draw your estate near to your sight; beseeching your Majesty to conceive, that if I have not attained to do that, that I would do in this which is not proper for me, nor in my element, I shall make your Majesty amends in some other thing in which I am better bred. God ever preserve, etc.

[Sir Henry Wotton was born in 1568 at Boughton Hall, in Kent, and educated at Westminster School, Oxford, and Queen's Colleges. He spent several years in Germany; returned and attached himself to the Earl of Essex; on the arrest of the latter for treason, he escaped to France and Italy. The Grand-Duke of Tuscany sent him on a private message to James VI., which he performed so well as to gain the king's favour; and on his accession to the throne, Wotton was sent on various missions to Italy and Germany. He became provost of Eton College in 1624, and died in 1639. The little work from which we quote is entitled, '*Letters of Sir Henry Wotton to Sir Edmund Bacon.* London: Printed by R. W. for F. T. at the three Daggers in Fleet Street. 1661.']

SIR HENRY WOTTON TO SIR EDMUND BACON.

March the last, 1613.

SIR,—I returned from Cambridge to London some two hours after the King. The next day was celebrated with twenty tilters, wherein there entered four fraternities: the Earls Pembroke and Montgomery, my Lord Walden, Thomas and Henry Howards, the two Riches, and the two Alexanders, as they are called (though falsely), like many things else in a court. The rest were Lenox, Arundel, Rutland, Dorcet, Shandowes, North, Hey, Dingwel, Clifford, Sir Thomas Sommerset, and Sir John Harrington. The day fell out wet, to the disgrace of many fine plumes. Some caparisons seen before, adventured to appear again on the stage with a little disguisement, even on the back of one of the most curious; so frugal are the times, or so indigent. The two Riches only made a speech to the King, the rest were contented with bare impress; whereof some were so dark that their meaning is not yet understood, unless, perchance, that were their meaning not to be understood. The two best to my fancy were those of the two Earls Brothers; the first a small exceeding white Pearl, and the word, *Solo candore valeo.* The other, a sun casting a glance on the side of a pillar, and the beams reflecting, with this motto, *Splendente refulget.* In which devices there seemed an agreement; the elder brother to allude to his own nature, and the younger to his fortune. The day was signalized with no extraordinary accident, save only between Sir Thomas Howard and Sir Thomas Sommerset, who, with a counter-buff, had almost set himself out of the saddle, and made the other's horse sink under him; but they both came fairly off without any further disgrace. Of

the merits of the rest I will say nothing, my pen being very unfit to speak of lances.

To this solemnity of the public ambassadors, only the arch-duke was invited, for the healing of the distaste he had taken for the preference of the Venetian at the marriage. But I doubt the plaister be too narrow for the sore; which he seemed not much discontented that men should note in his whole countenance that day. Towards the evening a challenge passed between Archie and a famous knight, called Sir Thomas Parsons; the one a fool by election, and the other by necessity: which was accordingly performed some two or three days after at tylt, tornie, and on foot, both completely armed, and solemnly brought in before their majesties, and almost as many other meaner eyes as were at the former. Which bred much sport for the present, and afterwards, upon cooler consideration, much censure and discourse, as the manner is.

The departure of the Count Palatine and my Lady Elizabeth is put off from the Thursday in the Easter week till the Tuesday following, which day I think will hold. The commissioners that accompany her, have the titles of ambassadors, to give them precedency before Sir Ralph Winwood at the Hague, and likewise in any encounters with Almaigne princes. Sir Edward Cecil goeth as treasurer to keep up that office in the name, though it be otherwise perhaps from a general, rather a fall than an ascent. Before this journey there is a conceit, that the Duke of Lenox will be naturalized a Peer of our Parliament, and my Lord of Rochester be created Earl of Devonshire. The foreign matter is little increased since my last unto you from Cambridge. The Savoy ambassador not yet arrived. The Turks' designs hitherto unknown, and marching slowly according to the nature of huge armies; in which suspense the Venetians have augmented their guard in the gulf, enough to confirm unto the world that states must be conserved, even with ridiculous fears. This is all that the week yieldeth. My lord and lady have received those letters and loving salutations which my footman brought. And so with mine own hearty prayers to God for you, and for that most good niece, I commit you both to his blessing and love. Your faithfullest of unprofitable friends, HENRY WOTTON.

TO THE SAME.

SIR,—In my last I told you that the ambassador of Savoy was to meet the Queen at Windsor, which pains she hath spared him by her own coming yesternight to Greenwich, where I think she will settle herself a day or two before she admit him. Now, seeing the time of the commencement at Cambridge so near as it is, and being able to determine of this ambassador's departure within that space, I have resolved to take those philosophical exercises in my way to you, hoping in the meantime to see Albertus admitted by oath to a clerkship of the council, or at least to the next vacancy, for he is now strong enough again to swear.

Sir Robert Mansfeld and Mr. Whitlock were, on Saturday last, called to a very honourable hearing in the Queen's Presence Chamber at Whitehall before the Lords of the Council, with intervention of my Lord Cook, the Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, and Master of the Rolls, the Lord Chief-Justice being kept at home with some infirmity. There the Attorney and Solicitor first undertook Mr. Whitlock, and the Recorder (as the King's Sergeant) Sir Robert Mansfeld; charging the one as a counsellor, the other as a questioner in matter of the King's prerogative and sovereignty, upon occasion of a commission intended for a research into the administration of the Admiralty, against which the said Sir Robert Mansfeld (being himself so principal an officer therein) had sought some provision of advice, and this was the sum of the charge, which was diversely amplified. Whitlock in his answer spake more confusedly than was expected from a lawyer, and the knight more temperately than was expected from a soldier. There was likewise some difference noted, not only in the manner, but in the substance between them. For Whitlock ended his speech with an absolute confession of his own offence, and with a promise of employing himself hereafter in defence of the King's prerogative. [Sir Robert Mansfeld, on the other side, laboured to distinguish between the error of his acts and the integrity of his zeal and affection towards the King his master; protesting he should hold it the greatest glory under heaven to die at his feet, and that no man living should go before him, if there were occasion to advance his dominions, with some other such martial strains which became him well. The conclusion of his speech had somewhat of the courtier beseeching the lords, if the restraint he had endured were not in their judgments a sufficient punishment of his error, that then they would continue it as long as it should please them, and add unto it any other affliction of pain or shame whatsoever; provided that afterwards he might be restored again into his Majesty's favour and their good opinions. To tell you what they all severally said that day, were to rob from the liberty of our discourse when we shall meet. In this they generally agreed, both counsellors and judges, to represent the humiliation of both the prisoners unto the King in lieu of innocency, and to intercede for his gracious pardon; which was done, and accordingly the next day they were enlarged upon a submission under writing. This is the end of that business, at which were

present as many as the room could contain, and men of the best quality, whom the King was desirous to satisfy, not only about the point in hand, but in some other things that were occasionally awaked; which I likewise reserve to our private freedom.

The King's officers are returned from my Lady Elizabeth, whom they left at Goltzheime the last of May, where his Majesty's expense did cease. This place was chosen for her consignment, instead of Bacherach, suspected of contagion. She was at Andernach feasted by the Elector of Cullen; at Confluence, or Cobolentz (as they call it), by the other of Trier; and at Mentz by the third of those ecclesiastic potentates very royally and kindly, and (which was less expected) very handsomely. The Count Maurice and his brother, with troops of horse and a guard of foot, accompanied her to Cullen, and entered themselves into that city with her (I need not tell you, that though themselves were within, the horse and most of the foot were without the walls), which is here (by the wiser sort of interpreters) thought as hazardous an act as either of them both had done in the heat of war, and indeed in no way justifiable *in foro sapientiæ*. And therefore such adventures as these must appeal *ad forum Providentiæ*; where we are all covered by His vigilant mercy and love, to which I commit you and my sweet niece in my hearty prayers. Your faithful poor friend, uncle, and servant,

HENRY WOTTON.

TO THE SAME.

From St. Martins by the Fields, April 18, 1633.

SIR,—By beginning first with philosophy, I will discover the method of my nature, preferring it before the speculations of State.

Take any vegetable whatsoever (none excepted in the effect, though some difference in the degree), express the juice, put that in any vessel of wood or stone with a narrow neck and mouth, not closed at the top, but covered with anything, so as it may work out above; set it afterwards in some cold hole in a cellar, let it stand there some three weeks or a month, till by fermentation it have both purged itself upwards, and by sediment downwards. Then decant from it the clear juice, and put that in a limbeck *in balneo maris*, or *in balneo roris*. The first that riseth will be *aqua ardens*, useful perchance according to the quality of the plant; as of wormwood for the stomach, of succory or any of those *Incubæ* for the liver. And on the sides of the limbeck will hang a salt; this is the extracting of salt without calcination, which otherwise certainly must needs consume all the active powers of any vegetable, and leave nothing but a plastic and passive virtue.

For the point of preserving that salt afterwards from resolution by air into water, I hold it impossible, notwithstanding the proper examples that you allege, which yet must of necessity yield to it. For as your excellent uncle says, and says well, in not the least of his works (though born after him), of his experiments: air is predatory.

I have forgotten (for *memoria primo senescit*) whether I told you in my last a pretty late experiment in *arthritical* pains. It is cheap enough. Take a roasted turnip (for if you boil it, it will open the pores, and draw too much), apply that in a poultice to the part affected, with change once in an hour or two, as you find it dried by the heat of the flesh, and it will in little time allay the pain.

Thus much in our private way, wherein I dare swear, if our medicines were as strong as our wishes, they would work extremely.

Now for the public, where peradventure now and then there are distempers as well as in natural bodies.

The Earl of Holland was on Saturday last (the day after your post's departure) very solemnly restored at Council Table (the King present) from a kind of eclipse, wherein he had stood since the Thursday fortnight before. All considered, the obscuration was long, and bred both various and doubtful discourse; but it ended well. All the cause yet known was a verbal challenge sent from him by Mr. Henry Germain in this form: To the now Lord Weston newly returned from his foreign employments. That since he had already given the King an account of his embassage, he did now expect from him an account of a letter of his which he had opened in Paris, and he did expect it at such a time, even in the Spring Garden (close under his father's window) with his sword by his side.

It is said (I go no farther in such tender points) that my Lord Weston sent him by Mr. Henry Percy (between whom and the said Lord Weston had in the late journey, as it seems, been contracted such friendship as overcame the memory that he was cousin-german to my Lord of Holland), a very fair and discreet answer: That if he could challenge him for any injury done him before or after his embassage, he would meet him as a gentleman with his sword by his side where he should appoint. But for anything that had been done in the time of his embassage, he had already given the King an account thereof, and thought himself not accountable to any other. This published on Thursday was fortnight, the Earl of Holland was confined to his chamber in court, and the next day morning to his house at Kensington, where he remained without any further circumstance of restraint or displeasure Saturday and Sunday; on which days being much visited, it was thought fit on Monday to appoint Mr. Dickenson, one of

the clerks of the Council, to be his guardian thus far, that none without his presence should accost him. This made the vulgar judgments run high, or rather indeed run low. That he was a lost and discarded man, judging as of patients in fevers, by the exasperation of the fits. But the Queen, who was a little obliquely interested in this business, for in my Lord of Holland's letter, which was opened, she had one that was not opened, nor so much (as they say) as superscribed, and both the Queen's and my Lord of Holland's were enclosed in one from Mr. Walter Mountague (whereof I shall tell you more hereafter). The Queen, I say, stood nobly by him, and as it seems pressed her own affront. It is too intricately involved for me so much as to guess at any particulars. I hear generally discoursed that the opened despatch was only in favour (if it might be obtained) of Monsieur de Chateau Neuf, and the Chevalier de Farr (who had both been here); but written with caution (and surely not without the King's knowledge) to be delivered, if there were hope of any good effect, and perchance not without order from his Majesty to my Lord Weston; afterwards to stop the said letters, upon advertisement that both Chateau Neuf and de Farr were already in the Bastile. But this I leave at large, as not knowing the depth of the business.

Upon Monday was seven night fell out another quarrel, nobly carried (branching from the former) between my Lord Fielding and M. Goring, son and heir to the lord of that name. They had been the night before at supper, I know not where, together; where M. Goring spake something in diminution of my Lord Weston, which my Lord Fielding told him, it could not become him to suffer, lying by the side of his sister. Thereupon, these hot hearts appoint a meeting next day morning, themselves alone, each upon his horse. They pass by Hyde Park, as a place where they might be parted too soon, and turn into a lane by Knight's Bridge, where, having tied up their horses at a hedge or gate, they got over into a close; there stripped into their shirts, with single rapiers, they fell to an eager duel, till they were severed by the host and his servants of the inn of the Prince of Orange, who, by mere chance, had taken some notice of them. In this noble encounter, wherein blood was spent, though (by God's providence) not much, on either side, there passed between them a very memorable interchange of a piece of courtesy, if that word may have room in this place: says my Lord Fielding, M. Goring, if you leave me here, let me advise you not to go back by Piccadillia Hall, lest if mischance befall me, and be suddenly noised (as it falleth out in these occasions now between us), you might receive some harm by some of my friends that lodge thereabouts.

My lord (replies Goring), I have no way but one to answer this courtesy: I have here by chance in my pocket a warrant to pass the ports of England without a name (gotten I suppose upon some other occasion before); if you leave me here, take it for your use, and put in your own name. This is a passage much commended between them, as proceeding both from sweetness and stoutness of spirit, which are very compatible. On the solemn day of Saturday last, both this difference and the original between the Earl of Holland and the Lord Weston, were fairly reconciled and forgiven by the King, with shaking of hands, and such symbols of agreement. And likewise Sir Maurice Dromand, who had before, upon an uncivil rupture on his part between him and my Lord of Carlisle, been committed to the Tower, was then delivered at the same time; and so it all ended, as a merry fellow said, in a Maurice. But whether these be perfect cures, or but skinnings over and palliations of court, will appear hereafter. Nay, some say very quickly, for my Lord Weston's lady being since brought to bed of a daughter, men stand in a kind of suspense, whether the Queen will be the godmother after so crude a reconcilement, which, by the King's inestimable goodness, I think may pass in this forgiving week.

For foreign matter, there is so little and so doubtful, as it were a misery to trouble you with it. The States' confuted Treaty is put to the stock; and the Prince of Orange (by account) gone to the field two days since, having broken the business (as they say) by three demands; the resignment of Breda and Guelder, the dismantling of Rheynberg, and the equality of free exercise of religion on either side. The States are strong in arms, weak in money, owing above six hundred thousand pounds sterling in bare interest, besides the capital. The enemy hath neither money, nor men, nor agreement. *Arena sine calce*, yet I hear (and *ex bonis codicibus*) that the States are absolutely resolved to besiege no town this year, unless it be some such place as may haply fall gently into their lap. They will range with divided troops.

I will have a care in my letters to the King's only sister (for that is now her published style even in sermons), so to commend your frank unto her (whom she was wont to call, when he went first over, her little Pig) that he may speedily have a captain's place.

God bless him, and bless your whole name, to which I am so much tied, both by the alliance of the sweetest niece that ever man had, and by your own kindness since her departure to heaven. And so I rest your indissoluble servant, HENRY WOTTON.

SIR HENRY WOTTON TO LORD BACON.

Thanking him for his 'Novum Organum.'

RIGHT HONOURABLE, AND MY VERY GOOD LORD,—I have your lordship's letters dated the 20th of October, and I have withal by the care of my cousin, Mr. Thomas Meawtis, and by your own special favour, three copies of that work, wherewith your lordship hath done a great and ever-living benefit to all the children of Nature; and to Nature herself, in her uttermost extent and latitude: who never before had so noble nor so true an interpreter, or (as I am ready to style your lordship) never so inward a secretary of her cabinet. But of your said work (which came but this week to my hands) I shall find occasion to speak more hereafter; having yet read only the first book thereof, and a few aphorisms of the second. For it is not a banquet, that men may superficially taste, and put up the rest in their pockets; but, in truth, a solid feast, which requireth due mastication. Therefore when I have once myself perused the whole, I determine to have it read piece by piece at certain hours in my domestic college, as an ancient author: for I have learned thus much by it already, that we are extremely mistaken in the computation of antiquity, by searching it backwards, because indeed the first times were the youngest; especially in points of natural discovery and experience. For though I grant, that Adam knew the natures of all beasts, and Solomon of all plants, not only more than any, but more than all since their time; yet that was by divine infusion, and therefore they did not need any such *Organum* as your lordship hath now delivered to the world; nor we neither, if they had left us the memories of their wisdom. But I am gone further than I meant in speaking of this excellent labour, while the delight yet I feel, and even the pride that I take in a certain congeniality (as I may term it) with your lordship's studies, will scant let me cease. And, indeed, I owe your lordship even by promise (which you are pleased to remember, thereby doubly binding me) some trouble this way; I mean, by the commerce of philosophical experiments, which surely of all others is the most ingenuous traffic. Therefore, for a beginning, let me tell your lordship a pretty thing which I saw coming down the Danube, though more remarkable for the application than for the theory. I lay a night at Lintz, the metropolis of the higher Austria, but then in very low estate, having been newly taken by the Duke of Bavaria; who, *blandiente fortunâ*, was gone on to the late effects. There I found Kepler, a man famous in the sciences, as your lordship knows, to whom I purpose to convey from hence one of your books, that he may see we have some of our own that can honour our king, as well as he hath done with his *Harmonice*.[1] In this man's study I was much taken with the draught of a landscape on a piece of paper, methoughts masterly done: whereof inquiring the author, he bewrayed with a smile, it was himself; adding, he had done it, *Non tanquam Pictor, sed tanquam Mathematicus*.[2] This set me on fire; at last he told me how. He hath a little black tent (of what stuff is not much importing) which he can suddenly set up where he will in a field, and it is convertible (like a windmill) to all quarters at pleasure, capable of not much more than one man, as I conceive, and perhaps at no great ease; exactly close and dark, save at one hole, about an inch and a half in the diameter, to which he applies a long perspective trunk, with a convex glass fitted to the said hole, and the concave taken out at the other end, which extendeth to about the middle of this erected tent, through which the visible radiations of all the objects without are intromitted, falling upon a paper, which is accommodated to receive them, and so he traceth them with his pen in their natural appearance, turning his little tent round by degrees till he hath designed the whole aspect of the field. This I have described to your lordship, because I think there might be good use made of it for chorography: for otherwise, to make landscapes by it were illiberal; though surely no painter can do them so precisely. Now from these artificial and natural curiosities, let me a little direct your lordship to the contemplation of fortune.

[The reader who has compared the structure and the pauses of Jonson's blank verse with those of Milton, will not be surprised to discover in the noble dedication to *The Fox*, the peculiar characteristics of Milton's prose. The relationship between the dramatist and the epic poet may be traced not only in their intellectual, but in their moral features. They were equally learned; equally confident in their own powers; equally regardless of the acquirements of others. Both delighted in Attic and Latin idioms, and both occasionally rose into the loftiest flights of eloquence and passion. The following composition of Jonson is not inappropriately included in a volume of letters. It belongs to a species of writing, which a revolution of taste has banished from our literature. To the practice of addressing the powerful and opulent in a laudatory epistle, we owe

[1] Johann Kepler, born 1571, died 1630.

[2] Not as Painter, but as Mathematician.

some of the most beautiful passages of Taylor, of Hall, and of De Foe; and the earliest specimens of English criticism are contained in the eloquent adulation of Dryden. Each of the three divisions of Taylor's *Great Exemplar* is inscribed to a separate individual; an engine of harmless flattery, which, in the words of his biographer, 'he was too grateful, or too poor, to omit any opportunity of employing.' The comedy of *The Fox*, to which this dedicatory epistle is prefixed, was represented at the Globe Theatre in 1605, and printed in 1607, having been previously represented before the universities with great applause. It has been considered the masterpiece of Jonson; and Cumberland pronounced his portrait of Mosca, the parasite of Volpone, to be equal to the happiest delineation of antiquity. Mr. Gifford, however, preferred the *Alchemist*, whose plot, in the opinion of Coleridge, was absolutely perfect; he coupled it, in this particular, with the *Tom Jones* of Fielding, and the *Œdipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles.—*Willmott.*]

BEN JONSON TO THE TWO UNIVERSITIES.

Never, most equal Sisters, had any man a wit so presently excellent, as that it could raise itself, but there must come both matter, occasion, commenders, and favourers to it. If this be true, and that the fortune of all writers doth daily prove it, it behoves the careful to provide well towards these accidents; and, having acquired them, to preserve that part of reputation most tenderly, wherein the benefit of a friend is also defended. Hence is it, that I now render myself grateful, and am studious to justify the bounty of your act; to which, though your mere authority were satisfying, yet it being an age wherein poetry and the professors of it hear so ill on all sides, there will a reason be looked for in the subject. It is certain, nor can it with any forehead be opposed, that the too much licence of poetasters in this time hath much deformed their mistress; that, every day, their manifold and manifest ignorance doth stick unnatural reproaches upon her; but for their petulancy, it were an act of the greatest injustice, either to let the learned sufferer, or so divine a skill (which indeed should not be attempted with unclean hands), to fall into the least contempt. For if men will impartially, and not asquint, look toward the offices and function of a poet, they will easily conclude to themselves the impossibility of any man's being a good poet, without first being a good man. He that is said to be able to inform young men to all good disciplines, inflame grown men to all great virtues, keep old men in their best and supreme state, or, as they decline to childhood, recover them to their first strength; that comes forth the interpreter and arbiter of nature, a teacher of things divine, no less than human, a master in manners; and can alone, or with a few, effect the business of mankind; this, I take him, is no subject for pride and ignorance to exercise their railing rhetoric upon. But it will here be hastily answered, that the writers of these days are other things; that not only their manners, but their natures, are inverted, and nothing remaining with them of the dignity of poet, but the abused name, which every scribe usurps;—that now, especially in dramatic, or, as they term it, stage-poetry, nothing but ribaldry, profanation, blasphemy, all licence of offence to God and man, is practised. I dare not deny a great part of this, and am sorry I dare not, because in some men's short abortive features (and would they had never boasted the light) it is over-true; but that all are embarked in this bold adventure for hell, is a most uncharitable thought, and, uttered, a more malicious slander. For my particular, I can, and from a most clear conscience, affirm, that I have ever trembled to think towards the least profaneness; have loathed the use of such foul and unwashed bawdry, as is now made the food of the scene; and, howsoever I cannot escape from some the imputation of sharpness, but that they will say, I have taken a pride or lust to be bitter, and not my youngest infant but hath come into the world with all his teeth; I would ask of these supercilious politics, what nation, society, or general order or state, I have provoked? what public person? whether I have not in all these preserved their dignity, as mine own person, safe? My works are read, allowed (I speak of those that are entirely mine), look into them; what broad reproofs have I used? where have I been particular? where personal? except to a mimic, cheater, or buffoon, creatures for their insolencies worthy to be taxed. Yet to which of these so pointingly as he might not either ingenuously have confest or wisely dissembled his disease? But it is not rumour can make men guilty, much less entitle me to other men's crimes. I know that nothing can be so innocently writ or carried, but may be made obnoxious to construction; marry, whilst I bear mine own innocence about me, I fear it not. Application is now grown a trade with many; and there are that profess to have a key for the deciphering of everything: but let wise and noble persons take heed how they be too credulous, or give leave to these invading interpreters to be over-familiar with their fames, who cunningly, and often, utter their own virulent malice

under other men's simplest meaning. As for those that will (by faults which charity hath raked up, or common honesty concealed) make themselves a name with the multitude, or, to draw their rude and beastly claps, care not whose living faces they intrench with their petulant styles, may they do it without a rival for me! I choose rather to live graved in obscurity, than share with them in so preposterous a fame. Nor can I blame the wishes of those severe and wise patriots, who, providing the hurts these licentious spirits may do in a State, desire rather to see fools and devils, and those antique relics of barbarism retrieved, with all other ridiculous and exploded follies, than behold the wounds of private men, of princes, and nations; for, as Horace makes Trebatius speak among these:

'Sibi quisque timet, quamquam est intactus, et odit.'

And men may justly impute such rages, if continued, to the writer, as his sports. The increase of which lust in liberty, together with the present trade of the stage, in all their miscelline interludes, what learned or liberal soul doth not already abhor? Where nothing but the filth of the time is uttered, and with such impropriety of phrase, such plenty of solecisms, such dearth of sense, so bold prolepses, so racked metaphors, with brotherly, able to violate the ear of a pagan, and blasphemy, to turn the blood of a Christian to water. I cannot but be serious in a cause of this nature, wherein my fame, and the reputation of divers honest and learned, are the question; when a name so full of authority, antiquity, and all great mark, is, through their insolence, become the lowest scorn of the age; and those men subject to the petulancy of every vernaculous orator, that were wont to be the care of kings and happiest monarchs. This it is that hath not only rapt me to present indignation, but made me studious heretofore, and by all my actions, to stand off from them; which may most appear in this my latest work, which you, most learned Arbitresses, have seen, judged, and to my renown approved; wherein I have laboured for their instruction and amendment, to reduce not only the ancient forms, but manners of the scene, the easiness, the propriety, the innocence, and last, the doctrine, which is the principal end of poesie, to inform men in the best reason of living. And though my catastrophe may, in the strict rigour of comic law, meet with censure, as turning back to my promise, I desire the learned and charitable critic to have so much faith in me, to think it was done of industry: for, with what ease I could have varied it nearer his scale (but that I fear to boast my own faculty) I could here insert. But my special aim being to put the snaffle in their mouths that cry out, We never punish vice in our interludes, etc., I took the more liberty, though not without some lines of example, drawn even in the ancients themselves, the goings out of whose comedies are not always joyful, but ofttimes the servants, the rivals, yea, and the masters are mulcted; and fitly, it being the office of a comic poet to imitate justice, and instruct to life, as well as purity of language, or stir up gentle affections: to which I shall take the occasion elsewhere to speak.

For the present, most reverenced Sisters, as I have cared to be thankful for your affections past, and have made the understanding acquainted with some ground of your favours, let me not despair their continuance, to the maturing of some worthier fruits; wherein, if my muses be true to me, I shall raise the despised head of poetry again, and stripping her out of those rotten and base rags wherewith the times have adulterated her form, restore her to her primitive habit, feature, and majesty, and render her worthy to be embraced and kist of all the great and master-spirits of our world. As for the vile and slothful, who never affected an act worthy of celebration, or are so inward with their own vicious natures, as they worthily fear her, and think it a high point of policy to keep her in contempt, with their declamatory and windy invectives; she shall out of just rage incite her servants (who are *genus irritabile*) to spout ink in their faces, that shall eat farther than their marrow into their fames; and not Cinnamus, the barber, with his art, shall be able to take out the brands; but they shall live, and be read, till the wretches die, as things worst deserving of themselves in chief, and then of all mankind.

From my house in the Black-Friars, this 11th day of February, 1607.

[Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, the great minister of Charles I., was born at London in 1593. He was educated at Cambridge, and in 1611 was knighted, and travelled on the Continent. He entered Parliament as member for Yorkshire in 1614, and sat in several parliaments as member for the same county. In 1628 he sided with the King, and was created Baron Wentworth, then Viscount, Lord President of the Council of the North, and a Privy Councillor in 1629. He was made Lord Deputy of Ireland in 1633. The despotic nature of his government is supposed to have led to the rebellion of 1641. He helped, however, to encourage the introduction of the growth of flax, and the establishment of linen manufactures. He

was created Earl of Strafford in 1639, receiving the title of Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. On taking his seat in the House of Lords in November 1640, he was impeached for high treason. His trial caused the greatest excitement all over the country; the whole House of Commons was present, along with commissioners from Scotland and Ireland, eighty peers as judges, and with the King and Queen as lookers-on. Unaided against thirteen accusers, he argued the charges which they brought forward for seventeen days. The impeachment was at one time likely to fail, when, the King at last giving his assent to the attainder, he was beheaded on Tower Hill, May 12, 1641. The year 1637 was marked by the constitutional struggle of the people against the odious tax 'ship money,' levied by the ministers of Charles I. to enrich the royal coffers. Laud, and Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, were the two most strenuous supporters of the policy of the King. 'I am for thorough,' Strafford wrote to Laud. Wentworth in this first letter strives to answer the popular clamour which was rising against his selfish and tyrannical policy. See also page 30.]

LORD WENTWORTH TO ARCHBISHOP LAUD.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,—No sooner am I got home, but the gout hath laid fast hold on me, yet gives me leave to think the more, as it renders me able to do the less; and in taking the view of my buildings, as I came along, they put me in mind of some things, which have run in my thoughts ever since, so as I shall crave your leave to count them over with your grace. And as I shall deal most ingenuously with you as my ghostly father, so do I beseech and promise unto myself your advice and counsel.

I have good advertisement that some, who sure find I serve the crown too entirely for their purpose, do yet endeavour to persuade his Majesty that I serve myself too well in this place, so to bring me into suspicion with my master, and through that open a way to my prejudice.

To evince this belief from his Majesty, they fetch their calumnies on every side.

Their first charge is, that I have two or three and twenty thousand pounds a year coming in. And should it be forty, were I to be condemned for that, more than themselves, that comparatively have forty times as much as other men, that for anything I know, may deserve as much better than they, as they themselves deserve better than I? It is very true, I have, under the blessing of Almighty God, and the protection of his Majesty, six thousand pounds a year good land, which I brought with me into his service; I have a share for a short term in these customs, which, whilst his Majesty's revenue is there increased more than twenty thousand pounds by year, proves nevertheless a greater profit to me than ever I dreamt of. Besides, I have nothing but those gracious entertainments, which others before had, and those which succeed me must have, saving only that my troop consists of a hundred horse, where theirs were but forty. Yet let them take this truth along, my hundred hath stood me in gathering, furnishing, and maintaining, some thousands more, than ever I must see again forth of his Majesty's pay; where other former deputies have known how, out of the pay of their forty, to clear into their own purse above five hundred pounds yearly; nor is this a riddle, lest it be I will expound it: they kept in their stable half a dozen hackneys; I a hundred horse, in every respect able and fitted for his Majesty's service.

Next they say, I build up to the sky. I acknowledge that were myself only considered in what I build, it were not only to excess, but even to folly, having already houses moderate for my condition in Yorkshire; but his Majesty will justify me, that at my last being in England, I acquainted him with a purpose I had to build him a house at the Naas, it being uncomely his Majesty should not have one here of his own, capable to lodge him with moderate conveniency (which in truth as yet he hath not) in case he might be pleased sometimes hereafter to look upon this kingdom; and that it was necessary in a manner for the dignity of this place, and the health of his deputy and family, that there should be one removing house of fresh air, for want whereof I assure your lordship, I have felt no small inconvenience since my coming hither; that when it was built, if liked by his Majesty, it should be his, paying me as it cost; if disliked, *a suo damno*, I was content to keep it, and smart for my folly. His Majesty seemed to be pleased with all, whereupon I proceeded, and have in a manner finished it, and so contrived it for the rooms of state and other accommodations which I have observed in his Majesty's houses, as I had been indeed stark mad ever to have cast it so for a private family. Another frame of wood I have given order to set up in a park I have in the county of Wicklow. And gnash the tooth of these gallants never so hard, I will by God's leave go on with it, that so I may have a place to take my recreation for a month or two in a year, were it for no other reason than to displease them, by keeping myself, if so please God, a little longer in health.

Yet lest these magnificent structures might

be thought those of Nebuchadnezzar, the plain truth is, that at the Naas with the most may stand in six thousand pounds, that in the park at twelve hundred; faith, at worst methinks, they should not judge it very much for a person of my great Hazienda to cast away twelve hundred pounds upon his own fancy; and yet to profess a truth to your grace, but that I did consider his Majesty might judge it hereafter for his service to visit this kingdom, in that case foresaw no part able to give him the pleasure of his summer hunting like that park and country adjacent; and lastly, that then at least I would provide a lodge, that might house him dry from the injuries of the weather, I protest there had not been one timber of it fastened to another. In the meantime my confidence is my comfort, that if I be made so happy as to see his Majesty on this side, he will give me thanks for them both, and then am I at the height of my ambition, and these my well-wishers fairly bounded upon the very place to accuse me, if anything they have to say unto me.

The third is, that I purchase all before me. In truth they are mistaken, I have not yet *quantum milvus oberret:* confess all I will to your grace, indeed give them no account at all; I have as much land here in Ireland as stands me in twelve or thirteen thousand pounds. I trust in time to make it worth me a thousand pounds a year, but as yet it is well short; but to put water in my wine, in the word of honesty and truth, I owe at least seven thousand pounds more than I did when I came into Ireland. Yet I must needs say they have some colour to fasten this slander upon me; for I understanding by my Lady of Carlile, when I was last in England, that her ladyship would be unwilling to part with the impost upon wines, unless I would endeavour otherwise to bestow the money to raise a present equal revenue to support her charge, and being desirous to fetch this grant back to the crown, as also to serve her ladyship, I promised to do the best I could, and have since in both these respects used all diligence to inquire and find where I might place her ladyship's money to most advantage. This pursuit hath raised one great dust about me. The other is, that the contract made for my Lord of Carlile's interest in the Birnes, is believed here to be for me, but in truth (I dare impart it to your grace) his Majesty full well knows it is for himself: it is to cost fifteen thousand pounds, and I do not doubt to make it in present into the Exchequer five and twenty hundred pounds a year, and will be double as much after the leases we shall now make be expired. The bargain is worth twenty thousand pounds. Now let them set beside me first one of themselves, that hath turned from himself to the advantage of the crown a bargain of so mighty a profit, which honourably and justly he might have brought to the help of his own private fortune, as I might have done this, and then at after, let them burthen me with my greediness of purchasing. In the mean space, let them for shame hold their tongues, however the malignity of their eye pursue me still, I am content; if I grow not the richer, I trust to grow the better, living thus under their discipline.

The fourth is, that I grow monstrous rich. Have I in the least falsified or neglected the trusts of my most gracious master? Have I corruptly or oppressively taken from his people? Have I been a burthen to his coffers more than for those his princely entertainments which others have before had, and others must again have after me in these places? Have I lived meanly, below that which I owe to the honour of his Majesty, and dignity of the place I exercise? If so, let them show wherein. I defy them, every mother's son. Howbeit, I am none of those insolent servants neither, that shall strictly call upon myself my master's justice, without any grain of his favour; to him with all reverence and humility I seek for his remission, his compassion of all my defects, all my infirmities, in the pursuit, in the fulfilling of his good pleasures, the rather in regard of the uprightness, however, of my heart to his person, to his affairs. But I will break to fitters, die, before I take from any so affected towards me a better being, nay, indeed, any being at all.

Well then, thus I am become rich, able, I hope, in some reasonable time (I praise God and his Majesty), to pay every man his own. Was I not in some measure so before I had the honour to serve his Majesty? Or shall that be a crime in me, which they so heartily desire themselves, nay, perchance in their grudging souls, lay it already as a great and grievous fault upon his Majesty, that he hath not made them so likewise? Or can it be other than pleasing to any gracious, noble, or generous master, that his honest and faithful servant grows rich under him? I confess I am so great a lover myself to have my servants thrive, as I believe all others like minded; and yet not to make it more than there is cause, I vow to you in all truth, that to the best of my understanding, I am not thirteen thousand pounds bettered in my estate since I first received my master's pay, being now become near nine years; which, considering six thousand pounds a year good land I brought along with me, is, in my weak opinion, no prodigious getting, or convincing argument of my covetousness. Yet is it such as I am fully contented withal, it is sufficient, and I acknowledge from my very soul to have received more of his Majesty than I shall ever be able to deserve. Howbeit, there are some of them, perchance,

that open their mouths thus wide, raise this hideous cry after me, that in proportion have received forty times as much forth of his immediate coffers as ever I did; and yet, let it be spoken with modesty, because I believe it truth, I have done (without charge to the King more than my ordinary) the crown forty times as much service, whether you look upon my labour, expense, and hazard, or the profit, the weight, and difficulty of the services themselves.

Lastly, there is one Mr. Barre, a Scotchman by nation, whose person your grace once saw before you at the committee for Irish affairs, at my last being in England. This gentleman that pretends to be a merchant, but indeed is scarce so good as a petty chapman, hath procured a special licence, under the signet and signature royal, of going and coming over without my comptrol, under which he magnifies himself extremely, as exempt, if not above, any power of mine; and thus leaping like a jackanapes betwixt two stools, holds on this side very inward intelligence with some here which wish me ill, blown up by them boldly to calumniate me there, whilst they know my actions here over well ever to dare to appear in my contrary. Then on that side he procures, by some very near his Majesty, access to the King, there whispering continually something or another to my prejudice; boasts familiarly how freely he speaks with his Majesty, what he saith concerning me, *and nou'ant pleese your Mejesty, ea werde mare anent your debuty of Yrland*, with many such like botadoes stuffed with a mighty deal of untruths and follies amongst. Far be the insolency from me in any case to measure out for my master, with whom, or what to speak, I more revere his wisdom, better understand myself; besides, the more of truth he inquires and hears of me, I am most assured the more it must be to my advantage; but to have such a broken pedlar, a man of no credit or parts, to be brought to the King, and countenanced by some (that have cause to wish me well, however I have reason to believe I shall not find it so), only to fill his Majesty's ears with untruths concerning me, and that the whilst his foul mouth should not either be closed, or else publicly brought to justify what he informs, and so the one of us to public punishment; to have such a companion famed as sent comptrol and superintendent over me, I must confess, as in regard to myself it moves me not much, yet as the King's deputy, it grieves and disdains me exceedingly. Alas! if his Majesty have any suspicion I am not to his service as I ought, let there be commissaries of honour and wisdom set upon me, let them publicly examine all I have done, let me be heard, and after covered with shame if I have deserved it. This is gracious, I accept it, magnify his Majesty for his justice, but let not the deputy be profaned in my person, under the administration of such a petty fellow as this, unto whom, believe me, very few that know him will lend five pounds, being as needy in his fortune as shifting in his habitation, and that for none of his good qualities neither.

Nor have I unfolded all which lies upon my stomach, but how to digest it, how to turn it to good nourishment, to my health, there is the difficulty; the humour which offends me is not so much anger as scorn, and desire to wrest out from amongst them my charge; for, as they say, if I might come to fight for my life, it would never trouble me, indeed I should then weigh them all very light, and be safe under the goodness, wisdom, and justice of my master. Again, howbeit, I am resolved of the truth of all this, yet to accuse myself is very uncomely. I love not to put on my armour before there be cause, in regard I never do so, but I find myself the wearier and sorer for it the next morning.

Therefore altogether to seek in myself what to do, I have here opened my grief, and do most humbly beseech of your advice and counsel, what were best to be done by your grace's most humbly to be commanded,

WENTWORTH.

Dublin, this 27th of September 1637.

LORD WENTWORTH TO THE EARL OF PORTLAND.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR LORDSHIP,—Since I had the honour to serve his Majesty, calumny and misreport have been my portions, which for the most part were passed over in silence and disdain; but when they dare attempt your lordship to my prejudice, then I confess they touch me very nearly, considering that if I commit any wilful crime here, where I have received, and to whom I profess so much, I must even acknowledge myself incapable any longer of trust or friendship amongst men.

Pardon me therefore, I beseech your lordship, if I be as far from digesting this wrong as I shall be ever found innocent from the guilt.

I understand some shameless person or other hath insinuated with your lordship, as if I went about to be treasurer, and lays for a ground of that opinion my forwardness in his Majesty's service. This I have cursorily and slightly in a letter from my cousin Wandesford; but with me it imprints, sinks, strikes deeper than to pass along so easily from me. Lord! with what shadows would they have overcast my negligence, with what darkness have benighted the least commission, that can fetch this conclusion out of those premises?

I will not deny, it is a full truth indeed, that there inhabits with me an infinite zeal and vigilance to serve my master, the most accepted way I can devise; nor shall any private ease or profit cool or lessen it, or any endeavour from abroad make me understand it as a fault to do so. Yet, my lord, I do not greedily serve to repair a broken fortune, much less out of any ambitious desires, which (if any ever in me) were long agone laid to rest upon my receiving this place from his Majesty, through the means of my friends, I confess (being then altogether a stranger to the King in service and person), and of them, your lordship the very principal.

No, no, my lord, they are those sovereign and great duties I owe his Majesty and your lordship, which thus provoke me beyond my own nature, rather to leave those cooler shades, wherein I took choicest pleasure, and thus put myself with you into the heat of the day, than poorly and meanly to start aside from my obligations, convinced in myself of the most wretched ingratitude in the whole world.

God knows how little delight I take in the outwards of this life, how infinitely ill-satisfied I am with myself, to find daily those calm and quiet retirements, wherein to contemplate some things more divine and sacred than this world can afford us, at every moment interrupted through the importunity of the affairs I have already. To heaven and earth I protest it, it grieves my very soul, and that it is nothing but love (if I may be admitted a word of so near a distance, and of so little courtship) to the persons of his Majesty and yourself, that could make me take up this yoke and follow; no other affection or passion could effect it.

So, my lord, once for all, let me find belief with you; if I obtain it not from you, with the greatest sereneness possible (pardon me for saying so), you do that friendship and confidence, which ought to pass between men of honour, infinite wrong, and render yourself the most inexcusable man towards me that lives.

Let shame and confusion then cover me, if I do not abhor the intolerable anxiety I well understand to wait inseparably upon that staff, if I should not take a serpent as soon into my bosom, and if I once find so mean a thought of me can enter into your heart, as that to compass whatever I could take most delight in, I should go about beguilefully to supplant any ordinary man (how much more then impotently to catch at such a staff and from my Lord Treasurer), if I leave not the court instantly, betake myself to my private fortune, reposedly seek my contentment and quiet within my own doors, and follow the dictamen of my own reason and conscience, more according to nature and liberty, than in those gyves which now pinch and hang upon me.

Thus you see how easily you may be rid of me when you list, and in good faith with a thousand thanks; yet be pleased not to judge this proceeds out of any wayward, weary humour in me neither; for my endeavours are as vigorous and as cheerful to serve the crown and you as ever they were, nor shall you ever find them to faint or flaskuer. I am none of those soft-tempered spirits; but I cannot endure to be mistaken, or suffer my purer and more entire affections to be soiled, or in the least degree prejudiced, with the loathsome and odious attributes of covetousness and ambitious falsehood. Do me but right in this, judge my watches to issue (as in faith they do) from those clearer cisterns. I lay my hand under your foot, I despise danger, I laugh at labour. Command me in all difficulties, in all confidence, in all readiness, your lordship's ever most faithful friend, and most humble servant,

WENTWORTH.

York, October 21, 1632.

ARCHBISHOP LAUD TO LORD WENTWORTH.

MY VERY GOOD LORD,—It seems by your late letters which I have received, that you have taken your leave of Fulham; the bishop you say is gone, and I believe that's true. God speed him as well where he now is, as he did there. As for your letters (and yourself, when you come), they shall be as welcome to Lambeth as they were to Fulham. And since you have learnt the way to be a little merry, I would you and your Cousin Sibbs had been the other day at the council table, where I never heard, you know whom, in a better mood verily.

I am very glad to read your lordship so resolute, and more, to hear you affirm, that the footing of them, which go thorough for our master's service, is not now upon fee as it hath been. But you are withal upon so many ifs, that by their help you may preserve any man upon ice, be it never so slippery. At first, if the common lawyers may be contained within their ancient and sober bounds; if the word *thorough* be not left out (as I am certain it is); if we grow not faint; if we ourselves be not in fault; if it come not to a *Peccatum ex te Israel;* if others will do their parts as thoroughly as you promise for yourself, and justly conceive of me. Now I pray, with so many and such ifs as these, what may not be done, and in a brave and noble way? But can you tell when these ifs will meet, or be brought together? Howsoever, I am resolved to go on steadily in the way which you have formerly seen me go, so that (to put in one if too) if anything fail of my hearty desires for the King and the Church's service, the fault shall not be mine.

The indisposition, of which I wrote unto

your lordship, I thank God, passed over quickly, though I find that I cannot follow your counsel; for Croydon is to go often to it, and my leisure here hath hitherto been extremely little, I may truly call it none. Besides, the Lady Davis hath prophesied against me, that I shall not many days outlive the 5th of November, and then to what end should I trouble myself with exercise or the like?

My lord, I thank you, that you are pleased so kindly and so nobly to take that which I writ unto you about the Archbishop of Dublin, and his taking upon him, together with the rest of the Popish clergy, to meddle with the civil government, of which I doubt not but your lordship will be very careful, as of all things else that may weaken the power of that party in that kingdom. But I had not ventured to write anything to you in this business, if your lordship had not required it of me.

But your lordship doth very prudently in bearing with them till the parliament be over, that there you may make use of them for the King's service. And that contention between the regulars and the seculars is grown so general and so warm, that you may easily hold up Harris, if no decision come to the contrary; and a brave service it will be, if you can settle the revenues of that kingdom.

I perceive you mean to build, but as yet your materials are not come in; but if that work do come to me before Christmas, as you promise it shall, I will rifle every corner in it; and you know, my good lord, after all your bragging, how I served you at York, and your church-work there; especially I pray provide a good riding-house, if there be ever a decayed body of a church to make it in, and then you shall be well fitted; for you know one is made your stable already, if you have not reformed it, of which I did look for an account, according to my remembrances, before this time.

I find your lordship hath a good opinion of my lord primate's learning and honesty, and I verily think he will not deceive your expectation in either; but you are pleased to ask me a question, whether that be all that goes to a good bishop and a good governor? I must needs answer, no; but if that which is further required be wanting in him, I am the more sorry; but I will tell you, my lord, I pray God all be well in his and the other bishops' apprehensions concerning your lordship and your government there. For, before you went, I writ, as I thought, and think still, very largely in your commendation, how thorough you would be for the King and the Church; it may be they understood this otherwise than I could mean it, or your lordship perform it, and did not look with such a prudent eye as they should upon the necessities of that place; and methinks it may stand for an observation, that I who had frequent letters before from my lord primate, have not received any one that I remember since your lordship went thither.

My lord, I did not take you to be so good a physician before as now I see you are; for the truth is, a great many church-cormorants have fed so full upon it, that they are fallen into a fever; and for that no physic is better than a vomit, if it be given in time; and therefore you have taken a very judicious course to administer one so early to my Lord of Cork. I hope it will do him good, though perchance he thinks not so; for if the fever hang long about him, or the rest, it will certainly shake either them or their estates in pieces. Go on, my lord; I must needs say this is thorough indeed, and so is your physic too; for a vomit never ends kindly that doth not work both ways, and that is thorough. Nor can I answer, what became of the primate and the rest of the bishops, while the poor inferior clergy were thus oppressed, more than this, that I ever thought it was not in their power to help it. But if any of them be as bad for oppression of the church as any layman, that I am sure is unanswerable; and if it appear so to you, great pity it is, but some one or other of the chief offenders should be made a public example, and turned out of his bishopric. And I believe such a course once held would do more good in Ireland than anything that hath been there this forty years.

Now for your question, what my Lord of Cork will say? I cannot tell; but sure I am, so many of the fraternity as think it Popery to set the communion-table at the end of the chancel, and for the prebends to come in their formalities to church, are either ignorant or factious fools. But I warrant you the poor vicar thinks very well of you, and so doth the King, to whom I have told what physic you have given the Earl of Cork.

But, I warrant you, I am thought as odd an archbishop as you can be a deputy; for my Lady Davies she prophecies against me that I shall not many days outlive the 5th of November. And I think I sent your lordship word before of one Bowyer, a rogue that broke prison, but said he came newly from beyond the seas, and went up and down the country railing against me, and making me no less than a traitor; but he was brought to the Star Chamber the 13th of November, and there soundly censured; the rogue confessed all, and all by the devil, but would acknowledge no confederates. And now there is another fellow half mad, that comes into the court with a great sword by his side, and rails upon the archbishop, God knows for what, and says he will have justice of the King against him, or take another course for it himself. Would not this encourage any man to do service?

One thing more and then I have done; you will herein find an enclosed paper, it came from my lord the Bishop of Durham, and by it you

may see the effects of your composition in the north; do not you think this may make a fine noise in time? I hope you will hear of this the next parliament, as well as others have done for less matters. Well, it is time to make an end; and so I leave you to the grace of God, ever resting your lordship's poor loving friend to serve you, W. CANT.

Lambeth, Nov. 15, 1633.

KING CHARLES I. TO LORD WENTWORTH.

WENTWORTH,—The accounts that you give me are so good, that if I should answer them particularly, my letters would rather seem panegyrics than despatches; so leaving them, I come to those things wherein you require directions. And although I shall refer myself to Secretary Coke for answer of those things that are in the public despatches, yet concerning two of them I must express my own sense, to wit, the not continuing of the parliament, and the guard of the coast. For the first, my reasons are grounded upon my experience of them here; they are of the nature of cats, they ever grow curst with age, so that if ye will have good of them, put them off handsomely when they come to any age; for young ones are ever most tractable, and in earnest you will find that nothing can more conduce to the beginning of a new, than the well ending of the former parliament, wherefore now that we are well, let us content ourselves therewith. Your most assured friend, CHARLES REX.

London. Jan. 22, 1634.

LORD WENTWORTH TO ARCHBISHOP LAUD.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,—I am gotten hither to a poor house I have, having been this last week almost feasted to death at York. In truth, for anything I can find, they were not ill pleased to see me. Sure I am, it much contented me to be amongst my old acquaintance, which I would not leave for any other affection I have, but to that which I both profess and owe to the person of his sacred Majesty. Lord! with what quietness in myself could I live here in comparison of that noise and labour I met with elsewhere; and I protest put up more crowns in my purse at the year's end too. But we'll let that pass, for I am not like to enjoy that blessed condition upon earth. And therefore my resolution is set, to endure and struggle with it so long as this crazy body will bear it; and finally drop into the silent grave, where both all these (which I now could, as I think, innocently delight myself in) and myself are to be forgotten; and fare them well. I persuade myself *exuto lepido* I am able to lay them down very quietly, and yet leave behind me, as a truth not to be forgotten, a perfect and full remembrance of my being your grace's most humbly to be commanded,

WENTWORTH.

Gawthorp, this 17*th of Aug.* 1636.

LORD WENTWORTH TO KING CHARLES I.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR SACRED MAJESTY,—In pursuit of the command received at Rufford, I have effectually, both in public and private, recommended the justice and necessity of the shipping-business, and so clearly shown it to be not only for the honour of the kingdom in general, but for every man's particular safety, as I am most confident the assessment this next year will be universally and cheerfully answered through this whole jurisdiction. And whereas I then truly informed your Majesty that upon a difference betwixt the county at large, and the county of the city of York, there was some thirty pounds yet behind, I have set a course for the present payment of that small remainder, and so quieted the controversy, as no disturbance can thereby happen to the service hereafter.

My Lord Marshall left a letter for me before his departure; howbeit of very late came to my hand, by which I find his lordship much unsatisfied concerning some stay of that other procured by him from your Majesty under the signet. I am bold to enclose a duplicate of my answer, and thereby represent a true state of the business, and of my carriage therein, without easing myself any way upon your Majesty's commands, or being beaten, I trust, from the grounds I must proceed upon in this business. Besides, your Majesty will not be the worse prepared to receive any suit his lordship may further make, or to give answer thereunto, such as shall seem good unto your wisdom.

If this were the only displeasure I had contracted in serving faithfully (as I shall ever do) it might be borne more easily and silently; but it is much otherwise with me, as I have heard since I attended your Majesty. My carriage on this side hath been towards all so circumspect and observant, as I well trusted there had not been the least offence or scandal given or taken: yet it seems I have left some great and powerful persons in such a distemper towards me and themselves, as, in a manner, everywhere to avow a resolution set for my ruin.

It is likewise discoursed much to my prejudice, as they think, that my return must be without any mark of your Majesty's favour, whereby my innocency and just acquittal might be declared to the hearing of others, or myself strengthened or graced in the course of my

service; albeit, they say, I had been defamed for barbarous and cruel usage of the late Earl of St. Albans, and the Lord Mountnorris; slanted upon by Sir James Gallway and Mr. Barr, in their proposition to your Majesty, as a cozener and impostor in the Customs, under a pretence of doing great service; charged by Sir Piers Crosby with a horrid murder, the silly man daily countenanced and fomented by some at court in his senseless calumnies; and in a word reported to all the world rather for a bassaw of Buda, than the minister of a pious and Christian king.

Little do I find myself moved with any or all of these; I can smile at their vanity, that glorify themselves in being reported the contrivers and procurers of this imputed coldness and disregard, nay, esteem them as little powerful as they would be thought almighty in such a case; and, which is far above all the rest, securely repose myself, and humbly wait upon your Majesty's gracious promise, that I shall receive such a mark of your favour as will silence these spirits, and set me right again, as well in the opinion of others as for your own service.

Yet where the storm sets so dark upon me, and my absence likely to be of some continuance, I cannot conceal that there are many things upon this occasion which I desire to offer; some for the prosperity of your affairs, some for my own defence and safety, and all of them fitter to be discoursed than written. So as if it be possible, and that your Majesty will admit me thereunto, I propose to wait at court a day or two in my passage towards the charge your Majesty intrusteth me with in Ireland, and there attend your future commands, with and through all the expressions of your Majesty's most faithful and most humble subject and servant, WENTWORTH.

Wentworth-Woodhouse, Aug. 23, 1636.

CHARLES I. TO LORD WENTWORTH.

WENTWORTH,—Certainly I should be much to blame not to admit so good a servant as you are, to speak with me, since I deny it to none that there is not a just exception against; yet I must freely tell you, that the cause of this desire of yours, if it be known, will rather hearten than discourage your enemies; for, if they can once find that you apprehend the dark setting of a storm when I say no, they will make you leave to care for anything in a short while but for your fears. And, believe it, the marks of my favours that stop malicious tongues are neither places nor titles, but the little welcome I give to accusers, and the willing ear I give to my servants: this is not to disparage those favours (for envy flies most at the fairest mark) but to show their use; to wit, not to quell envy, but to reward service; it being truly so, when the master without the servant's importunity does it, otherwise men judge it more to proceed from the servant's wit, than the master's favour. I will end with a rule that may serve for a statesman, a courtier, or a lover: never make a defence or apology before you be accused. And so I rest your assured friend, CHARLES R.

Lindhurst, Sept. 3, 1636.

For my Lord Marshall, as you have armed me, so I warrant you.

LORD WENTWORTH TO CHARLES I.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR SACRED MAJESTY,—The letter vouchsafed me from Lindhurst, the third of this present, awakens me with your gracious favour to express myself farther, in some few particulars, lest perchance my desires and the grounds of them might be conceived otherwise than I meant.

The dark setting of a storm was not with the least apprehension that your Majesty's gracious and cheerful favours were either lessened or languishing towards me, but had relation merely to some near your Majesty, who publicly profess my ruin.

Nor was, or ever can, this or any other the like storm be able to affright or shake me from the duties of faith I owe unto your Majesty's commands. I trust such a poverty of spirit shall not be imputed unto a mind long since resolved freely to sacrifice a life, as often as required, for the least of your good pleasures. It is indeed altogether impossible I should begin to care less for your service, meanly or at all to weigh my own greatest dangers, where your Majesty's smallest interests are concerned; much less under favour to care for nothing but my own fears. And yet (I find it) this immoveable purpose doth consist well enough with a moderate foresight, so to provide for a safety, as it may be without your trouble, judging otherwise my being or well-being less in value than that it should cost your Majesty so much as a dispute to preserve me.

Whatever your Majesty appoints shall please me most, it being certainly best for me rather really to live in your gracious good opinion than only to be thought so by others; yet better for your affairs in Ireland, I might seem and appear so to them on that side. So then, whilst I did most confidently trust through your Majesty's goodness that I had the best for myself, it will be, I hope, very pardonable if I did desire to better my condition also, as I stood in relation to those affairs, and the greatness of the service now in view amongst them.

As for wit, or importunity; in the former,

I did never affect other than a single plainness, nor is my nature possibly to be hardened into the latter. Besides, I too well know and more reverence your Majesty's wisdom and courage than (had I been that way inclined) to attempt you by either. And I do most earnestly beseech you, sir, be assured I never went disguisedly forward with you in all my life, nor could I ever yet so far value anything as to prostitute modesty for it.

And therefore, considering nothing can more comfort me, or be more for my advantage, than to be rightly understood by your Majesty, I do most humbly acknowledge your favour in admitting my attendance at court for a few days in my passage for Ireland, where I shall not only set my own thoughts again at ease and liberty, but withal settle some of your business, which otherwise, myself at Dublin, may not chance to find any other solicitor that can attend upon them, undistracted by other your Majesty's affairs.

In the business of Galloway, I have fully imparted my sense to Mr. Secretary Coke, from which I find no reason to depart in any circumstance. Howbeit, I hear my Lord of Holland, forth of his lordship's tender regard for the peace of that kingdom, apprehends that my severity may disaffect that people, and dispose them to call the Irish regiments forth of Flanders to their assistance.

The best of his lordship's insight in those particulars is, as I conceive, through the suggestions and problems of my Lord St. Albans, Mr. d'Arcy, and Sir Piers Crosby, persons promoting either their own interests or passions; and had they obtained belief with your Majesty's Ministers on the other side, we must neither have planted nor yet found your Majesty's title in Connaught.

All the answer I can give is, that if taking of an half move that country to enter into open rebellion, the taking of a third, or a fourth, methinks, should hardly secure the crown of their allegiance. Then be it granted, that they are thus unsound and rotten at the heart, wisdom adviseth so to weaken them, and line them thoroughly with English and Protestants, as that they shall not (by the help of God) be able to disquiet anything if they would. Besides, if Sir Piers Crosby, according to his undertaking, persuade those regiments into the pay of the French, that door will be shut upon them likewise. So as in good faith every way I judge all most safe, it neither being in their power to hurt, or in their purpose, I persuade myself, to betake themselves to any such desperate counsels.

I forgot in my last humbly to offer my opinion, that in case your Majesty find or apprehend any backwardness in the south, it were good the next year's writs for the shipping-assessment were hastened first down into these parts where they are sure to find no opposition or unwillingness, which example may rather further than hinder in the right way, which others ought to follow elsewhere. God long preserve your Majesty. Your Majesty's most faithful and most humble subject and servant, WENTWORTH.

Wentworth, Sept. 10, 1636.

[Sir Thomas Roe was an able statesman and diplomatist, born about 1580, who, after travelling in America, was despatched on an embassy to the Great Mogul, Shah Jehan, at whose court he remained three years. He went in 1621 to the court of the Grand Seignior, and lived under three different Sultans. Roe collected a number of valuable manuscripts during his residence abroad, which he presented on his return to the Bodleian Library. He also brought over as a present to Charles I. from Cyril, the patriarch of Constantinople, the Alexandrian M.S. of the Greek Bible.]

SIR THOMAS ROE TO SECRETARY CALVERT.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,—About ten days before the date of this, I despatched a gentleman, my kinsman, express to his Majesty, with letters from the Grand Signor Sultan Osman; and gave large advice to your honour, and to the lords, as well of the public occurrences as of mine own success in other business; wherein you shall find, whensoever they arrive, that I had settled all things given me in commission, both from his Majesty and the Company, and obtained new and large privileges; recovered, by warrant, money extorted, though yet unpaid; procured such commands and letters for Tunis and Algiers, sent expressly by the emperor, that I might have boasted of a prosperous industry, as you will see by copies already sent you. And therein your honour will find, that I prophesied of these things that are now come upon us, foreseeing that which I could not prevent.

On Wednesday last, the 7th present, the Sultan, according to his obstinate purpose, sending over his pavilions, the soldiers rose, both janizaries and spahees, and first staid the tents, and then brake into the courts of the Seraglio with infinite tumult, demanding of the emperor not to proceed, and to deliver the great Vizier Delaur Bassa, and the Hoia the tutor, the caslariaga, the chief eunuch-keeper of the women, the tefterdar, the treasurer, and some others, as privy and consenting to this voyage, which would (as they pretended) destroy the empire. The king promised, but delayed, and attempted to convey them, and

some treasure, to Asia side; but they prevented him, and kept guard all that day, only sacking the house of the Hoia. The king, in the meantime, made some show of defending his palace. The next morning, the fury increasing, they demanded those officers, or else they would carve their own justice, so that he for the present was forced to hide himself; and then taking oath among themselves not to rifle the king's house, they entered in, and by menaces found the vizier and caslariaga hidden, whom they presently cut in pieces; and so seeking the emperor, not able to find him, nor force any to tell where he had conveyed himself, they cried out, they must have a king; and then demanded for Sultan Mustafa, uncle to Osman, by him deposed, being a soft-spirited man, and to speak modestly, of no great wit; who being found in a vault (where the king had put him since the beginning of the rebellion) half-starved, they took up, and set him on the throne, and proclaimed him emperor, taking him out of that Seraglio, and carrying him to another. Osman, amazed with these news, first practised the Woemen, whither he was conveyed, to murder him, and here began in the night a new uproar. The soldiers rescued him, and took him to their own college half dead. Thus a man despised, naked, taken from a pit, at first only begging a little water, was in a moment made one of the greatest monarchs in the world. The deposed, not yet in desperation, the same night dealt with the aga of the janizaries, and one Huzein Bassa, vizier in the wars of Poland, to assist him, promising the soldiers great benevolence. They counsel him, in this extremity, to go out to the mutinied troops to offer his largess, and to see if he could move them to any compassion; which he did, with them, and few others accompanied. When he came so unlooked for, they laid hold on him as he was pleading his own cause. The aga of the janizaries, and Huzein Bassa, but seeming to persuade for him, were instantly cut in pieces. Then the poor Osman took a cloth, and covered his face, expecting death; but they set him upon a horse, and sent him instantly to the seven towers under good guard, and ever since have been employed in the sack of those houses with whose masters they had any quarrel as ill ministers, and have touched nothing else. At this instant I am advised, that the new great Vizier Daout Bassa, by the command of the new emperor, hath strangled Osman, sent to prison but four hours ago: the first emperor that ever they laid violent hands on, a fatal sign, I think, of their declination.

I cannot discourse at this present, having but one hour allowed me to write by the Venetian baile, and all not yet appeased. But I would not his Majesty should receive it from another hand; therefore you will be pleased to present, and to accept *res gestas* in this hurly-burly. I have knowledge of all the ground of this business, and the practice of the great vizier, now slain, to alter the whole frame of government of this empire; a brave and wise plot, if it hath taken effect; which had either made him monarch of the world, or wholly torn and dissolved it. But God hath His hand and power in these things above our reach; and I will send your honour the story of this, wherein you shall see strange things proposed and now confounded. And this is the third day since these troubles began, and I hope will be the last, though I suspect a war to ensue, of which I will advise your honour in time.

Constantinople, May 10, 1622.

TO THE SAME.

Right Honourable,—The former is a copy of mine, sent you the last week, written in haste, and while we were unquiet, and not free from fear; for the substance, it is all true, only some difference in the manner of no moment, which I must then take as I could get it from report. But I will in few days trouble you with the whole and large discourse, which I think is one of the rarest and strangest stories, both for the design and confusion thereof, and for the great alterations following, and ways opened to greater, that this age or many former have produced. In the meanwhile, to give your honour a longing to know more, I will for this time touch the project, and some few observations upon it, and then conclude with mine own business. First, your honour must know, that this last emperor, Osman, was a youth of a great and haughty spirit, very courageous, and a mortal hater of the Christians; envious of the glory of his ancestors, having designed great things, and ambitious to advance his name higher than any of theirs. His first enterprise was that of Poland, which he undertook of his own head, against the liking both of viziers and soldiers, who in a monarchy grown to riches and height, declined from her ancient discipline by ease and wealth, and perhaps *longa dominatione inertes*, are ever corrupt and lazy. This action he thought so easy, as that he had disposed of the distribution of his conquest, and divided the live lion's skin. Being met upon the borders with a poor army, in comparison, he was first (as I informed you) worsted at Chotyn, so that he was fain to leave it untaken. Then, when he would have forced the trenches of the chancellor, to have advanced into a plain country, he could never procure his janizaries to fight, though engaging his person, once or twice, beyond the regard of his quality; and in conclusion was compelled to rise shamefully, and to treat upon easy conditions; and, to save his honour, was very glad, by my coming, of that pretence to make a peace (which yet depends) until he had executed his

deep conceived counsels. For this disgrace, he took so rooted an indignation against the janizaries, and so justly, that he often complained, he was no king that was subject to the insolency of his own slaves, upon whom he spent his treasures; and yet they would neither fight in war nor be content in peace without exacting bounties. Delauir Bassa Vizier, a man of great wit and courage, and called from the eastern parts to this action, who came in a brave and soldierly equipage above all his captains, was suddenly made a great vizier, the former being in the same disgrace common with the soldiers, though not in the fault. This man was never bred here, but had lived in action for many years, and so had no faction nor dependence in court, but stood upon himself; and being now, unlooked for, advanced to this high dignity, he wrought upon the king's discontent, and nourished it; and in conclusion told him, it was true, he was no emperor, nor could be, while the janizaries had the power which they had lately usurped; that they were corrupted from their ancient institution, and were lazy cowards, unworthy of bread. But if he would follow his advice, he could provide him a new soldiery about Damascus, and from the Coords, of men ever bred in the frontier war, and of great courage; and that of them he should erect a new militia, that should wholly depend of him only, entertaining forty thousand in pay, which should always be his guard. That every beglerbegh in his government should train some of the inhabitants, who on all occasions of making a great army should be in readiness; and hereby he should spare infinite treasure, and secure his estate, eaten and in danger by these drones, and be able, with men of new spirits, to do greater matters than any of his ancestors. The king, pleased with this counsel, gave all to the vizier's direction, who was a true soldier, and a very wise man, able, by his credit in Asia, to perform this and more; for he was exceedingly beloved in those parts, very rich, and had kept Damascus for himself in the last rebellion. Upon this conclusion between them, he sent his letters to his friends, and provided ten thousand thereabouts, and ten thousand from the Coords, all upon pretence of invading Persia; and had caused the Emir de Saida to raise twenty thousand, which was called a revolt, but was indeed in aid of the king's purposes, who pretended to go privately to Mecha; but his end was to meet those soldiers, and to stay a year at Damascus, until he had regulated his new army, and then to return to Constantinople, and root out and dissolve all the chambers of the janizaries, and cast the spahees and timariotts, and to exauctorate all their captains, who eat up his country. And having thus settled all things here, he then resolved, with his new soldiers, to attempt the recovery of his honour in Christendom; in the meantime to hold all good friendship and correspondence there in all parts. Certainly this was a brave and well-grounded design, and of great consequence for the renewing of this decayed empire, if God had not destroyed it; for it is very true, the Turkish emperor is now but the janizaries' treasurer. If this project had taken place, God knows what events it might have produced by a civil war; for doubtless the soldiery here would have set up a new king, and maintained him as they could, and this European part had been torn away by the division; besides Delauir Bassa, having the king in his possession, and the treasure and his own authority so great, and his inclination *velle imperare*, once discovered, it may well be thought that he would have shared some part of this great estate. If, on the other side, the king had prevailed, and the vizier proved faithful, I am persuaded they would have made such a reformation, and erected such a new order for the war and treasure, that he would have troubled all Christendom; but, *ubi disquisitor sæculi huius? Nonne infatuavit deus sapientiam mundi huius? Perdam sapientiam sapientum, et vanam reddam intelligentiam intelligentium.* I know not whether I ought to wish that these counsels had succeeded or not; now I am sure we are here governed by a poor and silly man; or rather, here is no government, where slaves, that in a few hours could change the greatest monarch, are become so insolent that yet there is no open divan or council, until they have received a donative for guerdon of their iniquity. Your honour will give me leave to make short observations. First, that the treasury, by the three changes in four years (for every janizary in the empire, whether absent or present, hath twenty-five checquins gold, besides the spahees and other orders), and by the late war, is very much exhausted, and these fellows all living that have had the milk, and now inured to prosperous mutinies, they have taken such head as cannot be suffered, nor safely taken off; and I do not think that all is quiet, though it appears so; but that we shall have new troubles from those prepared in Asia, who will attempt a revenge for the death of a king that was their martyr; *et hinc ruinæ.* Secondly, in the degrees of the uproar itself, that the soldiers had no intention at first either to depose or hurt their emperor, but only to stay him, and to cut off the counsellors of his journey, whom the next day, dead and buried, they bitterly lamented, knowing they had rashly set up one whom they must change for disability. Thirdly, at the order; that these mutineers, having no head or direction, kept that reglement, that they took oath in their fury in the king's yard, not to spoil nor sack the imperial throne, as their own dishonour, and neither committed

nor suffered any insolence nor violence in the city; and, which is strange, I think there hath not been done, in the three days and three nights, one thousand checquins damage to the neutrals, nor to any but to those obnoxious for some former quarrel; and six of them meeting with £100 of mine in the streets, in the hands of a poor man, they first took it away; but he pleading it was mine, they returned it; so that I may wonder at such orderly disorder. This plot was discovered to the soldiers, by words of disdain let fall from the king, by removing all his treasure, pulling down the riches of his house, melting furniture and saddles, and whatsoever could be converted into bullion. Thus your honour hath a model of troubles and my contemplations, which time may enlarge. For our own business, they will now do anything I shall propound for Poland, having sent offers thither, and will send into England; but whether it were well done now to assist to any peace, I know not, yet will follow my instructions. Within four days after this, I procured to be renewed all my commands and letters for Tunis and Algiers, in this emperor's name, and have dispeeded them away, according to my advices sent your honour by my cousin, Robert Roe; so that I think I shall rather fortify than weaken that design. The letter written to his Majesty by the last emperor shall be confirmed, and we are just *in pristino statu*. I beseech your honour, read part of this my letter to his Majesty, and mediate for me, that it may absolve me, until I can put it in better form, being scarce allowed time to transcribe this that you may read it. *Et ab his incendiarijs, libera nos, domine.* Your honour's affectionate servant.

Constantinople, May 16, 1622.

JAMES HOWELL TO SIR S. C——.

Holborn, March 17, 1639.

Sir,—I was upon the point of going abroad to steal a solitary walk, when yours of the 12th current came to hand. The high researches and choice abstracted notions I found therein, seemed to heighten my spirits, and make my fancy fitter for my intended retirement and meditation: add hereunto, that the countenance of the weather invited me; for it was a still evening, it was also a clear open sky, not a speck or the least wrinkle appeared in the whole face of heaven, it was such a pure deep azure all the hemisphere over, that I wondered what was become of the three regions of the air with their meteors. So having got into a close field, I cast my face upwards, and fell to consider what a rare prerogative the optic virtue of the eye hath, much more the intuitive virtue in the thought, that the one in a moment can reach heaven, and the other go beyond it; therefore sure that a philosopher was but a kind of frantic fool, that would have plucked out both his eyes, because they were a hindrance to his speculations. Moreover, I began to contemplate, as I was in this posture, the vast magnitude of the universe, and what proportion this poor globe of earth might bear with it; for if those numberless bodies which stick in the vast roof of heaven, though they appear to us but as spangles, be some of them thousands of times bigger than the earth, take the sea with it to boot, for they both make but one sphere, surely the astronomers had reason to term this sphere an indivisible point, and a thing of no dimension at all, being compared to the whole world. I fell then to think, that at the second general destruction, it is no more for God Almighty to fire this earth, than for us to blow up a small squib, or rather one small grain of gunpowder. As I was musing thus, I spied a swarm of gnats waving up and down the air about me, which I knew to be part of the universe as well as I; and methought it was a strange opinion of our Aristotle to hold, that the least of those small insected ephemerans should be more noble than the sun, because it had a sensitive soul in it. I fell to think that in the same proportion which those animalillios bore with me in point of bigness, the same I held with those glorious spirits which are near the throne of the Almighty. What then should we think of the magnitude of the Creator Himself! Doubtless, it is beyond the reach of any human imagination to conceive it: in my private devotions I presume to compare Him to a great mountain of light, and my soul seems to discern some glorious form therein; but suddenly as she would fix her eyes upon the object, her sight is presently dazzled and disgregated with the refulgency and coruscations thereof.

Walking a little farther, I spied a young boisterous bull breaking over hedge and ditch to a herd of kine in the next pasture; which made me think, that if that fierce, strong animal, with others of that kind, knew their own strength, they would never suffer man to be their master. Then looking upon them quietly grazing up and down, I fell to consider that the flesh which is daily dished upon our tables is but concocted grass, which is recarnified in our stomachs, and transmuted to another flesh. I fell also to think, what advantage those innocent animals had of man, who as soon as nature cast them into the world, find their meat dressed, the cloth laid, and the table covered; they find their drink brewed, and the buttery open, their beds made, and their clothes ready; and though man hath the faculty of reason to make him a compensation for the want of those advantages, yet this reason brings with it a thousand perturbations of mind and perplexities of spirit, griping cares

and anguishes of thought, which those harmless silly creatures were exempted from. Going on, I came to repose myself upon the trunk of a tree, and I fell to consider further what advantage that dull vegetable had of those feeding animals, as not to be so troublesome and beholden to nature, nor to be subject to starving, to diseases, to the inclemency of the weather, and to be far longer-lived. Then I spied a great stone, and sitting awhile upon it, I fell to weigh in my thoughts that that stone was in a happier condition in some respects than either of those sensitive creatures or vegetables I saw before; in regard that that stone which propagates by assimilation, as the philosophers say, needed neither grass nor hay, or any aliment for restoration of nature, nor water to refresh its roots, or the heat of the sun to attract the moisture upwards, to increase growth, as the other did. As I directed my pace homeward, I spied a kite soaring high in the air, and gently gliding up and down the clear region so far above my head, that I fell to envy the bird extremely, and repine at his happiness, that he should have a privilege to make a nearer approach to heaven than I.

Excuse me that I trouble you thus with these rambling meditations, they are to correspond with you in some part for those accurate fancies of yours lately sent me. So I rest your entire and true servitor.

TO THE INCOMPARABLE LADY, THE LADY M. CARY.

MADAM, — I have discovered so much of divinity in you, that he who would find your equal must seek one in the other world. I might play the oracle, and more truly pronounce you the wisest of women, than he did Pythagoras the wisest of men, for questionless, that he or thee are the wisest of all human creatures, who are careful of preserving the noblest part of them, I mean the soul. They who prink and pamper the body, and neglect the soul, are like one who, having a nightingale in his house, is more fond of the wicker cage than of the bird; or rather like one who hath a pearl of an invaluable price, and esteems the poor box that holds it more than the jewel. The rational soul is the breath of God Almighty, she is His very image, therefore who taints his soul may be said to throw dirt in God's face, and make his breath stink. The soul is a spark of immortality; she is a divine light, and the body is but a socket of clay that holds it. In some this light goes out with an ill-favoured stench, but others have a save-all to preserve it from making any snuff at all. Of this number, madam, you are one that shines clearest in this horizon, which makes me so much your La. truly devoted servant, J. H.

[Howell was born in 1594, and from the free school of Hereford was sent to Jesus College, Oxford, from whence, in 1613, he came to London, as Wood says, with his fortune to make. In 1629, he visited the Continent, in the capacity of agent to a glass manufactory. His route lay through France, Italy, Spain, Holland, and the Netherlands. 'Thank God,' he used to say, I have this fruit of my travels, that I can pray to Him every day of the week in separate languages, and upon Sunday in seven!' After a life of chequered fortunes, Howell found himself in the Fleet prison. Having at length obtained his release, he was appointed to the office of historiographer to Charles the Second. He did not, however, long enjoy his appointment; he died in 1666, and was buried in the Temple church. Howell, during many years of his life, was an author by profession, and numerous works, chiefly upon temporary topics, show that he only wrote to live. His *Familiar Letters* are alone remembered. Thomas Warton considered them, after Bishop Hall, the second published correspondence in the language; discovering a variety of literature, and abounding with agreeable and instructive information. Respecting Felton, Mr. D'Israeli has communicated some interesting particulars. He says that his passage to London, after the assassination of the duke, resembled a triumph; women held up their children to behold him; and one old woman exclaimed, 'God bless thee, little David.'—*Willmott.*]

JAMES HOWELL TO THE RIGHT HON. LADY SCROOP, COUNTESS OF SUNDERLAND.

Stamford, August 5, 1628.

MADAM,—I lay yesternight at the post-house at Stilton, and this morning betimes the post-master came to my bed's head, and told me the Duke of Buckingham was slain.

My faith was not then strong enough to believe it, till an hour ago I met in the way with my Lord of Rutland (your brother) riding post towards London; it pleased him to alight, and show me a letter, wherein there was an exact relation of all the circumstances of this sad tragedy.

Upon Saturday last, which was but next before yesterday, being Bartholomew eve, the duke did rise up in a well-disposed humour out

of his bed, and cut a caper or two, and being ready, and having been under the barber's hand (where the murderer had thought to have done the deed, for he was leaning upon the window all the while), he went to breakfast, attended by a great company of commanders, where Monsieur Subize came to him, and whispered him in the ear that Rochelle was relieved; the duke seemed to slight the news, which made some think that Subize went away discontented.

After breakfast the duke going out, Colonel Fryer stepped before him, and stopped him upon some business, and Lieutenant Felton, being behind, made a thrust with a common tenpenny knife over Fryer's arm at the duke, which lighted so fatally that he slit his heart in two, leaving the knife sticking in the body. The duke took out the knife and threw it away; and laying his hand on his sword, and drawing it half out, said, 'The villain hath killed me' (meaning, as some think, Colonel Fryer), for there had been some difference betwixt them; so reeling against a chimney, he fell down dead. The duchess being with child, hearing the noise below, came in her night-gears from her bed-chamber, which was in an upper room, to a kind of rail, and thence beheld him weltering in his own blood. Felton had lost his hat in the crowd, wherein there was a paper sewed, wherein he declared that the reason which moved him to this act was no grudge of his own, though he had been far behind for his pay, and had been put by his captain's place twice, but in regard he thought the duke an enemy to the State, because he was branded in parliament; therefore what he did was for the public good of his country. Yet he got clearly down, and so might have gone to his horse, which was tied to a hedge hard by; but he was so amazed that he missed his way, and so struck into the pastry, where, although the cry went that some Frenchman had done it, he, thinking the word was Felton, boldly confessed it was he that had done the deed, and so he was in their hands.

Jack Stamford would have run at him, but he was kept off by Mr. Nicholas; so being carried up to a tower, Captain Mince tore off his spurs, and asking how he durst attempt such an act, making him believe the duke was not dead, he answered boldly, that he knew he was despatched, for it was not he, but the hand of Heaven that gave the stroke; and though his whole body had been covered over with armour of proof, he could not have avoided it. Captain Charles Price went post presently to the king, four miles off, who being at prayers on his knees when it was told him, yet never stirred, nor was he disturbed a whit till all divine service was done. This was the relation, as far as my memory could bear, in my Lord of Rutland's letter, who willed me to remember him to your ladyship, and tell you that he was going to comfort your niece (the duchess) as far as he could. And so I have sent the truth of this sad story to your ladyship, as fast as I could by this post, because I cannot make that speed myself, in regard of some business I have to despatch for my lord in the way; so I humbly take my leave, and rest your ladyship's most dutiful servant.

[The warmth which Admiral Montague expressed in the discharge of his command, did not hinder the admiral from perceiving the great prejudice done to our trade by the carrying on the Spanish war, of which he gives a fair and clear account in one of his despatches to the Secretary, wherein he complains that he saw the Dutch, Hamburghers, and Genoese carrying on a mighty trade with Spain, which, as he observes, it was impossible for them to hinder without engaging the state in a war with all the world, and therefore proposed that a squadron of light frigates only might be kept in those seas, and that the fleet should be employed somewhere else to more advantage. However, the Protector's orders being positive, they returned towards autumn into the road of Cadiz, where, in September following, Captain Stayner made prize of the galleons. A full account of their strength, and the money on board them, Admiral Montague sent into England as soon as they were taken; and, when he afterwards received directions to convoy the prizes home, he sent another account of the silver on board them, desiring at the same time that some persons might be sent down to meet the fleet at Portsmouth, in order to take charge of the silver, and to make a farther search into the contents of the galleons. The money thus taken from the Spaniards was, though undeservedly, the most popular act in all Cromwell's administration, and therefore the utmost pains were taken to give the populace a very high idea of this advantage. The silver was carried in open carts and ammunition waggons through Southwark to the Tower of London; and to make a show of entire confidence in the people, these waggons had no greater guard than ten soldiers. As for Admiral Montague, he had all the compliments paid him, upon

this occasion, that it was possible for him to desire; the Protector caressed him exceedingly; the Parliament returned him thanks by their Speaker, and some other honours he had received, if with industry he had not declined them.—*Campbell's 'Lives of the Admirals.'*]

CAPTAIN RICHARD STAYNER TO THE GENERALS OF THE FLEET.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,—After my service presented to your honours, these are to acquaint you, that upon the 8th instant at night it blew hard westwardly, by means whereof we with our squadron (only the *Providence*, she being gone to water) weighed out of the bay of Cadiz, and plyed to sea. In the evening we espied eight sail, some five or six leagues to the westward of Cadiz, we using the best means that we could, to meet with them the next day, which we did, it being little wind at N.E. It was nine of the clock before we came up with them; but having a fresh gale in the night, all but we and the *Bridgwater* were to the leeward, and could not come up to us. But when we came to the fleet, it proved to be the Spanish fleet come from the West Indies, which were four of the king of Spain's, three merchantmen, and one prize, which they had taken by way of the Western Islands, being a Portuguese, which were eight in all. We engaged the fleet, but being within four leagues of Cadiz, could not stay for our ships; but we, the *Bridgwater* and *Plymouth*, engaged them, and had a sharp dispute some of us; but the Admiral being the smallest ship, we slighted her, for we conceived there was some policy used in the flag, by which means the Admiral and the Portugal prize got into Cadiz. The Vice-Admiral, and one more, we sunk, and burnt two; we took one. The captain of her, which we have on board, saith she hath in her two millions of silver. The Vice-Admiral had as much, I do believe. The *Plymouth* chased another, who came ashore near St. Peter's and Cape Degar, but it seems, by the prisoners' information, they had no silver in her. The ship we took is as good as all the fleet besides. The other that Captain Harman hath taken is very rich; but little silver in her. Both the prize and our ship are sorely wounded both in masts and hull. The commanders advise me not to take the silver out of her. I do intend to take further advice about it. There is no news, only I believe the fleet will follow us; the galleys came out. Because of the riches and disability of our ship, we will come towards you, except your honours send further orders, for we are in no capacity to stay here. I shall leave two or three of the best sailing ships off the Cape, and I and the rest will come to Lisbon, where I hope to find your honours. There is the Nova Spaniola fleet at the Havanna, but when they will come home is not known. This is all, only there is loss of men in some ships, the number I know not. I am your honours' humble servant,

RIC. STAYNER.

From on board the 'Speaker,' in haste, this 9th of Sept. 1656.

GENERAL MOUNTAGU TO SECRETARY THURLOE.

SIR,—Since I dispatcht my packuet to you, I have had almost a whole afternoon's discourse with Don Francisco de Lopez, the now Marquesse of Baydex, who is a most ingenious and intelligent youth, about 16 years of age, born in Lima. He hath given mee very much light concerning the Western Indies; and I thought it not amiss to trouble you with some of it: if it be of no use, it is but my labour lost in writinge. He saith, that about five moenths since, presently after his father and family departed out of Lima in Peru, there happened the fearfullest earthquake, and raininge of fire from heaven, in Peru, that has beene heard off in the world, insomuch that the whole cittye of Lima is swallowed up, and also the island of Calloa, in which places there perished about 11,000 Spaniards, and not above 100 Indians with them. In that cittye alsoe the king of Spaine hath lost by the earthquake 50,000 millions of barrs of silver ready wrought up. The famous mines and mountains of Potosi are destroyed, soe that there is noe more hills to be seene, all a plaine, nor any further possibilitye of having silver or gold in Peru.[1] The king hath had noe knowledge hereof until now, by the shipps that escaped of this company. It is too large to repeat all that he hath told mee of the monstrous cruelty of the Spaniards to the poor Indians, even those of them that are counted freemen, and profess the Roman Catholique religion; insomuch that they cry to heaven against them, and are beyond measure greeved with theire sufferings.

He tells mee assuredly, that the island of Hispaniola is abundantly rich in mines of gold and silver, and that the only reason why they have not hithertoo beene wrought, hath beene the king's edict, which he hath read, severely prohibitinge the digginge or transportation of any thence; intendinge that as a reserve, in case warrs should grow upon him, that might cause a greater expense of monye, or the mines in Peru faile; and he saies, undoubtedly now that this fatality is come upon Peru, the next order from the kinge of Spaine will be, to open

[1] This, of course, is a gross exaggeration, the mines of Potosi between 1545 and 1789 yielded at least £200,000,000 in silver; the annual yield still is over £400,000.

the mines of Hispaniola. He saies, that scince our attempt there, Santa Domingo is mightily fortified and provided in all points for defence, both with men, and arms, and provisions.

He saith also, that the Mexican fleet is now in the Havana; that there are 10 shipps of them, the Admirall and Vice-Admirall only gallions for burthen, and they have in them seven millions of plate; the other 8 are gallions only fitted with ordinance and soldiers for warr. They will arrive in Europe (probably) about the latter end of November, or rather in December, as he thinkes. They alwaies make the Canaries in theire returne, and they there receive advice from Spaine, whether to betake themselves; and 'tis possible that they may be directed for Gallicia, if they soe will in Spain, as these ships wee have taken would have done, if their Portugall prise had not lied to them and betrayed them.

He saith, the Havana is a place almost impregnable; Cartagena easye to be had by starvinge, and that way only: it is a peninsula, and may easily be deprived of commerce and assistance. The people upon the maine are generally very fearfull of attempts from the English, and their unaccustomednesse to warr is the cause thereof, though otherwise naturally they are a people bold enough, and shew it in private and particular quarrells.

He saith, if the English be able to mayntaine a fleete at Jamaica, the Spaniard can trade noe more in the Indies but with great fleets; for already, he saith, the Spanish merchants give over, and will noe more venture theire estates, unlesse the king provide sufficiently for theire protection. He saith also, he heard before they came out of the Havana, that some of our fleete of Jamaica had taken some Spanish shipps laden with negroes, but none of silver. He also saies, there was a report that 9 shipps were sent by Sedgewicke to England, and that he demands supply of all things from England, viz. Victualls and Woemen, etc., if it is expected he should continue there. And he saies, the natives and negroes of Jamaica infest them sorely, whensoever they adventure out of their fortifications for cattle or the like.

He saith, that though the natives upon the maine be readye to receive libertye from the hands of any people, by reason of theire oppressions unheard of almost (as before is said), yet the Spaniards are exceedingly loyall; which appeared not long since by a proffer, which the Dutch and French made to them at Lima in Peru, that they would engage to come yearely to them with a certain number of shipps, and bring them commodittyes at a far cheaper rate then they have from Spayne, and trade with them upon their own account, which the Spaniard refused totally.

He saies, the Inquisition is most severe and cruell in the Indies; but the inquisitors are universally hated to such a degree, that an Inquisitor dares not stir out of his own house, not so much as to see a friend, for fear of violence from the people.

This is as much as is materiall to write hereoff at present. I am, your very humble servant, E. MOUNTAGU.

Sept. 20, 1656. '*Naseby*,' *in the Bay of Wyers.*

[A treaty was made with France in 1657, containing a provision that the English troops should unite with the French in attacking certain coast towns. When the Protector heard that it was possible the English troops would be diverted to another purpose, this letter, and another which he sent, brought the king and Cardinal Mazarin to their senses. Lockhart was one of the ablest and best ambassadors Cromwell had, and was married to his niece, Robina Sewster. He came from the family of Lockhart of Lee, in Lanarkshire.]

OLIVER CROMWELL TO LOCKHART, HIS AMBASSADOR AT PARIS.

SIR,—I have seene your last letter to Mr. Secretary, as alsoe divers others; and although I have noe doubt either of your diligence or ability to serve us in soe great a business, yet I am deeply sensible that the French are very much short with us in ingenuity and performance. And that which increaseth our sense is, the resolution we had rather to overdoe than to be behinde hand in anythinge of our treatye. And although wee never were soe foolish to apprehend, that the French and their interests were the same with ours in all things, yet as to the Spanyard, who hath beene knowne in all ages to be the most implacable enemie that France hath, we never could doubt, before we made our treatye, that goinge upon such grounds wee should have beene fayled as wee are. To talke of giveinge us garrisons, which are inland, as caution for future action; to talke of what wil be done next campaine, are but parcells of words for children. If they will give us garrisons, let them give us Calais, Dieppe, and Boullogne; which I thinke they will doe as soon as be honest in their words, in giveing us any one Spanish garrison upon the coast into our hands. I positively thinke, which I say to you, they are afrayde we should have any footinge on that side, though Spanish. I pray you tell the Cardinall from me, that I thinke, if France desires to mainteyne his ground, much more to get ground upon the Spanyard, the performance of his treatye with us will better doe it than anythinge appears

yet to me of any design hee hath. Though wee cannot soe well pretend to souldiery as those who are with him, yet wee thinke that wee, being able by sea to strengthen and secure his seidge, and reinforce it as wee please by sea, and the enemie in a capacity to doe nothinge to relieve it; that the best time to besiedge that place will be now, especially if we consider, that the French horse will be able soe to ruine Flanders as that noe succour can be brought to relieve the place; and that the French army and our owne will have constant relief, as farr as England and France can give it, without any manner of impediment, especially consideringe the Dutch are now engaged soe much to the southward as they are. I desire you to let him knowe, that Englishmen have soe good experience of winter-expeditions, that they are confident, that if the Spanyard shall keepe the field, as he cannot impede this worke, soe neither will he be able to attaque anythinge towards France with a possibility of retreate. And what doth all delayes signifie, but the giveinge the Spanyard opportunitie so much the more to reinforce himself, and to the keepinge our men another summer to serve the French, without any colour of a reciprocall, or any advantage to ourselves. And therefore, if this will not be listened unto, I desire that thinges may be considered of, to give us satisfaction for the great expense wee have been at with our navall forces, and otherwise; which, out of an honourable and honest ayme on our part, hath been done, that we might answere our engagements. And that consideration may be had, how our men may be put into a posture to be returned to us; which wee hope wee shall employ to a better purpose than to have them to continue where they are. I desire wee may know what France saith and will doe upon this point. Wee shall be ready still, as the Lord shall assist us, to performe what can be reasonablie expected on our parte. And you may alsoe let the Cardinall knowe further, that our intentions, as they have beene, soe they will be, to do all the good offices wee can to promote the interest thereof. Apprehendinge it is of moment that this business should come to you with speed and suretie, wee have sent it by an expresse. Your very lovinge friend,

O. P.

Whitehall, Aug. 31, 1657.

HENRY CROMWELL, VICEROY OF IRELAND, TO OLIVER CROMWELL.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,—Having by your highness's favour been admitted governor here, your highness might expect by the return of the messenger, who brought me your commission, to receive from me nothing but thanks; or, as some may think, nothing but expressions of joy for so great an honour and preferment. Nevertheless (though without the least derogation from what I owe your highness) I am forced to mingle with those duties some addresses of another nature also. That which I am to trouble your highness with at this time is, want of monies to discharge so great an arrear to your army, as of late hath scarce been heard of within the three nations. I have received lately a letter from my brother Fleetwood, so full of discouragements as to this matter, that did I not know our condition to be lamentable and dangerous, I should have little hope to speed in this attempt. I have several times hinted our wants to your highness, Mr. Secretary, and others; but being then subordinate, I thought it fit to be urgent chiefly with my immediate superior, trusting that he, being upon the place of relief, and having himself left me in this entangled condition, would use all fit remedies. But hitherto finding no effectual answer to all former intimations, and having some reason to think that some make it too much their work to frustrate my endeavours therein, the care of this business being now wholly mine, and that all miscarriages must be charged upon my single account, I must now humbly tell your highness that had not this country been in an ill condition by reason of the three months' vacancy of government, I should even have deferred opening my commission until by supply of monies I might have seen it possible for me to discharge the trust thereby committed to me, and not have given ground for all men to think that my greediness of honour and power is such as to make me admit of any absurdity, to venture upon any impossibility, and to take upon me such things as must hereafter end in your highness's disservice, and my own reproach. May it please your highness, this arrear of our army is of eight months' growth; about half of it being contracted before the disbanding in September 1655, and the rest, by paying off that great number of horse and foot then disbanded, with the growing pay of the then remaining army, who got no pay till near three months after that reducement. I shall not here trouble your highness with a more particular account of this matter, having entrusted my Lord Broghill with a large state thereof to be presented to your highness, as it was drawn up by the treasurer and auditors of the Exchequer here. In the next place, I humbly mind your highness, that although I was left under this debt, yet at the time of that reducement, the allowance from England was lessened from 24m. to 17m. pounds *per mensem*, and no care taken how to pay off that debt. And that there hath been no assignment made of that our allowance since the 24th of June last, which comes to near £100,000, and which, with what is yet not sent to us of our former assignments, makes up

about the £180,000, which, by my letter to your highness of the 15th of July last, I humbly intimated was wanting to clear our engagements here. We are sollicitous to think upon what reason our allowance of £17,000 *per mensem* is withheld from us since June last; but hope that it was not because Ireland's share of £1,900,000 *per ann.* will not extend so far; for in that case care ought to have been taken for lessening the charge of Ireland accordingly, which (foreseeing the streights we were running into) I have several times pressed; and that in my letter of the 15th of July, did offer my thoughts as to the manner and hast of doing it. Your highness seeing in what condition I am, and how I came into it, I humbly beg your highness to consider, what ill uses of several kinds my enemies have made of this disadvantage; some perswading the army that I was negligent of their concernments, hoping thereby to aleniate the affections of the soldiery from me; others telling them my interest in England was very small, that I could not procure supplyes as others, my predecessors, had done; others taking occasion to advise that the said arrear might be wholly struck off, and never paid at all, perhaps thereby to bring the odium of so ill an office upon me. Your highness may easily conceive what I have been forced to do to keep down mutinous dispositions among them; and that it will be very difficult henceforward to keep the army quiet, and in their due obedience, with words and promises only. The truth is, that to have borne delays from time to time for above these two years did argue a good temper and inclination towards your highness.

If they have no relief from me now, when they see me in as much visible power as they can expect, and when I want those grounds of excuse which formerly I had, I shall be much to seek how to carry it towards them for the future; for upon my being vested in the government, they seeming to expect some advantage, may think it very hard not to receive their bare dues after so long expectation. Besides, this want of pay concurring at this juncture with the extreme trouble and confusion about Spanish and bad coins, the soldiers are apt to grow too licentious in abusing the country, when they levy their contribution, refusing to take such money as probably is good enough, thereby to extort some unwarrantable advantage from the people; all which they take occasion to do, partly out of necessity, and partly presuming 'twill seem unreasonable to punish severely and pay negligently.

Moreover, if your highness thinks fit shortly to lessen the charge, I suppose it will appear very hard now, after all their patient forbearance, to dismiss them without their due. And if we put off those who are now to be disbanded, with the growing pay of the rest who are to stand, we shall then relapse into the same error we committed in 1655, upon the like occasion; and so growing still into a worse and worse condition, must at last fall into such a state as I cannot promise myself able to wade through. I humbly beg your highness to weigh these truths, and not to keep me for ever engaged in conflicts and difficultys more and greater than any other man in my way doth or hath suffered. Your highness knows how hard 'tis to keep things right without money. The ill consequences of these wants may be hereafter represented as my errors and miscarriages; and it will be better for me never to have been advanced to this place of trust, than to be left without means to manage it; without which it must prove but an empty and dangerous title only. I hope your highness will think well of some, perhaps not so fit, expressions, which I used in giving you my apprehensions of the army. I am not willing to suggest causeless fears, nor would I speak at this rate to any other: I judge it my duty to deal faithfully upon these occasions. Eight months' arrear is so great a matter that I hope your highness will not think me froward if I insist upon the paying it off, as believing no prudent man would or ever did embarque on a charge of this moment, without being first set on clear board. I have several other things of moment wherewith to trouble your highness, as that of the reducement, and of your highness's leave for me to come to England for a small time at a convenient season; but I shall at present only beg your highness's attention to this of sending us over the above-mentioned £180,000, it being no more than what will appear to be justly due as the arrear of our allowance from England. I say, I shall press this one thing of money only; and therefore hope your highness will mind it with effect on our behalfs. The Lord bless your highness, and direct you in that great affair of the other House, and in what else may make for the glory of His name, and good of His people committed to your care; and enable me in the faithful discharge of my trust, and that I may in all things approve myself your highness's most obedient sonn,

H. C.

Dublin, Dec. 2, 1657.

HENRY CROMWELL TO LORD FAUCONBERG.

February 10, 1657.

My Lord,—As Ireland (like all other reviving plantations) receives many imported goods, but exports little, so I cannot repay your lordship's news with news, but must only give your lordship my humble thanks for those your free and useful communications, as the interest of your lordship's debt upon

me. Besides, as Ireland sends forth nothing but hides, tallow, pipe-staves, and other coarse commodities, in exchange of the delicacies of art and nature; so, my lord, your lordship must not expect anything from me bearing other proportion to what I receive from your lordship. Wherefore it's something that I see in your letters, not in my own, which makes me confident to draw you on to this trouble of a correspondence with me. Although the want of Mr. Secretary's intelligence leaves a great dimness upon my sight of affairs, yet I may tell your lordship, without flattery to yourself, or disparagement to him, that the addition of your lordship's observations will so brighten the objects I look upon, as to make his prospective the more useful to me. Besides, my lord, as several plants contract their several and contrary substances from the same common earth, so certainly out of the same general mass of human affairs, men of several minds and inclinations will remark and be affected with several and very different particulars. From whence concluding that your lordship may shine upon me as clear from your own orb, as Mr. Secretary from his, I again beg the continuance of your lordship's favours; I say I beg, or at least would borrow them, for I told your lordship you must not expect payment from me at present.

I was quite mistaken in my last, when I feared as if the new-begotten house would lie cross in the womb that conceived it; whereas now I see the unnatural mother uses means to procure the abortion of her own issue. But it may be, it is only the worms or vipers (you named) lying in the guts of the Commonwealth, which have caused the frettings and gnawings you mention; and this I rather believe, because of the 500 maggots, which you say are now again busily crawling out of the . . . of Mr. Feak's corrupted church. But to be serious, my lord, it is a sad thing when men of so many different ways (for such are or have been many of those you mention) should all conspire for unsettlement, seeking vain occasions to quarrel. But it is his Highness' happiness that they find nothing but words and names to snap and snarl at.

I hear that Harrison, Carey, Okey, etc., have done some new feats. I hope God will infatuate these men in their further endeavours to disturb the peace of these nations, as they seem already to be by those their follies, which do sufficiently show them to have been but mere pretenders to, and abusers of religion, and such whose hypocrisy the Lord will avenge in his due time. Our want of money and engagements abroad will be an encouragement to these incendiaries, which are certainly very dangerous, and of an inveterate temper, when nothing will suppress their fury even for a while. I hope his Highness will have an eye to the army, that those who have a mind to scold may not be suffered to fight too. The people of these nations have been too well experienced by their past sufferings to engage their blood in so particular and unchristian animosities, as these contentions now on the stage seem to be. The Lord direct his Highness, and dispose his friends to pray for his life, on which thread a great weight hangs.

My dear lord, you see I have no matter, only words to return for your things. Wherefore I will abruptly subscribe myself, yours, etc.

[Oliver Cromwell, worn out with care and anxieties, and overwhelmed at the death of his daughter, Lady Claypole, fell sick and died September 3, 1658.]

HENRY CROMWELL TO SECRETARY THURLOE.

Dublin, Sept. 11, 1658.

Sir,—Yesterday, in the forenoon, the messinger arrived with the sad tidings of his Highness' death. In the afternoon my brother was proclaimed his successor. I send you herewith the proclamation, subscribed by myselfe, and the councell, and such of the nobility, judges, officers of the army, and gentlemen of quality as were in the town, and present when it was produced for signing. You may guess at my condition, and how hard a thing it was within an hower to put off my greife for my dear father, to give directions for a matter of solemnity; but the peace of the nation, my love and tenderness to my deare brother, I should now say my duty to the cheife magistrate, made me cast myselfe before the Lord, and begg earnestly for a support, and God heard my prayer. I went in person to make the proclamation, and therefore am able to assure you that it was performed, not only with the greatest solemnity this place could afford, but with very great shouts and acclamations of joy, which I am perswaded came from the hearts of the people. This morning I caused the officers of the army to attend me, and having at large acquainted them with the state of our affaires, and their duty, left them together to consider of what I had said, and to offer me their thoughts. They returned an unanimous desire to me that I would assure his Highness of their cheerful obedience and faithfullness to his Highness to the uttermost; and that they would suddainly give more testimony of it by their acting in their severall places. Indeed their temper seems to me at this time better than what I could have expected. I have commanded them all to their respective charges, to preserve things the surer, and to see the proclamation

(which are also printed, and this evening sent through the nation) published with the more solemnity, and the acclamations of the soldiers. I intend this evening a dispatch to General Monke, to acquaint him with our unanimity to strenthen his hands, if he be in any streight. Pray present my humble duty to his Highness, and acquaint him with this. I hope God will enable him to beare his greife. If he sinke under it, wee perish; for how can the sheep be safe, unless the sheapheard watch?

Let her Highness, my deare mother, know that my affliction is dubled, when I thinke of her condition. Pray God comfort her. I doe pray for her, and I shall not cease, but shall continue her obedient and affectionate son whilst I live. I shall not tell you how unexpressible my greife is. God knows what is in the womb of this severe stroke. I am loath to give way to my own fears. It is from His hand, and wee must submit. The Lord help us! I rest your affectionat friend and humble servant, H. CROMWELL.

SECRETARY THURLOE TO HENRY CROMWELL.

Detailing the Last Illness of Oliver Cromwell.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCYE,—I gave you some account by Doctor Worth of his Highness' condition as it then was; but least he should delay his journey, or miscarry in it, I thought it necessary to send this expresse, to the end your excellencye may fully understand how it is with his Highnesse. This is the 13th day since his ague took him, haveinge beene sick a fortnight before of a generall distemper of body. It continued a good while to be a tertian ague, and the burninge fitts very violent. Upon Saterday it fell to a double tertian, haveinge 2 fitts in 24 hours, one upon the heeles of another, which doe extreamely weaken hym, and endaunger his life. And truly since Saterday morninge he hath scarce beene perfectly out of his fitts. The doctors are yet hopefull that he may struggle through it, though their hopes are mingled with much feare. But truly wee have cause to put our hope in the Lord, and to expect mercy from Hym in this case, He haveinge stirred up the saints to pray for hym in all places. Never was there a greater stocke of prayers goinge for any man then is now goinge for him; and truly there is a generall consternation upon the spirits of all men, good and bad, feareinge what may be the event of it, should it please God to take his Highnesse at this tyme; and God havinge prepared the heart to pray, I trust He will enclyne His eare to heare. And that which is some grounde of hope is, that the Lord, as in some former occasions, hath given to himselfe a particular assurance that he shall yet live to serve Hym, and to carry on the worke He hath put into his hands.

I doe not yet find there are any great stirringes yet upon this occasion; though the cavaliers doe begin to listen after it, and hope their day is comeinge, or indeed come, if his Highnesse dye. And truly, my lord, wee have cause to feare that it may goe very ill with us, if the Lord should take away his Highnesse in this conjuncture; not that I thinke Charles Stewart's interest is soe great, or his partie soe powerfull in themselves; but I fear our owne divisions, which may be great enough, if his Highnesse should not settle and fix his successor before he dies, which truely I beleeve he hath not yet done. He did by himself declare one in a paper before he was installed by the parliament, and sealed it up in the forme of a letter, directing it to me, but kept both the name of the person and the paper to himself. After he fell sicke at Hampton Court, he sent Mr. John Barrington to London for it, tellinge hym it lay upon his study table at Whitehall; but it was not to be found there, nor elsewhere, though it hath beene very narrowly looked for. And in this condition matters stand, his Highnesse having beene too ill to be troubled with a buissines of this importance. This day he hath had some discourse about it, but his illnes disenabled him to conclude it fully; and if it should please the Lord not to give hym tyme to settle his succession before his death, the judgment would be the soarer, and our condition the more dangerous; but I trust he will have compassion on us, and not leave us as a prey to our enemies, or to one another. All persons here are very reserved as to what they will doe, in case his Highnesse should not declare his successor before he dyes, not beinge willinge to enterteyne any discourse of it, either because it is a matter too grevious to be thought of, or because they would not discover any opinion which might crosse his Highnesse thoughts in his lifetyme. And this, my lord, is the whole account I am able to give your lordship of this sadd buissines, which I am sure will occasion much trouble and sorrow to you; but I could not omit my duty, judgeing it absolutely necessary that your excellency should understand all that passes or falls out upon this subject, that you may the better knowe how to direct your prayers and counsells, and stirre up others alsoe to pray for his Highnesse and 3 nations in this day of distresse. And as anythinge further occurs (which I beseech the Lord may be for good) I shall suddeinly dispatch it away to you, and be ready to answer such commands as your excellency shall lay upon me, beinge, your excellencye's most humble, faithfull, and obedient servant,

JO. THURLOE.

Whitehall, 30 *Aug.* 1658, 9 *o'clock at night.*

SECRETARY THURLOE TO HENRY CROMWELL.

Announcing the Death of Oliver Cromwell.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCYE,—I did by an expresse upon Munday give your excellencye an account of his Highness' sicknes, and the danger he was in. Since that it has pleased God to put an end to his days. He died yesterday about four of the clock in the afternoone. I am not able to speake or write; this stroke is soe soare. Soe unexpected, the providence of God in it soe stupendious, consideringe the person that is fallen, the tyme and season wherein God tooke hym away, with other circumstances, I can doe nothinge but put my mouthe in the dust, and say, it is the Lord; and though His wayes be not alwayes knowne, yet they are alwayes righteous, and wee must submitt to His will, and resigne up ourselves to Him with all our concernements.

His Highnesse was pleased before his death to declare my Lord Richard successor. He did it upon Munday; and the Lord hath soe ordered it, that the Councell and army hath receiv'd him with all manner of affection. He is this day proclaymed; and hitherto there seems a great face of peace; the Lord continue it!

It is not to be sayd, what affection the army and all people shew to his late Highnesse; his name is already precious. Never was there any man soe pray'd for, as he was dureinge his sicknes, solemne assemblie meetinge every day, to beseech the Lord for the continuance of his life; soe that he is gone to heaven, embalmed with the teares of his people, and upon the winges of the prayers of the saints. He lived desired, and dyed lamented, every body bemoaning themselves, and sayeinge, a great man is fallen in Israel! The Lord double His spirit upon his successor and upon your excellencye, that you both may be famous in your generation, and be helped by God with one heart and shoulder to carry on that worke, the foundation whereof your most renowned father layed, for which posterity will blesse hym! The councell hath given your excellencye an account of what is done as to the proclayminge his Highnesse your brother. I only herewith send the voet of the councell; and though I know not what will be my portion or condition here, yet I shall alwayes be your excellencye's most humble and obedient servant,

JO. THURLOE.

September 4, 1658.

His Highnesse intends to send a gentleman to your excellencye in the beginninge of the next weeke to let you understand fully the state of all things here, and of your family; and commanded me to desire you to excuse his not writeinge by this messenger. The truth is, his Highnesse death is soe soare a stroake unto him, and he is soe sensible of it, that he is in noe condition to write or doe yet. Here is a sadd family on all hands; the Lord support them!

There is a proclamation actually past for keepeinge on foot all commissions, which will be sent by the next; there need be noe scruple in the meantyme.

[Henry Cromwell retired into private life, and died in 1674. Richard, the eldest son of the Protector, and appointed to succeed him, did not long hold the reins of government, but being compelled to abdicate in 1659, retired to Cheshunt in Hertfordshire, where he died in 1712.]

HENRY CROMWELL TO RICHARD CROMWELL, PROTECTOR.

Sept. 28, 1658.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,—I received a letter from your Highness by Mr. Underwood, who, according to your comands, hath given me a particular account of the sickness and death of his late Highness my dear father, which was such an amazing stroke that it did deeply affect the heart of every man; much more may it doe those of a nearer relation. And indeed, for my own part, I am so astonish'd at it, that I know not what to say or write upon this so sad and grievous occasion. I know it is our duties upon all accounts to give submission to the will of God, and to be awakened by this mighty noise from the Lord to look into our own hearts and wayes, and to put our mouths in the dust, acknowledging our own vileness and sinfulness before Him; that so, if possible, we may thereby yet obtain mercy from Him for ourselves and these poor nations. As this stroke was very stupendous, so the happy news of his late Highness leaving us so hopefull a foundation for our future peace, in appointing your Highness his successor, coming along with it to us, did not a little allay the other. For my part, I can truly say, I was relieved by it, not only upon the public consideration, but even upon the account of the goodness of God to our poor family, who hath preserved us from the contempt of our enemy. I gave a late account to Mr. Secretary Thurloe of what passed about the proclaiming your Highness here, which, I may say without vanity, was with as great joy and general satisfaction as (I believe) in the best affected places in England. I doubt not but to give your Highness as good an account of the rest of the places in Ireland, so soon as the proclamations are returned. I did also give some account of the speedy compliance of the army, whose obedience your Highness

may justly require at my hands. Now, that the God and Father of your late father and mine, and your Highness' predecessor, would support you, and by pouring down a double portion of the same spirit which was so eminently upon him, would enable you to walk in his steps, and to do worthily for his name, cause, and people, and continually preserve you in so doing, is and shall be the fervent and dayly prayer of yours, etc.

JOHN BARWICK TO CHARLES II.

I am too short-sighted to write of State affaires, and yet, having this opportunity, I think it my duty to give your Majesty some account of what I conceive the present condition of affaires are. About a week before Cromwell's death, he made his son Richard generalissimo of all the forces both by sea and land; but it was not till the very day before he dyed that he nominated him his successor, and that so sleightly, as some doubt whether he did it at all. It was justly expected by all men, that a matter of such weight should not be done without a formal instrument under hand and seal before the counsell, etc., but those that speak the highest of this, say it was only verball, before Thurloe and one of the commissioners of the great seall; and those that duly ponder the proclamation, will have cause to think the penner of it did not believe so much. And though hitherto things pass with some smoothness in the former channel, yet there is some underhand muttering already upon this poynt of his succession, which makes them dread the very name of a parliament, and yet they are upon the very poynt of being forced to call one for want of money. Their debts are great, and no other visible way of raysing any competent summe. Whether this be the cause, or his so tamely parting with the generalship of England, at least to Fleetwood, or both, of young Cromwell's melancholie, I know not; but sure it is, most men say he is sick; and yet those that are likest to know the disease, say it is chiefly to give way to his counsell to doe what they please, which some of them like well enough. There was some confusion at Whitehall the night before Cromwell's death, though closely conveyed. Some of the grandees, distrusting the place, removed their trunks out of the house. At least six howers before his death, the fifth-monarchie-men sent out their emissaries post into most parts of England, having notice how desperate his condition was. They speak their minds freely already, and have something a brewing in all likelyhood. They have pitched upon Lambert for their general, and Harrison is content with the next command under him. Ever since old Cromwell had his eye upon the crown, he hath courted Lambert very much. One office he had was restored, with £2000 arrears, and his estate was promised to be doubled from £3000 per annum to six; and still they carry fair with him, and have sent him mourning against the funerall. The want of money makes them fall short of their first designe of the funerall pageantrie. At first they proposed to themselves the funerall of K. James for their pattern, and intended to go beyond it; but second thoughts are wiser. If a parliament come, the fifth-monarchie-men will cut them out worke both in the house and field. They hope Fleetwood will be no bitter enemy; and give out, as if they had Monck's army sure on their side, though not his person. If they have not learned the . . . of bragging, there may be some cause of fear, least they get . . . the saddle, and ride us all; yet some of them say your Majesty will need no other sword but their own to make way to your throne, in case they clash in earnest; for the weaker party will espouse your Majestie's case, and that upon your owne termes, rather than yield to the other. I wish they may be true prophets. And I humbly crave leave to add, that some persons here of good repute for wisdome and fidelity to your Majesty think this will be more sensible, if your own party be not too forward to engage on either side; and seeing your Majesty having now no visible force on foot, will make them more secure, and consequently the more likely to quarrell among themselves. I beseech your Majestie pardon this boldness. I was never cut out for a statesman. If there be anything in it of moment, your Majestie's wisdome may make use of it; if nothing, I hope your clemency will pardon it. That God would direct your Majestie's counsells, protect your person, and prosper your designes, is a part of the dayly prayer of your Majestie's obscure but most loyall and faithful servant, J. B.

[Charles Fleetwood, son of Sir William Fleetwood, a Parliamentary general, was allied to the family of the Cromwells by marrying the daughter of the Protector after the decease of her first husband, Ireton; he was sent as lord-deputy to Ireland, but after Cromwell's death he sided with those who were in favour of his son Richard's abdication.]

HENRY CROMWELL TO FLEETWOOD.

DEAR BROTHER,—I received the account you give of the petition of your officers, for which I give you thanks, and especially for your caution, that I should not believe anything

concerning you, till I had heard you. Truly it was seasonable advice; for I am told strange things; and pray give me leave to expostulate with you. How came these two or three hundred officers together? If they came of their own heads, the being absent from their charge without licence would have flown in their face, when they petitioned for a due observance of martiall discipline. If they were called together, were they not also taught what to say and do? If they were called, was it with his Highness's privity? If they met without leave in so great a number, were they told their error? I shall not meddle with the matter of their petition, though some things in it do unhandsomely reflect, not only upon his present, but his late Highness. I wish with all my heart you were commander-in-chief of all the forces in the three nations; but I had rather have it done by his Highness's especial grace and meer motion, than put upon you in a tumultuary, unsoldierly way. But, dear brother, I must tell you (and I cannot do it without tears) I hear, that dirt was thrown upon his late Highness at that great meeting. They were exhorted to stand up for that good old cause, which had long lain asleep, etc. I thought my dear father had pursued it to the last. He dyed like a servant of God, and prayed for those that desired to trample upon his dust, for they were also God's people. O dear brother! let us not render evil for good; let us not make his memory stink before he is under ground; let us remember his last legacy, and even for his sake render his successor considerable, and not make him vile, a thing of nought, and a by-word. Oh, whither do these things tend! Surely God hath a controversy with us. What a hurly-burly is there made! a hundred Independent ministers called together! a councill, as you call it, of two or three hundred officers of a judgment! Remember what has always befallen imposing spiritts. Will not the loins of an imposing Independent or Anabaptist be as heavy as the loins of an imposing Prelate or Presbyter? And is it a dangerous error, that dominion is founded in grace, when it is held by the Church of Rome, and a sound principle when it is held by the fifth monarchy? Dear brother, let us not fall into the sins of other men, lest we partake of their plagues. Let it be so carryed, that all the people of God, though under different forms, yea, even those whom you count without, may enjoy their birthright and civil liberty, and that no one party may tread upon the neck of another. It doth not become the magistrate to descend into parties; but can the things you do tend to this end? Can those things be done, and the world not think his Highness a knave or a fool, or oppressed with mutinous spirits? O dear brother, my spirit is sorely oppressed with the consideration of the miserable estate of the innocent people of these three poor nations! What have these sheep done, that their blood should be the price of our lust and ambition? Let me beg of you to remember how his late Highness loved you, how he honoured you with the highest trust in the world by leaving the sword in your hand which must defend or destroy us; and his declaring his Highness his successor shews that he left it there to preserve him and his reputation. O brother, use it to curb extravagant spirits and busybodys; but let not the nations be governed by it. Let us take heed of arbitrary power. Let us be governed by the known laws of the land, and let all things be kept in their proper channels; and let the army be so governed, that the world may never hear of them, unless there be occasion to fight. And truly, brother, you must pardon me, if I say, God and man may require this duty at your hand, and lay all miscarriages in the army, in point of discipline, at your door. You see I deal freely and plainly with you, as becomes your friend and a good subject. And the great God, in whose presence I speak this, He knows that I do it not to reproach you, but out of my tender affection and faithfullness to you; and you may rest assured, that you shall always find me your true friend and loving brother,

H. CROMWELL.

Oct. 20, 1658.

[In this indignant protest Derby refused to acknowledge the authority of General Henry Ireton, son-in-law of Cromwell, as representing the Commonwealth. Derby was beheaded in 1650 at Bolton-le-Moors, when the island was delivered up to General Fairfax, who held it nine years. The House of Derby again regained possession of the island at the restoration of the Stuarts. The lordship of the island passed to the Atholl family in 1736; the privileges of the ducal family were finally purchased by the Imperial government in 1829 for £416,000.]

JAMES, EARL OF DERBY, TO COMMISSARY-GENERAL IRETON.

In answer to the Summons to deliver up the Isle of Man.

SIR,—I have received your letter with indignation, and with scorn return you this answer, that I cannot but wonder whence you should gather any hopes that I should prove like you, treacherous to my sovereign; since you cannot be ignorant of the manifest

candour of my former actings in his late Majesty's service, from which principles of loyalty I am not a whit departed. I scorn your proffer; I disdain your favour; I abhor your treason; and am so far from delivering up this island to your advantage, that I shall keep it to the utmost of my power, and, I hope, to your destruction. Take this for your final answer, and forbear any further solicitations; for if you trouble me with any more messages of this nature, I will burn your paper, and hang up your messenger. This is the immutable resolution, and shall be the undoubted practice, of him who accounts it his chiefest glory to be his Majesty's most loyal and obedient subject,

DERBY.

From Castle-Town, this 12th of July 1649.

CHARLES II. TO THE DUKE OF YORK.

Cologne, Nov. 10, 1654.

DEAR BROTHER,—I have received yours without a date, in which you mention that Mr. Montague has endeavoured to pervert you in your religion. I do not doubt but you remember very well the commands I left with you at my going away concerning that point, and am confident you will observe them. Yet the letters that come from Paris say, that it is the queen's purpose to doe all she can to change your religion, which, if you hearken to her, or anybody else in that matter, you must never thinke to see England or me again; and whatsoever mischiefe shall fall on me or my affairs from this time, I must lay all upon you as being the only cause of it. Therefore, consider well what it is, not only to be the cause of ruineing a brother that loves you so well, but also of your king and country. Doe not let them perswade you either by force or faire promises; for the first they neither dare, nor will use; and for the second, as soon as they have perverted you, they will have their end, and will care no more for you.

I am also informed that there is a purport to put you in the Jesuits' Colledge, which I command you upon the same grounds never to consent unto. And whensoever anybody shall goe to dispute with you in religion, doe not answer them at all; for though you have the reason on your side, yet they being prepared, will have the advantage of anybody that is not upon the same security that they are. If you do not consider what I say to you, remember the last words of your dead father, which were, to be constant to your religion, and never to be shaken in it. Which if you doe not observe, this shall be the last time you will ever hear from, dear brother, your most affectionate brother, CHARLES R.

[When Johnson claimed for Temple the merit of being the first writer who gave a cadence to English prose, he showed a forgetfulness of our elder literature, of which the only parallel is afforded by his criticism of Waller. Hume, with greater justice, commends the agreeableness of his manner; and Mackintosh, its modern air. The first, however, admits his negligence, and the second his foreign idioms. Of all his productions, the *Essay on Poetry* is the best known, and most deserving of perusal. The thoughts are frequently beautiful, and the style is easy and harmonious. A passage in this treatise has been pointed out as the probable origin of one of the most exquisite images in the poetry of Gray—

> 'Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
> Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray,
> With orient hues unborrow'd of the sun.

'There must be a sprightly imagination or fancy ranging over infinite ground, piercing into every corner, and by the light of that true poetical fire, discovering a thousand little bodies or images in the mind, and similitudes among them, unseen to common eyes, and which could not be discovered without the rays of that sun.'

Evelyn mentions Temple's residence at Sheen with great praise in his *Diary*:—'27th Aug. (1678).—I took leave of the duke, and dined at Mr. Hen. Brouncker's, at the Abbey of Sheen, formerly a monastery of Carthusians, there yet remaining some of their solitary cells, with a cross. Within this ample enclosure are several pretty villas and fine gardens of the most excellent fruits, especially Sir W. Temple's (lately ambassador into Holland), and the Lord Lisle's, son to the Earl of Leicester, who has divers rare pictures; above all, that of Sir Brien Tuke's, by Holbein.' And again, March 29, 1687: 'After dinner we went to see Sir Wm. Temple's near to it, where the most remarkable things are his orangery and gardens, where the wall-fruit trees are most exquisitely nailed and trained, far better than I ever noted.'—*Willmott.*]

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE TO SIR JOHN TEMPLE.

SIR,—After so hard and so long a journey, I thought you would be glad to know I was well again in my former station, and what was

the occasion of my leaving it so suddenly and so privately, that I could not acquaint any of my friends with it before I went, which now I am at liberty to entertain you with.

This winter has passed with much noise, made by the Bishop of Munster in his enterprise against Holland, with some attempts, but little success. The fault he has laid in some degree upon the marquis here, for refusing to suffer the Duke of Bornoville to go and command his troops, which he durst not consent to, for fear of giving too much offence to the French and the Dutch, at a time when the Spaniards here are in ill condition for a quarrel; but the bishop's chief complaints have been want of those sums of money, stipulated by his Majesty to be furnished him both before and after his taking the field. Our excuses upon the loss of the ships with tin before Ostend, though they may serve to keep us in countenance, yet they will not pay forces in the field, which he has often threatened these three months past must break up without speedy supplies. In the meantime, his neighbouring princes of the empire, especially the electors of Ments and Brandenburg, with the Duke of Nieuburgh, seeing a flame broke out, which must draw foreign armies into the empire, both French and Dutch, have used first all offices they could to prevail with the bishop to make his peace with Holland, engaged the emperor himself in the same endeavours, and finding him steady to his treaty with the King, at last the Duke of Brandenburg drew his forces into the field, resolved to compel him by joining with the Dutch, if he could not persuade him to make the peace, and the Duke of Nieuburgh prepared to second him in this design; the French were not wanting in their offices to the same ends; so that a private agreement was made about the beginning of this month, for the French, Dutch, and Munster envoys to meet at Cleve, and there treat the peace under the mediation of the Elector of Brandenburg.

As soon as the King received this alarm, he sent an express immediately to command me away the instant I received it, with a commission to the Bishop of Munster, and with instructions to do all I could possibly to hinder the peace, and with bills of exchange to revive his payments which had been long intermitted, and promise of more to be remitted every post, which I was to order into his agent's hands here in my absence.

I went accordingly, acquainting none with my going but the marquis here, who gave me twenty of his own guards, with command to follow absolutely all orders I should give them. I was to pass through a great deal of the Spanish country, much infested with Dutch parties, more of the Duke of Nieuburgh's, and more yet of the Brandenburgers, who I know were all enemies to the affair I went upon, and therefore thought it best to pass for a Spanish envoy sent from the Marquess Castel Rodrigo to the Emperor, and charged my small guard and cornet that commanded them to keep true to this note. And some of my servants, as most of the guards speaking Spanish, I spoke nothing else unless in private, or when I was forced out of it by some incident.

In this guise I came to Duseldorp, where the Duke of Nieuburgh happened to be (contrary to what I had been informed); as soon as I was in my inn, one of his officers came to know who I was, and whither I was going, and would not be satisfied by the common answer from my servants and guards, but would receive it from me; when he came up, tho' with much civility, yet he prest me so far, that I found there was no feigning with him, and so bid him tell the duke, that within an hour I would come and give him an account both of myself and my journey. I remembered the great kindness that had ever interceded between his Majesty and this prince; and tho' I went upon an errand that I knew was disagreeable to him, yet I thought he would be less likely to cross me, if I acquainted him frankly with it, than if I disguised scurvily as I was likely to do, being the thing of the world I could do the most uneasily.

I had a letter of credence, which I brought out of England at my first coming over, for this prince; but passing another way to Munster, I had not used it, and so resolved to do it now; I did so, gave it him, told him my errand, how much his Majesty reckoned upon his friendship, and desired his good offices to the Bishop of Munster in the design I went upon, of keeping him firm to his treaties with the King my master.

This duke is in my opinion the finest gentleman of any German I have seen, and deserves much better fortune than he is in; being small, very much broken, and charged with a very numerous issue; he seems about fifty years old, tall, lean, very good mien, but more like an Italian than a German. All he says is civil, well-bred, honneste, plain, easy, and has an air of truth and honour. He made great professions of kindness and respect to the King, was sorry he could not serve him in this affair, his engagements were already taken with the emperor and his neighbour princes for making the Munster peace, and by that means keeping war out of the empire. He doubted I could not serve his Majesty upon this errand neither; for, he first believed I could not get safe to Munster, the ways being all full of Dutch and Brandenburg parties, who had notice of the King's intention to send away to the bishop upon this occasion; and if I should arrive, he believed however I should find the peace signed before I came.

My answer was short, for I was very weary;

that go I would, however I succeeded; that for the danger of the journey I knew no providing against it, but a very good guide who might lead me through ways the most unfrequented; that I would desire his Highness to give me one of his own guards to conduct me, because none would expect a person going upon my design would have one in his livery for a guide; and I desired he would let me pass as I had done hitherto in a journey for a Spanish envoy. The duke, after some difficulties at first (which we turned into pleasantries) complyed with me in all. I took my leave, and went away early next morning.

I never travelled a more savage country, over cruel hills, through many great and thick woods, stony and rapid streams, never hardly in any highway, and very few villages, till I came near Dortmund, a city of the empire, and within a day's journey, or something more, of Munster. The night I came to Dortmund was so advanced when I arrived, that the gates were shut; and with all our eloquence, which was as moving as we could, we were not able to prevail to have them opened: they advised us to go to a village about a league distant, where, they said, we might have lodging. When we came there, we found it all taken up with a troop of Brandenburg horse, so as the poor Spanish envoy was fain to eat what he could get in a barn, and to sleep upon a heap of straw, and lay my head upon my page instead of a pillow. The best of it was, that he, understanding Dutch, heard one of the Brandenburg soldiers coming into the barn examine some of my guards about me and my journey, which when he was satisfied of, he asked if he had heard nothing upon the way of an English envoy that was expected; the fellow said, he was upon the way, and might be at Dortmund within a day or two, with which he was satisfied, and I slept as well as I could.

The next morning I went into Dortmund, and hearing there that, for five or six leagues round, all was full of Brandenburg troops, I dispatch'd away a German gentleman I had in my train with a letter to the Bishop of Munster, to let him know the place and condition I was in, and desire he would send me guards immediately, and strong enough to convoy me. The night following my messenger returned, and brought me word that by eight o'clock the morning after a commander of the bishop's would come in sight of the town, at the head of twelve hundred horse, and desired I would come and join them so soon as they appeared: I did so; and after an easie march till four o'clock, I came to a castle of the bishop's, where I was received by Lieutenant-General Gorgas, a Scotchman in that service, who omitted nothing of honour or entertainment that could be given me. There was nothing here remarkable, but the most episcopal way of drinking that could be invented. As soon as we came in the great hall, where stood many flaggons ready charged, the general called for wine to drink the King's health; they brought him a formal bell of silver gilt, that might hold about two quarts or more: he took it empty, pulled out the clapper, and gave it me who he intended to drink to; then had the bell filled, drank it off to his Majesty's health, then asked me for the clapper, put it in, turned down the bell, and rung it out to show he had play'd fair, and left nothing in it; took out the clapper, desired me to give it to whom I pleased; then gave his bell to be filled again, and brought it to me. I that never used to drink, and seldom would try, had commonly some gentlemen with me that served for that purpose when 'twas necessary: and so I had the entertainment of seeing this health go current through about a dozen hands, with no more share in it than just what I pleased.

The next day after noon, about a league from Munster, the bishop met me at the head of four thousand horse, and, in appearance, brave troops. Before his coach, that drove very fast, came a guard of a hundred Heydukes, that he had brought from the last campaign in Hungary: they were in short coats and caps, all of a brown colour, every man carrying a sabre by his side, a short polo-ax before him, and a skrewed gun hanging at his back by a leather belt that went cross his shoulder. In this posture they run almost full speed, and in excellent order, and were said to shoot two hundred yards with their skrew'd gun, and a bullet of the bigness of a large pea, into the breadth of a dollar or crown-piece. When the coach came within forty yards of me, it stopt; I saw the bishop and his general, the Prince d'Homberg, come out; upon which I alighted so as to meet him between my horses and his coach: after compliments, he would have me go into his coach, and sit alone at the back end, reserving the t'other to himself and his general: I excused it, saying, I came without character; but he replied, that his agent had writ him word, I brought a commission, which stiled me *oratorem nostrum* (as was true), and that he knew what was due to that stile from a great king. I never was nice in taking any honour that was offered to the King's character, and so easily took this; but from it, and a reception so extraordinary, began immediately to make an ill presage of my business, and to think of the Spanish proverb:

> 'Quien te hase mas Corte que no suele hazer
> Ote ha d'engannar ote ha menester.'

And with these thoughts, and in this posture, I entered Munster, and was conducted by the bishop to a lodging prepared for me in one of the canons' houses.

The bishop would have left me immediately

after he brought me to my chamber; but I told him I could not let him go without asking an hour of audience that very evening: he would have excused it upon respect and weariness, and much compliment; but I persisted in it, unless he would chuse to sit down where we were, and enter upon affairs without ceremony. He was at last contented; and I said all I could towards my end of keeping him to the faith of his treaty with the King, to the pursuit of the war till both consented to the peace, and to the expectations of the money that was due: he answered me, with the necessities had forced him to treat, from the failing of his payments, the violences of his neighbour princes, and the last instances of the emperor; but that he would, upon my coming, dispatch one immediately to Cleve, to command his ministers to make a stop in their treaty till they received further orders, which I should be master of.

I went to supper after he left me, but was told enough privately to spoil it before I sat down, which was that the treaty was signed at Cleve, tho' I took no notice of it, because I knew if it were so, being angry would hurt nobody but my master or myself.

Next day the bishop made me a mighty feast among all his chief officers, where we sat for four hours, and in bravery I drank fair like all the rest; and observed that my Spanish cornet and I that never used it, yet came off in better order than any of the company. I was very sick after I came to my lodging; but he got a horseback on purpose to show himself about the town, while the rest of the company were out of sight all the afternoon. The day after was agreed to give me an account of the affair of Cleve, upon the return of the bishop's express after my arrival; and at an audience in the evening, with great pretence of trouble and grief he confest the treaty was signed, and so past remedy, and that it had been so before his express arrived, tho' much against his expectation, as he profest; I am sure 'twas not against mine; for I left Brussels in the belief that I should certainly find all concluded; which made my journey much harder than it could have been with any hopes of succeeding.

I told him, when I found all ended, and no hopes of retrieving it, that I would be gone within a day or two, and would take my leave of him that night, being not well, and needing some rest before I began my journey. He said and did all that could be to persuade my stay till I had represented his reasons to the King, and received an answer; and I found his design was to keep me as long as he could, while his agent at Brussels received bills of exchange from England that were ordered him in my absence; so that I knew not how much every day's stay would cost the King, and that no other service was to be done his Majesty in this affair, besides saving as much of his money as I could. The bishop finding me immoveable, advised me, however, in pretended kindness, to go by Collen, which, though four or five days about, would be the only way that was left for me with any safety, the Dutch and Brandenburgers having posted themselves on purpose to attend my return upon all the other roads; and he offered me Colonel Ossory, an Irish gentleman in his service, to conduct me: I seemed to accept all, and to be obliged by his care, but wished myself well out of it, and took my leave, though he pretended to see me again next day.

I went home, and instead of going to bed, as I gave out, I laid my journey so as to be on horseback next morning between three and four o'clock, upon Good Friday, which I thought might help to make my journey less suspected: I fee'd the officer that opened the gates for me, to keep them shut two hours longer than usual that morning (which I hear was performed), and so committed myself to the conduct of the Duke of Nieuburg's guide, to lead me the shortest way he could into some place belonging to his master. I rode hard, and without any stop, to a village eight leagues from Munster, and just upon the borders of the Brandenburg country: there I baited, and pretended to go to bed and stay all night; but in an hour's time having got fresh horses ready for four men that I pretended to send before me, I put on a cassaque of one of the Marquis's guards, and with my page, the Duke of Nieuburg's guard, and Colonel Masjette, a Flemish officer in the Munster service, I took horse at the back door of my inn, while the rest of my company thought me in bed, and resolved to ride as far as I could the rest of that day, leaving my steward to follow me the next with the rest of my train and guards.

I rode till eight at night, through the wildest country and most unfrequented ways that ever I saw, but being then quite spent, and ready to fall from my horse, I was forced to stop and lay me down upon the ground, till my guard went to a peasant's house in sight, to find if there were any lodging for me; he brought me word there was none, nor any provisions in the house, nor could find anything but a little bottle of juniper water, which is the common cordial in that country; I drunk a good deal, and with it found my spirits so revived, that I resolved to venture upon the three leagues that remained of my journey, so as to get into the territories of Nieuburg, having passed all the way since I left my train through those of Brandenburg, whose engagements with the Dutch left me no safety while I was there. About midnight I came to my lodging, which was so miserable that I lay upon straw, got on horseback by break of day, and to Duseldorp by noon; where, being able to ride no further, I went to bed for an hour, sent to make my excuses to the Duke of Nieuburg upon my haste and weariness, and to borrow his coach to carry me

to Ruremonde, which was a long day's journey. This prince sent me his coach and his compliments, with all the civility in the world: I went away that afternoon, got to Ruremonde the next, and from thence hither, not without great danger of the Dutch parties even in the Spanish country: and so have ended the hardest journey that ever I made in my life, or ever shall; for such another I do not think I could ever bear with a body no stronger than mine.

At my return, I have had the fortune to stop several bills of exchange, that would otherwise have fallen into the hands of the bishop's agent here, and to forbid the payment of the rest he received in my absence, which though accepted by the merchants at Antwerp, yet were not satisfied, the time having not expired at which they were payable. And this service to the King is all the satisfaction I have by this adventure, which has ended the whole affair of Munster, that has of late made so much noise, and raised so much expectation in the world.—I am, sir, your, etc.

Brussels, May 10, *S.N.* 1666.

TO THE SAME.

SIR,—Though I doubt our late motions may have lost or delay'd some of your letters, which we have now been some time in want of; yet I presume ours have had their constant course to you, though from several parts; and though mine have not been frequent, upon the permission you give me to spare my own eyes and time, when they are otherwise taken up, and trust to my sister's entertaining you; yet, upon my return home, after three years' absence, I could not but give you some account of my coming and stay here; and of what I can foresee is like to follow it, both as to my own particular, and to the public affairs, in which that seems at present to be so much involved.

After the conclusion of the triple alliance, and the peace of Aix, I was at an end of my ambition; having seen Flanders saved as if it had been by one of the miracles the house of Austria has, they say, been used to; and the general interests of Christendom secured against the power and attempts of France; and at the same time the consideration and honour of his Majesty and his crown abroad, raised to a degree it had not been in for some ages past, and we had no reason to expect should be in some ages to come, upon the decline it felt after the business of Chatham, and the peace of Breda that succeeded it. I returned from Aix to Brussels without other thoughts than of continuing in that station till I grew wearier of it than I was like to do very suddenly, of a place I confess I love; but immediately upon my arrival there, I met with letters from my Lord Arlington, which brought me the King's orders to continue the equipage of an ambassador that I was in upon my Aix journey, in order to my serving his Majesty in the same character at the Hague, whither he was resolved to send me, and to renew upon occasion of our late alliances a character which the crown of England had discontinued in that country since King James' time. In order hereunto I was left at liberty to take my leave of the Marquis, and to return into England as soon as I pleased, which I did by the way of Holland, and left most of my servants and horses at Utrecht.

Upon my arrival here I was received both by the King and court a great deal better than I could deserve or pretend; but people seem generally pleased with the councils and negotiations, in which I have had so much part since Christmas last; and I understand not courts so ill (how little soever I have been used to them) as not to know that one ought not to lose the advantage of common opinion of some merits or good hitts at one's back, if one's business be *de pousser sa fortune*, and I am put enough in mind of it upon this occasion, by several of those many new friends one would think I had at this time of day, as well as by some of my old ones; but I cannot imagine why I should pretend to have deserved more than my pay of the King, for which I served him in my late employments; and if I got honour by them, 'twas so much more than I had to reckon upon. Besides, I should be sorry to ask money of him at a time when, for aught I can judge by the cry of the court, he wants it more than I do. The Spanish ambassador and Baron d'Isola, as well as others of my friends, would needs be asking a title for me, and 'tis with difficulty enough that I have prevented it; but 'tis that I am sure I never can have a mind to, and if it should ever be offered me, I resolve it shall either begin with you, if you desire it, if not, with my son, which I had much rather. But I suppose, nothing of this can happen in our court without pursuit, and so I reckon myself in all these points just where I was about six months ago, but only designed for another embassy, and no man knows how that will end. I am very much press'd to dispatch my preparations for it, by my Lord Keeper and Lord Arlington, who are extream kind to me, as well as to the measures lately taken by their ministry, and seem to value themselves a great deal upon them. They say, all the business the King now has, both at home and abroad, will turn upon my hand in Holland, by keeping the French from breaking in upon our late alliances, and the confidence between us; and by drawing the Emperor and the princes of the empire into a common guaranty of a peace; and thereupon they are mighty earnest with me to hasten away. On t'other side, the Commissioners of the Treasury seem to have more mind to my

company here than I could expect; for after some of them had tried to hinder the King's resolution, of sending either an ambassador at all into Holland (upon pretence of so long disuse of that character) or me in particular; when that could not be carried, they prepared my way by entering upon new regulations in the exchequer, among which, those concerning foreign employments, brought down the equipage money of ambassadors from three thousand pounds, as it has been since the King came in, to fifteen hundred pounds in France and Spain, and to one thousand pounds in all other courts; and their allowance from one hundred pounds a week to ten pounds a day in France and Spain, and to seven in other places. Though this be pretended by the commissioners as only a piece of a general scheme of parsimony, they find necessary in the present condition of the revenue, yet I understand it as calculated just at this time particularly for me; and my Lord Arlington confesses he thinks it so too, and takes part in it as a piece of envy or malice to himself as well as to me, from some who are spited at all that has lately passed between us and Holland, and at the persons who have been at the head of those councils. For my part, I resent it not only as a thing I have not deserved, upon an employment cast wholly upon me by the King's choice, and, as he seems to think, by the necessity of his affairs; but as that which I find plainly, by the short experience of my last embassy, will not defray the expence of another, with any honour to the King or myself abroad; and though I do not pretend to make my fortune by these employments, yet I confess I do not pretend to ruin it neither. I have therefore been resolved several times absolutely to refuse this embassy, unless it be upon the terms all others have had; but my Lord Arlington puts so much weight upon my going, that he will not hear of it; he says, 'tis that our good friends would have, and intend by this usage; and that I can no way disappoint them so much as by going, and that this rule will be broken in three months' time; that I should not consider small matters of money in the course of my fortune, and that the King cannot fail of making mine at a lump one time or other; that there is nothing I may not expect from him upon my return from this embassy; and that if his Majesty had not thought me of absolute necessity to him in Holland upon this conjuncture, he had brought me now into Secretary Morris's place, which upon my going abroad is designed for Sir John Trevor. My Lord Keeper is of the same mind, to have me by no means refuse it (as he says) neither for the King's sake nor my own; and your old friend Sir Robert Long agrees with them both; and says, after a year or two of this embassy, I cannot fail of being either Secretary of State, or sent ambassador into Spain, which are both certain ways of making any man's fortune. With all this, I confess I find it not very easy to resolve, and very much desire yours and my brother's opinion upon it; and that you may the better give it me, I shall tell you one circumstance which weighs a little with me, though not at all with my friends here. They are all of opinion, the measures the King has lately taken cannot be broken nor altered, however they may be snarled at by some persons, upon particular envy or interest; but I see plainly there are others of another mind. Sir Thomas Clifford said to a friend of mine in confidence, upon all the joy that was here at the conclusion of the Triple Alliance, 'Well, for all this noise, we must have yet another war with the Dutch before it be long.' And I see plainly already, that he and Sir George Downing are endeavouring with all the industry that can be, to engage the East India Company here in such demands and pretensions upon the Dutch, as will never be yielded to on that side, and will increase a jealousy they will ever have of our unsteady councils, and of our leaving still a door open for some new offences when we shall have a mind to take them. On t'other side, the French will leave no stone unturned to break this confidence between us and Holland, which spoils all their measures, and without which they had the world before them. If they can, they will undermine it in Holland by jealousies of the Prince of Orange, or any other artifice, and will spare neither promises nor threats. If I should be able to keep that side staunch, they will spare none of the same endeavours here, and will have some good helps that I see already, and may have others that do not yet appear. If by any of these ways, or other accidents, our present measures come to change, I am left in Holland to a certain loss, upon the terms they would send me, though I should be paid, but to a certain ruin if I should not; which I may well expect from the good quarter I may reckon upon from some in the Treasury; and when my embassy ends, I may find a new world here, and all the fine things I am told of may prove castles in the air. There is, I know, a great deal to be said for my going, but on t'other side, I am well as I am, and cannot be ruined but by such an adventure as this. I beg of you to let me know your opinion upon the whole; and if I could have the confidence, I should beg a great deal more earnestly that I might see you here, since I cannot get loose to wait on you there. Till I hear from you, I shall let the talk and the forms of my embassy go on, and am confident, however they presume, yet I can spin out the time of my going till about the end of August, in hopes of seeing you here; which will be, I am sure, the greatest satisfaction that can befall, sir, yours, etc.

Sheen, July 22, 1668.

LORD LISLE TO SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

SIR,—Since I had your last letter, I have made you no acknowledgment of it; a retirement is in several respects like the night of one's life, in the obscurity and darkness, and in the sleepiness and dosedness; which I mention to put you in mind that I am only by my posture of life apt to be failing towards you.

What is of court or assemblies near us is at my Lord Crofts's. Sir Thomas Ingram this summer hath made no noise at all. Old Lady Devonshire keeps up her feasts still; and that hath been of late Mr. Waller's chief theatre; the assembly of wits at Mr. Comptroller's will scarce let him in; and poor Sir John Denham is fallen to the ladies also; he is at many of the meetings at dinners, talks more than ever he did, and is extremely pleased with those that seem willing to hear him; and from that obligation exceedingly praises the Duchess of Monmouth and my Lady Cavendish; if he had not the name of being mad, I believe in most companies he would be thought wittier than ever he was; he seems to have few extravagancies, besides that of telling stories of himself, which he is always inclin'd to; some of his acquaintance say that extream vanity was a cause of his madness as well as it is an effect.

All persons of note hereabouts are going to their winter quarters at London. The burning of the city begins to be talk'd of as a story like that of the burning of Troy. At Sheen we are like to be bare: Lady Luddal seems uncertain in her stay; and we hear that when Sir James Sheen and his lady were ready to come from Ireland, great cramps took my lady in her limbs; and Sir James' servants doubt whether we shall see him this winter.

I desire, sir, your leave to kiss my Lady Temple's hands, and my Lady Giffard's hands by your letter. My daughter and I were in dispute which of us two should write this time to Brussels; and because I was judged to have more leisure it fell to me, and my Lady Temple is to have the next from her.

I wish you, sir, all good successes in your businesses, and am, your very affectionate servant, LISLE.

September 26, 1667.

THE EARL OF ROCHESTER TO THE HONOURABLE HENRY SAVILLE.

DEAR SAVILLE,—'Tis neither pride or neglect (for I am not of the new council, and I love you sincerely), but idleness on one side, and not knowing what to say on the other, has hindered me from writing to you, after so kind a letter and the present you sent me, for which I return you at last my humble thanks. Changes in this place are so frequent that F—— himself can now no longer give an account why this was done to-day, or what will ensue to-morrow; and accidents are so extravagant that my Lord W—— intending to lie, has, with a prophetick spirit, once told truth. Every man in this court thinks he stands fair for minister; some give it to Shaftsbury, others to Hallifax; but Mr. Waller says S—— does all; I am sure my Lord A—— does little, which your Excellence will easily believe. And now the war in Scotland takes up all the discourse of politick persons. His Grace of Lauderdale values himself upon the rebellion, and tells the King it is very auspicious and advantageous to the drift of the present councils; the rest of the Scots, and especially D. H——, are very inquisitive after news from Scotland, and really make a handsome figure in this conjuncture at London. What the D. of Monmouth will effect is now the general expectation, who took post unexpectedly, left all that had offered their service in this expedition in the lurch, and, being attended only by Sir Thomas Armstrong and Mr. C——, will, without question, have the full glory as well of the prudential as the military part of this action intire to himself. The most profound politicians have weighty brows and careful aspects at present, upon a report crept abroad that Mr. Langhorn, to save his life, offers a discovery of priests' and Jesuits' lands, to the value of fourscore and ten thousand pounds a year; which being accepted, it is feared partisans and undertakers will be found out to advance a considerable sum of money upon this fund, to the utter interruption of parliaments, and the destruction of many hopeful designs. This, I must call God to witness, was never hinted to me in the least by Mr. P——, to whom I beg you will give me your hearty recommendations. Thus much to afford you a taste of my serious abilities, and to let you know I have a great goggle-eye to business; and now I cannot deny you a share in the high satisfaction I have received at the account which flourishes here of your high protestancy at Paris; Charenton was never so honoured, as since your residence and ministry in France, to that degree, that it is not doubted if the parliament be sitting at your return, or otherwise the mayor and common council will petition the King you may be dignified with the title of that place, by way of earldom or dukedom, as his Majesty shall think most proper to give, or you accept.

I thank God there is yet a Harry Saville in England, with whom I drank your health last week at Sir William Coventry's, and who in features, proportion, and pledging, gives me so lively an idea of yourself, that I am resolved to retire into Oxfordshire, and enjoy him till Shiloe come, or you from France.

ROCHESTER.

[Etheredge, in a notice of his life, is said to have painted his own portrait in *Sir Fopling Flutter*, and that of his friend Rochester in *Dorimant;* but Lockyer, dean of Peterborough, an excellent story-teller, and who noted down everything he heard, considered the poet to have designed *Dorimant* for his own picture. The comedy was condemned by Steele in the *Spectator*, where it was pronounced to be 'nature, but nature in its utmost corruption and degradation.' By his contemporaries he was styled 'gentle George,' and the 'refined Etheredge.' His gay and playful humour shines most agreeably in this letter, written from Ratisbon, where he had been appointed envoy to the Duke of Buckingham. The play of his friend Sir Charles Sedley, which he mentions with such commendation, had nearly caused the death of its author. During the performance of *Bellamira*, we are told, 'the roof of the theatre fell in, which produced considerable alarm in the house;' but fortunately Sedley, who was slightly bruised, was the only person who suffered any injury from the accident. This circumstance drew from his merry friend, Sir Fleetwood Shepherd, the observation that there was so much fire in his play that it blew up the poet, play-house, and all. 'No, no,' replied Sedley, 'the play was so heavy that it broke down the house, and buried the poet in the ruins.' The praise of Sedley was a welcome topic to Buckingham, who had often been delighted by his festive wit and conversational brilliancy, in which, according to Shadwell, he was unrivalled. —*Willmott.*]

SIR GEORGE ETHEREDGE TO THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

My Lord,—I received the news of your grace's retiring into Yorkshire, and leading a sedate, contemplative life there, with no less astonishment than I should hear his Christian Majesty's turning Benedictine monk, or the pope's wearing a long perriwig, and setting up for a flaming beau in the seventy-fourth year of his age. We have a picture here in our town-hall, which I never look upon but it makes me think on your grace; and I dare swear, you will say there is no dishonour done you when you hear whose it is. In short, it is that of the famous Charles v., who among all the magnificence which this foolish world affords, amidst all his African lawrels and Gallic triumphs, freely divested himself of the empire of Europe, and his hereditary kingdoms, to pass the remainder of his life in solitude and retirement.

Is it possible that your grace (who has seen ten times more luxury than that emperor ever knew, possessed as much too of the true real greatness of the world as ever he enjoyed) should, in an age still capable of pleasure, and under a fortune whose very ruins would make up a comfortable electorate here in Germany—is it possible, I say, that your grace should leave the play at the beginning of the fourth act, when all the spectators are in pain to know what will become of the hero, and what mighty matters he is reserved for, that set out so advantageously in the first? That a person of your exquisite taste, that has breathed the air of a court even from your infancy, should be content, in that part of your life which is most difficult to be pleased, and most easy to be disgusted, to take up with the conversation of country parsons (a set of people whom, to my knowledge, your grace never much admired), and do penance in the nauseous company of lawyers, whom I am certain you abominate?

To raise our astonishment higher, who could ever have prophesied, though he had a double gift of Nostradamus's spirit, that the Duke of Buckingham would ever condescend to sigh and languish for the heiress-apparent of some thatch'd cottage, in a straw hat, flannel petticoat, stockings of as gross a thrum as the blew-coat boys' caps at the hospital, and a smock of as coarse a canvas as ever served an apprentice to a mackerel-boat? Who could believe, till matter of fact had confirmed the belief of it (and your grace knows that matter of fact is not to be disputed), that the most polished, refined epicure of his age, that had regaled himself in the most exquisite wines of Italy, Greece, and Spain, would, in the last scenes of his life, debauch his constitution in execrable Yorkshire ale! And that he, who all his lifetime had either seen princes his play-fellows or companions, would submit to the nonsensical chat and barbarous language of farmers and higlers!

This, I confess, so much shocks me, that I cannot tell what to make on it; and unless the news came to me confirmed from so many authentic hands, that I have no room to suspect the veracity of it, I should still look upon it to be apocryphal. Is your grace then in earnest, and really pleased with so prodigious an alteration of persons and things? For my part, I believe it; for I am certain that your grace can act any person better than that of a hypocrite.

But I humbly ask your grace's pardon for this familiarity I have taken with you; give me leave therefore, if you please, to tell you some-

thing of myself. I presume that an account of what passes in this busy part of the world will not come unacceptable to you, since all my correspondents from England assure me, that your grace does me the honour to inquire often after me, and has expressed some sort of a desire to know how my new character sits upon me.

Ten years ago I as little thought that my stars designed to make a politician of me, and that it would come to my share to debate in public assemblies, as the Grand Signior dreamed of losing Hungary; but my royal master, having the charity to believe me master of some qualities, of which I never suspected myself, I find that the zeal and alacrity I discover in myself to support a dignity which he has thought fit to confer upon me, has supplied all other defects, and given me a talent for which, till now, I justly fancied myself uncapable.

I live in one of the finest and best-manner'd cities in Germany, where, it is true, we have not pleasure in that perfection as we see it in London and Paris; yet, to make us amends, we enjoy a noble serene air, that makes us as hungry as hawks. And though business, and even the worst sort of business, wicked politics, is the distinguishing commodity of the place, yet I will say that for the Germans, that they manage it the best of any people in the world; they cut off and retrench all those idle preliminaries and useless ceremonies that clog the wheels of it everywhere else; and I find that, to this day, make good the observation that Tacitus made of their ancestors, I mean, that their affairs (let them be never so serious and pressing) never put a stop to good eating and drinking, and that they debate their weightiest negociations over their cups.

'Tis true, they carry this humour by much too far for one of my complexion, for which reason I decline appearing among them, but when my master's concerns make it necessary for me to come to their assemblies. They are indeed a free-hearted, open sort of gentlemen that compose the diet, without reserve, affectation, and artifice; but they are such unmerciful pliers of the bottle, so wholly given up to what our sots call good fellowship, that it is as great a constraint upon my nature to sit out a night's entertainment with them, as it would be to hear half a score of long-winded Presbyterian divines cant successively one after another. . . .

Thus I have given your grace a short system of my morals, and belief in these affairs; but the gentlemen of this country go upon a quite different scheme of pleasure; the best furniture of their parlours (instead of innocent china) are tall, overgrown rummers; and they take more care to enlarge their cellars than their patrimonial estates: in short, drinking is the hereditary sin of this country; and that hero of a deputy here, that can demolish, at one sitting, the rest of his brother envoys, is mentioned with as much applause as the Duke of Lorrain for his noble exploits against the Turks, and may claim a statue, erected at the public expence, in any town in Germany.

Judge then, my lord, whether a person of my sober principles, and one that only uses wine (as the wiser sort of Roman Catholics do images) to raise up my imagination to something more exalted, and not to terminate my worship upon it, must not be reduced to very mortifying circumstances in this place, where I cannot pretend to enjoy conversation, without practising that vice that directly ruins me.

Could a man find out the secret to take a lease for his life, as Methuselah and the rest of the antediluvian gentlemen, who were three hundred years growing up to the perfection of vigour, enjoyed it the same number, and were as long a decaying, something might be said for the two crying sins of both sexes here; I mean drunkenness in the men, and reservedness in the ladies.

But, my lord, I forget, that while I take upon me to play the moralist, and to enlarge so rhetorically upon the preciousness of time, I have already made bold with too much of your grace's, for which reason I here put a stop to my discourse; and will endeavour, the next packet that goes from this place, to entertain you with something more agreeable. I am, my lord, your grace's most obedient servant, G. ETHEREGE.

TO THE SAME.

MY LORD,—I never enjoy myself so much as when I can steal a few moments from the hurry of public business to write to my friends in England; and as there is none to whom I pay a profounder respect than to your grace, wonder not if I afford myself the satisfaction of conversing with you by the way of letter, the only relief I have left me to support your absence at this distance, as often as I can find an opportunity. You may guess, by my last, whether I do not pass my time very comfortably here; forced as I am, by my character, to spend the better part of my time in squabbling and deliberating with persons of beard and gravity, how to preserve the balance of Christendom, which would go well enough of itself, if the divines and ministers of princes would let it alone; and when I come home, spent and weary from the diet, I have no Lord D——t's, or Sir Charles S——y's, to sport away the evening with; no Madam I——, or my Lady A——s; so that, not to magnify my sufferings to your grace, they really want a greater stock of Christian patience to support them than I can pretend to be master of.

I have been long enough in this town, one would think, to have made acquaintance enough with persons of both sexes, so as never to be at

a loss how to pass the few vacant hours I can allow myself; but the terrible drinking that accompanies all visits, hinders me from conversing with the men so often as I would otherwise do.

So that, to deal freely with your grace, among so many noble and wealthy families as we have in this town, I can only pretend to be truly acquainted but with one; the gentleman's name was Monsieur Hoffman, a frank, hearty, jolly companion. His father, one of the most eminent wine merchants in the city, left him a considerable fortune, which he improved by marrying a French jeweller's daughter of Lions. To give you his character in short, he was a sensible, ingenious man, and had none of his country's vices, which I impute to his having travelled abroad, and seen Italy, France, and England. His lady is a most accomplished, ingenious person; and notwithstanding he is come into a place where so much formality and stiffness is practised, keeps up all the vivacity, air, and good-humour of France.

I had been happy in my acquaintance with this family some months, when an ill-favoured action robbed me of the greatest happiness I had hitherto enjoyed in Germany, the loss of which I can never sufficiently regret. Monsieur Hoffman, about three weeks ago, going to make merry with some friends, at a village some three leagues from this place, upon the Danube, by the unskilfulness or negligence of the watermen, the boat wherein he was unfortunately chanced to overset, and of some twenty persons, not one escaped to bring home the news, but a boy that miraculously saved himself by holding fast to the rudder, and so by the rapidity of the current was cast upon the other shore.

I was sensibly afflicted at the destiny of my worthy friend, and so indeed were all that had the honour of knowing him; but his wife took on so extravagantly, that she, in a short time, was the only talk of city and country: she refused to admit any visits from her nearest relations; her chamber, her antichamber and pro-antichamber were hung with black; nay, the very candles, her fans, and tea-table wore the livery of grief; she refused all manner of sustenance, and was so averse to the thoughts of living, that she talked of nothing but death; in short, you may tell your ingenious friend Monsieur de St. Evremont, that Petronius's Ephesian matron, to whose story he has done so much justice in his noble translation, was only a type of our more obstinate, as well as unhappy German widow.

About a fortnight after this cruel loss (for I thought it would be labour lost to attack her grief in its first vehemence) I thought myself obliged in point of honour and gratitude to the memory of my deceased friend to make her a small visit, and condole her ladyship upon this unhappy occasion; and though I had been told that she refused to see several persons who had gone to wait on her with the same errand, yet I presumed so much upon the friendship her late husband had always expressed for me (not to mention the particular civilities I had received from her) as to think I should be admitted to have a sight of her: accordingly I came to her house, sent up my name, and word was immediately brought me, that if I pleased I might go up to her.

When I came into the room, I fancied myself in the territories of death, everything looked so gloomy, so dismal, and so melancholy. There was a grave Lutheran minister with her, that omitted no arguments to bring her to a more composed and more Christian disposition of mind. Madam, says he, you don't consider that by abandoning yourself thus to despair, you actually rebel against Providence. I can't help it, says she; Providence may even thank itself for laying so insupportable a load upon me. Oh fie, madam, cries the other, this is downright impiety: what would you say now, if Heaven should punish it by some more exemplary visitation? That is impossible, replies the lady, sighing; and since it has robbed me of the only delight I had in this world, the only favour it can do is to level a thunderbolt at my head, and put an end to all my sufferings. The parson finding her in this extravagant strain, and seeing no likelihood of persuading her to come to a better temper, got up from his seat, and took his leave of her.

It came to my turn now to try whether I was not capable of comforting her; and being convinced by so late an instance, that arguments brought from religion were not like to work any extraordinary effects upon her, I resolved to attack her ladyship in a more sensible part, and represent to her the great inconveniencies (not which her soul) but her body received from this inordinate sorrow.

Madam, says I to her, next to my concern for your worthy husband's untimely death, I am grieved to see what an alteration the bemoaning his loss has occasioned in you. These words raising her curiosity to know what this alteration was, I thus continued my discourse; in endeavouring, madam, to extinguish, or at least to alleviate your grief, than which nothing can be more prejudicial to a beautiful woman, I intend a public benefit; for if the public is interested, as most certainly it is, in the preserving a beautiful face, that man does the public no little service who contributes most to its preservation.

This odd beginning operated so wonderfully upon her, that she desired me to leave this general road of compliments, and explain myself more particularly to her. Upon this (delivering myself with an unusual air of gravity, which your grace knows I seldom carry about me in the company of ladies) I told

her that grief ruins the finest faces sooner than anything whatever; and that as envy itself could not deny her face to be the most charming in the universe, so if she did not suffer herself to be comforted, she must soon expect to take her farewell of it. I confirmed this assertion by telling her of one of the finest women we ever had in England, who did herself more injury in a fortnight's time by lamenting her only brother's death, than ten years could possibly have done; that I had heard an eminent physician at Leyden say that tears (having abundance of saline particles in them) not only spoiled the complexion, but hastened wrinkles. But, madam, concluded I, why should I give myself the trouble to confirm this by foreign instances, and by the testimonies of our most knowing doctors, when, alas! your own face so fully justifies the truth of what I have said to you?

How! reply'd our disconsolate widow, with a sigh that came from the bottom of her heart; and is it possible that my just concern for my dear husband has wrought so cruel an effect upon me in so short a time? With that she ordered her gentlewoman to bring the looking-glass to her, and having surveyed herself a few minutes in it, she told me she was perfectly convinced that my notions were true; but, cries she, what would you have us poor women to do in these cases? For something, continued she, we owe to the memory of the deceased, and something to the world; which expects, at least, the common appearance of grief from us.

By your leave, madam, says I, all this is a mistake, and no better; you owe nothing to your husband, since he is dead, and knows nothing of your lamentation. Besides, could you shed an ocean of tears upon his hearse, it would not do him the least service; much less do you lie under any such obligations to the world as to spoil a good face, only to comply with its tyrannic customs; no, madam, take care to preserve your beauty, and then let the world say what it pleases; your ladyship may be revenged of the world whenever you see fit. I am resolved, answers she, to be intirely governed by you, therefore tell me frankly what sort of course you'd have me steer. Why, madam, says I, in the first place, forget the defunct, and in order to bring that about, relieve nature, to which you have been so long unmerciful, with the most exquisite meats and the most generous wines.

Upon condition you will sup with me, cries our afflicted lady, I will submit to your prescription. But why should I trouble your grace with a narration in every particular? we had a noble regale; and our good widow push'd the glass so strenuously about that her comforter (meaning myself) could hardly find the way to his coach. To conclude this farce (which I am afraid begins now to be too tedious to your grace), this Phenix of her sex, this pattern of conjugal fidelity, two mornings ago was married to a smooth-chin'd ensign of Count Tranmendorf's regiment, that has not a farthing in the world but his pay to depend on: I assisted at the ceremony, though I little imagined the lady would take the matrimonial receipt so soon.

I was the easier persuaded to give your grace a large account of this tragi-comedy, not only because I wanted better matter to entertain you withal at this lazy conjuncture, but also to show your grace that not only Ephesus in ancient and England in later times have afforded such fantastical widows, but even Germany itself; where if the ladies have not more virtue than those of their sex in other countries, yet they pretend, at least, a greater management of the outside of it.

By my last packet from England, among a heap of nauseous trash, I received the *Three Dukes of Dunstable*, which is really so monstrous and insipid, that I am sorry Lapland or Livonia had not the honour of producing it; but if I did penance in reading it, I rejoiced to hear that it was so solemnly interred to the tune of Catcalls; the *Squire of Alsatia*, however, which came by the following post, made me some amends for the cursed impertinence of the *Three Dukes*. And my witty friend Sir C—— S——y's *Bellamira* gave me that entire satisfaction that I cannot read it over too often.

They tell me my old acquaintance, Mr. Dryden, has left off the theatre, and wholly applies himself to the study of the controversies between the two churches; pray Heaven, this strange alteration in him portends nothing disastrous to the State; but I have all along observed that poets do religion as little service by drawing their pens for it, as the divines do poetry by pretending to versification.

But I forget how troublesome I have been to your grace; I shall therefore conclude with assuring you, that I am, and at the last moment of my life shall be, ambitious of being, my lord, your grace's most obedient and most obliged servant, GEORGE ETHEREGE.

[Philip, Duke of Wharton, was born in 1698, and early evinced brilliant talent; he received the title of duke from the Pretender when on the Continent, but on his return to England supported the Government. The present letter gives a picture of the straits to which he reduced himself by his follies and extravagances. He died in poverty, in Spain, in 1731.]

FROM A GENTLEMAN WHO ATTENDED THE DUKE OF WHARTON ABROAD.

DEAR SIR,—I am just returned from the gates of death, to return you thanks for your last kind letter of accusations, which I am persuaded was intended as a seasonable help to my recollection, at a time when it was necessary for me to send an inquisitor-general into my conscience, to examine and settle all the abuses that ever were committed in that little court of equity. But I assure you, your long letter did not lay so much my faults as my misfortunes before me, which, believe me, dear ——, have fallen as heavy and as thick as the shower of hail upon us two in E—— forest, and has left me as much at a loss which way to turn myself. The pilot of the ship I embarked in, who industriously ran upon every rock, has at last split the vessel; and so much of a sudden, that the whole crew, I mean his domestics, are all left to swim for their lives, without one friendly plank to assist them to shore. In short, he left me sick, in debt, and without a penny; but, as I begin to recover, and have a little time to think, I can't help considering myself as one whisked up behind a witch upon a broomstick, and hurried over mountains and dales, through confused woods and thorny thickets, and when the charm is ended, and the poor wretch dropped in a desert, he can give no other account of his enchanted travels, but that he is much fatigued in body and mind, his clothes torn, and worse in all other circumstances, without being of the least service to himself or anybody else; but I will follow your advice, with an active resolution to retrieve my bad fortune, and almost a year miserably misspent.

But notwithstanding what I have suffered, and what my brother madman had done to undo himself, and everybody who was so unlucky as to have the least concern with him, I could not but be movingly touched at so extraordinary vicissitude of fortune, to see a great man fallen from that shining light, in which I beheld him in the House of Lords, to such a degree of obscurity, that I have observed the meanest commoner here decline, and the few he would sometimes fasten on, to be tired of his company; for you know he is but a bad orator in his cups, and of late has been but seldom sober.

A week before he left Paris he was so reduced that he had not one single crown at command, and was forced to thrust in with any acquaintance for a lodging. Walsh and I have had him by turns, all to avoid a crowd of duns, which he had of sizes from fourteen hundred livres to four, who hunted him so close that he was forced to retire to some of the neighbouring villages for safety. I, sick as I was, hurried about Paris to raise money, and to St. Germains to get him linen. I brought him one shirt and a cravat, with which, and five hundred livres, his whole stock, he and his duchess, attended by one servant, set out for Spain. All the news that I have heard of them since, is that, a day or two after, he sent for Capt. Brierly, and two or three of his domestics, to follow; but none but the captain obeyed the summons. Where they are now I can't tell; but fear they must be in great distress by this time, if he has had no other supplies. And so ends my melancholy story. I am, etc.

[Matthew Pilkington, according to his own account, was clerk for eleven days to Lord Carteret (1690–1763), viceroy of Ireland, and this letter affords a specimen of his feelings, given in a humorous vein, when rewarded for his services.]

MR. PILKINGTON TO DR. DELANY.

DEAR DOCTOR,—Though you expected to see me the happiest man in the world, by the extraordinary honours which I received from his excellency, yet I cannot forbear acquainting you, you are greatly disappointed in that respect.

Before I received his bounty (which far surpassed my hopes, and was more the effect of his generosity than any merit of mine), I thought riches were so necessary an ingredient in human life, that it was scarce possible to attain any degree of happiness without them.

I imagined, that if I had but a competent sum, I should have no care, no trouble to discompose my thoughts, nothing to withdraw my mind from virtue and the Muses; but that, if possible, I should enjoy a more exalted degree of content and delight than I had hitherto; but now I perceive these kind of notions to have been the pure genuine effect of a very empty purse.

My hopes are vanished at the increase of my fortune; my opinion of things is of a sudden so altered, that I am taught to pity none so much as the rich, who, by my computation (after three tedious weeks' experience), must of necessity have an income of plagues proportioned to their fortunes.

I know this declaration surprises you; but in order to convince you, I will, as exactly as possible, set down, by way of diary, the different emotions of mind which I laboured under during the first three weeks' guardianship (for I can hardly call it a possession) of that same unfortunate, care-bringing fifty pounds; and have not the least doubt but you will believe my assertions to be true.

Monday, Feb. 16.

Received this morning the agreeable news of being ordered to wait on his excellency the

Lord Carteret, but suffered a great deal of perplexity about appearing before one in so eminent a station, and more admired and eminent for learning, and every other perfection of the mind; went, however, to the castle—met with a very gracious reception—had full proof of that affability, wisdom, and generosity for which his excellency is so peculiarly distinguished, and which I knew before only by the testimonies of others—was ordered to go to Mr. T——, to receive the premium appointed by my lord.

Memorandum, I imagined my stature greatly increased, and walked more erect than usual—went in high spirits to the Secretary's—but, as a drawback to my happiness, received the dispiriting account of his being confined to his chamber—denied admittance.

Memorandum, his excellency easier of access than his officer.

Tuesday, 17.

The Secretary still sick—paid a visit to his street-door about twelve—returned melancholy.

Wednesday, . . ditto.
Thursday, . . ditto.
Friday, . . ditto.
Saturday, . . ditto.
Sunday, . . ditto.

Oh, 'twas a dreadful interval of time!

Monday, 23.

Ordered to wait again on Mr. T——; but happening to be over eager to receive the sum, I hastened away too unseasonably, about half an hour after twelve, and found him asleep.

Memorandum, admitted this morning to stand in the hall, and not at the door as hath been slanderously and maliciously reported; I presume because it happened so at other times.

Walked in the piazzas till after one, ruminating on the various hopes and fears with which my mind has been tormented this week past—could not forbear repeating aloud the two lines of the libel which accidentally are not more true of Mr. Addison than this friend,

> 'Who, grown a Minister of State,
> Sees poets at his levee wait.'

Memorandum, not under any apprehension of being understood by any persons walking there, which were only a few lawyers and a parson or two—

Saunter again to the Secretary's—out of hope—permitted now to go into a wide unfurnished apartment—in half-an-hour's time admitted to his presence—received a bill of fifty pounds—returned with great delight.

I now imagined that nothing was wanting to make me really happy; I pleased myself also with the thought of communicating happiness to my friends who would share in my success, and particularly to you, who are unwearied in endeavouring to promote the felicity of others. How far I was disappointed will appear by the sequel—so to proceed with my diary.

I wrapt up my bill very carefully—yet could not bear looking at it sometimes, though not oftener than at every street's length—But mark the instability of all human affairs!—As I was very attentively reading it, a pert swaggering fellow rushes by me—I immediately suspected an attempt upon my treasure—looked as earnestly as I dared in the fellow's face, and thought I read robbery in the lines of his countenance—so hastily slipt my bill into my pocket without its cover—met a friend, told him of my success—and the generosity of his excellency—but pulling out the bank note hastily, tore it in the middle—dismally frightened—came home—showed it to my wife—was more terrified at hearing that it would now be of no value—received several compliments from her for my care of it—and that I was likely to be rich, since I took such pains to preserve what I got—and the like—went direct in a fit of anger and vexation to Henry's bank—smiled a little, and spoke submissively to the clerk—obtained a new bill—returned again in great joy—all things settled amicably between us.

Memorandum, Found upon inquiry that the ill-favoured gentleman above mentioned was one Mr. —— what d'ye call him?—the attorney, of whom I need not have been in such terror, since he was never known to be guilty of such an action in a public way.

Monday night, 12 *o'clock.*

Went to bed as usual—but found myself violently pulled till I awoke—seized with a very great trembling, when I heard a voice crying—Take care of the bill—found immediately it proceeded from the concern of my bedfellow, who it seems was as ill formed to possess great riches as myself—pitied her—told her it was safe—fell asleep soon, but was in less than two hours roused again with her crying—'My dear—my dear—are you sure it is safe?—don't you hear some noise there?—I'll lay my life there's robbers in the room!—Lord have mercy upon us—what a hideous fellow I just now saw by my bedside with a drawn sword—or did I dream it?'—trembled a little at her suspicions—slumbered—but was awaked a third time in the same manner—rose about six, much discomposed—received a very solemn charge to be watchful against accidents—'and let me beg of you, my dear, to have a great care of the bill.'

Tuesday, 24.

Become extremely impatient to have this tormenting bill changed into money, out of a belief that it would be then less liable to accidents, breaking of bankers, etc.—went to one bank and was refused—yet was ashamed to go to Henry's so soon—contrived, however, to get it

exchanged after a great variety of schemes and journeys to several places—came home—spread it upon a table to see the utmost bounds and extent of my riches—all the rest of the day sat contriving where to lay it—what part of the house would be most secure—what place would be least suspected by thieves, if any should come—perceived my mind more disturbed with having so much money in my custody than I was before.

Tuesday night, 11 *o'clock.*

Went round my house to inspect my doors, whether they were all safe—perceived a great deficiency of bars, bolts, locks, latches, door-chains, window-shuts, fire-arms, etc., which I never had taken the least notice of before—peeped with great circumspection under the beds—resolved to watch this night, and prepare expedients for my security next morning—watched accordingly—

Wednesday, 25.

Extremely fatigued with last night's watching—consulted several hours about preserving my wealth, believed it most safe in bills; after mature deliberation hurried away to the bank and took a bill for it—came away with an easier mind—walked about two streets' length cheerfully—but began to reflect that if my load was lighter, yet on the other hand the bill might again be torn, be dropt, be mislaid—went back in haste—once more received it in money—brought it home—looked frequently behind me as I walked—hid it—resolved to lay out the greatest part of it in plate—bespoke it accordingly—prepared my fire-arms—went to bed—not one wink of sleep all this night.—

Thursday, 26.

Looked a little paler to-day than usual—but not much concerned at that, since it was misinterpreted by my friends for the effects of hard study—invited abroad to dinner—went—sat down to table, but in that dreadful moment recollected that my closet, where my whole treasure was deposited, was left open—was observed to change colour and looked terrified—not Macbeth so startled when he saw the ghost of murdered Banquo at the feast.

Money a perpetual apparition to the covetous mind.

Ran directly home—found all safe, but returned too late for dinner—fasted—fretted—well saith St. Paul—Money is the root of all evil.

Thursday night, 12 *o'clock.*

Hired a watchman to guard my doors—went to bed—but no sleep—the same mind-plaguing riches floated uppermost in my thoughts—methinks they cried—Sleep no more!—Wealth has murdered sleep!—slumbered, however, a little towards morning—dreamt of nothing but robbers, assassins, spectres, flames, hurricanes,—waked in great terror.

Dear doctor, it would be too tedious to pursue the dreadful narration any farther; every day administered new cause of uneasiness, nor did my concern forsake me even in the midst of company and wine.

Till I had the plate sent home I was uneasy, lest after I had ordered it to be made I should be robbed of my money, and then not be able to pay for it, and when I had it once in my possession, I trembled every instant for fear of losing it for ever.

When at home I was afraid of being murdered for my substance, and when abroad I was much terrified with the apprehension that either my servants might possibly be dishonest, and so contrive to deprive me of it while I was guarding it, or else that by carelessness they might set fire to my house, and destroy it all at once.

Every bell I heard ringing I immediately imagined to be a fire-bell; and every fire-bell alarmed me with a belief that my own house was in a blaze; so that I was plagued without interruption.

Since I have recovered myself a little, I have made an exact calculation of the quantity of pleasure and pain which I endured, and I shall show you the just balance, the more fully to convince you.

A faithful account of the happiness and misery of Matthew Pilkington, clerk, for the space of eleven days, on receiving fifty pounds from his Excellency the Lord Carteret.

HAPPY.	Days	Hours	Min.
During the whole time of being with my lord, and till I went to the Secretary's	00	01	00
By telling my success to several friends, and describing his excellency's person and perfections	00	03	01
By receiving the sum from Mr. T——	00	00	03
By obtaining the new bill for that which was torn, and pacifying my wife	00	03	00
Total of happiness	00	07	04

MISERABLE.	Days	Hours	Min.
All the remainder	10	16	56

To conclude all, to keep my mind as calm and quiet as it was in the days of poverty, I have expended thirty-two pounds in plate, to be a monument of his excellency's generosity to me; and that plate I have lodged at a rich neighbour's house for its security. About ten

pounds I have expended in fortifying my house against the next money misfortune may happen to me, of which, however, at present there appears no great danger; and if providentially my fortune be advanced, I hope to bear it with greater resolution, and to be in a better condition to preserve it. I am, dear doctor, your affectionate friend and servant,

MAT. PILKINGTON.

[The character of Boyle presents the beautiful union of philosophy with religion; of the profoundest research with the lowliest dependence upon the mercy and providence of God. His memory is alike dear to science and to virtue. Evelyn's eulogy of him—the tribute of a familiar intimacy of forty years—requires no illustration; but his allusion to the charity of Boyle is amply confirmed by Bishop Burnet. 'Even those,' says he, 'who knew all his other concerns, could never find out what he did in that way; and, indeed, he was so strict to our Saviour's precept, that, except the persons themselves, or some one whom he trusted to convey it to them, nobody ever knew how that great share of his estate which went away invisibly was distributed; even he himself kept no account of it, for that, he thought, might fall into other hands.' Burnet spoke with authority on the subject, having been the frequent instrument of Boyle's benevolence, and having himself received his aid in the publication of the *History of the Reformation.*—*Willmott.*]

EVELYN TO WOTTON.

SIR,—I most heartily beg your pardon for detaining your books so unreasonably long after I had read them, which I did with great satisfaction, especially the life of Descartes. The truth is, I had some hopes of seeing you here again, for methought (or at least I flattered myself with it) you said at parting you would do us that favour before my going to London, whither I am, God willing, setting out to-morrow or next day, for some time; not without regret, unless I receive your commands, if I may be anyways serviceable to you, in order to that noble undertaking you lately mentioned to me: I mean your generous offer and inclination to write the life of our late illustrious philosopher, Mr. Boyle, and to honour the memory of a gentleman of that singular worth and virtue. I am sure if you persist in that design, England shall never envy France, or need a Gassendus or a Baillet to perpetuate and transmit the memory of one not only equalling, but, in many things, transcending either of those excellent and, indeed, extraordinary persons, whom their pens have rendered immortal. I wish myself was furnished to afford you any considerable supplies (as you desired), after my so long acquaintance with Mr. Boyle, who had honoured me with his particular esteem, now very near forty years; as I might have done by more duly cultivating the frequent opportunities he was pleased to allow me. But so it is, that his life and virtues have been so conspicuous, as you'll need no other light to direct you, or subject matter to work on, than what is so universally known, and by what he has done and published in his books. You may, perhaps, need some particulars as to his birth, family, education, and other less necessary circumstances for introduction; and such other passages of his life as are not so distinctly known but by his own relations. In this, if I can serve you, I shall do it with great readiness, and I hope success, having some pretence by my wife, in whose grandfather's house (which is now mine, at Deptford) the father of this gentleman was so conversant, that contracting an affinity there, he left his (then) eldest son with him, whilst himself went into Ireland, who in his absence dying, lies in our parish church, under a remarkable monument.

It is now, as I said, almost forty years since I first had the honour of being acquainted with Mr. Boyle; both of us newly returned from abroad, though, I know not how, never meeting there. Whether he travelled more in France than Italy, I cannot say; but he had so universal an esteem in foreign parts, that not any stranger of note or quality, learned or curious, coming into England, but used to visit him with the greatest respect and satisfaction imaginable. Now as he had an early inclination to learning (so especially to that part of philosophy he so happily succeeded in), he often honoured Oxford, and those gentlemen there, with his company, who more peculiarly applied themselves to the examination of the so long domineering methods and jargon of the schools. You have the names of this learned junto, most of them since deservedly dignified in that elegant History of the Royal Society, which *must* ever own its rise from that assembly, as does the preservation of that famous university from the fanatic rage and avarice of those melancholy times. These, with some others (whereof Mr. Boyle, the Lord Viscount Brouncker, Sir Robert Morray, were the most active), spirited with the same zeal, and under a more propitious influence, were the persons to whom the world stands obliged for the promoting of that generous and real knowledge, which gave the

ferment that has ever since obtained, and surmounted all those many discouragements which it at first encountered. But by no man have the territories of the most useful knowledge been more enlarged than by our hero, to whom there are many trophies due. And accordingly his fame was quickly spread, not only among us here in England, but through all the learned world besides. It must be confessed that he had a marvellous sagacity in finding out many useful and noble experiments. Never did stubborn matter come under his inquisition, but he extorted a confession of all that lay in her most intimate recesses, and what he discovered he as faithfully registered, and frankly communicated; in this exceeding my Lord Verulam, who (though never to be mentioned without honour and admiration) was used to tell all that came to hand without much examination. His was probability; Mr. Boyle's, suspicion of success. Sir, you will here find ample field, and infinitely gratify the curious with a glorious and fresh survey of the progress he has made in these discoveries. Freed from those incumbrances which now and then render the way a little tedious, 'tis abundantly recompensing the pursuit; especially those noble achievements of his, made in the spring and weight of the two most necessary elements of life, AIR and WATER, and their effects. The origin of forms, qualities, and principles of matter: histories of cold, light, colour, gems, effluvias and other his works so firmly established on experiments, polychrests, and of universal use to real philosophy; besides other beneficial inventions peculiarly his; such as the dulcifying sea-water with that ease and plenty, together with many medicinal remedies, cautions, directions, curiosities, and arcana, which owe their birth or illustration to his indefatigable recherches. He brought the phosphorus and anteluca to the clearest light that ever any did, after innumerable attempts. It were needless to insist on particulars to one who knows them better than myself. You will not, however, omit those many other treatises relating to religion, which, indeed, runs through all his writings upon occasion, and show how unjustly that aspersion has been cast on philosophy, that it disposes men to atheism. Neither did his severer studies yet sour his conversation in the least. He was the farthest from it in the world, and I question whether ever any man has produced more experiments to establish his opinions without dogmatizing. He was a Corpuscularian without Epicurus; a great and happy analyzer, addicted to no particular sect, but, as became a generous and free philosopher, preferring TRUTH above all; in a word, a person of that singular candour and worth, that to draw a just character of him, one must run through all the virtues, as well as through the sciences; and though he took the greatest care imaginable to conceal the most illustrious of them, his charities, and the many good works he so continually did, could not be hid. It is well known how large his bounty was upon all occasions; witness the Irish, Indian, Lithuanian Bibles, upon the translating, printing, publishing of which he laid out considerable sums; the Catechism and Principles of the Christian Faith, which I think he caused to be put into Turkish, and dispersed amongst those infidels. And here you will take notice of the lecture he has endowed, and so seasonably provided for.

As to his relations (as far as I have heard), his father, Richard Boyle, was *faber fortunæ*, a person of wonderful sagacity in affairs, and no less probity, by which he compassed a vast estate and great honours to his posterity, which was very numerous, and so prosperous, as has given to the public both divines and philosophers, soldiers, politicians, statesmen, and spread its branches among the most illustrious and opulent of our nobility. Mr. Robert Boyle, born, I think, in Ireland, was the youngest, to whom yet he left a fair estate; to which was added, an honorary pay of a troop of horse, if I mistake not. And now, though amongst all his experiments he never made that of the married life, yet I have been told he courted a beautiful and ingenious daughter of Carew, Earl of Monmouth, to which is owing the birth of his SERAPHIC LOVE; and the first of his productions. Descartes was not so innocent. In the meantime he was the most facetious and agreeable conversation in the world among the ladies, when ever he happened to be engaged; and yet so very serious, composed, and contemplative at all other times; though far from moroseness, for, indeed, he was affable and civil rather to excess, yet without formality.

As to his opinion in religious matters and discipline, I could not but discover in him the same free thoughts which he had of philosophy; not in notion only, but strictly as to practice, an excellent Christian, and the great duties of that profession, without noise, dispute, or determining; owning no master but the divine Author of it, no religion but primitive, no rule but Scripture, no law but right reason. For the rest, always comformable to the present settlement, without any sort of singularity. The mornings, after his private devotions, he usually spent in philosophical studies, and in his laboratory, sometimes extending them to night; but he told me he had quite given over reading by candle-light, as injurious to his eyes. This was supplied by his amanuensis, who sometimes read to him, and wrote out such passages as he noted, and that so often in loose papers, packed up without method, as made him sometimes to seek upon occasions, as himself confesses in divers of his works. Glasses, pots, chemical and mathematical instruments, books,

and bundles of papers, did so fill and crowd his bedchamber, that there was just room for a few chairs: so as his whole equipage was very philosophical without formality. There were yet other rooms, and a small library (and so, you know, had Descartes), as learning more from men, real experiments, and in his laboratory (which was ample and well furnished), than from books.

I have said nothing of his style, which those who are better judges think he was not altogether so happy in, as in his experiments. I do not call it affected, but doubtless not answerable to the rest of his great and shining parts; and yet, to do him right, it was much improved in his *Theodora*, and latter writings.

In his diet (as in habit) he was extremely temperate and plain; nor could I ever discern in him the least passion, transport, or censoriousness, whatever discourse the times suggested. All was tranquil, easy, serious, discreet, and profitable; so as, besides Mr. Hobbes, whose hand was against everybody, and who admired nothing but his own, Francis Linus excepted (who, yet with much civility, wrote against him), I do not remember he had the least antagonist. In the afternoons he was seldom without company, which was sometimes so incommodious, that he now and then repaired to a private lodging in another quarter of the town, and at other times (as the season invited) diverted himself in the country among his noble relations.

He was rather tall and slender of stature, for most part valetudinary, pale, and much emaciated; not unlike his picture in Gresham College, which, with an almost impudent importunity, was, at the request of the society, hardly extorted, or rather stolen, from this modest gentleman, by Sir Edmund King, after he had refused it to his nearest relations.

In his first addresses, being to speak or answer, he did sometimes a little hesitate, rather than stammer, or repeat the same word; imputable to an infirmity, which, since my remembrance, he had exceedingly overcome. This, as it made him somewhat slow and deliberate, so, after the first effort, he proceeded without the least interruption in his discourse. And I impute this impediment much to the frequent attacks of palsy, contracted, I fear, not a little by his often attendance on chemical operations. It has plainly astonished me to have seen him so often recover, when he has not been able to move, or bring his hand to his mouth; and, indeed, the contexture of his body, during the best of his health, appeared to me so delicate, that I have frequently compared him to a crystal or Venice glass, which, though wrought never so thin and fine, being carefully set up, would outlast the hardier metals of daily use; and he was withal as clear and candid; not a blemish or spot to tarnish his reputation; and he lasted accordingly, though not to a great, yet competent age—threescore years, I think; and to many more he might, I am persuaded, have arrived, had not his beloved sister, the lady Viscountess Ranelagh, with whom he lived, a person of extraordinary talent, and suitable to his religious and philosophical temper, died before him. But it was then he began evidently to droop apace; nor did he, I think, survive her above a fortnight. But of this last scene I can say little, being unfortunately absent, and not knowing of the danger till he was past recovery.

His funeral (at which I was present) was decent; and though without the least pomp, yet accompanied with a great appearance of persons of the best and noble quality, besides his own relations.

He lies interred (near his sister) in the chancel of St. Martin's church, the Lord Bishop of Salisbury preaching the funeral sermon, with that eloquence natural to him on such and all other occasions. The sermon, you know, is printed, with the panegyric so justly due to his memory. Whether there have been since any other monument erected on him I do not know, nor is it material. His name (like that of Joseph Scaliger) were alone a glorious epitaph.

And now, sir, I am again to implore your pardon for giving you this interruption with things so confusedly huddled up, this very afternoon, as they crowded into my thoughts. The subject, you see, is fruitfu', and almost inexhaustible. Argument fit for no man's pen but Mr. Wotton's. Oblige, then, all the world, and with it, sir, your, etc.

Wotton, March 30, 1696.

EARL OF BRISTOL TO CHARLES II.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MAJESTY,—During the seven months' sufferance under the misfortune of your Majesty's heavy displeasure, banished from your presence, and deprived of the fruits of your former bounty, branded by proclamation as guilty of high crimes against your person and government, and lastly, prosecuted to such extremes for my religion, I have chosen to live most of the time a closer prisoner than, I dare say, your clemency would have me. And to undergo all with submission and silence, rather than seek advantages from my enemies, by exposing to censure anything (how irregular soever) wherein your Majesty's name hath been used; and should have continued to do so still, accepting (with an entire resignation to your will and pleasure) your Majesty's own time for grace and favour, did not the approaching session of parliament impose upon me this

address by way of duty to your service; since it appears to me impossible that the privilege of peers in parliament can suffer one of their own members to lie under an imputation of crimes, without either being pardoned, punished, or vindicated.

This it is which makes me presume at this time to cast myself at your Majesty's feet, and most humbly to beg your pardon for my rash and indiscreet behaviour, in being more earnest than became me, when I had last the honour to wait upon you in your closet; such as I must confess, might very justly move your indignation against me, since no provocation, nor excess of zeal whatever, can justify such a freedom from a subject to a sovereign. And if my sufferings and submissions have not yet been sufficient to expiate that indiscretion, I am ready to undergo whatever your Majesty shall further think fit to inflict upon me, by way of displeasure; so that it draw along with it no imputation of crime: for as to that, I must ever crave leave to defend my innocence against all the world; since this truth I must justify to my latest breath, that neither then, nor at any other time, hath my heart ever been susceptible of a thought either to disserve or displease you.

But as God Himself, whose vicegerent you are, doth, in the judging of sin, admit of extenuation from high temptations of frailty, so I hope your Majesty will be pleased to consider how far the nature of so faithful and passionate a servant of yours, as I am, could bear that provocation, of finding his master not only so incensed against him by his enemies, but continued still in the danger of being betrayed, by their unfaithfulness, in the highest interests of his estate and person. Reflecting upon this, I beseech you, sir, what honest man (loving you as I do) might not have been transported even to frenzy and madness? As for my charging your Lord Chancellor in the House of Peers, I must confess to have done it without leave was a failure, since no man ought to think that he is a better judge of his master's highest concernment than himself. I do therefore, in all humility, beg your pardon for any the least appearance of such presumption. But that done, I most humbly beseech you to weigh in your princely thoughts, from what other motive it could possibly proceed but from my zeal to your service. From particular spleen your Majesty cannot think it, since you have so often vouchsafed me the character of a very unvindictive man; and know so well with what patience I have borne all his malicious practices against me, without falling upon him publicly, till I thought it could be no longer forborne, without imminent hazard to your service and safety: from interest much less, since it is evident that by forbearing to do it, I might have enjoyed plenty and quiet, with marks of your favour; and that by doing it, I hazarded and ruined my fortune, then upon the point of settlement, and reduced myself either to be a prisoner or a vagabond. Nor do I think that anybody will say, that finding myself lost with you, I made my court by it to the next in power.

Lastly, be pleased to vouchsafe me one moment of reflection back upon the whole tenor of my life in your royal father's service, and in yours; and if in the entire progress of it, your princely heart can accuse me of the least failure in true zeal for the interest and glory of your crown, or in affection for the honour and happiness of your person, I am so far from desiring your pardon, that I desire not to live; but if, on the contrary, your excellent judgment, as well as nature, shall bear me the testimony, within yourself, of a constant fervour and faithfulness in them both, I hope that with so gracious a master, I shall not be ruined for one transportment of love beyond the bounds of discretion. You know, as well as Solomon, that love covers a multitude of faults: it is that which I cannot but promise myself, from your incomparable goodness, whom I beseech God to bless and direct to what may be most for the honour and prosperity of your affairs, though it were to be with the certain destruction of your Majesty's humble servant,

BRISTOL.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON TO RICHARD BENTLEY.

Cambridge, February 11, 1693.

SIR,—The hypothesis of deriving the frame of the world by mechanical principles from matter evenly spread through the heavens being inconsistent with my system, I had considered it very little before your letters put me upon it, and therefore trouble you with a line or two more, if this come not too late for your use. In my former I represented that the diurnal rotations of the planets could not be derived from gravity, but required a divine power to impress them. And though gravity might give the planets a motion of descent towards the sun, either directly or with some little obliquity, yet the transverse motions by which they revolve in their several orbs required the Divine Arm to impress them according to the tangents of their orbs. I would now add, that the hypothesis of matter being at first evenly spread through the heavens is, in my opinion, inconsistent with the hypothesis of innate gravity without a supernatural power to reconcile them, and therefore it infers a Deity. For if there be innate gravity, it's impossible now for the matter of the earth and all the planets and stars to fly up from them, and become evenly spread throughout the heavens,

without a supernatural power; and certainly that which can never be hereafter without a supernatural power could never be heretofore without the same power.

You queried whether matter evenly spread throughout a finite space, of some other figure than spherical, would not, in falling down towards a central body, cause that body to be of the same figure with the whole space; and I answered, Yes. But in my answer it is to be supposed that the matter descends directly downwards to that body, and that that body has no diurnal rotation. This, sir, is all that I would add to my former letters.

I am, your most humble servant,

IS. NEWTON.

[It was certainly a very extraordinary undertaking in all respects, the giving of Lieutenant-General Admiral Herbert the command of the fleet, and will appear so, if we reflect that a great army was to be embarked; that seven hundred transports were to be prepared for that embarkation; that provisions, ammunition, and everything requisite for the service, as well of the army as of the fleet, was to be procured in a short time, and with the utmost secrecy; all which was actually done by the indefatigable diligence of four commissioners, viz. Bentinck, Dykvelt, Van Hulst, and Herbert: it is plain, therefore, that his skill in directing what was requisite for the fleet was entirely relied on, that nothing broke out all that time. After such an instance of his capacity and indefatigable care, they might well expect that the rest of his conduct would be of a piece. But what seems further to explain the real intention of the States and the Prince of Orange in trusting Vice-Admiral Herbert, though a stranger, with so high a command, was the publishing his letter to the commanders of the English fleet at the very same time with the Prince of Orange's declaration; for, if they had not placed very strong hopes upon that, without question it had never been published at all, and, if they had such hopes, this alone will sufficiently account for the giving him the chief command under the Prince of Orange, to whom, by the nature of his commission, he was Lieutenant-General by sea. Neither were these hopes of influencing the English seamen slightly grounded, since the pamphlets written in those times universally agree, that the seamen had a very general and warm aversion to Popery, disliked and despised such of their officers as had embraced that religion, and were very prone in their cups to drink Admiral Herbert's health; so that these were very strong indications of their ill-will on one side, and their good-will on the other.—CAMPBELL'S *Lives of the Admirals.*]

ADMIRAL HERBERT TO THE COMMANDERS OF THE FLEET.

GENTLEMEN,—I have little to add to what his Highness has expressed in general terms, besides laying before you the dangerous way you are at present in, where ruin or infamy must inevitably attend you, if you do not join with the Prince in the common cause for the defence of your religion and liberties; for should it please God, for the sins of the English nation, to suffer your arms to prevail, to what end can your victory serve you, but to enslave you deeper, and overthrow the true religion in which you have lived, and your fathers died, of which I beg you as a friend to consider the consequences, and to reflect on the blot and infamy it will bring on you, not only now, but in all after-ages, that by your means the Protestant religion was destroyed, and your country deprived of its ancient liberties; and if it pleases God to bless the Prince's endeavours with success, as I do not doubt but He will, consider then what their condition will be that oppose him in this so good a design, where the greatest favour they can hope for their being suffered to end their days in misery and want, detested and despised by all good men.

It is, therefore, for these and for many other reasons, too long to insert here, that I, as a true Englishman, and your friend, exhort you to join your arms to the Prince for the defence of the common cause, the Protestant religion, and the liberties of your country.

It is what I am well assured the major and best part of the army, as well as the nation, will do as soon as convenience is offered. Prevent them in so good an action while it is in your power, and make it appear, that as the kingdom has always depended on the navy for its defence, so you will yet go farther, by making it as much as in you lies the protection of her religion and liberties; and then you may assure yourselves of all marks of favour and honour, suitable to the merits of so glorious an action. After this I ought not to add so inconsiderable a thing, as that it will for ever engage me to be in a most particular manner, your faithful friend, and humble servant,

AR. HERBERT.

Aboard the 'Leyden,' in the Gore.

[William Wycherley, dramatist and man of fashion in the reign of Charles II., in this and the following letter is comparing notes with his brother dramatist and critic John Dennis, who occupies a conspicuous place in Pope's *Dunciad*, and whose life was frequently embittered by literary quarrels with his contemporaries.]

WYCHERLEY TO DENNIS.

DEAR SIR,—You have found a way to make me satisfied with my absence from London; nay, what is more, with the distance which is now betwixt you and me. That, indeed, uses to lessen friendship, but gives me the greater mark of yours, by your kind letter, which I had missed if I had been nearer to you: so that I, who receive no rents here, yet must own, if I did, I could not receive greater satisfaction than I had from yours, worth even a letter of exchange, or letters patent; for I value your friendship more than money, and am prouder of your approbation than I should be of titles: for the having a good opinion of one who knows mankind so well, argues some merit in me, upon which every man ought to consider himself more than upon the goods of fortune. I had rather be thought your friend in proof of my judgment and good sense, than a friend to the Muses; and had rather have you than them thought mine. If I am, as you say, at once proud and humble, 'tis since I have known I have had the honour to please you; though your praise rather humbles than makes me (though a —— poet) more vain: for it is so great, that it rather seems the raillery of a witty man than the sincerity of a friend; and rather proves the copiousness of your own invention than justifies the fertility of mine. But I fear I am forfeiting the character of the plain-dealer with you; and seem, like vain women or vainer men, to refuse praise but to get more; and so by returning your compliments, show myself grateful out of interest, as knaves are punctual in some payments but to augment their credit. And for your praise of my humility (the only mark of my knowledge, since it is a mark of my knowing myself), you have praised that to its destruction, and have given me so much, you have left me none; like those admirers, who praise a young maid's modesty till they deprive her of it. But let me tell you, 'tis not to my humility that you owe my friendship, but to my ambition, since I can have no greater than to be esteemed by you, and the world, your friend, and to be known to all mankind for, dear sir, your humble servant, W. WYCHERLEY.

DENNIS TO WYCHERLEY.

DEAR SIR,—Not long after I writ my last to you, I was hurried up to town by a kind of a cholic, which was ended in a defluxion upon one of my feet. You know, sir, a defluxion is a general name which some pleasant Frenchmen have given an infant gout too young to be yet baptized. But though the distemper raged in each hand, I would in spite of it answer your admirable letter; a letter which I had certainly known to be yours, though it had been sent me without a name, nay, and transcribed by a chancery-clerk in his own hideous manner of copying. But I must confess I was surprised to hear you say in it, that you took the sincerity of a man who so much esteems you for raillery; yet though you declare it, you can never believe it. I am willing to believe you exceeding humble; but you can never be humble to that degree, unless your mind, which resembles your eye in its clearness, its liveliness, and in its piercing views, should be also like it in this, that plainly discerning all things else, it wants a sight of itself: but in this it does not resemble it; for it beholds itself by reflections, and, like a lovely maid at her glass, is charmed with the sight of its own beauty. This is a sight in which you take pride as well as pleasure; but yours, I must confess, is a guiltless pride, it being nothing but first motion, which it is impossible for man to avoid. You have both the force to subdue it immediately, and the art and goodness to conceal it from us. That it plainly appears from what I have said, that you do not believe I had any design to rally you, I am confident, that through all my letter there appears an air of sincerity. But that is a virtue which has been so long and so peculiarly yours, that you may perhaps be jealous of it in your friends, and disclaim some virtues which they commend in you, only to monopolize that. You had given me at least an occasion to think so, if the raillery in yours had not been so very apparent, that even I had eyes to discern that you have been to blame in it, though I am doubly blinded with love of you and myself. Yet if you writ it with a design to mortify me, assure yourself, that I shall fortify my vanity with that very artillery with which you have begun to attack it. If Mr. Wycherley rallies me, it is certain that I have my defects; but it is full as certain, that he would never condescend to abuse me at such a distance if he wholly despised me. Thus, sir, you see I am as reasonable with my friend as a Russian spouse is with her husband, and take his very raillery for a mark of esteem, as she does a beating for a proof of affection. The very worst of your qualities gain our affections: even your jealousy is very obliging, which it could never be unless it were very groundless. But since your very suspicion is obliging, what influence must your

kindness have on our souls? The wish that I were with you in some retirement, is engaging to that degree that I almost repent that I so eagerly desired your conversation before; for if it were possible, I would augment that desire as a grateful return to yours. To be with you in solitude would make me happy. Though it were in the Orcades, I would not wish myself removed to any happier climate; no, not even to that which contained my absent mistress: all that I could do for her on that occasion, would be to wish her with me. In that retirement what should I not enjoy? where I should be admirably instructed without trouble, and infinitely delighted without vice; where I should be glorious at once with envy and quiet; for what could be more glorious than to be the companion of your retreat? My very ambition instructs me to love such solitude; though, properly speaking, there can be no solitude where you reside; immortal company still attend you; and the virtues, the graces, and the charming Nine who love the groves, and are fond of you, follow you to remotest retirements. The comic muse is more particularly yours; and it is your peculiar praise to allure the most ravishing of all the sisters after you into retirement: to make that goddess forsake the crowd with you, who loves it most of the Nine: you have been constantly her darling, her best beloved. Thus in retirement with her and you, I should have the conversation of mankind; I should enjoy it with all its advantages, without its least inconveniences. In the philosophy of your actions and words, I should see the wise, the good, and the truly great; in your observations and in your raillery, the men of sense and the men of wit; and in your satire, severely pleasant, the fools and rascals exposed by it. In the postscript to my last, I made an apology for usurping a style so foreign from this way of writing. I have once more run into the same fault in this; but the very thought of Mr. Wycherley spreads a generous warmth through me, and raises my soul to rapture; and when a man writes, his soul and his style of necessity rise together. In my next, I have something with which I must trouble you, that will require another manner of writing.

I am, sir, etc.

WYCHERLEY TO DENNIS.

DEAR SIR,—I have received yours of the 20th of November, and am glad to find by it that however your friends are losers by your absence from the town, you are a gainer by it, of your health, which every one you have left behind you (but Ch—) may be thought a friend to; and the more each man is your friend, the more he is satisfied with your absence, which, though it makes us ill for want of you, makes you well for want of us; your taking no leave of me (which you would excuse) I take to be one of the greatest kindnesses you ever showed me; for I could no more see a departing friend from the town than a departing friend from this life; and sure 'tis as much kindness and good breeding to steal from our friends' society, unknown to them (when we must leave them to their trouble), as it is to steal out of a room, after a ceremonial visit, to prevent trouble to him whom we would oblige and respect; so that your last fault (as you call it) is like the rest of your faults, rather an obligation than an offence; though the greatest injury indeed you can do your friends, is to leave them against their will, which you must needs do. You tell me you converse with me in my writings; I must confess, then, you suffer a great deal for me in my absence, which (though I would have you love me) I would not have you do; but for your truer diversion, pray change my country wife for a better of your own in the country, and exercise your own plain-dealing there; then you will make your country squire better company, and your parson more sincere in your company than in his pulpit, or in his cups: but when you talk of store of delights you find in my plain-dealer, you cease to be one; and when you commend my country wife, you never were more a courtier; and I doubt not but you will like your next neighbour's country wife better than you do mine, that you may pass your time better than you can do with my country wife. I was sorry to find by you that your head ached while you writ me your letter; since I fear 'twas from reading my works (as you call them), not from your own writing, which never gave you pain, though it would to others to imitate it. I have given your service to your friends at the Rose, who, since your absence, own they ought not to go for the Witty Club; nor is Will's the Wits' Coffee-house any more, since you left it; whose society, for want of yours, is grown as melancholy, that is, as dull as when you left them a nights to their own mother-wit, their puns, couplets, or quibbles; therefore expect not a witty letter from any of them, no more than from me, since they nor I have conversed with you these three weeks. I have no news worth sending you, but my next shall bring you what we have. In the meantime, let me tell you (what I hope is no news to you) that your absence is more tedious to me than a quibbler's company to you; so that I being sick yesterday, as I thought without any cause, reflected you were forty or fifty miles off, and then found the reason of my disposition, for I cannot be well so far from you, who am, dear Mr. Dennis, your obliged, humble servant,

W. WYCHERLEY.

QUEEN ANNE TO THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, AFTER THE VICTORY OF OUDENARDE, 1708.[1]

I want words to express the joy I have that you are well after your glorious success, for which, next to Almighty God, my thanks are due to you. And indeed I can never say enough for all the great and faithful services you have ever done me. But be so just as to believe, I am as truly sensible of them as a grateful heart can be, and shall be ready to show it upon all occasions. I hope you cannot doubt of my esteem and friendship for you; nor think, because I differ with you in some things, it is for want of either: no, I do assure you. If you were here, I am sure you would not think me so much in the wrong in some things as I fear you do now. I am afraid my letter should come too late to London; and therefore dare say no more, but that I pray God Almighty to continue His protection over you, and send you safe home again: and be assured I shall ever be sincerely, etc.

DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH TO QUEEN ANNE.

MADAM,—I have the honour of your Majesty's letter of the 6th, and am very thankful for all your goodness to me; and I am sure it will always be my intention as well as duty, to be ready to venture my life for your service.

As I have formerly told your Majesty, that I am desirous to serve you in the army, but not as a minister, I am every day more and more confirmed in that opinion. And I think myself obliged upon all accounts on this occasion to speak my mind freely to you. The circumstances in this last battle, I think, show the hand of God; for we were obliged, not only to march five leagues that morning, but to pass a river before the enemy, and to engage them before the whole army was passed, which was a visible mark of the favour of Heaven to you and your arms.

Your Majesty shall be convinced from this time, that I have no ambition nor anything to ask for myself or family; but I will end the few years which I have to live, in endeavouring to serve you, and to give God Almighty thanks for His infinite goodness to me. But as I have taken this resolution to myself, give me leave to say, that I think you are obliged in conscience, and as a good Christian, to forgive, and to have no more resentments to any particular person or party, but to make use of such as will carry on this just war with vigour, which is the only way to preserve our religion and liberties, and the crown on your head. Which, that you may long enjoy, and be a blessing to your people, shall be the constant wish and prayer of him, that is with the greatest truth and duty, madam, etc.

July 23, 1708.

TO THE SAME.

MADAM,—By what I hear from London, I find your Majesty is pleased to think, that when I have reflected, I must be of opinion that you are in the right in giving Mr. Hill the Earl of Essex's regiment. I beg your Majesty will be so just to me, as not to think I can be so unreasonable as to be mortified to the degree that I am, if it proceeded only from this one thing; for I shall always be ready and glad to do everything that is agreeable to you, after I have represented what may be a prejudice to your service. But this is only one of a great many mortifications that I have met with. And as I may not have many opportunities of writing to you, let me beg of your Majesty to reflect what your own people and the rest of the world must think, who have been witnesses of the love, zeal, and duty with which I have served you, when they shall see that after all I have done, it has not been able to protect me against the malice of a bed-chamber woman. Your Majesty will allow me on this occasion to remind you of what I writ to you the last campaign, of the certain knowledge I had of Mrs. Masham's having assured Mr. Harley that I should receive such constant mortifications as should make it impossible for me to continue in your service. God Almighty and the whole world are my witnesses, with what care and pains I have served you more than twenty years, and I was resolved, if possible, to have struggled with difficulties to the end of the war. But the many instances I have had of your Majesty's great change to me, has so broke my spirits, that I must beg as the greatest and last favour that you will approve of my retiring, so that I may employ the little time I have to live, in making my just acknowledgments to God for the protection He has been pleased to give me. And your Majesty may be assured that my zeal for you and my country is so great, than in my retirement I shall daily pray for your prosperity, and that those who shall serve you as faithfully as I have done, may never feel the hard return that I have met with.

[Godolphin was a supporter of Marlborough's policy, but gradually passed from the Tory party to that of the Whigs. In 1710 he was dismissed from office by Queen Anne.]

[1] The victory over the forces led by the Duke of Vendome in Flanders, in 1708.

LORD TREASURER GODOLPHIN TO QUEEN ANNE.

I have the honour of your Majesty's letter of the 13th, by which I have the grief to find that what you are pleased to call spleen in my former letter, was only a true impulse and conviction of mind, that your Majesty is suffering yourself to be guided to your own ruin and destruction as fast as it is possible for them to compass it, to whom you seem so much to hearken.

I am not therefore so much surprised as concerned at the resolution which your Majesty says you have taken, of bringing in the Duke of Shrewsbury. For when people began to be sensible it would be difficult to persuade your Majesty to dissolve a parliament which, for two winters together, had given you above six millions a year for the support of a war upon which your crown depends; even while that war is still subsisting, they have had the cunning to contrive this proposal to your Majesty, which in its consequence will certainly put you under a necessity of breaking the parliament, though contrary (I yet believe) to your mind and intention.

I beg your Majesty to be persuaded I do not say this out of the least prejudice to the Duke of Shrewsbury. There is no man of whose capacity I have had a better impression, nor with whom I have lived more easily and freely for above twenty years. Your Majesty may please to remember, that at your first coming to the crown, I was desirous he should have had one of the chief posts in your service; and it would have been happy for your Majesty and the kingdom if he had accepted that offer; but he thought fit to decline it, and the reasons generally given at that time for his doing so, do not much recommend him to your Majesty's service. But I must endeavour to let your Majesty see things as they really are. And to bring him into your service and into your business at this time, just after his being in a public open conjunction in every vote with the whole body of the Tories, and in a private, constant correspondence and caballing with Mr. Harley in everything; what consequence can this possibly have, but to make every man that is now in your cabinet council, except , to run from it as they would from the plague? And I leave it to your Majesty to judge, what effect this entire change of your ministers will have among your allies abroad, and how well this war is like to be carried on, in their opinion, by those who have all along opposed and obstructed it, and who will like any peace the better, the more it leaves France at liberty to take their time of imposing the Pretender upon this country.

These considerations must certainly make Holland run immediately into a separate peace with France, and make your Majesty lose all the honour and all the reputation your arms had acquired by the war; and make the kingdom lose all the fruits of that vast expense which they have been at in this war, as well as all the advantage and safety which they had so much need of and had so fair a prospect of obtaining by it. And can anybody imagine that after so great a disappointment of the kingdom, there will not be an inquiry into the causes of it; and who have been the occasion of so great a change in your Majesty's measures and councils, which had been so long successful, and gotten you so great a name in the world? I am very much afraid your Majesty will find, when it is too late, that it will be a pretty difficult task for anybody to stand against such an inquiry. I am sure if I did not think all these consequences inevitable, I would never give your Majesty the trouble and uneasiness of laying them before you. But persuaded as I am that your Majesty will find them so, it is my indispensable duty to do it out of pure faithfulness and zeal for your Majesty's service and honour. Your Majesty having taken a resolution of so much consequence to all your affairs both at home and abroad, without acquainting the Duke of Marlborough or me with it, till after you had taken it, is the least part of my mortification in this whole affair. Though perhaps the world may think the long and faithful services we have constantly and zealously endeavoured to do your Majesty, might have deserved a little more consideration. However, for my own part, I most humbly beg leave to assure your Majesty, I will never give the least obstruction to your measures, or to any ministers you shall please to employ. And I must beg further to make two humble requests to your Majesty,—the one, that you will allow me to pass the remainder of life always out of London, where I may find most ease and quiet; the other, that you would keep this letter and read it again about next Christmas, and then be pleased to make your own judgment, who hath given you the best and most faithful advice. I am, etc.

Newmarket, April 15, 1710.

DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH TO QUEEN ANNE.[1]

MADAM,—I am very sensible of the honour your Majesty does me in dismissing me from your service by a letter of your own hand, though I find by it that my enemies have been able to prevail with your Majesty to do it in the manner that is most injurious to me. And if their malice and inveteracy against me had not been more powerful with them than the consideration of your Majesty's honour and

[1] See page 65.

justice, they would not have influenced you to impute the occasion of my dismission to a false and malicious insinuation, contrived by themselves, and made public, when there was no opportunity for me to give in my answer; which they must needs be conscious would fully detect the falsehood and malice of their aspersions, and not leave them that handle for bringing your Majesty to such extremities against me.

But I am much more concerned at an expression in your Majesty's letter which seems to complain of the treatment you had met with. I know not how to understand that word, nor what construction to make of it. I know I have always endeavoured to serve your Majesty faithfully and zealously, through a great many undeserved mortifications. But if your Majesty does intend by that expression to find fault with my not coming to the Cabinet Council, I am very free to acknowledge that my duty to your Majesty and my country would not give me leave to join in the counsel of a man, who, in my opinion, puts your Majesty upon all manner of extremities. And it is not my opinion only, but the opinion of all mankind, that the friendship of France must needs be destructive to your Majesty; there being in that court a root of enmity irreconcilable to your Majesty's Government, and the religion of these kingdoms. I wish your Majesty may never find the want of so faithful a servant as I have always endeavoured to approve myself to you. I am with the greatest duty and submission, Madam, your Majesty's most dutiful and obedient subject,

MARLBOROUGH.

[Prior, who was at this period ambassador at Paris, belonged to a club of sixteen who dined every week in rotation at each others' houses. Of this society Swift was a member. They were distinguished by the title of Brothers.]

MATTHEW PRIOR TO SWIFT.

A Letter upon Nothing.

Paris, August 16, 1713.

As I did not expect, my good friend Jonathan, to have received a letter from you at Dublin, so I am sure I did not intend to write one thither to you; but Mr. Rosingrave[1] thinks it may do him service, in recommending him to you. If so, I am very glad of it; for it can be of no other use imaginable: I have writ letters now above twenty-two years. I have taken towns, destroyed fleets, made treaties, and settled commerce in letters. And what of all this? why nothing, but that I have had some subject to write upon. But to write a letter, only because Mr. Rosingrave has a mind to carry one in his pocket; to tell you that you are sure of a friendship which can never do you threepence worth of good; and to wish you well in England very soon, when I do not know when I am likely to be there myself;—all this, I say, is very absurd for a letter, especially when I have this day written a dozen much more to the purpose. If I had seen your manuscript[1]—if I had received Dr. Parnell's poem—if I had any news of Lenden being taken—why, well and good. But as I know no more than that the Duke of Shrewsbury designs for England within three weeks, that I must stay here till somebody else comes, and then brings me necessarily to say, good Mr. Dean, that I am like the fellow in the *Rehearsal*, who did not know if he was to be merry or serious, or in what way or mood to act his part. One thing only I am assured of, that I love you very well, and most sincerely and faithfully. Dear sir, your servant and brother,

M. PRIOR.

[1] A celebrated musical performer.

[This letter contains the views of an eminent and successful English dramatist upon humour. With all their wit and spirit, Congreve's own dramas are too gross for the stage of the present day.]

WILLIAM CONGREVE (1670–1729) TO DENNIS.

DEAR SIR,—You write to me, that you have entertained yourself two or three days with reading several comedies of several authors; and your observation is, that there is more of humour in our English writers than in any of the other comic poets, ancient or modern. You desire to know my opinion, and at the same time my thought of that which is generally called humour in comedy.

I agree with you in an impartial preference of our English writers in that particular. But if I tell you my thoughts of humour, I must at the same time confess that what I take for true humour has not been so often written even by them as is generally believed, and some who have valued themselves, and have been esteemed by others for that kind of writing, have seldom touched upon it. To make this appear to the world would require a long and laboured discourse, and such as I neither am able nor willing to undertake. But such little remarks as may be contained within the compass of a letter, and such unpremeditated thoughts as may be communicated between friend and friend, without incurring the censure of the

[1] Of the *History of the Peace of Utrecht.*

world, or setting up for a dictator, you shall have from me, since you have enjoined it.

To define humour, perhaps, were as difficult as to define wit; for, like that, it is of infinite variety. To enumerate the several humours of men, were a work as endless as to sum up their several opinions. And in my mind the *Quot homines tot sententiæ* might have been more properly interpreted of humour; since there are many men of the same opinion in many things, who are yet quite different in humours. But though we cannot certainly tell what wit is, or what humour is, yet we may go near to show something which is not wit, or not humour, and yet often mistaken for both. And since I have mentioned wit and humour together, let me make the first distinction between them, and observe to you that wit is often mistaken for humour.

I have observed, that when a few things have been wittily and pleasantly spoken by any character in a comedy, it has been very usual for those who make their remarks on a play while it is acting, to say, Such a thing is very humorously spoken; there is a great deal of humour in that part. Thus the character of the person speaking, may be surprisingly and pleasantly, is mistaken for a character of humour, which, indeed, is a character of wit; but there is a great difference between a comedy wherein there are many things humorously, as they call it, which is pleasantly spoken, and one where there are several characters of humour, distinguished by the particular and different humours appropriated to the several persons represented, and which naturally arise from the different constitutions, complexions, and dispositions of men. The saying of humorous things does not distinguish characters; for every person in a comedy may be allowed to speak them. From a witty man they are expected, and even a fool may be permitted to stumble on them by chance. Though I make a difference betwixt wit and humour, yet I do not think that humorous characters exclude wit: no, but the manner of wit should be adapted to the humour. As for instance, a character of a splenetic and peevish humour should have a satirical wit; a jolly and sanguine humour, should have a facetious wit: the former should speak positively, the latter carelessly; for the former observes and shows things as they are; the latter rather overlooks nature, and speaks things as he would have them; and his wit and humour have both of them a less alloy of judgment than the others.

As wit, so its opposite, folly, is sometimes mistaken for humour.

When a poet brings a character on the stage, committing a thousand absurdities, and talking impertinencies, roaring aloud, and laughing immoderately, on every, or rather upon no occasion; this is a character of humour.

Is anything more common than to have a pretended comedy stuffed with such grotesque figures and farce-fools? Things that either are not in nature, or if they are, are monsters, and births of mischance; and consequently, as such, should be stifled, and huddled out of the way, like Sooterkins, that mankind may not be shocked with an appearing possibility of the degeneration of a God-like species. For my part, I am as willing to laugh as anybody, and as easily diverted with an object truly ridiculous; but at the same time, I can never care for seeing things that force me to entertain low thoughts of my nature. I don't know how it is with others, but I confess freely to you, I could never look long upon a monkey without very mortifying reflections; though I never heard anything to the contrary why that creature is not originally of a distinct species. As I don't think humour exclusive of wit, neither do I think it inconsistent with folly; but I think the follies should be only such as men's humours may incline them to, and not follies entirely abstracted from both humour and nature.

Sometimes personal defects are misrepresented for humours.

I mean, sometimes characters are barbarously exposed on the stage, ridiculing natural deformities, casual defects in the senses, and infirmities of age. Sure the poet must both be very ill-natured himself, and think his audience so, when he proposes, by showing a man deformed, or deaf, or blind, to give them an agreeable entertainment; and hopes to raise their mirth by what is truly an object of compassion. But much need not be said upon this head to anybody, especially to you, who in one of your letters to me concerning Mr. Jonson's Fox, have justly excepted against this immoral part of ridicule in Corbaccio's character; and there I must agree with you to blame him, whom otherwise I cannot enough admire, for his great mastery in true humour in comedy.

External habit of body is often mistaken for humour.

By external habit, I do not mean the ridiculous dress or clothing of a character, though that goes a good way in some received characters (but undoubtedly a man's humour may incline him to dress differently from other people); but I mean a singularity of manners, speech, and behaviour, peculiar to all or most of the same country, trade, profession, or education. I cannot think that a humour which is only a habit or disposition contracted by use or custom; for by a disuse or compliance with other customs, it may be worn off, or diversified.

Affectation is generally mistaken for humour.

These are indeed so much alike, that, at a distance, they may be mistaken one for the other; for what is humour in one may be

affectation in another; and nothing is more common than for some to affect particular ways of saying and doing things peculiar to others, whom they admire and would imitate. Humour is the life, affectation the picture. He that draws a character of affectation, shows humour at the second-hand; he at best but publishes a translation, and his pictures are but copies.

But as these two last distinctions are the nicest, so it may be most proper to explain them by particular instances from some author of reputation. Humour I take either to be born with us, and so of a natural growth; or else to be grafted into us by some accidental change in the constitution, or revolution of the internal habit of body, by which it becomes, if I may so call it, naturalized.

Humour is from nature, habit from custom, and affectation from industry.

Humour shows us as we are.

Habit shows us as we appear under a forcible impression.

Affectation shows what we would be under a voluntary disguise.

Though here I would observe by the way, that a continued affectation may in time become a habit.

The character of Morose in the *Silent Woman*, I take to be a character of humour. And I choose to instance this character to you, from many others of the same author, because I know it has been condemned by many as unnatural and farce; and you have yourself hinted some dislike of it, for the same reason, in a letter to me concerning some of Jonson's plays.

Let us suppose Morose to be a man naturally splenetic and melancholy: is there anything more offensive to one of such a disposition, than noise and clamour? Let any man that has the spleen (and there are enough in England) be judge. We see common examples of this humour in little every day. 'Tis ten to one but three parts in four of the company that you dine with are discomposed and startled at the cutting of a cork, or scratching a plate with a knife. It is a proportion of the same humour, that makes such or any other noise offensive to the person that hears it; for there are others who will not be disturbed at all by it. Well; but Morose, you will say, is so extravagant, he cannot bear any discourse or conversation above a whisper. Why, it is his excess of this humour that makes him become ridiculous, and qualifies his character for comedy. If the poet had given him but a moderate proportion of that humour, 'tis odds but half the audience would have sided with the character, and have condemned the author for exposing a humour which was neither remarkable nor ridiculous. Besides, the distance of the stage requires the figure represented to be something larger than the life; and sure a picture may have features larger in proportion, and yet be very like the original. If this exactness of quantity were to be observed in wit, as some would have it in humour, what would become of those characters that are designed for men of wit? I believe if a poet should steal a dialogue of any length from the extempore discourse of the two wittiest men upon earth, he would find the scene but coldly received by the town. But to the purpose:

The character of Sir John Daw in the same play is a character of affectation. He everywhere discovers an affectation of learning; when he is not only conscious to himself, but the audience also plainly perceives, that he is ignorant. Of this kind are the characters of Thraso in the *Eunuch* of Terence, and Pyrgopolinices in the *Miles Gloriosus* of Plautus: they affect to be thought valiant, when both themselves and the audience know they are not. Now such a boasting of valour in men who were really valiant, would undoubtedly be a humour; for a fiery disposition might naturally throw a man into the same extravagance, which is only affected in the characters I have mentioned.

The character of Cob in *Every Man in his Humour*, and most of the under characters in *Bartholomew Fair*, discover only a singularity of manners appropriated to the several educations and professions of the persons represented. They are not humours, but habits contracted by custom. Under this head may be ranged all country clowns, sailors, tradesmen, jockeys, gamesters, and such like, who make use of cants or peculiar dialects in their several arts and vocations. One may almost give a receipt for the composition of such a character; for the poet has nothing to do but to collect a few proper phrases and terms of art, and to make the person apply them by ridiculous metaphors in his conversation with characters of different natures. Some late characters of this kind have been very successful; but in my mind they may be painted without much art or labour, since they require little more than a good memory and superficial observation. But true humour cannot be shown without a dissection of nature, and a narrow search to discover the first seeds from whence it has its root and growth.

If I were to write to the world I should be obliged to dwell longer upon each of these distinctions and examples; for I know that they would not be plain enough to all readers: but a bare hint is sufficient to inform you of the notions which I have on the subject; and I hope by this time you are of my opinion, that humour is neither wit nor folly, nor personal defect, nor affectation, nor habit; and yet that each and all of these have been both written and received for humour.

I should be unwilling to venture even on a bare description of humour, much more to

make a definition of it; but now my hand is in, I'll tell you what serves me instead of either: I take it to be, a singular and unavoidable manner of doing or saying anything, peculiar and natural to one man only, by which his speech and actions are distinguished from those of other men.

Our humour has relation to us, and to what proceeds from us, as the accidents have to a substance: it is a colour, taste, and smell, diffused through all; though our actions are never so many, and different in form, they are all splinters of the same wood, and have naturally one complexion; which though it may be dignified by art, yet cannot be wholly changed; we may paint it with other colours, but we cannot change the grain. So the natural sound of an instrument will be distinguished, though the notes expressed by it are never so various, and the diversions never so many. Dissimulation may by degrees become more easy to our practice; but it can never absolutely transubstantiate us into what we would seem: it will always be in some proportion a violence upon nature.

A man may change his opinion, but I believe he will find it a difficulty to part with his humour; and there is nothing more provoking than the being made sensible of that difficulty. Sometimes one shall meet with those who, perhaps innocently enough, but at the same time impertinently, will ask the question, Why are you not merry? Why are you not gay, pleasant, and cheerful? Then, instead of answering, could I ask such one, Why are you not handsome? Why have you not black eyes, and a better complexion? Nature abhors to be forced.

The two famous philosophers of Ephesus and Abdera have their different sects at this day; some weep, and others laugh, at one and the same thing.

I don't doubt but you have observed several men laugh when they are angry; others who are silent; some that are loud: yet I cannot suppose that it is the passion of anger which is in itself different, or more or less in one than t'other; but that it is the humour of the man that is predominant, and urges him to express it in that manner. Demonstrations of pleasure are as various: one man has a humour of retiring from all company, when anything has happened to please him beyond expectation; he hugs himself alone, and thinks it an addition to the pleasure to keep it secret. Another is upon thorns till he has made proclamation of it; and must make other people sensible of his happiness, before he can be so himself. So it is in grief and other passions. Demonstrations of love, and the effects of that passion upon several humours, are infinitely different: but here the ladies, who abound in servants, are the best judges. Talking of the ladies, methinks something should be observed of the humour of the fair sex, since they are sometimes so kind as to furnish out a character for comedy. But I must confess, I have never made any observation of what I apprehend to be true humour in women. Perhaps passions are too powerful in that sex to let humour have its course, or maybe, by reason of their natural coldness, humour cannot exert itself to that extravagant degree which it often does in the male sex: for if ever anything does appear comical or ridiculous in a woman, I think it is little more than an acquired folly or an affectation. We may call them the weaker sex; but I think the true reason is, because our follies are stronger, and our faults are more prevailing.

One might think that the diversity of humour, which must be allowed to be diffused throughout mankind, might afford endless matter for the support of comedies. But when we come closely to consider that point, and nicely to distinguish the difference of humours, I believe we shall find the contrary. For though we allow every man something of his own, and a peculiar humour, yet every man has it not in quantity to become remarkable by it; or, if many do become remarkable by their humours, yet all those humours may not be diverting. Nor is it only requisite to distinguish what humour will be diverting, but also how much of it, what part of it to show in light, and what to cast in shades; how to set it off in preparatory scenes, and by opposing other humours to it in the same scene. Through a wrong judgment, sometimes, men's humours may be opposed when there is really no specific difference between them, only a greater proportion of the same in one than t'other, occasioned by having more phlegm or choler, or whatever the constitution is from whence their humours derive their source.

There is infinitely more to be said on this subject, tho' perhaps I have already said too much; but I have said it to a friend, who I am sure will not expose it if he does not approve of it. I believe the subject is entirely new, and was never touched upon before; and if I would have any one to see this private essay, it should be some one who might be provoked by my errors in it to publish a more judicious treatise on the subject. Indeed I wish it were done, that the world being a little acquainted with the scarcity of true humour, and the difficulty of finding and showing it, might look a little more favourably on the labours of them who endeavour to search into nature for it, and lay it open to the public view.

I don't say but that very entertaining and useful characters, and proper for comedy, may be drawn from affectations, and those other qualities which I have endeavoured to distinguish from humour; but I would not have such imposed on the world for humour, nor esteemed of equal value with it. It were perhaps the work of a long life to make one comedy true in all

its parts, and to give every character in it a true and distinct humour. Therefore every poet must be beholden to other helps, to make out his number of ridiculous characters. But I think such a one deserves to be broke who makes all false musters; who does not show one true humour in a comedy, but entertains his audience to the end of the play with everything out of nature.

I will make but one observation to you more, and I have done; and that is grounded upon an observation of your own, and which I mentioned at the beginning of my letter, viz. that there is more of humour in our English comic writers than in any others. I do not at all wonder at it, for I look upon humour to be almost of English growth; at least it does not seem to have found such increase on any other soil; and what appears to me to be the reason of it, is the great freedom, privilege, and liberty which the common people of England enjoy. Any man that has a humour, is under no restraint or fear of giving it vent: they have a proverb among them, which maybe will show the bent and genius of the people as well as a longer discourse: he that will have a May-pole shall have a May-pole. This is a maxim with them, and their practice is agreeable to it. I believe something considerable too may be ascribed to their feeding so much on flesh, and the grossness of their diet in general. But I have done, let the physicians agree that.' Thus you have my thoughts of humour, to my power of expressing them in so little time and compass. You will be kind to show me wherein I have erred; and as you are very capable of giving me instruction, so I think I have a very just title to demand it from you; being, without reserve, your real friend and humble servant,

W. CONGREVE.

MR. —— TO CONGREVE.

DEAR SIR,—I came home from the Land's End yesterday, where I found three letters from Mr. Dennis, and one from you, with a humorous description of John Abassus.[1] Since the dubbing of Don Quixote, and the coronation of Petrarch in the capitol, there has not been so great a solemnity as the consecration of John Abassus. In all the pagan ritual, I never met with the form of poetical orders; but I believe the ceremony of consecrating a man to Apollo is the same with devoting a man to the Dii Manes, for both are martyrs to fame. I believe not a man of the Grave Club durst assist at this ridiculous scene for fear of laughing outright. W. was in his kingdom, and for my part, I would have rather sat there than in the House of Commons. Would to God I could laugh with you for one hour or two at all the ridiculous things that have happened at Will's Coffee-house since I left it; 'tis the merriest place in the world: like Africa, every day produces a monster; and they are got there just as Pliny says they are in Africa: beasts of different kinds come to drink, mingle with one another, and beget monsters. Present my humble duty to my new lord, and tell him that I am preparing an address to congratulate his accession to the throne of the Rabble. Tell the lady, who was the author of the hue and cry after me, she might have sent out a hundred hues and cries before she would have found a poet. I took an effectual course not to be apprehended for a poet; for I went down clad like a soldier, with a new suit of clothes on, and I think there could not have been a better disguise for a poet, unless I had stolen Dr. B——'s coat. Mr. Dennis sent me down P—— M——'s parody. I can say very little of the poem; but as for the dialogue, I think 'twas the first time that M—— suffered anybody to talk with him, though indeed here he interrupts Mr. Boileau in the midst of the first word. My humble service to Mr. Wycherley. I desire you would write me some news of the stage, and what progress you have made in your tragedy. I am your most affectionate friend and servant.

CONGREVE'S ANSWER.

DEAR SIR,—I can't but think that a letter from me in London to you in C—— is like some ancient correspondence between an inhabitant of Rome and a Cimmerian. Maybe my way of writing may not be so modestly compared with Roman epistles; but the resemblance of the place will justify the other part of the parallel: the subterraneous habitations of the miners, and the proximity of the Bajæ, help a little; and while you are at B——, let B—— be Cunæ, and do you supply the place of Sibylla. You may look on this as raillery; but I can assure you, nothing less than oracles are expected from you in the next parliament, if you succeed in your election, as we are pretty well assured you will. You wish yourself with us at Will's Coffee-house; all here wish for you, from the Grave Club to the most puny member of the Rabble: they who can think, think of you, and the rest talk of you. There is no such monster in this Africa that is not sensible of your absence; even the worst natured people, and those of least wit, lament it; I mean half critics and quibblers. To tell you all that want you, I should name all the creatures of Covent Garden, which, like those of Eden Garden, would want some Adam to be a godfather, and give them names. I can't tell whether I may

[1] A country poet.

justly compare our Covent Garden to that of Eden or no; for though I believe we may have variety of strange animals equal to Paradise, yet I fear we have not amongst us the Tree of Knowledge. It had been much to the disadvantage of Pliny, had the Coffee-house been in his days; for sure he would have described some who frequent it, which would have given him the reputation of a more fabulous writer than he has now. But being in our age, it does him a service; for we who know it can give faith to all his monsters. You who took care to go down into the country unlike a poet, I hope will take care not to come up again like a politician; for then you will add a new monster to the Coffee-house that was never seen there before. So you may come back again in your soldier's coat, for in that you will no more be suspected for a politician than a poet. Pray come upon any terms, for you are wished for by everybody; but most wanted by your affectionate friend and servant,

W. CONGREVE.

TO CONGREVE AT TUNBRIDGE.

DEAR SIR,—My business and my thanks for your kindness you will find in the enclosed, which I had sent by the last post had not an accident hindered it. All the return that I can make you at present is, to acquaint you with such news as we have. Our friend Mr. —— went last Friday to the Bath: he promised to write to me from that place, but it would be unreasonable indeed to expect it; for W—— takes up his afternoons, and his mornings, I suppose, are spent in contemplation at the Cross-Bath. Most of your friends at the Coffee-house are dispersed; some are retreated into the country, in hopes of some favours which they expect from the Muses; two or three of them are retired in town, to ruminate on some favours which they have received from their mistresses.

So that the Coffee-house is like to grow into reputation again. For if any one gives it the scandalous denomination of the Wits' Coffee-house, he must call it so by antiphrasis, because there comes no wit there. Here are two or three indeed, who set up for wits at home, and endeavour to pass for wise at the Coffee-house; for they hold their tongues there. Indeed the Coffee-house is generally the exchange for wit, where the merchants meet without bringing the commodity with them, which they leave at home in their warehouses, alias their closets, while they go abroad to take a prudent care for the vending it. But you are of the number of those happy few, who so abound in hereditary possessions, and in rich returns from Greece and from Italy, that you always carry some of it about you, to be liberal to your friends of that which you sell to strangers. Mr. —— babbles eternally according to his old rate, and as extravagantly as if he talked to himself; which he certainly does, if nobody minds him any more than I do. He has been just now inquiring what sort of distemper the spleen is, an infallible sign that he is the only man in Covent Garden who does not know that he is an ass. To make him sensible what the spleen is, I could find in my heart to show him himself, and give it him. If anything restrains me from being revenged of his impertinence this way, 'tis the consideration that will make him wiser. This coxcomb naturally puts me in mind of the stage, where they have lately acted some new plays; but had there been more of them, I would not scruple to affirm that the stage is at present a desert and a barren place, as some part of Africa is said to be though it abounds in monsters. And yet those prodigious things have met with success; for a fool is naturally fond of a monster, because he is incapable of knowing a man. While you drink steel for your spleen at Tunbridge, I partake of the benefit of the course; for the gaiety of your letters relieves me considerably: then what must your conversation do? Come up and make the experiment, and impart that vigour to me which Tunbridge has restored to you. I am your most humble servant,

JOHN DENNIS.

[It was a saying of Swift, that he sometimes read a book with pleasure, although he detested the author; and the reader of Gay will often feel an interest in the writer, while he disapproves of his principles. Johnson portrays him the favourite of an association of wits, who regarded him as a play-fellow rather than a partner. He certainly possessed none of the qualities of a dictator; and if he had the affection of his friends, cared nothing for their veneration. Pope always mentioned him with the warmest regard. 'Would to God,' he wrote to Swift, 'the man we have lost had not been so amiable, nor so good; but that is a wish for our own sake, not for his.' And more tenderly still in another letter to the Dean, 'I wished vehemently to have seen him in a condition of living independent, and to have lived in perfect indolence the rest of our days together, the two most idle, most innocent, most undesigning poets of our age.' Swift's friendship for Gay glows through his misanthropy.

When he wished to paint the misery of his residence in Ireland, he called it a banishment from 'St. John, Pope, and Gay;' and upon the letter in which Pope communicated to him the death of their gentle companion, he inscribed a most affecting memorandum. Gay was too lazy to be a voluminous correspondent, but his style is easy, natural, and amusing. He had accompanied Pope to the seat of Lord Harcourt in Oxfordshire, and during his visit the accident occurred which suggested this beautiful and affecting letter.—*Willmott.*]

GAY TO ——.

A Thunder-storm in Autumn.

Stanton Harcourt, Aug. 19, 1718.

The only news that you can expect to have from me here, is news from heaven, for I am quite out of the world; and there is scarce anything can reach me except the voice of thunder, which undoubtedly you have heard too. We have read in old authors of high towers levelled by it to the ground, while the humbler valleys have escaped: the only thing that is proof against it is the laurel, which, however, I take to be no great security to the brains of modern authors. But to let you see that the contrary to this often happens, I must acquaint you, that the highest and most extravagant heap of towers in the universe which is in this neighbourhood, stand still undefaced, while a cock of barley in our next field has been consumed to ashes. Would to God that this heap of barley had been all that perished! for, unhappily, beneath this little shelter sat two much more constant lovers than ever were found in romance under the shade of a beech-tree. John Hewet was a well-set man, of about five-and-twenty; Sarah Drew might be rather called comely than beautiful, and was about the same age. They had passed through the various labours of the year together with the greatest satisfaction: if she milked, it was his morning and evening care to bring the cows to her hand; it was but last fair that he bought her a present of green silk for her straw-hat; and the posie on her silver ring was of his choosing. Their love was the talk of the whole neighbourhood; for scandal never affirmed that they had any other views than the lawful possession of each other in marriage. It was that very morning that he had obtained the consent of her parents; and it was but till the next week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps, in the intervals of their work, they were now talking of the wedding-clothes; and John was suiting several sorts of poppies and field-flowers to her complexion, to choose her a knot for the wedding day. While they were thus busied (it was on the last of July, between two and three in the afternoon) the clouds grew black, and such a storm of thunder and lightning ensued, that all the labourers made the best of their way to what shelter the trees and hedges afforded. Sarah was frightened, and fell down in a swoon on a heap of barley. John, who never separated from her, sat down by her side, having raked together two or three heaps, the better to secure her from the storm. Immediately there was heard so loud a crack, as if heaven had split asunder: every one was now solicitous for the safety of his neighbour, and called to one another throughout the field. No answer being returned to those who called to our lovers, they stepped to the place where they lay; they perceived the barley all in a smoke, and then spied this faithful pair: John with one arm about Sarah's neck, and the other held over her, as to screen her from the lightning. They were struck dead, and stiffened in this tender posture. Sarah's left eye-brow was singed, and there appeared a black spot on her breast; her lover was all over black, but not the least signs of life were found in either. Attended by their melancholy companions, they were conveyed to the town, and the next day were interred in Stanton Harcourt churchyard. My Lord Harcourt, at Mr. Pope's and my request, has caused a stone to be placed over them, upon condition that we furnished the epitaph, which is as follows:—

'When Eastern lovers feed the funeral fire,
On the same pile the faithful pair expire:
Here pitying heaven that virtue mutual found,
And blasted both that it might neither wound.
Hearts so sincere, the Almighty saw well pleased,
Sent his own lightning, and the victim seized.'

But my lord is apprehensive the country people will not understand this; and Mr. Pope says he'll make one with something of Scripture in it, and with as little of poetry as Hopkins and Sternhold. Yours, etc.

[Parr was heard to declare, in the presence of an accomplished English writer, that the fame of Warburton rested upon the 'two pillars of his and Johnson's commendation.' This was said of an author of whom Pope had affirmed, that he possessed a genius equal to his fancy, and a taste equal to his learning. But the polemical fervour, which broke out in the gravest disquisitions of Warburton, is abundantly visible in his correspondence. You see the flashing steel, and hear the sounding bow of the eager disputant. His letters have been

analyzed by the ingenious author of the *Diary of a Lover of Literature*:—'Hume is consigned to the pillory in his first curious notice of him (Lett. 6, 1749), and afterwards (Lett. 100, 1757), he is described as possessing a more cruel heart than he ever met with. Johnson's remarks on his commentaries upon Shakespeare (Lett. 175) are full of insolent and malignant reflections. Priestley (Lett. 220) is that wretched fellow. The gloomy and malignant Jortin (Lett. 227) dies of eating his own heart. Evanson (235) is a convicted innovator. Walpole, an insufferable coxcomb. Spence, a poor creature; and dunces and blockheads thunder through his epistles without number.'—These are the characteristic faults of the writer, for which the fertility of his invention, the affluence of his erudition, and the purity of his intentions make ample amends. His letters have been justly characterized 'as replete with bold and original thoughts, acute criticism, profound reflections, daring paradoxes, boastful exultations, ingenious and frank avowals, fervent demonstrations of friendly regard, strains of manly and indignant eloquence, strokes of true and genuine humour, coarse and contemptuous invectives on his enemies.' The following humorous account of a voyage round the Park is pronounced a fine letter by Hurd, who acknowledges to have made use of it in the *Dialogues on Foreign Travel*.—*Willmott.*]

WARBURTON TO HURD.

I agree with you that our friend is a little whimsical, as a philosopher or a poet, in his project of improving himself in men or manners; though as a fine gentleman, extremely fashionable in his scheme. But, as I dare say this is a character he is above, tell him I would recommend him now and then, with me, a voyage round the Park, of ten times more ease, and ten thousand times more profit than making the *grand tour;* whether he chooses to consider it in a philosophico-poetical or in an ecclesiastico-political light. Let us suppose his mind bent on improvements in poetry. What can afford nobler hints for pastoral than the cows and the milk-women at your entrance from Spring Gardens. As you advance, you have nobler subjects for comedy and farce, from one end of the Mall to the other; not to say satire, to which our worthy friend has a kind of propensity; as you turn to the left, you soon arrive at Rosamond's Pond, long consecrated to disastrous love and elegiac poetry. The Bird-cage Walk, which you enter next, speaks its own influence, and inspires you with the gentle spirit of madrigal and sonnet. When we come to Duck Island, we have a double chance for success in the Georgic, or didactic poetry, as the governor of it, Stephen Duck, can both instruct our friend in the breed of his wild fowl, and lend him of his genius to sing of their generations. But now, in finishing our tour, we come to a place indeed,—the reed-plot of Dettingen and Fontenoy,—the place of trumpets and kettle-drums, of horse and foot guards, the Parade,—the place of heroes and demigods, the eternal source of the Greek poetry, from whence springs that acme of human things, an epic poem, to which our friend has consecrated all his happier hours. But suppose his visions for the bays be now changed for the brighter visions of the mitre, here still must be his circle; which on one side presents him with those august lovers of St. James's, which, though neither seemly nor sublime, yet ornament that place where the balances are preserved, which weigh out liberty and property to the nations all abroad; and on the other, with that sacred, venerable dome of St. Peter, which, though its head rises and remains in the clouds, yet carries in its bowels the very flower and quintessence of ecclesiastical policy.

This is enough for any one who only wants to study them for his use. But if our aspiring friend would go higher, and study human nature in and for itself, he must take a much larger tour than that of Europe. He must first go and catch her undressed, nay, quite naked, in North America and at the Cape of Good Hope. He may then examine how she appears crampt, contracted, and buttoned close up in the straight tunic of law and custom, as in China and Japan, or spread out and enlarged above her common size, in the long and flowing robe of enthusiasm, amongst the Arabs and Saracens; or lastly, as she flutters in the old rags of worn-out policy and civil government, and almost ready to run back to the deserts, as on the Mediterranean coast of Africa. These, tell him, are the grand scenes for the true philosopher, the citizen of the world, to contemplate. The tour of Europe is like the entertainment that Plutarch speaks of, which Pompey's host of Epirus gave him. There were many dishes, and they had a seeming variety; but when he came to examine them narrowly, he found them all made out of one hog, and indeed nothing but pork differently disguised.

This is enough for our friend. But to you who have, as Mr. Locke expresses it, 'large, sound, and round-about sense,' I have something more to say. Though, indeed, I perfectly agree with you, that a scholar by profession,

who knows how to employ his time in his study for the benefit of mankind, would be more than fantastical, he would be mad, to go rambling round Europe, though his fortune would permit him. For to travel with profit must be when his faculties are at their height, his studies matured, yet all his reading fresh in his head. But to waste a considerable space of time, at such a period of life, is more than suicide; yet, for all this, the knowledge of human nature (the only knowledge, in the largest sense of it, worth a wise man's concern or care) can never be well acquired without seeing it under all its disguises and distortions, arising from absurd governments and monstrous religions, in every quarter of the globe. Therefore, I think a collection of the best voyagers no despicable part of a philosopher's library. Perhaps there will be found more dross in this sort of literature, even when selected most carefully, than in any other. But no matter for that. Such a collection will contain a great and solid treasury. The report you speak of is partly false, with a mixture of truth, and is a thing that touches me so little, that I never mentioned it to any of my friends, who did not chance to ask about it. I have no secrets that I would have such to you. I would have it so to others, merely because it is an impertinent thing that concerns nobody; and its being in common report, which nobody gives credit to, covers the secret the better, instead of divulging it. The simple fact is only this, that not long since the D. N. sent word by a noble person to Mr. Allen, that he had a purpose of asking the K. for the Deanery of Bristol for me, if it should become vacant while he is in credit, as a thing which, he supposed, would not be unacceptable to me, on account of its neighbourhood to this place. And now, my dear friend, you have the whole secret, and a very foolish one it is. *If it comes*, as Falstaff says of honour, *it comes unlooked for, and there's an end.* But he had a good chance, because he did not *deserve* what he was so indifferent about. What my chance is by this scale I leave to be adjusted between my friends and enemies.

It gives me, my dear friend, a sincere pleasure to hear that your health seems to be re-established; and that the good couple tied together for life, the mind and body, are at peace with one another. As for spirits, it is like love in marriage, it will come after. Should we have the pleasure of seeing you at Christmas, you would likely meet the good company you met last Christmas, I mean Mr. Yorke's. You know, I hope, the true esteem Mr. Allen has for you, and the sincere pleasure your company gives him.

[Mary Delany, the daughter of Barnard Granville, and niece of George, afterwards Lord Granville, was born at Coulton, Wiltshire, May 14, 1700. When only seventeen years of age she was married to Alexander Pendarves, and was a widow in 1724. Between 1730 and 1736, she corresponded with Swift, and in 1743 was married to Dr. Delany, who regarded her with strong affection. She was patronized by the Duchess of Portland and George III. The latter assigned for her a summer residence near Windsor Castle, and a pension of £300 per annum. She died in 1788. Her private character is thus given by her friend Mr. Keate:—'She had every virtue that could adorn the human heart, with a mind so pure, and so uncontaminated by the world, that it was matter of astonishment how she could have lived in its more splendid scenes, without being tainted with one single atom of its folly or indiscretion. The strength of her understanding received, in the fullest degree, its polish, but its weakness never reached her. Her life was conducted by the sentiments of true piety; her way of thinking, on every occasion, was upright and just; her conversation was lively, pleasant, and instructive. She was warm, delicate, and sincere in her friendships; full of philanthropy and benevolence, and loved and respected by every person who had the happiness to know her. That sunshine and serenity of mind which the good only can enjoy, and which had thrown so much attraction on her life, remained without a shadow to the last; not less bright in its setting than in its meridian lustre. That form which in youth had claimed admiration, in age challenged respect. It presented a noble ruin, become venerable by the decay of time. Her faculties remained unimpaired to the last; and she quitted this mortal state to receive, in a better world, the crown of a well-spent life.' Mrs. Delany was buried in a vault belonging to St. James's Church; and on one of its columns a stone is erected to her memory, with an inscription, which, after reciting her name, descent, marriages, age, etc., concludes as follows:—'She was a lady of singular ingenuity and politeness, and of unaffected piety. These qualities

had endeared her through life to many noble and excellent persons, and made the close of it illustrious, by procuring for her many signs of g and favour from their Majesties.'—From the general *Biographical Dictionary*, by Alexander Chalmers, vol. xi. pp. 415 to 419.]

MRS. DELANY TO THE HON. MRS. HAMILTON.[1]

Bulstrode, June 28, 1779.

What a task you have set me, my dear friend; I can no more tell you the particulars of all the honours I received last autumn from the King and Queen and eight of their royal progeny, than I can remember last year's clouds,—a simile, by the bye, ill adapted to the grace and benignity of their manners, that gave a lustre even to Bulstrode, superior as it is to most places. I had formed to myself a very different idea of such visitors, and wished the day over; but their affability and good humour left no room for anything but admiration and respect; for, with the most obliging condescension, there was no want of proper dignity to keep the balance even. They were delighted with the place, but above all with the mistress[2] of it, whose sweetness of manners, and knowledge of propriety, engage all ranks. To give you a just notion of the entertainment, you should have a plan of the house, that I might lead you through the apartments; but imagine everything that is elegant and delightful, and you will do more justice to the place and entertainment than I can by my description.

The royal family (ten in all) came at twelve o'clock. The King drove the Queen in an open chaise, with a pair of white horses. The Prince of Wales and Prince Frederick rode on horseback, all with proper attendants, but no guards. Princess Royal and Lady Weymouth,[3] in a post-chaise; Princess Augusta, Princess Elizabeth, Prince Adolphus (about seven years old), and Lady Charlotte Finch,[4] in a coach; Prince William, Prince Edward, Duke of Montague,[5] and Bishop of Lichfield, in a coach: another coach, full of attendant gentlemen; amongst the number, Mr. Smelt,[6] whose character sets him above most men, and does great honour to the King, who calls him his friend, and has drawn him out of his solitude (the life he had chosen) to enjoy his conversation every leisure moment. These, with all their attendants in rank and file, made a splendid figure as they drove through the park and round the court up to the house. The day was as brilliant as could be wished, the 12th of August, the Prince of Wales' birthday. The Queen was in a hat, and an Italian night-gown of purple lustring, trimmed with silver gauze. She is graceful and genteel; the dignity and sweetness of her manner, the perfect propriety of everything she says or does, satisfies everybody she honours with her distinction so much, that beauty is by no means wanting to make her perfectly agreeable; and though age and long retirement from court made me feel timid on my being called to make my appearance, I soon found myself perfectly at ease; for the King's condescension and good humour took off all awe but what one must have for so respectable a character (severely tried by his enemies at home, as well as abroad). The three princesses were all in frocks; the King and all the men were in a uniform, blue and gold. They walked through the great apartments, which are in a line, and attentively observed everything; the pictures in particular. I kept back in the drawing-room, and took that opportunity of sitting down; when the Princess Royal returned to me, and said the Queen missed me in the train: I immediately obeyed the summons with my best alacrity. Her Majesty met me half-way, and seeing me hasten my steps, called out to me, 'Though I desired you to come, I did not desire you to run and fatigue yourself.' They all returned to the great drawing-room, where there were only two armed chairs placed in the middle of the room for the King and Queen. The King placed the Duchess Dowager of Portland in his chair, and walked about admiring the beauties of the place. Breakfast was offered—all prepared in a long gallery that runs the length of the great apartments (a suite of eight rooms and three closets). The King and all his royal children, and the rest of the train, chose to go to the gallery, where the well-furnished tables were set: one with tea, coffee, and chocolate; another with their proper accompaniments of eatables, rolls, cakes, etc.; another table with fruits and ices in the utmost perfection: which with a magical touch had succeeded a cold repast. The Queen remained in the drawing-room; I stood at the back of her chair, which happening to be one of my working, gave the Queen an opportunity of saying many flattering and obliging things. The Duchess Dowager of Portland brought her Majesty a dish of tea on a waiter, with biscuits, which was what she chose; after she had drank her tea, she would not return the cup to the Duchess, but got up and would carry it

[1] Dorothea, daughter of James Forth, Esq. of Redwood, and widow of the Hon. and Rev. Francis Hamilton, son of James, Earl of Abercorn.

[2] Lady Margaret Cavendish Harley, Duchess Dowager of Portland.

[3] The Lady Elizabeth Cavendish Bentinck, eldest daughter of the Duchess Dowager of Portland.

[4] Daughter of Daniel, seventh Earl of Winchilsea.

[5] George, last Duke of Montague; he died in 1790.

[6] Formerly sub-governor to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, from which situation he retired on a pension in the year 1771.

into the gallery herself, and was much pleased to see with what elegance everything was prepared; no servants but those out of livery made their appearance. The gay and pleasant appearance they all made, and the satisfaction all expressed, rewarded the attention and politeness of the Duchess of Portland, who is never so happy as when she gratifies those she esteems worthy of her attention and favours. The young royals seemed quite happy, from the eldest to the youngest, and to inherit the gracious manners of their parents. I cannot enter upon their particular address to me, which not only did me honour, but showed their humane and benevolent respect for old age.

The King desired me to show the Queen one of my books of plants; she seated herself in the gallery; a table and the book lay before her. I kept my distance till she called me to ask some questions about the mosaic paper work; and as I stood before her Majesty, the King set a chair behind me. I turned with some confusion and hesitation on receiving so great an honour, when the Queen said, 'Mrs. Delany, sit down, sit down: it is not every lady that has a chair brought her by a king,' so I obeyed. Amongst many gracious things, the Queen asked me why I was not with the Duchess when she came; for I might be sure she would ask for me. I was flattered, though I knew to whom I was obliged for the distinction (and doubly flattered by *that*). I acknowledged it in as few words as possible, and said I was particularly happy at that time to pay my duty to her Majesty, as it gave me an opportunity of seeing so many of the royal family, which age and obscurity had deprived me of. 'Oh, but,' says her Majesty, 'you have not seen *all* my children yet,' upon which the King came up and asked what we were talking about; which was repeated, and the King replied to the Queen, 'You may put Mrs. Delany into the way of doing that, by naming a day for her to drink tea at Windsor Castle.' The Duchess of Portland was consulted, and the next day fixed upon, as the Duchess had appointed the end of the week for going to Weymouth. We went at the hour appointed, seven o'clock, and were received in the lower private apartment at the castle; went through a large room with great bay windows, where were all the princesses and youngest princes, with their attendant ladies and gentlemen. We passed on to the bed-chamber, where the Queen stood in the middle of the room, with Lady Weymouth and Lady Charlotte Finch. (The King and the eldest princes had walked out.) When the Queen took her seat, and the ladies their places, she ordered a chair to be set for me opposite to where she sat, and asked me if I felt any wind from the door or window?—It was indeed a sultry day.

At eight the King, etc. came into the room, with so much cheerfulness and good humour that it was impossible to feel any painful restraint. It was the hour of the King and Queen and eleven of the princes and princesses walking on the terrace. They apologized for going, but said the crowd expected them; but they left Lady Weymouth and the Bishop of Lichfield to entertain us in their absence; we sat in the bay-window, well pleased with our companions, and the brilliant show on the terrace, on which we looked; the band of music playing all the time under the window. When they returned we were summoned into the next room to tea, and the royals began a ball, and danced two country dances, to the music of French horns, bassoons, and hautboys, which were the same that played on the terrace. The King came up to the Prince of Wales and said he was sure, when he considered how great an effort it must be to play that kind of music so long a time together, that he would not continue their dancing there, but that the Queen and the rest of the company were going to the Queen's House, and they should renew their dancing there, and have proper music.

I can say no more: I cannot describe the gay, the polished appearance of the Queen's House, furnished with English manufacture. The Prince of Wales dances a minuet better than any one I have seen for many years; but what would please you more, could I do it justice, is the good sense and engaging address of one and all. I think I have great courage in having gone so far on this subject, knowing how you hate vanity and ostentation; and I fear I have been guilty of both: but recollect how you pressed me to it, and let the tempter pardon the frailty she has encouraged; and also the awkward half-sheet that begins this unreasonable narration. I have obeyed your commands, and am now only able to say, that I, and all belonging to me, are pretty well. The Duchess Dowager of Portland desires her best compliments; mine to all friends. Ever yours,

M. DELANY.

The Duchess of Portland bids me add, that she insisted on my sending you this letter; for a qualm seized me, and I would have sunk it.

TO THE SAME.

Bulstrode, October 10, 1783.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I am very much obliged to you for the satisfactory account you have given me of your present situation, and well pleased at your cultivating an intimacy with your worthy and amiable relations; when they are so, our natural connections are to be preferred to all others, and I am sure your own

good qualities and friendly disposition must secure you their love and esteem. . . . I wish I could answer your kind solicitude about my health entirely to your satisfaction. A return of the epidemic disorder soon after I came to Bulstrode has left me a great languor behind it; but, I thank God, I am now gaining strength again, and only feel that gentle decay natural to my years, and what I ought to be very thankful for as well as my friends. The daily tender attention I received from my noble one here is a constant reviving cordial;—she has not been well, but is better, and desires me to add her best wishes and compliments to you and Mrs. Anne Hamilton, and thinks herself much obliged to you both for the satisfaction you express at my being here; and now I will add, for your amusement, the way of life we have led since we left town. We have had many visitors for two or three days in succession; and when health has permitted us, have enjoyed this delightful place; but, as I know you interest yourself in all the honours I receive, I must now tell you of our royal visitors. In a few days after our arrival here, the Duchess of Portland and I were sitting in the long gallery, very busy with our different employments, when, without any ceremony, his Majesty walked up to our table unperceived and unknown, till he came quite up to us. You may believe we were at first a little fluttered with his royal presence; but his courteous and affable manner soon made him a welcome guest. He came to inform the Duchess of Portland of the Queen's perfect recovery after her lying-in, which made him doubly welcome.

Breakfast was called for, and after a visit of two hours, the King left us. About a week after this, the King and Queen came together, only accompanied by Lady Courtown. They breakfasted and stayed much about the same time. The etiquette is, that the person on whom such an honour is conferred, goes the next day to inquire after their Majesties; but the Queen waived that ceremony, and desired the Duchess not to come till she received a summons, as they were going to St. James's for some days. Last Thursday, 2d of October, a little before twelve o'clock, word was brought that the royal family were coming up the park; and immediately after, two coaches-and-six, with the King on horseback, and a great retinue, came up to the hall door. The company were the King and Queen, Princess Royal, Princess Augusta, Princess Elizabeth, Princess Mary, and Princess Sophia,—a lovely group, all dressed in white muslin polonaises, white chip hats with white feathers, except the Queen, who had on a black hat and cloak;—the King dressed in his Windsor uniform of blue and gold; the Queen attended by the Duchess of Ancaster, who is Mistress of the Robes, and Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave,[1] who attends the two eldest princesses, and Mrs. Goldsworthy, who is sub-governess to the three younger princesses. The King had no attendants but the equerries, Major Digby and Major Price. They were in the drawing-room before I was sent for, where I found the King and Queen and Duchess of Portland seated at a table in the middle of the room. The King, with his usual graciousness, came up to me, and brought me forward, and I found the Queen very busy in showing a very elegant machine to the Duchess of Portland, which was a frame for weaving of fringe, of a new and most delicate structure, and would take up as much paper as has already been written upon to describe it minutely, yet it is of such simplicity as to be very useful. You will easily imagine the grateful feeling I had when the Queen presented it to me, to make up some knotted fringe which she saw me about. The King, at the same time, said he must contribute something to my work, and presented me with a gold knotting shuttle, of most exquisite workmanship and taste; and I am at this time, while I am dictating the letter, knotting white silk, to fringe the bag which is to contain it.

On the Monday after, we were appointed to go to the lodge at Windsor at two o'clock. We were first taken into the Duchess of Ancaster's dressing-room; in a quarter of an hour after, to the King and Queen in the drawing-room, who had nobody with them but Prince Alverstaden, the Hanoverian minister, which gave me an opportunity of hearing the Queen speak German; and I may say, it was the first time I had received pleasure from what I did not understand; but there was such a fluency and sweetness in her manner of speaking it, that it sounded as gentle as Italian.

There were two chairs brought in for the Duchess of Portland and myself to sit on (by order of their Majesties), which were easier than these belonging to the room. We were seated near the door that opened into the concert-room. The King directed them to play Handel and Geminiani's music, which he was graciously pleased to say was to gratify me. These are flattering honours. I should not indulge so much upon this subject, but that I depend upon your considering it proceeding more from gratitude than vanity. The three eldest princesses came into the room in about half an hour after we were seated. All the royal family were dressed in a uniform for the *demi-saison*, of a violet-blue armozine, gauze aprons, etc. etc.; the Queen had the addition of a great many fine pearls.

[1] Elizabeth Laura, daughter of James, second Earl Waldegrave, by Maria (daughter of Sir Edward Walpole), afterwards Duchess of Gloucester, married her first cousin, George, fourth Earl of Waldegrave.

When the concert of music was over, the young Princess Amelia, nine weeks old, was sent for, and brought in by her nurse and attendants. The King took her in his arms, and presented her to the Duchess of Portland and to me. Your affectionate heart would have been delighted with the royal domestic scene; an example worthy of imitation by all ranks, and indeed adding dignity to their high station. We were at Bulstrode before five, and very well after our expedition. I am afraid *you* will be much more tired than we were, in travelling through this long narration. If it affords any amusement to our dear friend, Mrs. Anne Hamilton,[1] as well as to yourself, it will give much satisfaction to my dear Mrs. F. Hamilton's most affectionate and obliged friend,

M. DELANY.

Continue your kind offices to the friends I must always esteem in Ireland.

TO THE SAME.

St. Alban's Street, Windsor, Sept. 20, 1785.

The hurry that I have been in since my arrival at this place has prevented the intelligence that I am sure my dear friend would like to receive, and, indeed, I hardly know how to recollect the many honours and kindnesses I hourly receive in my present situation. On Saturday the 3d of this month, one of the Queen's messengers came and brought me the following letter from her Majesty, written with her own hand:—

'My dear Mrs. Delany will be glad to hear that I am charged by the King to summon her to her new abode at Windsor for Tuesday next, where she will find all the most essential parts of the house ready, excepting some little trifles, which it will be better for Mrs. Delany to direct herself in person, or by her little deputy, Miss Port. I need not, I hope, add, that I shall be extremely glad and happy to see so amiable an inhabitant in this our sweet retreat; and wish, very sincerely, that my dear Mrs. Delany may enjoy every blessing amongst us that her merits deserve. That we may long enjoy her amiable company, Amen! These are the *true* sentiments of my dear Mrs. Delany's very affectionate Queen,

'CHARLOTTE.

'*Queen's Lodge, Windsor, Sept.* 3, 1785.

'*P.S.*—I must also beg that Mrs. Delany will choose her own time of coming as will best suit her own convenience.'

MY ANSWER.

'It is impossible to express how I am overwhelmed with your Majesty's excess of goodness to me. I shall, with the warmest duty and most humble respect, obey a command that bestows such honour and happiness on your Majesty's most dutiful and most obedient humble servant and subject,

'MARY DELANY.'

I received the Queen's letter at dinner, and was obliged to answer it instantly, with my own hand, without seeing a letter I wrote. I thank God I had strength enough to obey the gracious summons on the day appointed. I arrived here about eight o'clock in the evening, and found his Majesty in the house ready to receive me. I threw myself at his feet, indeed unable to utter a word; he raised and saluted me, and said he meant not to stay longer than to desire I would order everything that could make the house comfortable and agreeable to me, and then retired.

Truly I found nothing wanting, as it is as pleasant and commodious as I could wish it to be, with a very pretty garden, which joins to that of the Queen's Lodge. The next morning her Majesty sent one of her ladies to know how I had rested, and how I was in health, and whether her coming would not be troublesome? You may be sure I accepted the honour, and she came about two o'clock. I was lame, and could not go down, as I ought to have done, to the door; but her Majesty came up-stairs, and I received her on my knees. Our meeting was mutually affecting; she well knew the value of what I had lost, and it was some time after we were seated (for she always makes me sit down) before we could either of us speak. It is impossible for me to do justice to her great condescension and tenderness, which were almost equal to what I had lost. She repeated, in the strongest terms, her wish, and the King's, that I should be as easy and as happy as they could possibly make me; and they waived all ceremony, and desired to come to me like *friends*. The Queen delivered me a paper from the King, which contained the first quarter of £300 per annum, which his Majesty allows me out of his privy purse. Their Majesties have drank tea with me five times, and the princesses three. They generally stay two hours, or longer. In short, I have either seen or heard from them every day. I have not yet been at the Queen's Lodge, though they have expressed an impatience for me to come; but I have still so sad a drawback upon my spirits, that I must decline the honour till I am better able to enjoy it: as they have the goodness not to press me. Their visits here are paid in the most quiet, private manner, like those of the most consoling and interested friends; so that I may *truly* say, they are a royal cordial; and I see very few people besides. They are very condescending in their notice of my niece, and

[1] Eldest daughter of the Hon. Henry Hamilton, son of Gustavus, first Viscount Boyne.

think her a fine girl. She is delighted, as is very natural, with all the joys of the place. I have been three times at the King's private chapel at early prayers, eight o'clock, where the royal family constantly attend; and they walk home to breakfast afterwards, whilst I am conveyed in a very elegant new chair home, which the King has made me a present of for that purpose. As to my health, it is surprisingly good, considering the sufferings of my agitated spirits, and that I was hardly recovered, when I came, of a putrid sore throat and fever. How thankful ought I to be to Providence for the wonderful blessings I have received! How ungrateful must I be, not to endeavour to resign those withdrawn from me as I ought to do! It is a cordial comfort to me to receive a good account from you of your health and prosperity, and the rest of my dear friends who have so kindly felt for me. I cannot dictate a word more, but believe me, unalterably and affectionately, yours,

M. Delany.

P.S.—I sincerely rejoice at Mr. Sackville Hamilton's[1] present situation; indeed, I do not know any distinction that he is not worthy of, and the world agree with me.

TO THE SAME.

St. Alban's Street, Windsor, Nov. 9, 1785.

I have not, lately, been very well, which prevented my answering my dear friend's two kind letters sooner. I thank God, I am at present tolerably well in health, and am surrounded with so many comforts, and such uncommon friends, that great must be my reproach if they do not in some degree dissipate that gloom that at times overwhelms me. You give me such good reasons for the request you make of communicating some parts of my letters to your particular friends, that it is impossible for me to refuse what you say will give you satisfaction, and I know I can trust your discretion: the daily marks of *royal* favour (which, indeed, should rather be termed *friendly*) cannot be arranged in a sheet of paper; they are bestowed most graciously, and received most gratefully, and with such consideration as to banish that awe which otherwise would be painful to me; and my sensations, when I am in their company, are respect, admiration, and affection. I have been several evenings at the Queen's Lodge, with no other company but their own most lovely family. They sit round a large table, on which are books, work, pencils, and paper. The Queen has the goodness to make me sit down next to her; and delights me with her conversation, which is informing, elegant, and pleasing beyond description, whilst the younger part of the family are drawing and working, etc. etc., the beautiful babe, Princess Amelia, bearing her part in the entertainment; sometimes in one of her sisters' laps; sometimes playing with the King on the carpet; which, altogether, exhibits such a delightful scene as would require an Addison's pen, or a Vandyke's pencil, to do justice to. In the next room is the band of music, who play from eight o'clock till ten. The King generally directs them what pieces of music to play, chiefly Handel's. Here I must stop, and return to my own house. Mr. Dewes, from Wellsbourn, came here on the 25th of October; on the 28th their Majesties, five princesses, and the youngest princes came at seven o'clock in the evening to drink tea with me. All the princesses and princes had a commerce table. Miss Emily Clayton, daughter to Lady Louisa Clayton, and Miss Port, did the honours of it. It gave me a pleasing opportunity of introducing Mr. Dewes to their Majesties; the King took gracious notice of him; and having heard that his youngest brother, Mr. John Dewes, wished to take the name of Granville, said to Mr. Dewes that he desired he might, from that time, be called by that name, and gave orders that his sign manual should be prepared for that purpose, which has accordingly been done. The want of franks cuts me short: do me justice as usual to all dear friends, and believe me ever affectionately yours,

M. Delany.

I hear Mr. Edward Hamilton is in England. I hope, if he makes a visit to his friend Lord Harcourt, I may have a chance of seeing him.

Miss Port is very well and very happy, and I am much flattered by the approbation she meets with.

TO THE SAME.

Windsor, July 3, 1786.

I will not make any apology for a silence that I hope has appeared too long for you as well as myself; nor can I at this time find your last letter, to answer regularly, as I ought to do, all your kind intelligence of yourself and friends. My health in the main holds out wonderfully in the midst of many trying circumstances; but I endeavour to look forward with hope and comfort to that place where 'the weary will be at rest,'—enjoy the many undeserved blessings still held out to me, and praying for assistance to support me under those trials Providence thinks fit to lay upon me.

I must waive what has passed during the greatest part of my silence, as my memory will not serve me to recollect, or my head able to dictate, as circumstantially as formerly. During my short stay in London in the winter, many alterations were made in my house here,

[1] The Right Hon. Sackville Hamilton.

which my great benefactors thought would make it more commodious to me; and indeed it is now a most complete, elegant, comfortable dwelling; and I am hourly receiving marks of attention and kindness that cannot be expressed. The constant course of my living at present, from which I vary very little, is as follows: I seldom miss going to early prayers at the King's chapel, at eight o'clock, where I never fail of seeing their Majesties and all the royal family. The common way of going up to the chapel is through the great entrance into the castle, which is a large room with stone pillars, at the corner of which is a narrow winding staircase, which leads to the chapel; but their Majesties, with their usual goodness and indulgence, have ordered that I should be admitted through the great staircase, which is a very easy ascent. When chapel is over, all the congregation make a line in the great portico till their Majesties have passed; for they always walk to chapel and back again, and speak to everybody of consequence as they pass; indeed it is a delightful sight to see so much beauty, dignity, and condescension united as they are in the royal family. I come home to breakfast generally about nine o'clock; if I and the weather are well enough, I take the air for two hours. The rest of the morning is devoted to business, and the company of my particular friends. I admit no formal visitors, as I really have not time or spirits for it, and everybody here is very civil and very considerate. My afternoons I keep entirely to myself, that I may have no interruption whenever my royal neighbours condescend to visit me: their usual time of coming is between six and seven o'clock, and generally stay till between eight and nine. They always drink tea here, and my niece has the honour of dealing it about to all the royal family, as they will not suffer me to do it (though it is my place); the Queen always placing me upon the sofa by her, and the King when he sits down, which is seldom, sits next the sofa. Indeed their visits are not limited to the afternoons, for their Majesties often call on me in a morning, and take me as they find me, not suffering anybody to give me notice of their being come. Great as my awe is, their Majesties have such sweetness of manners that it takes off painful sensation.

I went to town at the anniversary of the Abbey music; the King gave me and Miss Port tickets to go. Though I suspected my own ability in being able to make use of them, I could not deprive Miss Port of the opportunity of going, but she was (I may say, happily) prevented, by falling ill of the measles, which, I thank God, she has passed through as well as can be wished. I enjoyed one performance of the music, and we returned to Windsor on the 16th of June.

An event has taken place lately which gives me great satisfaction; I am sure you are acquainted with the novel entitled *Cecilia*, much admired for its good sense, variety of character, delicacy of sentiment, etc. etc. There is nothing good, and amiable, and agreeable mentioned in the book that is not possessed by the author of it, Miss Burney: I have been acquainted with her now three years; her extreme diffidence of herself, notwithstanding her great genius, and the applause she has met with, adds lustre to all her excellences, and all improve on acquaintance. In the course of this last year, she has been so good as to pass a few weeks with me at Windsor, which gave the Queen an opportunity of seeing and talking with her, which her Majesty was so gracious to admit of. One of the principal ladies that attend the Queen's person as dresser is going to retire into her own country, being in too bad a state of health to continue her honourable and delightful employment, for such it must be near such a Queen; and Miss Burney is to be the happy successor, chosen by the Queen without any particular recommendation from anybody. I believe she comes into waiting next week.

I had the pleasure, before I came out of town, of seeing Governor Hamilton in good health and spirits. He and my young niece hold a droll correspondence; he and I sometimes quarrel about his talking of her beauty to her face. She is really pretty, and I trust will be good and agreeable. The way to have her so, is to keep her out of the line of vanity. I think I have got H. H. in pretty good order now. Continue your usual good offices between me and your good friends in Ireland, and believe me, ever yours most affectionately,

M. DELANY.

Mrs. Sandford and her sons are very well. I have hopes of her making me a visit for some days.

TO THE SAME.

London, Sept. 13, 1787.

I will not delay giving you the pleasure I know you must receive, my good friend, from hearing such an account of Mrs. Delany as I can truly give you, from having spent two hours with her this morning, and will not put off writing even for a day, as fresh intelligence on so very interesting a subject must be most acceptable. I shall name no other, and be as particular as my time and paper will allow. I was with her at nine this morning, and heard (with no small agitation) her well-known foot hastening down to meet me. For a few minutes our meeting was silent; as many circumstances rushed into our minds very affecting to us both. I dreaded seeing the alteration in her that was naturally to be expected from twenty years' absence, from the period in her life of from

sixty-seven to eighty-seven; but I was soon set at ease, by seeing the same apprehension, cheerfulness, attention, benevolence, and comfortable enjoyment of every pleasant circumstance in her situation, that you remember in her. Her inquiries, her remarks, her whole conversation, full of life and ingenuity, and that kind heart, and manner of expressing its feelings, as warm as ever. She is as upright, and walks as alertly, as when you saw her. In short, I could have had no idea of her being as I saw her in every way. She lets me know when her only spare bed is at liberty, as she insists on having *her child* (as she honoured me by naming me) again in her own house; and I shall instantly obey her summons, with the pleasure you can suppose, but I could not express. Miss Port is a most pleasing girl, with the manners you may suppose Mrs. Delany's *elève* would have, and seems high in favour, and to be extremely attentive and proper towards her aunt. The King and Queen, and all the younger branches, increase in affection and respect to Mrs. D. She breakfasted with them yesterday, and the King always makes her lean on his arm. Her house is cheerful, and filled with her own charming works. No pictures have held their colours so well. I had time to look over near a volume of her flowers, which are, I think, as exact representations of nature as those you are acquainted with; she has finished 980 sheets, and regrets that the thousand she intended wants twenty of its full number. Her inquiries and all she said of you, would have gratified you highly from her lips; but you would think them a little too flattering from my pen. Now, my good friend, repay me for sitting up after a fatiguing day, to communicate this pleasing intelligence to you, by telling me your schemes. . . . Farewell, and believe me, my good friend, yours very truly,

M. PRESTON.

CAPTAIN EDWARD BURT TO A FRIEND IN LONDON.[1]

About a twelvemonth after I first came to this town, and had been twice to Edinburgh by the way of the hills, I received a letter from an old acquaintance, desiring me to give him an account of my first journey hither, the same to commence from the borders of Scotland.

I could not, you may imagine, conceive the meaning of a request so extraordinary; but, however, I complied implicitly. Some time afterwards, by a letter of thanks, I was given to understand it was an expedient agreed upon between him and another whereby to decide a dispute.

Now all this preface is only to introduce my request to you, that you will absolve me from the promise I made you last week, and in lieu of what you might demand, accept of a copy of that letter.

I should not have waived my promised design but for an affair which something related to myself, and required my attention, and therefore I could not find time to tack together so many memorandums, as such letters as I intend to send you require; for if they are not pretty long, I shall be self-condemned, since you know I used to say, by way of complaint against ——, that letters from one friend to another should be of a length proportioned to the distance between them.

After some compliments, my letter was as follows:—'According to your desire, I shall begin my account with the entertainment I met with after passing the Tweed at Kelso, but shall not trouble you with the exaction and intolerable insolence of the ferrymen, because I think you can match their impudence at our own horse-ferry: I shall only say, that I could obtain no redress, although I complained of them to the principal magistrate of the town.

'Having done with them, my horses were led to the stable, and myself conducted up one pair of stairs, where I was soon attended by a handsome genteel man, well dressed, who gave me a kindly welcome to the house.

'This induced me to ask him what I could have to eat: to which he civilly answered, The *good wife* will be careful nothing shall be wanting; but that he never concerned himself about anything relating to the *public* (as he called it): that is, he would have me know he was a *gentleman*, and did not employ himself in anything so low as attendance, but left it to his wife. Thus he took his leave of me; and soon after came up my landlady, whose dress and appearance seemed to me to be so unfit for the wife of that gentleman, that I could hardly believe she was any other than a servant; but she soon took care, in her turn, by some airs

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[1] From *Letters from a Gentleman in the North of Scotland to his Friend in London*, first published in two volumes in 1754. The original editor remarks that 'there is one portion of these volumes to which a peculiar interest belongs; it is that which relates to the feudal manners formerly prevailing over the whole of Europe, and of which familiar accounts by eye-witnesses are extremely rare. This mode of life existed in the Highlands to so late a period as the year 1745, when the rebellion was finally extinguished; when the legislature interposed to annul hereditary jurisdictions, the distinctions of dress and the carrying of arms; and when that state of vassalage and barbarism yielded to the wholesome restraints of civil law and well-regulated authority. It is on this style of life that the exquisite productions of Mr. Scott have thrown a chivalric splendour; and indeed it is no mean stamp on the validity of this work, that a gentleman of his superior and extensive acquirements should have repeatedly quoted these "*Curious Letters*" (to use his own words) for the sake of the descriptions they contain.'

she gave herself, to let me know she was mistress of the house.

'I asked what was to be had, and she told me potted pigeons; and nothing, I thought, could be more agreeable, as requiring no waiting, after a fatiguing day's journey in which I had eaten nothing.

'The cloth was laid, but I was too unwilling to grease my fingers to touch it; and presently after, the pot of pigeons was set on the table.

'When I came to examine my cates, there were two or three of the pigeons lay mangled in the pot, and behind were the furrows, in the butter, of those fingers that had raked them out of it, and the butter itself needed no close application to discover its quality.

'My disgust at this sight was so great, and being a brand-new traveller in this country, I ate a crust of bread and drank about a pint of good claret; and although the night was approaching, I called for my horses, and marched off, thinking to meet with something better; but I was benighted on a rough moor, and met with yet worse entertainment at a little house which was my next quarters.

'At my first entrance I perceived some things like shadows moving about before the fire, which was made with peats; and going nearer to them, I could just discern, and that was all, two small children in motion, stark naked, and a very old man sitting by the fireside.

'I soon went out, under pretence of care for my horses, but in reality to relieve my lungs and eyes of the smoke. At my return I could perceive the old man's fingers to be in a very bad condition, and immediately I was seized with an apprehension that I should be put into his bed.

'Here I was told I might have a breast of mutton done upon the *brander* (or gridiron); but when it was brought me, it appeared to have been smoked and dried in the chimney-corner; and it looked like the glue that hangs up in an ironmonger's shop: this, you may believe, was very disgusting to the eye; and for the smell, it had no other, that I could perceive, than that of the butter wherewith it was greased in the dressing; but, for my relief, there were some new-laid eggs, which were my regale. And now methinks I hear one of this country say, —— a true Englishman! he is already talking of eating.

'When I had been conducted to my lodging-room, I found the curtains of my bed were very foul by being handled by the dirty wenches; and the old man's fingers being present with me, I sat down by the fire, and asked myself, for which of my sins I was sent into this country; but I have been something reconciled to it since then, for we have here our pleasures and diversions, though not in such plenty and variety as you have in London.

'But to proceed: Being tired and sleepy, at last I came to a resolution to see how my bed looked within side, and to my joy I found exceeding good linen, white, well aired, and hardened, and I think as good as in our best inns in England; so I slept very comfortably.

'And here I must take notice of what I have since found almost everywhere, but chiefly in the Low-country, that is, good linen; for the spinning descends from mother to daughter by succession, till the stock becomes considerable; insomuch that even the ordinary people are generally much better furnished in that particular than those of the same rank in England —I am speaking chiefly of sheeting and table-linen.

'There happened nothing extraordinary between this place and Edinburgh, where I made no long stay.

'When I first came into the High Street of that city, I thought I had not seen anything of the kind more magnificent: the extreme height of the houses, which are, for the most part, built with stone, and well sashed; the breadth and length of the street, and (it being dry weather) a cleanness made by the high winds. I was extremely pleased to find everything look so unlike the descriptions of that town which had been given me by some of my countrymen.

'Being a stranger, I was invited to sup at a tavern. The cook was too filthy an object to be described; only another English gentleman whispered to me and said, he believed, if the fellow was to be thrown against the wall, he would stick to it.

'Twisting round and round his hand a greasy towel, he stood waiting to know what we would have for supper, and mentioned several things himself, among the rest, a *duke*, a *fool*, or a *meer-fool*. This was nearly according to his pronunciation; but he meant a duck, a fowl, or a moor-fowl or grouse.

'We supped very plentifully, and drank good French claret, and were very merry till the clock struck ten, the hour when everybody is at liberty, by beat of the city drum, to throw their filth out at the windows. Then the company began to light pieces of paper, and throw them upon the table to smoke the room, and, as I thought, to mix one bad smell with another.

'Being in my retreat to pass through a long narrow *wynde* or alley, to go to my new lodgings, a guide was assigned me, who went before me to prevent my disgrace, crying out all the way, with a loud voice, "Hud your haunde." The throwing up of a sash, or otherwise opening a window, made me tremble, while behind and before me, at some little distance, fell the terrible shower.

'Well, I escaped all the danger, and arrived, not only safe and sound, but sweet and clean, at my new quarters; but when I was in bed I was forced to hide my head between the

sheets; for the smell of the filth, thrown out by the neighbours on the back side of the house, came pouring into the room to such a degree, I was almost poisoned with the stench.'

I shall here add to my letter, as I am making a copy of it, a few observations.

When I was last in Edinburgh I set myself to consider of this great annoyance, and, in conclusion, found it remediless.

'The city, it seems, was built upon that rock for protection, by the castle, in dangerous times; but the space was too narrow to contain a sufficient number of inhabitants, otherwise than by very high buildings crowded close together, insomuch that there are hardly any back yards.

'Eight, ten, and even twelve storeys have each a particular family, and perhaps a separate proprietor; and therefore anything so expensive as a conveyance down from the uppermost floor could never be agreed on; nor could there be made, within the building, any receiver suitable to such numbers of people.

'There is indeed between the city and the sea a large flat space of land, with a rivulet running through it, which would be very commodious for a city: but great part of it has been made the property of the corporation; and the magistrates for the time being will not suffer any houses to be built on it; for if they did, the old city would soon be deserted, which would bring a very great loss upon some, and total ruin upon others, of the proprietors in those buildings.'

I have said thus much upon this uncleanly subject, only, as you may have heard some maliciously, or at best inconsiderately, say, that this evil proceeds from (what one would think nobody could believe) a love of nastiness, and not necessity. I shall only add, as it falls in my way, that the main street is cleaned by scavengers every morning early, except Sunday, which, therefore, is the most uncleanly day.

But to return:—Having occasion the next morning after my arrival to inquire for a person with whom I had some concerns, I was amazed at the length and gibberish of a direction given me where to find him.

I was told that I must go down the street, and on the north side, over against such a place, turn down such a *wynde;* and, on the west side of the *wynde*, inquire for such a *launde* (or building) where the gentleman *stayd*, at the *third stair*, that is, three storeys high.

This direction in a language I hardly understood, and by points of the compass which I then knew nothing of, as they related to the town, put me to a good deal of difficulty.

At length I found out the subject of my inquiry, who was greatly diverted when I told him (with as much humour as I was master of) what had been my perplexity. Yet in my narration I concealed the nauseous inconvenience of going down the steep narrow *wynde*, and ascending to his lodging.

I then had no knowledge of the *cawdys*, a very useful blackguard, who attend the coffee-houses and public places to go of errands; and though they are wretches, that in rags lie upon the stairs and in the streets at night, yet are they often considerably trusted, and, as I have been told, have seldom or never proved unfaithful.

These boys know everybody in the town who is of any kind of note, so that one of them would have been a ready guide to the place I wanted to find; and I afterwards wondered that one of them was not recommended to me by my new landlady.

This *corps* has a kind of captain or magistrate presiding over them, whom they call the Constable of the *cawdys*, and in case of neglect or other misdemeanour he punishes the delinquents, mostly by fines of ale and brandy, but sometimes corporally.

They have for the most part an uncommon acuteness, are very ready at proper answers, and execute suddenly and well whatever employment is assigned them.

Whether it be true or not I cannot say, but I have been told by several, that one of the judges formerly abandoned two of his sons for a time to this way of life, as believing it would create in them a sharpness which might be of use to them in the future course of their lives.

This is all that I knew of Edinburgh at that time, by reason of the shortness of my stay. The day following, my affairs called me to begin my journey to Glasgow.

Glasgow is, to outward appearance, the prettiest and most uniform town that I ever saw; and I believe there is nothing like it in Britain.

It has a spacious *carrifour*, where stands the cross; and going round it, you have, by turns, the view of four streets, that in regular angles proceed from thence. The houses of these streets are faced with ashlar stone, they are well sashed, all of one model, and piazzas run through them on either side, which give a good air to the buildings.

There are some other handsome streets, but the extreme parts of the town are mean and disagreeable to the eye.

There was nothing remarkable in my way to Glasgow that I took notice of, being in haste, but the church at Linlithgow, a noble old Gothic building, formerly a cathedral, now much in ruins, chiefly from the usual *rage* that attends *reformation*.

It is really provoking to see how the populace have broke and defaced the statues and other ornaments, under the notion of their being relics of Popery.

As this town was our baiting-place, a gentleman (the son of a celebrated Scots bishop) who

was with me, proposed, that while dinner was getting ready we should go and view the inside of the structure; and as we took notice that great part of the floor was broken up, and that the pews were immoderately dusty, the *precentor*, or clerk, who attended us, took occasion to say, he did not apprehend that cleanliness was essential to devotion; upon which my friend turned hastily upon him, and said very angrily,

'What! this church was never intended for your *slovenly* worship.' This epithet, pronounced with so much ardour, immediately after his censure of the Presbyterian zeal, was to me some matter of speculation.

My stay at Glasgow was very short, as it had been at Edinburgh, to which last, in five days, I returned, in order to proceed to this town.

Upon consulting some gentlemen which of the two ways was most eligible for me to take, *i.e.* whether through the Highlands or by the sea-coast, I found they were divided; one giving a dreadful account of the roughness and danger of the mountains, another commending the shortness of the cut over the hills. One told me it was a hundred and fifty miles by the coast, another that it was but ninety miles the other way: but I decided the matter myself upon the strength of the old proverb—'That the farthest way about is the nearest way home.' Not but that I sometimes met with roads which, at that time, I thought pretty rough; but after passing through the Highlands, they were all smoothed, in my imagination, into bowling-greens.

As the country near the coast has, here and there, little rising hills which overlook the sea, and discover towns at a considerable distance, I was well enough diverted with various prospects in my journey, and wanted nothing but trees, enclosures, and smoother roads, to make it very agreeable.

The Lowlands, between the sea and the high country, to the left, are generally narrow; and the rugged, romantic appearance of the mountains was to me, at that time, no bad prospect; but since that, I have been taught to think otherwise by the sufferings I have met with among them.

I had little reason to complain of my entertainment at the several houses where I set up, because I never wanted what was proper for the support of life, either for myself or my horses: I mention them, because, in a journey, they are as it were a part of oneself. The worst of all was the cookery.

One thing I observed of almost all the towns that I saw at a distance, which was, that they seemed to be very large, and made a handsome appearance; but when I passed through them, there appeared a meanness which discovered the condition of the inhabitants; and all the outskirts, which served to increase the extent of them at a distance, were nothing but the ruins of little houses, and those in pretty great numbers.

Of this I asked the reason, and was told that when one of those houses was grown old and decayed, they often did not repair it, but, taking out the timber, they let the walls stand as a fit enclosure for a *caleyard*, *i.e.* a little garden for coleworts, and that they built anew upon another spot. By this you may conclude that stone and ground-rents in those towns are not very valuable. But the little fishing-towns were generally disagreeable to pass, from the strong smell of the haddocks and whitings that were hung up to dry on lines along the sides of the houses from one end of the village to the other; and such numbers of half-naked children, but fresh-coloured, strong, and healthy, I think are not to be met with in the inland towns. Some will have their numbers and strength to be the effects of shell-fish.

I have one thing more to observe to you, which is, that still as I went northward the cattle and the carts grew less and less. The sheep likewise diminished in their size by degrees as I advanced; and their wool grew coarser, till at length, upon a transient view, they seemed to be clothed with hair. This I think proceeds less from the quality of the soil than the excessive cold of the hills in the winter season, because the mutton is exceedingly good.

Thus I have acquainted you how I came hither, and I hope it will not now be very long before I have a greater pleasure in telling you, by word of mouth, in what manner I got home; yet must I soon return.

TO THE SAME.

I almost long for the time when I may expect your thoughts of my letters relating to this country, and should not at all be surprised to find you say, as they do after ten o'clock at night in the wyndes and closes of Edinburgh, '—— Hud your haunde.'

But if that should be the case, I can plead your injunction and the nature of the subject.

Upon second thoughts, I take it, we are just even with one another; for you cannot complain that these letters are not satisfactory, because I have been only doing the duty of a friend, by endeavouring to gratify your curiosity; nor can I find any cause of blame in you, since you could not possibly conceive the consequence of the task you enjoined me. But, according to my promise, to continue my account of our Highland fair.

If you would conceive rightly of it, you must imagine you see two or three hundred half-naked, half-starved creatures of both sexes, without so much as a smile or any cheerfulness among them, stalking about with goods, such as I have described, up to their ancles in dirt;

and at night numbers of them lying together in stables, or other outhouse hovels that are hardly any defence against the weather. I am speaking of a winter fair, for in summer the greatest part of them lie about in the open country.

The gentlemen, magistrates, merchants, and shopkeepers are dressed after the English manner, and make a good appearance enough, according to their several ranks, and the working tradesmen are not very ill-clothed; and now and then, to relieve your eyes yet more from these frequent scenes of misery, you see some of their women of fashion: I say sometimes, for they go seldom abroad, but when they appear, they are generally well dressed in the English mode.

As I have touched upon the dress of the men, I shall give you a notable instance of precaution used by some of them against the tailor's purloining.

This is to buy everything that goes to the making of a suit of clothes, even to the stay-tape and thread; and when they are to be delivered out, they are, all together, weighed before the tailor's face.

And when he brings home the suit, it is again put into the scale with the shreds of every sort, and it is expected the whole shall answer the original weight. But I was told in Edinburgh of the same kind of circumspection, but not as a common practice.

The plaid is the undress of the ladies; and to a genteel woman, who adjusts it with a good air, is a becoming veil. But as I am pretty sure you never saw one of them in England, I shall employ a few words to describe it to you. It is made of silk or fine worsted, chequered with various lively colours, two breadths wide, and three yards in length; it is brought over the head, and may hide or discover the face, according to the wearer's fancy or occasion: it reaches to the waist behind; one corner falls as low as the ankle on one side, and the other part, in folds, hangs down from the opposite arm.

I have been told in Edinburgh that the ladies distinguish their political principles, whether Whig or Tory, by the manner of wearing their plaids; that is, one of the parties reverses the old fashion, but which of them it is I do not remember, nor is it material.

I do assure you we have here, among the better sort, a full proportion of pretty women, as indeed there is all over Scotland. But pray remember, I now anticipate the jest, 'That women grow handsomer and handsomer the longer one continues from home.'

The men have more regard to the comeliness of their posterity than in those countries where a large fortune serves to soften the hardest features, and even to make the crooked straight; and indeed their definition of a fine woman seems chiefly to be directed to that purpose; for after speaking of her face, they say, 'She's a fine, healthy, straight, strong, strapping lassie.'

I fancy now I hear one of our delicate ladies say, ''Tis just so they would describe a Flanders mare.' I am not for confounding the characters of the two sexes one with another; but I should not care to have my son a valetudinary being, partaking of his mother's nice constitution.

I was once commending, to a lady of fortune in London, the upright, firm, yet easy manner of the ladies walking in Edinburgh. And when I had done, she fluttered her fan, and with a kind of disdain, mixed with jealousy to hear them commended, she said, 'Mr. ——, I do not at all wonder at that, they are *used to walk*.'

My next subject is to be the servants. I know little remarkable of the men, only that they are generally great lovers of ale; but my poor maids, if I may judge of others by what passes in my own quarters, have not had the best of chances when their lots fell to be born in this country. It is true they have not a great deal of household work to do; but when that little is done, they are kept to spinning, by which some of their mistresses are chiefly maintained. Sometimes there are two or three of them in a house of no greater number of rooms, at the wages of three half-crowns a year each, a peck of oatmeal for a week's diet; and happy she that can get the skimming of a pot to mix with her oatmeal for better commons.

To this allowance is added a pair of shoes or two, for Sundays, when they go to kirk.

These are such as are kept at board-wages. In larger families, I suppose, their standing wages is not much more, because they make no better appearance than the others. But if any one of them happens, by the encouragement of some English family, or one more reasonable than ordinary among the natives, to get clothes something better than the rest, it is ten to one but envy excites them to tell her to her face, 'she must have been ——, or she cou'd ne'er ha gotten sic bonny *geer*.'

All these generally lie in the kitchen, a very improper place one would think for a lodging, especially of such who have not wherewithal to keep themselves clean.

They do several sorts of work with their feet. I have already mentioned their washing at the river. When they wash a room, which the English lodgers require to be sometimes done, they likewise do it with their feet.

First, they spread a wet cloth upon part of the floor; then, with their coats tucked up, they stand upon the cloth and shuffle it backward and forward with their feet; then they go to another part and do the same, till they have gone all over the room. After this, they wash the cloth, spread it again, and draw it along in all places, by turns, till the whole work is

finished. This last operation draws away all the remaining foul water. I have seen this likewise done at my lodgings within a quarter of a mile of Edinburgh.

When I first saw it, I ordered a mop to be made, and the girls to be shown the use of it; but, as it is said of the Spaniards, there was no persuading them to change their old method.

I have seen women by the river's side washing parsnips, turnips, and herbs, in tubs with their feet. An English lieutenant-colonel told me that about a mile from the town he saw, at some little distance, a wench turning and twisting herself about as she stood in a little tub; and as he could perceive, being on horseback, that there was no water in it, he rode up close to her, and found she was grinding off the beards and hulls of barley with her naked feet, which barley, she said, was to make broth withal; and since that, upon inquiry, I have been told it is a common thing.

They hardly ever wear shoes, as I said before, but on a Sunday; and then, being unused to them, when they go to church they walk very awkwardly, or, as we say, like a cat shod with walnut-shells.

I have seen some of them come out of doors, early in a morning, with their legs covered up to the calf with dried dirt, the remains of what they contracted in the streets the day before: in short, a stranger might think there was but little occasion for strict laws against indecency.

When they go abroad, they wear a blanket over their heads, as the poor women do, something like the pictures you may have seen of some bare-footed order among the Romish priests.

And the same blanket that serves them for a mantle by day, is made a part of their bedding at night, which is generally spread upon the floor: this I think they call a *shakedown*.

I make no doubt you are, long before this, fully satisfied of the truth of my prediction in the first letter; for, to make you thoroughly acquainted with these remote parts, you see I have been reduced to tittle-tattle as low as that of a gossiping woman. However, as I am *in for't*, I must now proceed.

Let those who deride the dirtiness and idleness of these poor creatures, which my countrymen are too apt to do, as I observed before,—let them, I say, consider what inclination they can have to recommend themselves. What emulation can there proceed from mere despair? Cleanliness is too expensive for their small wages; and what inducement can they have, in such a station, to be diligent and obliging to those who use them more like negroes than natives of Britain? Besides, it is not anything in nature that renders them more idle and uncleanly than others, as some would inconsiderately suggest; because many of them, when they happen to be transplanted into a richer soil, grow as good servants as any whatever, and this I have known by experience.

It is a happiness to infancy, especially here, that it cannot reflect and make comparisons of its condition; otherwise how miserable would be the children of the poor that one sees continually in the streets! Their wretched food makes them look pot-bellied; they are seldom washed; and many of them have their hair clipped, all but a lock that hangs down over the forehead, like the representation of old Time in a picture: the boys have nothing but a coarse kind of vest, buttoned down the back, as if they were idiots, and that their coats were so made to prevent their often stripping themselves quite naked.

The girls have a piece of a blanket wrapped about their shoulders, and are bare-headed like the boys; and both without stockings and shoes in the hardest of seasons. But what seems to me the worst of all is, they are overrun with the itch, which continues upon them from year to year, without any care taken to free them from that loathsome distemper. Nor indeed is it possible to keep them long from it, except all could agree, it is so universal among them. And as the children of people in better circumstances are not nice in the choice of their companions and play-fellows, they are most of them likewise infected with this disease, insomuch that upon entering a room, where there was a pretty boy or girl that I should have been pleased to have caressed and played with (besides the compliment of it to the father and mother), it has been a great disappointment to me to discover it could not be done with safety to myself. And though the children of the upper classes wear shoes and stockings in winter-time, yet nothing is more common than to see them bare-foot in the summer.

I have often been a witness, that when the father or mother of the lesser children has ordered their shoes and stockings to be put on, as soon as ever they had an opportunity they have pulled them off, which I suppose was done to set their feet at liberty.

From the sight of these children in the streets, I have heard some reflect, that many a gay equipage, in other countries, has sprung from a bonnet and bare feet; but for my own part, I think, a fortune, obtained by worthy actions or honest industry, does real honour to the possessor; yet the generality are so far misled by customary notions, as to call the founder of an honourable family an upstart; and a very unworthy descendant is honoured with that esteem which was withheld from his ancestor. But what is yet more extraordinary is, that every successor grows more honourable with time, though it be but barely on that account; as if it were an accepted principle, that a stream must needs run the clearer the farther it is

removed from the fountain-head. But antiquity gives a sanction to anything.

I have little conversation with the inhabitants of this town, except some few, who are not comprehended in anything I have said, or will be in anything I am about to say of the generality. The coldness between the magistrates and merchants and myself has arisen from a shyness in them towards me, and my disinclination to any kind of intimacy with them. And therefore I think I may freely mention the narrow way they are in, without the imputation of a spy, as some of them foolishly gave out I was in my absence when last in London.

If I had had any inclination to expose their proceedings in another place (for they were public enough here), I might have done it long ago, perhaps to my advantage; but those deceitful boggy ways lie quite out of my road to profit or preferment.

Upon my return, I asked some of them how such a scandalous thought could ever enter into their heads, since they knew I had little conversation with them; and that on the contrary, if I resided here in that infamous capacity, I should have endeavoured to insinuate myself into their confidence, and put them upon such subjects as would enable me to perform my treacherous office; but that I never so much as heard there was any concern about them; for they were so obscure, I did not remember ever to have heard of Inverness till it was my lot to know it so well as I did. And besides, that nothing could be more public than the reason of my continuance among them. This produced a denial of the fact from some, and in others a mortification, whether real or feigned is not much my concern.

I shall here take notice, that there is hardly any circumstance or description I have given you, but what is known to some one officer or more of every regiment in Britain, as they have been quartered here by rotation. And if there were occasion, I might appeal to them for a justification (the interested excepted) that I have exaggerated nothing; and I promise you I shall pursue the same route throughout all my progress.

I wish I could say more to the integrity of our own lower order of shopkeepers than truth and justice will allow me to do; but these, I think, are *sharper* (to use no worse an expression) in proportion as their temptations are stronger.

Having occasion for some Holland cloth, I sent to one of these merchants, who brought me two or three pieces, which I just looked upon, and told him that as I neither understood the quality nor knew the price of that sort of goods, I would make him, as we say, both seller and buyer, reserving to himself the same profit as he would take from others. At first he started at the proposal; and having recollected himself, he said, 'I cannot deal in that manner.' I asked him why, but I could get nothing more from him but that it was not their way of dealing.

Upon this, I told him it was apparently his design to have over-reached me, but that he had some probity left, which he did not seem to know of, by refusing my offer, because it carried with it a trust and confidence in his honesty, and thereupon we parted.

Since that, I made the same proposal to a mercer in Edinburgh, and was fairly and honestly dealt with.

But the instances some of these people give of their distrust one of another, in matters of a most trifling value, would fill any stranger with notions very disadvantageous to the credit of the generality.

I sent one day to a merchant's hard by for some little thing I wanted, which being brought me by my servant, he laughed and told me, that while he was in the shop there came in the maid-servant of another merchant with a message from her master, which was to borrow an ell to measure a piece of cloth, and to signify that he had sent a napkin, that is, a handkerchief, as a pledge for its being returned:—that the maid took the ell, and was going away with it, without leaving the security; upon which the merchant's wife called out hastily and earnestly to her for the pawn; and then the wench pulled it out of her bosom and gave it to her, not without some seeming shame for her attempt to go away with it.

Speaking of an ell measure brings to my mind a thing that passed a few weeks ago when I was present.

An English gentleman sent for a wright, or carpenter, to make him an ell; but before the workman came, he had borrowed one, and offered it as a pattern. 'No, sir,' says the man, 'it must not be made by this; for yours, I suppose, is to be for buying, and this is to sell by.'

I have not myself entirely escaped suspicions of my honesty; for sending one day to a shop for some twopenny business, a groat was demanded for it; the twopence was taken, the thing was sent, but my boy's cap was detained for the remaining half of that considerable sum.

It is a common observation with the English, that when several of these people are in competition for some profitable business or bargain, each of them speaks to the disadvantage of his competitors.

Some time ago there was occasion to hire ovens wherewith to bake bread for the soldiery then encamped near the town. The officer who had the care of providing those ovens thought fit, as the first step towards his agreements, to talk with several of the candidates separately, at their own houses, and to see what con-

veniency they had wherewith to perform a contract of that nature. In the course of this inquiry, he found that every one of them was speaking not much to the advantage of the rest, and, in the conclusion, he cried out, 'Every one of these men tells me the others are rogues, and,' added with an oath, 'I believe them all.'

But, on the other hand, if we ask of almost any one of them, who is quite disinterested, the character of some working tradesman, though the latter be not at all beholden to fame, the answer to our inquiry will be—'There is not an honester lad in all Britain.'

This is done in order to secure the profit to their own countrymen; for the soldiers rival them in many things, especially in handicraft trades. I take this last to be upon the principle (for certainly it is one with them) that every gain they make of the English is an acquisition to their country.

But I desire I may not be understood to speak of all in general, for there are several among them, whom, I believe, in spite of education, to be very worthy, honest men;—I say against education, because I have often observed, by children of seven or eight years old, that when they have been asked a question, they have either given an indirect answer at first, or considered for a time what answer was fittest for them to make. And this was not my observation alone, but that of several others, upon trial, which made us conclude that such precaution, at such an age, could not be other than the effect of precept.

P.S.—I have several times been told, by gentlemen of this country with whom I have contracted acquaintance and friendship, that others have said it would have been but just that some native had had my appointment; and once it was hinted to me directly. This induced me to say (for I could not help it) I should readily agree to it, and cheerfully resign, and would further take upon me to answer for all my countrymen, that they should do the same, provided no Scotsman had any government employment be-south the Tweed; and then I doubted not but there would be ample room at home for us all. This I should not have chosen to say, but it was *begged*, and I *gave it*.

TO THE SAME.

I am now to acquaint you that I have not at this time sufficient provision for your usual repast. But, by the way, I cannot help accusing myself of some arrogance in using such a metaphor; because your ordinary fare has been little else beside *brochan*, *cale*, *stir-about*, *sowings*, etc. (oatmeal varied in several shapes); but that you may be provided with something, I am now about to give you a *haggass*, which would be yet less agreeable, were it not to be a little seasoned with variety.

The day before yesterday, an occasion called me to make a progress of about six or seven miles among the mountains; but before I set out, I was told the way was dangerous to strangers, who might lose themselves in the hills if they had not a conductor. For this reason, about two miles from hence I hired a guide, and agreed with him for sixpence to attend me the whole day. This poor man went barefoot, sometimes by my horse's side, and in dangerous places leading him by the bridle, winding about from side to side among the rocks, to such gaps where the horses could raise their feet high enough to mount the stones, or stride over them.

In this tedious passage, in order to divert myself (having an interpreter with me), I asked my guide a great many questions relating to the Highlands, all which he answered very properly.

In his turn, he told me, by way of question, to hear what I would say, that he believed there would be no war; but I did not understand his meaning till I was told. By *war* he meant *rebellion;* and then, with a dismal countenance, he said he was by trade a weaver, and that in the year 1715 the *sidier roy*, or red soldiers, as they call them (to distinguish them from the Highland companies, whom they call *sidier dou*, or the black soldiers)—I say he told me, that they burnt his house and his loom, and he had never been in condition since that time to purchase materials for his work, otherwise he had not needed to be a guide; and he thought his case very hard, because he had not been in the *affair*, or the *scrape*, as they call it all over Scotland, being cautious of using the word rebellion. But this last declaration of his I did not so much depend on.

When he had finished his story, which, by interpreting, took up a good deal of time, I recounted to him the fable of the pigeon's fate that happened to be among the jackdaws, at which he laughed heartily, notwithstanding his late grief for his loss; and doubtless the fable was to him entirely new.

I then asked his reason why he thought there would not be another war (as he called it); and his answer was, he believed the English did not expect one, because they were *fooling* away their money, in removing great stones and blowing up of rocks.

Here he spoke his grievance as a guide; and, indeed, when the roads are finished according to the plan proposed, there will be but little occasion for those people, except such as can speak English, and may by some be thought necessary for interpreters in their journeys: I say they will be useless as guides alone, reckoning from the south of Scotland to this town the mountain way (for along the coast hither the road can hardly be mistaken), and counting again from the Lowlands to the west end of

the opening among the mountains that run from hence quite across the island.

But all the Highlands be-north this town and the said opening will remain as rugged and dangerous as ever.

At length I arrived at the spot of which I was to take a view, and found it most horrible; but in the way that I went, being the shortest cut going southward, it is not to be avoided.

This is a deep, narrow hollow, between very steep mountains, whereinto huge parts of rocks have fallen. It is a terrifying sight to those who are not accustomed to such views; and at bottom is a small but dangerous burn, running wildly among the rocks, especially in times of rain. You descend by a declivity in the face of the mountain, from whence the rocks have parted (for they have visibly their decay), and the rivulet is particularly dangerous, when the passenger is going along with the stream, and pursued by the torrent. But you have not far to go in this bottom, before you leave the current, which pursues its way, in continued windings, among the feet of the mountains; and soon after you ascend by a steep and rocky hill, and when the height is attained, you would think the most rugged ways you could possibly conceive of to be a happy variety.

When I was returned to the hut where I took my guide, being pleased with the fellow's good-humour and frankness in answering my questions, instead of sixpence I gave him a shilling. At first he could not trust his own eyes, or thought I was mistaken; but being told what it was, and that it was all his own, he fell on his knees and cried out, he never, in all his life before, knew anybody give him more than they bargained for. This done, he ran into his hut, and brought out four children almost naked, to show them to me, with a prayer for the English. Thus I had, for so small a price as one sixpence, the exquisite pleasure of making a poor creature happy for a time.

Upon my Highlander's lamentation of his loss and present bad circumstances, I could not forbear to reflect and moralize a little, concluding, that ruin is ruin, as much to the poor as to those that had been rich.

Here's a poor Highlandman (whose house, loom, and all his other effects were, it is likely, not worth thirty shillings) as effectually undone, by the loss he sustained, as one that had been in the possession of thousands; and the burning of one of their huts, which does not cost fifteen shillings in building, is much worse to them than the loss of a palace by fire is to the owner. And were it not for their fond attachment to their chiefs, and the advantage those gentlemen take of their slave-like notions of patriarchal power, I verily believe there are but few among them that would engage in an enterprise so dangerous to them as rebellion; and as some proof of this, I have been told by several people of this town, that in the year 1715, the then Earl of Mar continued here for near two months together before he could muster two hundred Highlanders, so unwilling were these poor people to leave their little houses and their families to go a king-making.

But when a number sufficient for his present purpose had been corrupted by rewards and promises, he sent them out in parties from hut to hut, threatening destruction to such as refused to join with them.

But it may be necessary to let you know that these men, of whom I have been speaking, were not such as were immediately under the eye of their respective chiefs, but scattered in little dwellings about the skirts of the mountains.

[Here follows the copy of a Highlander's letter, which has been lately handed about this town as a kind of curiosity.]

When I first saw it, I suspected it to be supposititious, and calculated as a *lure*, whereby to entice some Highlanders to the colony from whence it was supposed to be written; but I was afterwards assured, by a very credible person, that he knew it to be genuine.

Endorsed.—Letter from Donald M'Pherson, a young Highland lad, who was sent to Virginia with Captain Toline, and was born near the house of Culloden, where his father lives.

Portobago in Marilante,
June 2, 17—.

TEER LOFEN KYNT FATER,—Dis is te lat ye ken, dat I am in quid healt, plessed be Got for dat, houpin te here de lyk frae yu, as I am yer nane sin, I wad a bine ill leart gin I had na latten yu ken tis, be kaptin Rogirs skep dat geangs te Innernes, per cunnan I dinna ket sika anither apertunti dis towmen agen. De skep dat I kam in was a lang tym o de see cumin oure heir, but plissit pi Got for à ting wi à kepit our heels unco weel, pat Shonie Magwillivray dat hat ay a sair heet. Dere was saxty o's à kame inte te quintry hel a lit an lim an nane o's à dyit pat Shonie Magwillivray an an otter Ross lad dat kam oure wi's an mai pi dem twa wad a dyit gin tey hed bitten at hame.

Pi mi fait I kanna komplin for kumin te dis quintry, for mestir Nicols, Lort pliss hem, pat mi till a pra mestir, dey ca him Shone Bayne, an hi lifes in Marylant in te rifer Potomak, he nifer gart mi wark ony ting pat fat I lykit mi sel: de meast o à mi wark is waterin a pra stennt hors, an pringin wyn an pread ut o de seller te mi mestir's tebil.

Sin efer I kam til him I nefer wantit a pottle o petter ele nor is in à Shon Glass hous, for I ay set toun wi de pairns te dennir.

Mi mestir seys til mi, fan I kon speek lyk de fouk heir dat I sanna pe pidden di nating pat

gar his plackimors wurk, for de *fyt fouk* dinna ise te wurk pat te first yeer aftir dey kum in te quintry. Tey speek à lyk de sogers in Inerness.

Lofen fater, fan de servants heir he deen wi der mestirs, dey grou unco rich, an its ne wonter, for day mak a hantil o tombako; an des sivites an apels an de sheries an de pires grou in de wuds wantin tyks apout dem. De swynes te ducks an durkies geangs en te wuds wantin mestirs.

De tombako grous shust lyk de dockins en de bak o de lairts yart an de skeps dey kum fra ilka place an bys dem an gies a hantel o silder an gier for dem.

Mi nane mestir kam til de quintry a sarfant, an weil I wot hi's nou wort mony a susan punt. Fait ye mey pelive mi de pirest plantir hire lifes amost as weil as de lairt o Collottin. Mai pi fan mi tim is ut I wel kom hem an sie yu pat not for de furst nor de neest yeir til I gater somting o mi nane, for fan I ha dun wi mi mestir, hi maun gi mi a plantashon te set mi up, its de quistium heir in dis quintry; an syn I houp te gar yu trink wyn insteat o tippeni in Innerness.

I wis I hat kum our heir twa or tri yeirs seener nor I dit, syn I wad ha kum de seener hame, pat Got bi tanket dat I kam sa seen as I dit.

Gin yu koud sen mi owr be ony o yur Innerness skeps, ony ting te mi, an it war as muckle clays as mak a quelt it wad, mey pi, gar mi meister tink te mere o mi. It's trw I ket clays eneu fe him, bat ony ting fe yu wad luck weel an pony, an ant plese Got gin I life, I sal pey yu pack agen.

Lofen fater, de man dat vryts dis leiter for mi is van Shams Macheyne, he lifes shust a myl fe mi, hi hes pin unko kyn te mi sin efer I kam te de quintrie. Hi wes porn en Petic an kam our a sarfant fe Klesgou an hes peen hes nane man twa yeirs, and has sax plackimors wurkin til hem alrety makin tombako ilka tay. Heil win hem, shortly an à te geir dat he hes wun heir an py a lerts kip at hem. Luck dat yu duina forket te vryt til mi ay, fan yu ket ony occashion.

God Almichte pliss yu Fater an à de leve o de hous, for I hana forkoten nane o yu, nor dinna yu forket mi, for plise God I sal kum hem wi gier enouch te di yu à an mi nane sel guid.

I weit you will be veri vokie, fan you sii yur nane sins fesh agen, for I heive leirt a hantle hevens sin I sau yu an I am unco buick leirt.

A tis is fe yur lofen an Opetient Sin,

TONAL MACKAFERSON.

Directed.—For Shames Mackaferson neir te Lairt o Collottin's hous, neir Innerness en de Nort o Skotlan.

This letter is a notable instance of those extravagant hopes that often attend a new condition. Yet Donald, notwithstanding all his happiness, desires his father to send him some clothes; not that he wants, or shall want them, but that they would look *bonny*, and recommend him to his master. But I shall not further anticipate that difficulty, which I know will not be unpleasing to you.

If you should think poor Donald's sentiments of his change to be worth your notice, and at the same time find yourself at a loss to make out any part of his letter, your friend Sir Alexander, who is very communicative, will be pleased with the office of your interpreter.

There is one thing I should have told you at first, which is, that where I have marked the single (a) thus (à), it must be pronounced (au) which signifies (all).

TO THE SAME.

But the rancour of some of those people in another case was yet more extraordinary than the instance previously given, as the objects of their malice could not seem, even to the utmost cowardice, to be in any manner of condition to annoy them. This was after the battle of Glenshiels, in the rebellion of 1719, before mentioned.

As the troops were marching from the field of action to a place of encampment, some of the men who were dangerously wounded, after their being carried some little way on horseback, complained they could no longer bear that uneasy carriage, and begged they might be left behind till some more gentle conveyance could be provided.

In about three or four hours (the little army being encamped) parties were sent to them with hurdles that had been made to serve as a kind of litters; but when they arrived, they found to their astonishment that those poor miserable creatures had been stabbed with dirks in twenty places of their legs and arms as well as their bodies, and even those that were dead had been used in the same savage manner. This I have been assured of by several officers who were in the battle, Scots as well as English.

I make no manner of doubt you will take what is to follow to be an odd transition, *i.e.* from the cruelty of the ordinary Highlanders to dialect and orthography, although you have met with some others not more consistent: but then you will recollect what I said in my first epistle, that I should not confine myself to method, but give you my account just as the several parts of the subject should occur from my memorandums and memory.

Strange encomiums I have heard from the natives upon the language of their country, although it be but a corruption of the Irish tongue; and if you could believe some of them, it is so expressive, that it wants only to be better known to become universal. But as for myself, who can only judge of it by the ear, it

seems to me to be very harsh in sound, like the Welsh, and altogether as guttural, which last, you know, is a quality long since banished all the polite languages in Europe.

It likewise seems to me, as if the natives affected to call it Erst, as though it were a language peculiar to their country; but an Irish gentleman who never before was in Scotland, and made with me a Highland tour, was perfectly understood even by the common people; and several of the lairds took me aside to ask me who he was, for that they never heard their language spoken in such purity before. This gentleman told me that he found the dialect to vary as much in different parts of the country as in any two counties of England.

In writing English they seem to have no rule of orthography, and they profess they think good spelling of no great use; but if they read English authors, I wonder their memory does not retain the figures or forms of common words, especially monosyllables; but it may, for aught I know, be affectation.

I have frequently received letters from ministers and lay gentlemen, both esteemed for their learning in dead languages, that have been so ill spelt, I thought I might have expected better from an ordinary woman in England. As for one single example: for *heirs* (of Latin derivation), *airs*, repeated several times in the same letter; and further, one word was often variously spelt in the same page.

The Highland dress consists of a bonnet made of thrum without a brim, a short coat, a waistcoat longer by five or six inches, short stockings, and brogues or pumps without heels. By the way, they cut holes in their brogues, though new made, to let out the water when they have far to go and rivers to pass: this they do to preserve their feet from galling.

Few besides gentlemen wear the *trouze*, that is, the breeches and stockings all of one piece and drawn on together; over this habit they wear a plaid, which is usually three yards long and two breadths wide, and the whole garb is made of chequered tartan or plaiding; this, with the sword and pistol, is called a *full dress*, and to a well-proportioned man with any tolerable air, it makes an agreeable figure; but this you have seen in London, and it is chiefly their mode of dressing when they are in the Lowlands, or when they make a neighbouring visit, or go anywhere on horseback; but when those among them who travel on foot, and have not attendants to carry them over the waters, they vary it into the *quelt* (*kilt*), which is a manner I am about to describe.

The common habit of the ordinary Highlanders is far from being acceptable to the eye: with them a small part of the plaid, which is not so large as the former, is set in folds and girt round the waist to make of it a short petticoat that reaches half-way down the thigh, and the rest is brought over the shoulders, and then fastened before, below the neck, often with a fork, and sometimes with a bodkin, or sharpened piece of stick, so that they make pretty near the appearance of the poor women in London when they bring their gowns over their heads to shelter them from the rain. In this way of wearing the plaid, they have sometimes nothing else to cover them, and are often barefoot; but some I have seen shod with a kind of pumps made out of a raw cowhide with the hair turned outward, which being ill made, the wearer's feet looked something like those of a rough-footed hen or pigeon: these are called *quarrants*, and are not only offensive to the sight, but intolerable to the smell of those who are near them. The stocking rises no higher than the thick of the calf, and from the middle of the thigh to the middle of the leg is a naked space, which being exposed to all weathers, becomes tanned and freckled; and the joint being mostly infected with the country distemper, the whole is very disagreeable to the eye.

This dress is called the *quelt* (*kilt*); and for the most part they wear the petticoat so very short, that in a windy day, going up a hill, or stooping, the indecency of it is plainly discovered.

A Highland gentleman told me one day merrily, as we were speaking of a dangerous precipice we had passed over together, that a lady of a noble family had complained to him very seriously, that as she was going over the same place with a *gilly*, who was upon an upper path leading her horse with a long string, she was so terrified with the sight of the abyss, that, to avoid it, she was forced to keep her eyes fixed upon the Highlander all the way long.

I have observed before, that the plaid serves the ordinary people for a cloak by day and bedding at night: by the latter it imbibes so much perspiration, that no one day can free it from the filthy smell; and even some of better than ordinary appearance, when the plaid falls from the shoulder, or otherwise requires to be re-adjusted, while you are talking with them, toss it over again, as some people do the knots of their wigs, which conveys the offence in whiffs that are intolerable: of this they seem not to be sensible, for it is often done only to give themselves airs.

Various reasons are given both for and against the Highland dress. It is urged against it, that it distinguishes the natives as a body of people distinct and separate from the rest of the subjects of Great Britain, and thereby is one cause of their narrow adherence among themselves to the exclusion of all the rest of the kingdom; but the part of the habit chiefly objected to is the plaid (or mantle), which, they say, is calculated for the encouragement of an

idle life in lying about upon the heath in the daytime, instead of following some lawful employment; that it serves to cover them in the night when they lie in wait among the mountains to commit their robberies and depredations, and is composed of such colours as altogether in the mass so nearly resemble the heath on which they lie, that it is hardly to be distinguished from it until one is so near them as to be within their power if they have any evil intention.

That it renders them ready at a moment's warning to join in any rebellion, as they carry continually their tents about them.

And lastly, it was thought necessary in Ireland to suppress that habit by Act of Parliament for the above reasons, and no complaint for the want of it now remains among the mountaineers of that country.

On the other hand it is alleged, the dress is most convenient to those who, with no ill design, are obliged to travel from one part to another upon their lawful occasions, viz. :

That they would not be so free to skip over the rocks and bogs with breeches, as they are in the short petticoat.

That it would be greatly incommodious to those who are frequently to wade through waters, to wear breeches, which must be taken off upon every such occurrence, or would not only gall the wearer, but render it very unhealthful and dangerous to their limbs to be constantly wet in that part of the body, especially in winter-time, when they might be frozen.

And with respect to the plaid in particular, the distance between one place of shelter and another is often too great to be reached before night comes on; and being intercepted by sudden floods, or hindered by other impediments, they are frequently obliged to lie all night in the hills, in which case they must perish were it not for the covering they carry with them.

That even if they should be so fortunate as to reach some hospitable hut, they must lie upon the ground uncovered, there being nothing to be spared from the family for that purpose.

And to conclude, a few shillings will buy this dress for an ordinary Highlander, who very probably might hardly ever be in condition to purchase a Lowland suit, though of the coarsest cloth or stuff, fit to keep him warm in that cold climate.

I shall determine nothing in this dispute, but leave you to judge which of these two reasonings is the most cogent.

The whole people are fond and tenacious of the Highland clothing, as you may believe by what is here to follow.

Being in a wet season upon one of my peregrinations, accompanied by a Highland gentleman, who was one of the clan through which I was passing, I observed the women to be in great anger with him about something that I did not understand: at length I asked him wherein he had offended them. Upon this question he laughed, and told me his great-coat was the cause of their wrath; and that their reproach was, that he could not be contented with the garb of his ancestors, but was degenerated into a Lowlander, and condescended to follow their unmanly fashions.

The wretched appearance of the poor Highland women that come to this town has been mentioned; and here I shall step out of the way to give you a notable instance of frugality in one of a higher rank.

There is a laird's lady, about a mile from one of the Highland garrisons, who is often seen from the ramparts on Sunday mornings coming barefoot to the kirk, with her maid carrying the stockings and shoes after her. She stops at the foot of a certain rock, that serves her for a seat, not far from the hovel they call a church, and there she puts them on; and in her return to the same place, she prepares to go home barefoot as she came, thus reversing the old Mosaic precept. What English squire was ever blessed with such a housewife?

But this instance, though true to my knowledge, I have thought something extraordinary, because the Highlanders are shy of exposing their condition to strangers, especially the English, and more particularly to a number of officers, to whom they are generally desirous to make their best appearance. But in my journeys, when they did not expect to be observed by any but their own country people, I have twice surprised the laird and his lady without shoes or stockings, a good way from home, in cold weather. The kirk above mentioned brings to my memory a curiosity of the same kind.

At a place in Badenoch, called Ilan Dou, as I passed by a hut of turf something larger than ordinary, but taking little notice of it, I was called upon by one of the company to stop and observe its figure, which proved to be the form of a cross: this occasioned several jokes from a libertine and a Presbyterian upon the Highland cathedral and the Non-jurors, in all which they perfectly agreed.

The ordinary girls wear nothing upon their heads until they are married or have a child, except sometimes a fillet of red or blue coarse cloth, of which they are very proud; but often their hair hangs down over the forehead like that of a wild colt.

If they wear stockings, which is very rare, they lay them in plaits one above another from the ancle up to the calf, to make their legs appear as near as they can in the form of a cylinder; but I think I have seen something like this among the poor German refugee women and the Moorish men in London. By the way, these girls, if they have no pretensions

to family (as many of them have, though in rags), they are vain of the attentions of a gentleman; and when he makes love to one of them, she will plead her excuse in saying he undervalues himself, and that she is a poor girl not worth his attention, or something to that purpose.

This conduct proceeds chiefly from a kind of ambition established by opinion and custom; for as gentility is of all things esteemed the most valuable in the notion of those people, so any mark of attention renders the poor plebeian girl, in some measure, superior to her former equals.

From thenceforward she becomes proud, and they grow envious of her being singled out from among them to receive the honour of a gentleman's particular notice; but otherwise they are generally far from being immodest; and as modesty is the capital feminine virtue, in that they may be a reproach to some in higher circumstances who have lost that decent and endearing quality.

You know I should not venture to talk in this manner at ——, where modesty would be decried as impolite and troublesome, and I and my slender party ridiculed and borne down by a vast majority. I shall here give you a sample of the wretchedness of some of them.

In one of my northern journeys, where I travelled in a good deal of company, there was among the rest a Scots baronet, who is a captain in the army, and does not seem (at least to me) to affect concealment of his country's disadvantage. This gentleman, at our inn, when none but he and I were together, examined the maid-servant about her way of living; and she told him (as he interpreted it to me) that she never was in a bed in her life, or ever took off her clothes while they would hang together; but in this last, I think, she was too general, for I am pretty sure she was forced to pull them off now and then for her own quiet. But I must go a little farther.

One half of the hut, by partition, was taken up with the field-bed of the principal person among us, and therefore the man and his wife very courteously offered to sit up and leave their bed to the baronet and me (for the rest of the company were dispersed about in barns); but we could not resolve to accept the favour for certain reasons, but chose rather to lie upon the benches with our saddles for pillows.

Being in a high part of the country, the night was excessive cold, with some snow upon the mountains, though in August, and the next day was the hottest that I think I ever felt in my life.

The violent heat of the sun among the rocks made my new companions (natives of the hovel) such voracious cannibals that I was obliged to lag behind, and set my servant to take vengeance on them for the plentiful repast they were making at my expense, and without my consent, and by which I was told they were become as red as blood. But I should have let you know, that when the table over-night was spread with such provisions as we carried with us, our chief man would needs have the lady of the house to grace the board; and it fell to my lot to sit next to her till I had loaded her plate, and bid her go and sup with her husband, for I foresaw the consequence of our conjunction.

The young children of the ordinary Highlanders are miserable objects indeed, and are mostly overrun with that distemper which some of the old men are hardly ever freed of from their infancy. I have often seen them come out from the huts early in a cold morning stark naked, and squat themselves down (if I might decently use the comparison) like dogs on a dunghill, upon a certain occasion after confinement. And at other times they have but little to defend them from the inclemencies of the weather in so cold a climate: nor are the children of some gentlemen in much better condition, being strangely neglected till they are six or seven years old: this one might know by a saying I have often heard, viz. 'That a gentleman's bairns are to be distinguished by their speaking English.'

I was invited one day to dine with a laird, not very far within the hills; and observing about the house an English soldier, whom I had often seen before in this town, I took an opportunity to ask him several questions. This man was a bird-catcher, and employed by the laird to provide him with small birds for the exercise of his hawks.

Among other things he told me, that for three or four days after his first coming, he had observed in the kitchen (an out-house hovel) a parcel of dirty children half naked, whom he took to belong to some poor tenant, till at last he found they were a part of the family; but although these were so little regarded, the young laird, about the age of fourteen, was going to the university; and the eldest daughter, about sixteen, sat with us at table, clean and genteelly dressed.

But perhaps it may seem, that in this and other observations of the like kind, whenever I have met with one particular fact, I would make it thought to be general. I do assure you it is not so: but when I have known anything to be common, I have endeavoured to illustrate it by some particular example. Indeed, there is hardly anything of this sort that I have mentioned can be so general as to be free from all exception; it is justification enough to me if the matter be generally known to answer my description, or what I have related of it. But I think an apology of this nature to you is needless.

It is impossible for me, from my own knowledge, to give you an account of the ordinary

way of living of those gentlemen, because when any of us (the English) are invited to their houses, there is always an appearance of plenty to excess; and it has been often said they will ransack all their tenants rather than we should think meanly of their house-keeping; but I have heard it from many whom they have employed, and perhaps had little regard to their observations as inferior people, that although they have been attended at dinner by five or six servants, yet, with all that state, they have often dined upon oatmeal varied several ways, pickled herrings, or other such cheap and indifferent diet; but though I could not personally know their ordinary bill of fare, yet I have had occasion to observe they do not live in the cleanest manner, though some of them, when in England, affect the utmost nicety in that particular.

A friend of mine told me some time ago, that in his journey hither he stopped to bait at the Bull Inn at Stamford, which, I think, is one among the best in England. He soon received a message by the landlord from two gentlemen in the next room, who were going from these parts to London, proposing they might all dine together; this he readily consented to, as being more agreeable to him than dining alone.

As they sat at table waiting for dinner, one of them found fault with the table-cloth, and said it was not clean: there was, it seems, a spot or two upon it, which he told them was only the stain of claret, that could not at once be perfectly washed out; then they wiped their knives, forks, and plates with the napkins; and, in short, nothing was clean enough for them, and this to a gentleman who is himself extremely nice in everything of that nature. At last says my friend, vexed at the impertinent farce, as he called it, 'Gentlemen, I am vastly pleased at your dislikes, as I am now upon my journey to Scotland (where I have never yet been), because I must infer I shall there find these things in better condition.' 'Troth,' says one of them, 'ye canno want it.'

I am sorry for such instances, whereby a fop, conscious of the fallacy, exposes his country, and brings ridicule upon other gentlemen of modesty and good sense, to serve a momentary vanity, if not to give affronts by such gross impositions.

I know very well what my friend thinks of them now, and perhaps by their means of many others who do not deserve it.

There is one gasconade of the people hereabouts which is extraordinary: they are often boasting of the great hospitality of the Highlanders to strangers; for my own part, I do not remember to have received one invitation from them but when it was with an apparent view to their own interest; on the contrary, I have several times been unasked to eat, though there was nothing to be purchased within many miles of the place.

But one particular instance was most inhospitable.

Being benighted, soon after it was dark, I made up to the house of one to whom I was well known; and though I had five or six miles to travel over a dangerous ragged way, wherein there was no other shelter to be expected, yet, upon the trampling of my horses before the house, the lights went out in the twinkling of an eye, and deafness at once seized the whole family.

The latter part of what I have writ of this letter relates chiefly to gentlemen who inhabit the hills not far from the borders of the Lowlands, or not very far from the sea, or communication with it by lakes, as indeed most part of the houses of the chiefs of clans are in one or other of these situations.

These are sometimes built with stone and lime, and though not large, except some few, are pretty commodious, at least with comparison to these that are built in the manner of the huts, of which, if any one has a room above, it is, by way of eminence, called a *lofted* house; but in the inner part of the mountains there are no stone buildings that I know of, except the barracks; and one may go a hundred miles on end without seeing any other buildings than the common huts of turf.

I have, indeed, heard of one that was intended to be built with stone in a remote part of the Highlands, from whence the laird sent a number of Highlanders with horses to fetch a quantity of lime from the borders; but on their way home there happened to fall a good deal of rain, and the lime began to crackle and smoke: the Highlanders not thinking, of all things, water would occasion fire, threw it all into a shallow rivulet in order to quench it, before they proceeded farther homeward; and this, they say, put an end to the project.

But I take this to be a Lowland sneer upon the Highlanders, though not improbable.

I have mentioned above, among other situations of stone-built houses, some that are near to lakes which have a communication with the sea.

There are, in several parts of the Highlands, winding hollows between the foot of the mountains whereinto the sea flows, which hollows are navigable for ships of burthen for ten or twenty miles together inland; those the natives call *lochs* or lakes, although they are salt, and have a flux and reflux, and therefore, more properly, should be called arms of the sea.

I could not but think this explanation necessary to distinguish those waters from the standing fresh-water lakes.

TO THE SAME.

When a young couple are married, for the first night the company keep possession of the dwelling-house or hut, and send the bridegroom and bride to a barn or out-house, giving them straw, heath, or fern for a bed, with blankets for their covering, and then they make merry, and dance to the piper all the night long.

Soon after the wedding-day, the new-married woman sets herself about spinning her winding-sheet, and a husband that should sell or pawn it is esteemed, among all men, one of the most profligate.

At a young Highlander's first setting up for himself, if he be of any consideration, he goes about among his near relations and friends; and from one he begs a cow, from another a sheep, a third gives him seed to sow his land, and so on, till he has procured for himself a tolerable stock for a beginner. This they call *thigging*.

After the death of any one, not in the lowest circumstances, the friends and acquaintance of the deceased assemble to keep the near relations company the first night; and they dance, as if it were at a wedding, till the next morning, though all the time the corpse lies before them in the same room. If the deceased be a woman, the widower leads up the first dance; if a man, the widow. But this Highland custom I knew, to my disturbance, within less than a quarter of a mile of Edinburgh, before I had been among the mountains. It was upon the death of a smith, next door to my lodgings, who was a Highlander.

The upper class hire women to moan and lament at the funeral of their nearest relations. These women cover their heads with a small piece of cloth, mostly green, and every now and then break out into a hideous howl and ho-bo-bo-bo-boo, as I have often heard is done in some parts of Ireland.

This part of the ceremony is called a *coronoch*, and, generally speaking, is the cause of much drunkenness, attended with its concomitants, mischievous rencounters and bloody broils; for all that have arms in their possession accoutre themselves with them upon those occasions.

I have made mention of their funeral piles in a former letter; but I had once occasion to take particular notice of a heap of stones near the middle of a small piece of arable land. The plough was carefully guided as near to it as possible: and the pile, being like others I had seen upon the moors, I asked, by an interpreter, whether there was a rock beneath it; but being answered in the negative, I further inquired the reasons why they lost so much ground, and did not remove the heap. To this I had for answer, it was a burial place, and they deemed it a kind of sacrilege to remove one single stone; and that the children, from their infancy, were taught the same veneration for it. Thus a parcel of loose stones are more religiously preserved among them, than, with us, the costly monuments in Westminster Abbey; and thence I could not but conclude, that the inclination to preserve the remains and memory of the dead is greater with those people than it is among us. The Highlanders, even here in this town, cannot forego the practice of the hills, in raising heaps of stones over such as have lost their lives by some misfortune; for in Oliver's Fort, no sooner was the body of an officer removed from the place where he fell in a duel, than they set about the raising such a heap of stones upon the spot where he had lain. So much for mountain monuments.

Those who are said to have the *second sight*, deal chiefly in deaths, and it is often said to be a gift peculiar to some families; that is, the cheat has, with some, been handed down from father to son. Yet I must confess they seldom fail to be right when they reveal their predictions; for they take the surest method to prophetise, which is to divulge the oracle after the fact. Of this I had once an opportunity to convince a Highland gentleman, from whom I thought might have been expected more reason and less prejudice than to be gulled by such impostors.

The matter was this:—A poor Highlander was drowned in wading a ford, and his body afterwards put into a small barn. Not many days after, the laird endeavouring to pass the same water, which was hard by his own house, his horse gave way, and he was likewise drowned, and carried into the same hut. Soon after, a story began to pass for current, that such a one the *second-sighted* foretold, when the body of the poor man lay exposed to view, that it would not be long before a greater man than he should lie in the same place. This was all that was pretended, and that too was afterwards found to be an invention arising from the circumstance of two persons, at a little distance of time, being drowned in the same ford, and both their bodies carried to one hovel, which indeed stood singly, near the place where they were both stopped by the rocks.

Witches and goblins are likewise pretty common among the Highlanders, and they have several old prophecies handed down to them by tradition, among which this is one,—that the time shall come when they shall measure out the cloth of London with a long pole.

As the little manufacture they had was cloth, so at the time when this pretended prophecy was broached, they esteemed that the only riches, and did not know of the treasure of Lombard Street; like the country boy, that fed poorly and worked hard, who said, if he were a

gentleman he would eat fat bacon, and swing all day long upon Gaffer Such-a-one's *yate*.

A certain laird is frequently heard to affirm, that at the instant he was born, a number of swords that hung up in the hall of the mansion-house leaped of themselves out of the scabbards, in token, I suppose, that he was to be a mighty man in arms, and this vain romance seems to be believed by the lower order of his followers; and I believe there are many that laugh at it in secret who dare not publicly declare their disbelief. But because the miracle has hitherto only portended the command of his clan and an independent company, he has endeavoured to supply the defeat of the presage by his own epitaph, altogether as romantic, in his own kirk, which he still lives to read whenever he pleases to gratify his vanity with the sight of it.

They have an odd notion relating to dead bodies that are to be transported over rivers, lakes, or arms of the sea. Before it is put on board, they appraise and ascertain the value of the boat or vessel, believing, if that be neglected, some accident will happen to endanger the lives of those who are embarked in it; but upon recollection, I think some of our seamen entertain this idle fancy in some measure. For I have heard they do not care for a voyage with a corpse on board, as though it would be the occasion of tempestuous weather.

And lastly (for I shall not trouble you longer with things of this kind, which are without number), the Highlanders are of opinion that it is in the power of certain enchantresses to make them childless; but I am rather inclined to believe it was originally a male artifice among them to serve as an excuse in cases where they have no family.

The marriages of the chiefs and chieftains are for the most part confined to the circuit of the Highlands, and they generally endeavour to strengthen their clan by what they call powerful alliances. But I must not be understood to include any of the prime nobility of Scotland, of whom there are some chiefs of clans. Their dignity places them quite out of the reach of anything I have said, or have to say, in relation to the heads of Highland families, who reside constantly with them, and govern them in person. As to the lower class of gentry and the ordinary people, they generally marry in the clan whereto they appertain.

All this may be political enough, *i.e.* the chief to have regard to the Highlands in general, and his followers to their own particular tribe or family, in order to preserve themselves a distinct people; but this continues them in a narrow way of thinking with respect to the rest of mankind, and also prevents that addition to the circumstances of the whole, or a part of the Highlands, which might be made by marriages of women of fortune in the Lowlands. This in time might have a good effect, by producing a union instead of that coldness, to say no more, which subsists at present between the natives of those two parts of Scotland, as if they bore no relation one to another, considered as men and subjects of the same kingdom, and even the same part of it. Yet I must here (and by the bye) take notice of one thing, wherein they perfectly agree, which experience has taught me to know perfectly well, and that is, to grudge and envy those of the south part of the island any profitable employment among them, although they themselves are well received, and equally encouraged and employed with the natives in that part of the kingdom. And I think further, they have sometimes more than their share, if they must needs keep up such a partial and invidious distinction.

But to return to the marriages of the Highlanders. Perhaps, after what has been said of the country, it may be asked what Lowland woman would care to lead a life attended with so many inconveniences? Doubtless there are those who would be as fond of sharing the clannish state and power with a husband, as some others are of a name, when they sell themselves for a title; for each of these kinds of vanity is very flattering. Besides, there are many of the Lowland women who seem to have a great liking to the Highland men, which they cannot forbear to insinuate in their ordinary conversation.

But such marriages are very rare; and I know but one instance of them, which I must confess will not much recommend the union of which I have been speaking; but then it is but one, and cannot be the cause of any general inference.

A certain chieftain took to wife the daughter of an Edinburgh goldsmith; but this Lowland match was the cause of much discontent in the tribe, as being not only a diminution of the honour of the house, but, in their opinion, an ill precedent besides; and nothing was more common among the people of that branch of the clan, than to ask among themselves, Were there not smiths enough in the clan that had daughters? How comes our chief then to have married the daughter of a Lowland smith?—making no distinction between an Edinburgh goldsmith and a Highland blacksmith.

They thought it was a disgrace of which every one partook, that he should match himself with a tradesman's daughter, a Lowland woman, and no way derived from the tribe.

This proved in the end to be a fatal marriage; but as it is uncertain, and therefore would be unjust for me to determine in a matter whereof I have not a perfect knowledge, I cannot conclude which of the two, the husband or the wife, was the occasion of the sad catastrophe. I shall only say what I know, viz. that an old rough Highlander, of sixty at least, was

imprisoned at one of the barracks while I was there for accepting favours from the lady. She was to be sent to Edinburgh to answer the accusation; and while she was preparing to go, and the messenger waiting without doors to conduct her thither, *she died.*

The clan whereto the above-mentioned tribe belongs, is the only one I have heard of which is without a chief; that is, being divided into families under several chieftains, without any particular patriarch of the whole name. And this is a great reproach, as may appear from an affair that fell out at my table in the Highlands between one of that name and a Cameron. The provocation given by the latter was, *Name your chief.* The return to it, at once, was, *You are a fool.* They went out the next morning; but having early notice of it, I sent a small party of soldiers after them, which in all probability prevented some barbarous mischief that might have ensued. For the chiefless Highlander, who is himself a petty chieftain, was going to the place appointed with a small-sword and pistol; whereas the Cameron (an old man) took with him only his broad-sword, according to agreement.

When all was over, and I had at least seemingly reconciled them, I was told the words, of which I seemed to think but slightly, were to one of that clan the greatest of all provocations.

In a bargain between two Highlanders, each of them wets the ball of his thumb with his mouth, and then joining them together, it is esteemed a very binding act; but in more solemn engagements they take an oath in a manner which I shall describe in some succeeding letter.

When any one of them is armed at all points, he is loaded with a target, a firelock, a heavy broad-sword, a pistol-stock, and lock of iron, a dirk; and besides all these, some of them carry a sort of knife, which they call a *skeen-ocles*, from its being concealed in the sleeve near the arm-pit.

This last is more peculiar to the robbers, who have done mischief with it when they were thought to have been effectually disarmed.

To see a Highlander thus furnished out, might put one in mind of *Merry Andrew*, when he comes from behind the curtain in a warlike manner to dispute the doctor's right to his stage. He is then in his own individual person a whole company of foot, being loaded with one of every species of the arms and trophies of a regiment; *viz.* a pike, halbert, firelock, sword, bayonet, colours, and drum.

Sometimes, when a company of them have previously resolved and agreed to be peaceably and friendly over their usky, they have drawn their dirks and stuck them all into the table before them; as who should say, Nothing but peace at this meeting, no private stabbing to-night. But in promiscuous companies, at great assemblies, such as fairs, burials, etc. where much drunkenness prevails, there scarcely ever fails to be great riots and much mischief done among them.

To shoot at a mark, they lay themselves all along behind some stone or hillock, on which they rest their piece, and are a long while taking their aim; by which means they can destroy any one unseen, on whom they would wreak their malice or revenge.

When in sight of the enemy, they endeavour to possess themselves of the higher ground, as knowing they give their fire more effectually by their situation one above another, being without discipline; and also that they afterwards descend on the enemy with greater force, having in some measure put it out of their power to recede in the first onset.

After their first fire (I need not have said their first, for they rarely stand a second) they throw away their fire-arms and plaids which encumber them, and make their attack with their swords; but if repulsed, they seldom or never rally, but return to their habitations.

If they happen to engage in a plain, when they expect the enemy's fire they throw themselves down on the ground. They had ever a dread of the cavalry, and did not care to engage them, though but few in number.

I chanced to be in company one time with an old Highlander, as I passed over the plain of Killiecrankie, where the battle was fought between King William's troops commanded by General Mackay, and the rebel Highlanders under the Earl of Dundee.

When we came to the great stone that is raised about the middle of the flat, upon the spot where Dundee fell, we stopped; and there he described to me, in his manner, the order and end of the battle, of which I shall now give you the substance only, for he was long in telling his story.

He told me that Mackay extended his line, which was only two deep, the whole length of the plain, designing, as he supposed, to surround the Highlanders, if they should descend from the side of an opposite hill where they were posted.

That after the first firing, the rebels came down six or seven deep, to attack the King's troops; and their rear pushing on their front, they by their weight charged through and through those feeble files, and having broke them, made with their broad-swords a most cruel carnage; and many others who expected no quarter, in order to escape the Highland fury, threw themselves into that rapid river (the Tay), and were drowned. But he said there was an English regiment who kept themselves entire (the only one that was there), whom the Highlanders did not care to attack; and after the slaughter was over and the enemy

retired, that single corps marched from the field in good order.

He further told me, there were some few horse badly mounted, who by the strength and weight of the Highland files were pushed into the river, which was close in their rear.

On any sudden alarm and danger of distress to the chief, he gives notice of it throughout his own clan, and to such others as are in alliance with him. This is done by sending a signal, which they call the *fiery-cross*, being two sticks tied together transversely, and burnt at the ends; with this, he sends directions in writing, to signify the place of rendezvous. And when the principal person of any place has received this token, he dismisses the messenger, and sends it forward to another, and so on, till all have received the intelligence.

Upon the receipt of this signal, all that are near immediately leave their habitations, and repair to the place appointed, with their arms, and oatmeal for their provision. This they mingle with the water of the next river or burn they come to, when hunger calls for a supply; and often, for want of a proper vessel, sup the raw mixture out of the palms of their hands.

They have been used to impose a tax upon the inhabitants of the Low-country, near the borders of the Highlands, called *black mail* (or rent), and levy it upon them by force; and sometimes upon the weaker clans among themselves. But as it was made equally criminal, by several Acts of Parliament, to comply with this exaction and to extort it, the people, to avoid the penalty, came to agreement with the robbers, or some of their correspondents in the Lowlands, to protect their houses and cattle. And as long as this payment was punctually made, the depredations ceased, or otherwise the collector of this imposition was by contract obliged to make good the loss, which he seldom failed to do.

These collectors gave regular receipts, as for safe-guard money; and those who refused to pay it were sure to be plundered, except they kept a continual guard of their own well armed, which would have been a yet more expensive way of securing their property.

And notwithstanding the guard of the independent Highland companies, which were raised chiefly to prevent thefts and impositions of this nature, yet I have been certainly informed that this *black mail*, or evasive safe-guard money, has been very lately paid in a disarmed part of the northern Highlands, and I make no doubt in other places besides, though it has not yet come to my knowledge.

The gathering-in of rents is called *uplifting* them, and the stealing of cows they call *lifting*, a softening word for theft, as if it were only collecting their dues. This I have often heard; but it has as often occurred to me, that we have the word *shop-lifting* in the sense of stealing, which I take to be an old English compound word. But as to the etymology of it, I leave that to those who are fond of such unprofitable disquisitions, though I think this is pretty evident.

When a design is formed for this purpose, they go out in parties from ten to thirty men, and traverse large tracts of mountains, till they arrive at the place where they intend to commit their depredations, and that they choose to do as distant as they can from their own dwellings.

The principal time for this wicked practice is, the Michaelmas moon, when the cattle are in condition fit for markets held on the borders of the Lowlands. They drive the stolen cows in the night-time, and by day they lie concealed with them in by-places among the mountains, where hardly any others come; or in woods, if any such are to be found in their way.

I must here ask leave to digress a little, and take notice that I have several times used the word *cows* for a drove of cattle. This is according to the Highland style; for they say, a drove of cows, when there are bulls and oxen among them, as we say, a flock of geese, though there be in it many ganders. And having just now mentioned the time of *lifting*, it revived in my memory a malicious saying of the Lowlanders, viz. that the Highland lairds tell out their daughters' *tochers* by the light of the Michaelmas moon. But to return.

Sometimes one band of these robbers has agreed with another to exchange the stolen cattle; and in this case they used to commit their robberies nearer home; and by appointing a place of rendezvous, those that *lifted* in the north-east (for the purpose) have exchanged with others towards the west, and each have sold them not many miles from home, which was commonly at a very great distance from the place where they were stolen. Nay further, as I have been well informed, in making this contract of exchange, they have by correspondence, long before they went out, described to each other the colour and marks of the cows destined to be stolen and exchanged.

I remember a story concerning a Highland woman, who, begging a charity of a Lowland laird's lady, was asked several questions; and among the rest, how many husbands she had had. To which she answered, three. And being further questioned if her husbands had been kind to her, she said the two first were honest men, and very careful of their family, for they both *died for the law*, that is, were hanged for theft. 'Well, but as to the last?' 'Hout!' says she, 'a fulthy peast! he died at hame, lik an auld dug, on a *puckle* o' strae.'

Those that have lost their cattle sometimes pursue them by the track, and recover them from the thieves. Or if in the pursuit they are

hounded (as they phrase it) into the bounds of any other chief, whose followers were not concerned in the robbery, and the track is there lost, he is obliged by law to trace them out of his territory, or make them good to the owner.

By the way, the heath or heather, being pressed by the foot, retains the impression, or at least some remains of it, for a long while before it rises again effectually; and besides, you know, there are other visible marks left behind by the cattle. But even a single Highlander has been found by the track of his foot when he took to hills out of the common ways for his greater safety in his flight, as thinking he could not so well be discovered from hill to hill every now and then as he often might be in the road (as they call it) between the mountains.

If the pursuers overtake the robbers, and find them inferior in number, and happen to seize any of them, they are seldom prosecuted, there being but few who are in circumstances fit to support the expense of a prosecution; or if they were, they would be liable to have their houses burnt, their cattle hocked, and their lives put in danger from some of the clan to which the banditti belonged.

But with the richer sort, the chief or chieftain generally makes a composition, when it comes to be well known the thieves belonged to his tribe, which he willingly pays to save the lives of some of his clan; and this is repaid him by a contribution among the robbers, who never refuse to do their utmost to save those of their fraternity. But it has been said this payment has been sometimes made in cows stolen from the opposite side of the country, or paid out of the produce of them when sold at the market.

It is certain some of the Highlanders think of this kind of depredation as our deer-stealers do of their park and forest enterprises; that is, to be a small crime or none at all. And as the latter would think it a scandalous reproach to be charged with robbing a hen-roost, so the Highlander thinks it less shameful to steal a hundred cows than one single sheep; for a sheep-stealer is infamous even among them.

If I am mistaken in that part of my account of the *lifting* of cattle, which is beyond my own knowledge, you may lay the blame to those gentlemen who gave me the information.

But there is no more wonder that men of honesty and probity should disclose with abhorrence the evil practices of the vile part of their countrymen than that I should confess to them, we have among us a number of villains that cannot plead the least shadow of an excuse for their thievings and highway robberies, unless they could make a pretence of their idleness and luxury.

When I first came into these parts, a Highland gentleman, in order to give me a notion of the ignorance of some of the ordinary Highlanders, and their contempt of the Lowland laws (as they call them), gave me an account, as we were walking together, of the behaviour of a common Highlandman at his trial before the Lords of Justiciary in the Low-country. By the way, the appearance of those gentlemen upon the bench is not unlike that of our judges in England.

I shall repeat the fellow's words as near as I can, by writing in the same broken accent as my Highland friend used in mimicking the criminal.

This man was accused of stealing, with others his accomplices, a good number of cattle. And while his indictment was in reading, setting forth that he, as a common thief, had lain in wait, etc., the Highlander lost all patience, and interrupting, cried out, 'Common tief, common tief! steal ane cow, twa cow, dat be common tief: lift hundred cow, dat be shentilmans trovers.' After the court was again silent, and some little progress had been made in the particulars of the accusation, he again cried out, 'Ah hone! dat such fine shentilmans should sit dere wid der fine cowns on te mak' a parshel o' lees on a peur, honesht mon.'

But in conclusion, when he was told what was to be his fate, he roared out most outrageously, and fiercely pointing at the judges, he cried out, 'Ah for a proad sword an a tirk, to rid de hoose o' tose foul peastes.'

Personal robberies are seldom heard of among them. For my own part, I have several times, with a single servant, passed the mountain way from hence to Edinburgh, with four or five hundred guineas in my portmanteau, without any apprehension of robbers by the way, or danger in my lodgings by night, though in my sleep any one with ease might have thrust a sword from the outside, through the wall of the hut and my body together. I wish we could say as much of our own country, civilised as it is said to be, though one cannot be safe in going from London to Highgate.

Indeed in trifling matters, as a knife, or some such thing, which they have occasion for, and think it will cause no very strict inquiry, they are, some of them, apt to pilfer; while a silver spoon or a watch might lie in safety, because they have no means to dispose of either, and to make use of them would soon discover their theft. But I cannot approve the Lowland saying, viz. 'Show me a Highlander, and I will show you a thief.'

Yet after all I cannot forbear doing justice upon a certain laird, whose lady keeps a *change* far in the Highlands, west of this town.

This gentleman one day, opportunity tempting, took a fancy to the lock of an officer's pistol; another time he fell in love (like many other men) with a fair but deceitful outside, in taking the boss of a bridle silvered over to be all of that valuable metal. 'Tis true, I never lost anything at his hut; but the proverb made me watchful—I need not repeat it.

But let this account of him be of no consequence; for I do assure you I never knew any one of his rank do anything like it in all the Highlands.

And for my own part, I do not remember that ever I lost anything among them, but a pair of new doe-skin gloves; and at another time a horse-cloth made of plaiding, which was taken away while my horses were swimming across a river, and that was sent me the next day to Fort-William, to which place I was going, when it was taken from the rest of my baggage, as it lay upon the ground. I say nothing in this place of another robbery, because I know the motive to it was purely revenge.

I thought I had done with this part of my subject; but there is just now come to my remembrance a passage between an ordinary Highlandman and an officer in half-pay who lives in this town, and is himself of Highland extraction.

He told me a long while ago, that on a certain time, he was going on foot, and unattended, upon a visit to a laird, about seven or eight miles among the hills; and being clad in a new glossy summer suit (instead of his Highland dress, which he usually wore upon such occasions), there overtook him in his way an ordinary fellow, who forced himself upon him as a companion.

When they had gone together about a mile his new fellow-traveller said to him,—'Troth, ye ha getten bra clais,' of which the officer took little notice; but some time after the fellow began to look sour, and to snort (as they do when they are angry), 'Ah! 'tis ponny geer; what an I shou'd tak 'em frae ye noo?' Upon this, the officer drew a pistol from his breast, and said, 'What do you think of this?'

But at sight of the pistol the fellow fell on his knees, and squalled out, 'Ah hone! ah hone! she was but shokin.'

It is true this dialogue passed in Irish, but this is the language in which I was told the story.

But I have known several instances of common Highlanders, who, finding themselves like to be worsted, have crouched and howled like a beaten spaniel, so suddenly has their insolence been turned into fawning. But you know we have both of us seen in our own country a change in higher life not less unmanly.

[Captain Burt is far from complimentary in his remarks upon the Highlanders of Scotland, but we cannot say he is not telling the truth in these very matter-of-fact letters. We quote freely from them, less for their style, which is their smallest recommendation, than to show the impression made upon an Englishman by Scotland of a past age.]

[William Melmoth, son of the author of one of the most popular religious works to which the eighteenth century gave birth, was born in 1710, and about 1742 published some original letters under the name of Fitzosborne, which are remarkable for the laboured elegance of their style, the justness of their sentiments, and the accuracy of their criticism. His translation of *Pliny's Letters*, in 1747, obtained for him the reputation of a refined and accomplished scholar. He died at a very advanced age, in 1799.—*Willmott.*]

MELMOTH TO A FRIEND.

I esteem your letters in the number of my most valuable possessions, and preserve them as so many prophetical leaves upon which the state of our distracted nation is inscribed. But in exchange for the maxims of a patriot, I can only send you the reveries of a recluse, and give you the stones of the brook for the gold of Ophir. Never, indeed, Palemon, was there a commerce more unequal than that wherein you are contented to engage with me, and I could scarce answer it to my conscience to continue a traffic where the whole benefit accrues singly to myself, did I not know that to confer, without the possibility of an advantage, is the most pleasing exercise of generosity. I will venture, then, to make use of a privilege which I have long enjoyed; as I well know you love to mix the meditations of the philosopher with the reflections of the statesman, and can turn with equal relish from the politics of Tacitus to the morals of Seneca. I was in my garden this morning somewhat earlier than usual, when the sun, as Milton describes him,

> 'With wheels yet hov'ring o'er the ocean brim,
> Shot parallel to th' earth his dewy ray.'

There is something in the opening of the dawn at this season of the year that enlivens the mind with a sort of cheerful seriousness, and fills it with a certain calm rapture in the consciousness of its existence. For my own part, at least, the rising of the sun has the same effect on me as it is said to have had on the celebrated statue of Memnon; and I never observe that glorious luminary breaking out upon me, that I do not find myself harmonized for the whole day. While I was enjoying the freshness and tranquillity of this early season, and considering the many reasons I had to join in offering up that 'morning incense,' which the poet I just now mentioned represents as particularly arising at this hour 'from the earth's great altar,' I could not but esteem it as a principal blessing that I was entering

upon a new day with health and spirits. To awake with recruited vigour for the transactions of life, is a mercy so generally dispensed, that it passes, like the other ordinary bounties of Providence, without making its due impression. Yet, were one never to rise under these happy circumstances, without reflecting what numbers there are, who (to use the language of the most pathetic of authors) when they said, 'My bed shall comfort me, my couch shall ease my complaint,' were, like him, 'full of tossings to and fro unto the dawning of the day,' or 'scared with dreams and terrified through visions;' were one to consider, I say, how many pass their nights in all the horrors of a disturbed imagination, or all the wakefulness of real pains, one could not find oneself exempt from such uneasy slumbers, or such terrible vigils, without double satisfaction and gratitude. There is nothing, indeed, contributes more to render a man contented with that draught of life which is poured out to himself, than thus to reflect on those more bitter ingredients which are sometimes mingled in the cup of others.

In pursuing the same vein of thought, I could not but congratulate myself that I had no part in that turbulent drama which was going to be reacted upon the great stage of the world, and rejoiced that it was my fortune to stand a distant and unengaged spectator of those several characters that would shortly fill the scene. This suggested to my remembrance a passage in the Roman tragic poet, where he describes the various pursuits of the busy and ambitious world in very just and lively colours:—

'Ille superbos aditus regum
Durasque fores, expers somni,
Colit: hic nullo fine beatus
Componit opes, gazis inhians,
Et congesto pauper in auro est.
Illum populi favor attonitum,
Fluctuque magis mobile vulgus,
Aura tumidum tollit inani.
Hic clamosi rabiosa fori
Jurgia vendens improbus, iras
Et verba locat.'

And I could not forbear saying to myself, in the language of the same author:

—— 'Me mea tellus
Lare secreto tutoque tegat!'

Yet this circumstance, which your friend considers so valuable a privilege, has been esteemed by others as the most severe of afflictions. The celebrated Count de Bussy Rabutin has written a little treatise, wherein, after having shown that the greatest of men upon the stage of the world are generally the most unhappy, he closes the account by producing himself as an instance of the truth of what he has been advancing. But can you guess, Palemon, what this terrible disaster was, which entitled him to rank in the number of these unfortunate heroes? He had composed, it seems, certain satirical pieces, which gave great offence to Louis XIV.; for which reason that monarch banished him from the slavery and dependence of a court, to live in ease and freedom at his country house. But the world had taken too strong possession of his heart, to suffer him to leave even the worst part of it without reluctance; and, like the patriarch's wife, he looked back with regret upon the scene from which he was kindly driven, though there was nothing in the prospect but flames. Adieu!

[Hume had been the means of securing a hospitable asylum for Rousseau in England, and a pension; but the latter, whose mind was morbid and full of suspicions against all his friends, returned again to France after a stay of sixteen months.]

DAVID HUME TO DR. BLAIR.

July 15, 1766.

DEAR DOCTOR,—I go in a few hours to Woburn, so can only give you the outline of my history. Through many difficulties I obtained a pension for Rousseau. The application was made with his own consent and knowledge. I write him that all is happily completed, and he need only draw for the money. He answers me that I am a rogue and a rascal, and have brought him into England merely to dishonour him. I demand the reason of this strange language, and Mr. Davenport, the gentleman with whom he lives, tells him that he must necessarily satisfy me. To-day I received a letter from him, which is perfect frenzy. It would make a good eighteenpenny pamphlet, and I fancy he intends to publish it. He there tells me that D'Alembert, Horace Walpole, and I, had from the first entered into a combination to ruin him, and had ruined him. That the first suspicion of my treachery arose in him while we lay together in the same room of an inn in France. I there spoke in my sleep, and betrayed my intention of ruining him. That young Tronchin lodged in the same house with me at London; and Annie Elliot looked very coldly at him as he went by her in the passage. That I am also in a close confederacy with Lord Lyttelton, who, he hears, is his mortal enemy. That the English nation were very fond of him on his first arrival; but that Horace Walpole and I had totally alienated them from him. He owns, however, that his belief of my treachery went no higher than suspicion while he was in London, but it rose to certainty after he arrived in the country; for that there were several publications in the

papers against him, which could have proceeded from nobody but me or my confederate, Horace Walpole. The rest is all of a like strain, intermixed with many lies and much malice. I own that I was very anxious about this affair, but this letter has totally relieved me. I write in a hurry, merely to satisfy your curiosity. I hope soon to see you, and am, etc.

[The reader is recommended to compare with the vivid painting of Gray, the account given of these famous trials by Horace Walpole, in a letter to H. Mann, August 1, 1746. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* appeared an account of Lord Lovat's execution, bearing, in Mr. Croker's opinion, strong internal evidence of having been written by Johnson, to whom Mr. Mitford, without sufficient authority, has attributed the severe verses upon Lord Lovat which were published in the same number. Boswell, indeed, had heard him repeat them with great energy. They have the antithesis, without the finish of his style.—*Willmott.*]

GRAY TO WHARTON.

My dear Wharton,—I am just returned hither from town, where I have passed better than a fortnight (including an excursion that I made to Hampton Court, Richmond, Greenwich, and other places), and am happily met by a letter from you, one from Tuthill, and another from Trollope. As I only run over Dr. Andrew's answers hastily in a coffee-house, all I could judge was, that they seemed very unfavourable on the whole to our cause, and threw everything into the hands of a visitor, for which reason I thought they might have been concealed till the Attorney-General's opinion arrived, which will perhaps raise the spirits of such as the other may have damped a little, or leave room at least to doubt whether the matter be so clear on the master's side as Andrew would have it. You can't suppose that I was in the least uneasy about Mr. Brown's fortitude, who wants nothing but a foot in height and his own hair to make him a little old Roman: with two dozen such I should not hesitate to face an army of heads, though they were all as tall as Dr. Adams. I only wish everybody may continue in as good a disposition as they were; and imagine, if possible, Roger will be fool enough to keep them so. I saw Trollope for about an hour in London; and imagining he could not be left in the dark as to your consultations, I mentioned that I had cast an eye over Andrew's papers, and that it was not so favourable as we hoped. He spoke, however, with horror of going to law; with great passion of the master; and with great pleasure of himself for quitting a place where he had not found a minute's ease in I know not how long: yet I perceive his thoughts run on nothing else; he trembled while he spoke; he writes to me here on the same subject; and after abusing Roger, he adds, *Whartoni rubro hæc subscribe libello.*

My evenings have been chiefly spent at Ranelagh and Vauxhall; several of my mornings, or rather noons, in Arlington Street; and the rest at the trial of the lords. The first day I was not there, and only saw the Lord High Steward's parade in going; the second and third . . . peers were all in their robes . . . by their wearing bag-wigs and hats, instead of coronets. The Lord High Steward was the least part of the show, as he wore only his baron's robe, and was always asking the heralds what he should do next, and bowing or smiling about to his acquaintance. As to his speech, you see it; people hold it very cheap, though several incorrectnesses have been altered in the printed copy. Kilmarnock spoke in mitigation of his crime near half an hour, with a decent courage, and in a strong but pathetic voice. His figure would prejudice people in his favour, being tall and genteel; he is upwards of forty, but to the eye not above thirty-five years of age. What he said appears to less advantage when read. Cromartie (who is about the same age, a man of lower stature, but much like a gentleman) was sinking into the earth with grief and dejection; with eyes cast down, and a voice so ow that no one heard a syllable that did not sit close to the bar, he made a short speech to raise compassion. It is now, I see, printed, and is reckoned extremely fine. I believe you will think it touching, and well expressed: if there be any meanness in it, it is lost in that sorrow he gives us for so numerous and helpless a family. Lady Cromartie (who is said to have drawn her husband into these circumstances) was at Leicester House on Wednesday, with four of her children. The Princess saw her, and made no other answer than by bringing in her own children and placing them by her; which (if true) is one of the prettiest things I ever heard. She was also at the Duke's, who refused to admit her; but she waited till he came to his coach, and threw herself at his knees, while her children hung upon him, till he promised her all his interest could do; and before, on several occasions, he had been heard to speak very mildly of Cromartie, and very severely of Kilmarnock; so if any be spared, it will probably be the former, though he had a pension of £600 a year from the Government, and the order for giving quarter to no Englishman was found in his pocket. As to Balmerino, he never had any hopes from the beginning.

He is an old, soldier-like man, of a vulgar manner and aspect, speaks the broadest Scotch, and shows an intrepidity that some ascribe to real courage, and some to brandy. You have heard, perhaps, that the first day (while the peers were adjourned to consider of his plea, and he left alone for an hour and a half in the bar) he diverted himself with the axe that stood by him, played with its tassels, and tried the edge with his finger ; and some lord, as he passed by him, saying he was surprised to hear him allege anything so frivolous, and that could not possibly do him the least service, he answered, 'that as there were so many ladies present, he thought it would be uncivil to give them no amusement.' The Duke of Argyle telling him how sorry and how astonished he was to see him engaged in such a cause : 'My lord' (says he), 'for the two kings and their rights, I cared not a farthing which prevailed ; but I was starving ; and by God, if Mahomet had set up his standard in the Highlands, I had been a good Mussulman for bread, and stuck close to the party, for I must eat.' The Solicitor-General came up to speak to him too, and he turns about to old Williamson. 'Who is that lawyer that talks to me?' 'My lord, it is Mr. Murray.' 'Ha ! Mr. Murray, my good friend' (says he, and shook him by the hand), 'and how does your good mother? oh ! she was of admirable service to us ; we should have done nothing without her in Perthshire. He recommends (he says) his Peggy ('tis uncertain . . . the favour of the Government, for she has . . .

I have been diverted with an account of Lord Lovat in his confinement at Edinburgh. There was a Captain Maggett, that is obliged to lie in the room every night with him. When first he was introduced to him, he made him come to his bedside, where he lay in a hundred flannel waistcoats, and a furred night-gown, took him in his arms, and gave him a long embrace, that absolutely suffocated him. He will speak nothing but French ; insists upon it that Maggett is a Frenchman, and calls him 'mon cher Capitaine Magot' (you know *magot* is a monkey). At his head lie two Highland women, at his feet two Highland men. He is to be impeached by the House of Commons, because not being actually in arms, it would otherwise be necessary that the jury of Inverness should find a bill of indictment against him, which it is very sure they would not do. When the duke returned to Edinburgh, they refused to admit Kingston's Light Horse, and talked of their privileges ; but they came in sword in hand, and replied, that when the Pretender was at their gates they had said nothing of their privileges. The duke rested some hours there, but refused to see the magistracy. I believe you may think it full time that I close my budget of stories ; Mr. Walpole I have seen a good deal, and shall do a good deal more, I suppose, for he is looking for a house somewhere about Windsor during the summer. All is mighty free, and even friendly, more than one could expect. You remember a paper in the *Museum* on Message Cards, which he told me was Fielding's, and asked my opinion about ; it was his own, and so was the Advertisement on Good Breeding, that made us laugh so. Mr. Ashton I have had several conversations with, and do really believe he shows himself to me such as he really is : I don't tell you I like him ever the better for it ; but that may be my fault, not his. The Pelhams lie very hard at his stomach ; he is not forty yet, but he is thirty-one, he says, and thinks it his duty to be married. One thing of that kind is just broke off ; she had £12,000 in her own hands. This is a profound secret, but I, not conceiving that he told me it as such, happened to tell it to Stonhewer, who told it to Lyne, who told it to Ashton again, all in the space of three hours, whereby I incurred a scolding ; so pray don't let me fall under a second, and lose all my hopes of rising in the Church.

The Muse, I doubt, is gone, and has left me in far worse company ; if she returns you will hear of her. You see I have left no room for a catalogue, which is a sort of policy, for it's hardly possible my memory should supply one : I will try by next time, which will be soon, if I hear from you. If your curiosity require any more circumstances of these trials . . . will see . . . find some . . . My best compliments to the little man of the world. Adieu, my dear Wharton. Believe me very truly yours,

T. GRAY

Stoke, Sunday, August 13, 1746.

[Dr. Wharton, who had intended to accompany Gray to Keswick, was seized at Brough with a violent fit of his asthma, which obliged him to return home. This was the reason that Mr. Gray undertook to write the following journal of his tour for his friend's amusement. He sent it under different covers. I give it here in continuation. It may not be amiss, however, to hint to the reader, that if he expects to find elaborate and nicely-turned periods in this narration, he will be greatly disappointed. When Mr. Gray described places, he aimed only to be exact, clear, and intelligible ; to convey peculiar, not general ideas, and to paint by the eye, not the fancy. There have been many accounts of the Westmoreland and Cumberland lakes, both before and since this was written, and all of them

better calculated to please readers who are fond of what they call fine writing: yet those who can content themselves with an elegant simplicity of narrative will, I flatter myself, find this to their taste; they will perceive it was written with a view rather to inform than surprise; and if they make it their companion when they take the same tour, it will enhance their opinion of its intrinsic excellence; in this way I tried it myself before I resolved to print it.—*W. Mason.*]

MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

Aston, Oct. 18, 1769.

I hope you got safe and well home after that troublesome night. I long to hear you say so. For me, I have continued well, been so favoured by the weather, that my walks have never once been hindered till yesterday (that is a fortnight and three or four days, and a journey of more than 300 miles). I am now at Aston for two days. To-morrow I go to Cambridge. Mason is not here, but Mr. Alderson receives me. According to my promise, I send you the first sheet of my journal, to be continued without end.

Sept. 30.—A mile and a half from Brough, where we parted, on a hill lay a great army encamped: to the left opened a fine valley with green meadows and hedge-rows, a gentleman's house peeping forth from a grove of old trees. On a nearer approach appeared myriads of cattle and horses in the road itself, and in all the fields round me a brisk stream hurrying cross the way, thousands of clean, healthy people in their best parti-coloured apparel: farmers and their families, esquires and their daughters, hastening up from the dales and down the fells from every quarter, glittering in the sun, and pressing forward to join the throng. While the dark hills, on whose tops the mists were yet hanging, served as a contrast to this gay and moving scene, which continued for near two miles more along the road, and the crowd (coming towards it) reached on as far as Appleby. On the ascent of the hill above Appleby the thick hanging wood, and the long reaches of the Eden, clear, rapid, and full as ever, winding below, with views of the castle and town, gave much employment to the mirror: but now the sun was wanting, and the sky overcast. Oats and barley cut everywhere, but not carried in. Passed Kirby-thore, Sir William Dalston's house at Acorn Bank, Whinfield Park, Harthorn Oaks, Countess Pillar, Brougham Castle, Mr. Brown's large new house; crossed the Eden and the Eimot (pronounce Eeman) with its green vale, and dined at three o'clock with Mrs. Buchanan at Penrith, on trout and partridge. In the afternoon walked up Beacon Hill, a mile to the top, and could see Ulswater through an opening in the bosom of that cluster of broken mountains, which the doctor well remembers, Whinfield and Lowther Parks, etc., and the craggy tops of a hundred nameless hills: these lie to west and south. To the north a great extent of black and dreary plains. To the east, Cross Fell, just visible through mists and vapours hovering round it.

Oct. 1, 1769.—A grey autumnal day, the air perfectly calm and mild; went to see Ulswater, five miles distant; soon left the Keswick road, and turned to the left through shady lanes along the vale of Eeman, which runs rapidly on near the way, rippling over the stones; to the right is Delmaine, a large fabric of pale red stone, with nine windows in front and seven on the side, built by Mr. Hassle; behind it a fine lawn surrounded by woods, and a long rocky eminence rising over them: a clear and brisk rivulet runs by the house to join the Eeman, whose course is in sight and at a small distance. Farther on appears Hatton St. John, a castle-like old mansion of Mr. Haddleston. Approached Dunmallert, a fine pointed hill covered with wood, planted by old Mr. Hassle before mentioned, who lives always at home, and delights in planting. Walked over a spongy meadow or two, and began to mount the hill through a broad straight green-alley among the trees, and with some toil gained the summit. From hence saw a lake opening directly at my feet, majestic in its calmness, clear and smooth as a blue mirror, with winding shores and low points of land covered with green enclosures, white farm-houses looking out among the trees, and cattle feeding. The water is almost everywhere bordered with cultivated lands, gently sloping upwards from a mile to a quarter of a mile in breadth, till they reach the foot of the mountains, which rise very rude and awful with their broken tops on either hand. Directly in front, at better than three miles distance, Place Fell, one of the bravest among them, pushes its bold, broad breast into the midst of the lake, and forces it to alter its course, forming first a large bay to the left, and then bending to the right. I descended Dunmallert again by a side avenue, that was only not perpendicular, and came to Bartonbridge over the Eeman; then walking through a path in a wood round the botton of the hill, came forth where the Eeman issues out of the lake, and continued my way along its western shore close to the water, and generally on a level with it. Saw a cormorant flying over it and fishing. The figure of the lake nothing resembles that laid down in our maps: it is nine miles long, and at widest under a mile in breadth. After extending itself three miles and a half in a line to the south-west, it turns at the foot of

Place Fell almost due west, and is here not twice the breadth of the Thames at London. It is soon again interrupted by the root of Helvellyn, a lofty and very rugged mountain, and spreading again turns off to south-east, and is lost among the deep recesses of the hills. To this second turning I pursued my way about four miles along its borders beyond a village scattered among trees, and called Water Mallock, in a pleasant, grave day, perfectly calm and warm, but without a gleam of sunshine; then the sky seeming to thicken, and the valley to grow more desolate, and evening drawing on, I returned by the way I came to Penrith.

Oct. 2.—I set out at ten for Keswick by the road we went in 1767; saw Greystock town and castle to the right, which lie about three miles from Ulswater over the fells; passed through Penradoch and Threlcot at the foot of Saddleback, whose furrowed sides were gilt by the noon-day sun, whilst its brow appeared of a sad purple from the shadow of the clouds as they sailed slowly by it. The broad and green valley of Gardies and Lowside, with a swift stream glittering among the cottages and meadows, lay to the left, and the much finer but narrower valley of St. John's opening into it; Hill Top, the large though low mansion of the Gaskarths, now a farm-house, seated on an eminence among woods, under a steep fell, was what appeared the most conspicuous, and beside it a great rock, like some ancient tower nodding to its fall. Passed by the side of Skiddaw and its cub called Latter Rig; and saw from an eminence, at two miles distance, the vale of Elysium in all its verdure, the sun then playing on the bosom of the lake, and lighting up all the mountains with its lustre. Dined by two o'clock at the Queen's Head, and then straggled out alone to the parsonage, where I saw the sun set in all its glory.

Oct. 3.—A heavenly day; rose at seven, and walked out under the conduct of my landlord to Borrowdale; the grass was covered with a hoar-frost, which soon melted and exhaled in a thin bluish smoke; crossed the meadows, obliquely catching a diversity of views among the hills over the lake and islands, and changing prospect at every ten paces. Left Cockshut (which we formerly mounted) and Castle Hill, a loftier and more rugged hill behind me, and drew near the foot of Walla Crag, whose bare and rocky brow, cut perpendicularly down above 400 feet (as I guess, though the people call it much more), awfully overlooks the way. Our path here tends to the left, and the ground gently rising and covered with a glade of scattering trees and bushes on the very margin of the water, opens both ways the most delicious view that my eyes ever beheld; opposite are the thick woods of Lord Egremont and Newland Valley, with green and smiling fields embosomed in the dark cliffs; to the left the jaws of Borrowdale, with that turbulent chaos of mountain behind mountain, rolled in confusion; beneath you, and stretching far away to the right, the shining purity of the lake, reflecting rocks, woods, fields, and inverted tops of hills, just ruffled by the breeze, enough to show it is alive, with the white buildings of Keswick, Crosthwaite church, and Skiddaw for a background at a distance. Behind you the magnificent heights of Walla Crag; here the glass played its part divinely; the place is called Carf Close Reeds; and I choose to set down these barbarous names, that anybody may inquire on the place, and easily find the particular station that I mean. This scene continues to Borrow Gate; and a little farther, passing a brook called Barrow Beck, we entered Borrowdale: the crags named Lawdoor Banks begin now to impend terribly over your way, and more terribly when you hear that three years since an immense mass of rock tumbled at once from the brow, and barred all access to the dale (for this is the only road) till they could work their way through it. Luckily no one was passing at the time of this fall; but down the side of the mountain, and far into the lake, lie dispersed the huge fragments of this ruin in all shapes and in all directions: something farther we turned aside into a coppice, ascending a little in front of Lawdoor waterfall; the height appeared to be about 200 feet, the quantity of water not great, though (these three days excepted) it had rained daily in the hills for near two months before; but then the stream was nobly broken, leaping from rock to rock, and foaming with fury. On one side a towering crag that spired up to equal, if not overtop, the neighbouring cliffs (this lay all in shade and darkness): on the other hand a rounder, broader projecting hill, shagged with wood, and illuminated by the sun, which glanced sideways on the upper part of the cataract. The force of the water wearing a deep channel in the ground, hurries away to join the lake. We descended again, and passed the stream over a rude bridge. Soon after we came under Cowdar Crag, a hill more formidable to the eye and to the apprehension than that of Lawdoor; the rocks at top deep-cloven perpendicularly by the rains, hanging loose and nodding forwards, seem just starting from their base in shivers. The whole way down, and the road on both sides, is strewed with piles of the fragments strangely thrown across each other, and of a dreadful bulk. The place reminds me of those passes in the Alps, where the guides tell you to move on with speed and say nothing, lest the agitation of the air should loosen the snows above, and bring down a mass that would overwhelm a caravan. I took their counsel here, and hastened on in silence.

'Non ragioniam di lor, ma guarda, e passa!'

The hills here are clothed all up their steep sides with oak, ash, birch, holly, etc.; some of it has been cut forty years ago, some within these eight years; yet all is sprung again, green, flourishing, and tall for its age, in a place where no soil appears but the staring rock, and where a man could scarce stand upright: here we meet a civil young farmer overseeing his reapers (for it is now oat-harvest) who conducted us to a neat white house in the village of Grange, which is built on a rising ground in the midst of a valley; round it the mountains form an awful amphitheatre, and through it obliquely runs the Derwent, clear as glass, and showing under its bridge every trout that passes. Beside the village rises a round eminence of rock covered entirely with old trees, and over that more proudly towers Castle Crag, invested also with wood on its sides, and bearing on its naked top some traces of a fort, said to be Roman. By the side of this hill, which almost blocks up the way, the valley turns to the left, and contracts its dimensions till there is hardly any road but the rocky bed of the river. The wood of the mountains increases, and their summits grow loftier to the eye, and of more fantastic forms; among them appear Eagle's Cliff, Dove's Nest, Whitedale Pike, etc., celebrated names in the annals of Keswick. The dale opens about four miles higher till you come to Seawhaite (where lies the way mounting the hills to the right that leads to the Wadd-mines); all farther access is here barred to prying mortals, only there is a little path winding over the fells, and for some weeks in the year passable to the dalesmen; but the mountains know well that these innocent people will not reveal the mysteries of their ancient kingdom, 'the reign of Chaos and Old Night:' only I learned that this dreadful road, dividing again, leads one branch to Ravenglas, and the other to Hawkshead.

For me I went no farther than the farmer's (better than four miles from Keswick) at Grange; his mother and he brought us butter that Siserah would have jumped at, though not in a lordly dish, bowls of milk, thin oaten cakes, and ale; and we had carried a cold tongue thither with us. Our farmer was himself the man that last year plundered the eagle's eyrie; all the dale are up in arms on such an occasion, for they lose abundance of lambs yearly, not to mention hares, partridges, grouse, etc. He was let down from the cliff in ropes to the shelf of the rock on which the nest was built, the people above shouting and holloing to fright the old birds, which flew screaming round, but did not dare to attack him. He brought off the caglet (for there is rarely more than one) and an addle egg. The nest was roundish, and more than a yard over, made of twigs twisted together. Seldom a year passes but they take the brood or eggs, and sometimes they shoot one, sometimes the other, parent; but the survivor has always found a mate (probably in Ireland), and they breed near the old place. By his description, I learn that this species is the Erne, the vulture *Albicilla* of Linnæus in his last edition (but in yours *Falco Albicilla*), so consult him and Pennant about it.

We returned leisurely home the way we came, but saw a new landscape; the features indeed were the same in part, but many new ones were disclosed by the mid-day sun, and the tints were entirely changed: take notice this was the best, or perhaps the only day for going up Skiddaw, but I thought it better employed; it was perfectly serene, and hot as midsummer.

In the evening I walked alone down to the lake by the side of Crow Park after sunset, and saw the solemn colouring of night draw on, the last gleam of sunshine fading away on the hill-tops, the deep serene of the waters, and the long shadows of the mountains thrown across them, till they nearly touched the hithermost shore. At a distance were heard the murmurs of many waterfalls, not audible in the day-time; I wished for the moon, but she was *dark to me and silent*,

'Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.'

Oct. 4.—I walked to Crow Park, now a rough pasture, once a glade of ancient oaks, whose large roots still remain on the ground, but nothing had sprung from them. If one single tree had remained, this would have been an unparalleled spot; and Smith judged right when he took his print of the lake from hence, for it is a gentle eminence, not too high, on the very margin of the water, and commanding it from end to end, looking full into the gorge of Borrowdale. I prefer it even to Cockshut Hill, which lies beside it, and to which I walked in the afternoon; it is covered with young trees both sown and planted, oak, spruce, Scotch fir, etc., all which thrive wonderfully. There is an easy ascent to the top, and the view far preferable to that on Castle Hill (which you remember), because this is lower and nearer to the lake; for I find all points that are much elevated spoil the beauty of the valley, and make its parts, which are not large, look poor and diminutive. While I was here a little shower fell, red clouds came marching up the hills from the east, and part of a bright rainbow seemed to rise along the side of Castle Hill.

From hence I got to the parsonage a little before sunset, and saw in my glass a picture that if I could transmit to you, and fix it in all the softness of its living colours, would fairly sell for a thousand pounds. This is the sweetest scene I can yet discover in point of pastoral beauty; the rest are in a sublimer style,

Oct. 5.—I walked through the meadows and corn-fields to the Derwent, and crossing it went up Howhill; it looks along Bassingthwaite Water, and sees at the same time the course of the river, and a part of the upper lake, with a full view of Skiddaw; then I took my way through Portingskall village to the park, a hill so called, covered entirely with wood; it is all a mass of crumbling slate. Passed round its foot between the trees and the edge of the water, and came to a peninsula that juts out into the lake, and looks along it both ways; in front rises Walla Crag and Castle Hill, the town, the road to Penrith, Skiddaw, and Saddleback. Returning, met a brisk and cold north-eastern blast that ruffled all the surface of the lake, and made it rise in little waves that broke at the foot of the wood. After dinner walked up the Penrith road two miles, or more, and turning into a corn-field to the right, called Castlerig, saw a Druid-circle of large stones, 108 feet in diameter, the biggest not eight feet high, but most of them still erect; they are fifty in number. The valley of St. John's appeared in sight, and the summits of Catchidecam (called by Camden, Casticand) and Helvellyn, said to be as high as Skiddaw, and to rise from a much higher base.

Oct. 6.—Went in a chaise eight miles along the east side of Bassingthwaite Water to Ouse Bridge (pronounced Ews-bridge); the road in some part made and very good, the rest slippery and dangerous cart-road, or narrow rugged lanes, but no precipices; it runs directly along the foot of Skiddaw; opposite to Widhopebrows, clothed to the top with wood, a very beautiful view opens down to the lake, which is narrower and longer than that of Keswick, less broken into bays, and without islands. At the foot of it, a few paces from the brink, gently sloping upwards, stands Armathwaite in a thick grove of Scotch firs, commanding a noble view directly up the lake: at a small distance behind the house is a large extent of wood, and still behind this a ridge of cultivated hills, on which, according to the Keswick proverb, *the sun always shines*. The inhabitants here, on the contrary, call the vale of Derwent Water *the devil's chamber-pot*, and pronounce the name of *Skiddaw Fell*, which terminates here, with a sort of terror and aversion. Armathwaite house is a modern fabric, not large, and built of dark-red stone, belonging to Mr. Spedding, whose grandfather was steward to old Sir James Lowther, and bought this estate of the Himers. The sky was overcast and the wind cool; so, after dining at a public-house, which stands here near the bridge (that crosses the Derwent just where it issues from the lake), and sauntering a little by the water-side, I came home again. The turnpike is finished from Cockermouth hither, five miles, and is carrying on to Penrith; several little showers to-day. A man came in, who said there was snow on Cross Fell this morning.

Oct. 7.—I walked in the morning to Crow Park, and in the evening up Penrith road. The clouds came rolling up the mountains all round very dark, yet the moon shone at intervals. It was too damp to go towards the lake. To-morrow I mean to bid farewell to Keswick.

Botany might be studied here to great advantage at another season, because of the great variety of soils and elevations, all lying within a small compass. I observed nothing but several curious lichens and plenty of gale or Dutch myrtle perfuming the borders of the lake. This year the Wadd Mine had been opened, which is done once in five years; it is taken out in lumps sometimes as big as a man's fist, and will undergo no preparation by fire, not being fûsible; when it is pure, soft, black, and close grained, it is worth sometimes thirty shillings a pound. There are no char ever taken in these lakes, but plenty in Buttermere Water, which lies a little way north of Borrowdale, about Martinmas, which are potted here. They sow chiefly oats and bigg here, which are now cutting and still on the ground; the rains have done much hurt: yet observe, the soil is so thin and light, that no day has passed in which I could not walk out with ease, and you know I am no lover of dirt. Fell mutton is now in season for about six weeks; it grows fat on the mountains, and nearly resembles venison. Excellent pike and perch, here called bass; trout is out of season; partridge in great plenty.

Oct. 8.—I left Keswick and took the Ambleside road in a gloomy morning; and about two miles from the town mounted an eminence called Castlerigg, and the sun breaking out, discovered the most enchanting view I have yet seen of the whole valley behind me, the two lakes, the river, the mountains, all in their glory; so that I had almost a mind to have gone back again. The road in some few parts is not completed, yet good country road, through sound but narrow and stony lanes, very safe in broad daylight. This is the case about Causewayfoot, and among Naddlefells to Lancwaite. The vale you go in has little breadth; the mountains are vast and rocky, the fields little and poor, and the inhabitants are now making hay, and see not the sun by two hours in a day so long as at Keswick. Came to the foot of Helvellyn, along which runs an excellent road, looking down from a little height on Lee's Water (called also Thirlmeer, or Wiborn Water), and soon descending on its margin. The lake looks black from its depth, and from the gloom of the vast crags that scowl over it, though really clear as glass; it is narrow, and about three miles long, resembling a river in its course; little shining torrents hurry down the rocks to join it, but

not a bush to overshadow them, or cover their march; all is rock and loose stones up to the very brow, which lies so near your way that not above half the height of Helvellyn can be seen.

Next I passed by the little chapel of Wiborn, out of which the Sunday congregation were then issuing; soon after a beck near Dunmeil Raise, when I entered Westmoreland a second time; and now began to see Holm Crag, distinguished from its rugged neighbours, not so much by its height as by the strange, broken outlines of its top, like some gigantic building demolished, and the stones that composed it flung across each other in wild confusion. Just beyond it opens one of the sweetest landscapes that art ever attempted to imitate. The bosom of the mountains spreading here into a broad basin discovers in the midst Grasmere Water; its margin is hollowed into small bays, with bold eminences: some of rock, some of soft turf, that half conceal and vary the figure of the little lake they command: from the shore, a low promontory pushes itself far into the water, and on it stands a white village with the parish church rising in the midst of it: hanging enclosures, corn-fields, and meadows green as an emerald, with their trees and hedges, and cattle, fill up the whole space from the edge of the water; and just opposite to you is a large farm-house at the bottom of a steep smooth lawn, embosomed in old woods, which climb half-way up the mountain's side, and discover above them a broken line of crags that crown the scene. Not a single red tile, no flaring gentlemen's houses, or garden walls, break in upon the repose of this little unsuspected paradise; but all is peace, rusticity, and happy poverty in its neatest, most becoming attire.

The road winds here over Grasmere Hill, whose rocks soon conceal the water from your sight; yet it is continued along behind them, and contracting itself to the river, communicates with Ridale Water, another small lake, but of inferior size and beauty; it seems shallow too, for large patches of reeds appear pretty far within it. Into this vale the road descends. On the opposite banks large and ancient woods mount up the hills; and just to the left of our way stands Ridale Hall, the family-seat of Sir Michael Fleming, a large, old-fashioned fabric, surrounded with wood. Sir Michael is now on his travels, and all this timber, far and wide, belongs to him. Near the house rises a huge crag, called Ridale Head, which is said to command a full view of Wynander Mere, and I doubt it not; for within a mile that great lake is visible, even from the road; as to going up the crag, one might as well go up Skiddaw.

I now reached Ambleside, eighteen miles from Keswick, meaning to lie there; but on looking into the best bed-chamber, dark and damp as a cellar, grew delicate, gave up Wynander Mere in despair, and resolved I would go on to Kendal directly, fourteen miles farther. The road in general fine turnpike, but some parts (about three miles in all) not made, yet without danger.

For this determination I was unexpectedly well rewarded: for the afternoon was fine, and the road, for the space of full five miles, ran along the side of Wynander Mere, with delicious views across it, and almost from one end to the other. It is ten miles in length, and at most a mile over, resembling the course of some vast and magnificent river; but no flat marshy grounds, no osier-beds or patches of scrubby plantations on its banks; at the head two valleys open among the mountains; one, that by which we came down; the other Langsledale, in which Wrynose and Hardknot, two great mountains, rise above the rest: from thence the fells visibly sink, and soften along its sides; sometimes they run into it (but with a gentle declivity) in their own dark and natural complexion; oftener they are green and cultivated, with farms interspersed, and round eminences, on the border covered with trees: towards the south it seemed to break into larger bays, with several islands and a wider extent of cultivation. The way rises continually, till at a place called Orresthead it turns south-east, losing sight of the water.

Passed by Ing's Chapel and Staveley; but I can say no farther, for the dusk of evening coming on, I entered Kendal almost in the dark, and could distinguish only a shadow of the castle on the hill, and tenter-grounds spread far and wide round the town, which I mistook for houses. My inn promised sadly, having two wooden galleries, like Scotland, in front of it: it was indeed an old, ill-contrived house, but kept by civil, sensible people; so I stayed two nights with them, and fared and slept very comfortably.

Oct. 9.—The air mild as summer, all corn off the ground, and the sky-larks singing aloud (by the way, I saw not one at Keswick, perhaps because the place abounds in birds of prey). I went up the Castle Hill; the town consists chiefly of three nearly parallel streets, almost a mile long; except these, all the other houses seem as if they had been dancing a country-dance, and were out: there they stand back to back, corner to corner, some up hill, some down, without intent or meaning. Along by their side runs a fine brisk stream, over which are three stone bridges: the buildings (a few comfortable houses excepted) are mean, of stone, and covered with a bad rough-cast. Near the end of the town stands a handsome house of Col. Wilson's, and adjoining to it the church, a very large gothic fabric, with a square tower; it has no particular ornaments but double aisles, and at the east end four chapels or choirs; one

of the Parrs, another of the Stricklands; the third is the proper choir of the church, and the fourth of the Bellinghams, a family now extinct. There is an altar-tomb of one of them dated 1577, with a flat brass, arms, and quarterings; and in the window their arms alone, arg. a hunting-horn, sab. strung gules. In the Stricklands' chapel several modern monuments, and another old altar-tomb, not belonging to the family; on the side of it a fess dancetty between ten billets, Deincourt. In the Parrs' chapel is a third altar-tomb in the corner, no figure or inscription, but on the side, cut in stone, an escutcheon of Ross of Kendal (three water-budgets), quartering Parr (two bars in a bordure engrailed); secondly, an escutcheon, vaire, a fess for Marmion; thirdly, an escutcheon, three chevronels braced, and a chief (which I take for Fitzhugh): at the foot is an escutcheon, surrounded with the garter, bearing Roos and Parr quarterly, quartering the other two before-mentioned. I have no books to look in, therefore cannot say whether this is the Lord Parr of Kendal, Queen Catharine's father, or her brother the Marquis of Northampton; perhaps it is a cenotaph for the latter, who was buried at Warwick in 1571. The remains of the castle are seated on a fine hill on the side of the river opposite the town; almost the whole enclosure of the walls remains, with four towers, two square and two round, but their upper part and embattlements are demolished: it is of rough stone and cement, without any ornament or arms, round, enclosing a court of like form, and surrounded by a moat; nor ever could it have been larger than it is, for there are no traces of outworks. There is a good view of the town and river, with a fertile open valley through which it winds.

After dinner I went along the Milthrop turnpike, four miles, to see the falls, or force, of the river Kent; came to Sizergh (pronounced Sizer), and turned down a lane to the left. This seat of the Stricklands, an old Catholic family, is an ancient hall-house, with a very large tower embattled; the rest of the buildings added to it are of later date, but all is white, and seen to advantage on a background of old trees; there is a small park also, well wooded. Opposite to this, turning to the left, I soon came to the river; it works its way in a narrow and deep rocky channel overhung with trees. The calmness and brightness of the evening, the roar of the waters, and the thumping of huge hammers at an iron forge not far distant, made it a singular walk; but as to the falls (for there are two), they are not four feet high. I went on, down to the forge, and saw the demons at work by the light of their own fires: the iron is brought in pigs to Milthrop by sea from Scotland, etc., and is here beat into bars and plates. Two miles farther, at Levens, is the seat of Lord Suffolk, where he sometimes passes the summer: it was a favourite place of his late countess: but this I did not see.

Oct. 10.—I proceeded by Burton to Lancaster, twenty-two miles; very good country, well enclosed and wooded, with some common interspersed. Passed at the foot of Farlton-knot, a high fell four miles north of Lancaster; on a rising ground called Boulton (pronounced Bouton) we had a full view of Cartmell Sands, with here and there a passenger riding over them (it being low water), the points of Furness shooting far into the sea, and lofty mountains, partly covered with clouds, extending north of them. Lancaster also appeared very conspicuous and fine; for its most distinguished features, the castle and church, mounted on a green eminence, were all that could be seen. Woe is me! when I got thither, it was the second day of their fair; the inn, in the principal street, was a great old gloomy house full of people; but I found tolerable quarters, and even slept two nights in peace.

In a fine afternoon I ascended the Castle Hill; it takes up the higher top of the eminence on which it stands, and is irregularly round, encompassed with a deep moat: in front, towards the town, is a magnificent gothic gateway, lofty and huge; the overhanging battlements are supported by a triple range of corbels, the intervals pierced through, and showing the day from above. On its top rise light watch-towers of small height. It opens below with a grand pointed arch: over this is a wrought tabernacle, doubtless once containing its founder's figure; on one side a shield of France semi-quartered with England; on the other the same, with a label, ermine, for John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster. This opens to a court within, which I did not much care to enter, being the county-gaol, and full of prisoners, both criminals and debtors. From this gateway the walls continue and join it to a vast square tower of great height, the lower part at least of remote antiquity; for it has small round-headed lights with plain short pillars on each side of them: there is a third tower, also square and of less dimensions. This is all the castle. Near it, and but little lower, stands the church, a large and plain gothic fabric; the high square tower at the west end has been rebuilt of late years, but nearly in the same style: there are no ornaments of arms, etc., anywhere to be seen: within, it is lightsome and spacious, but not one monument of antiquity, or piece of painted glass, is left. From the churchyard there is an extensive sea-view (for now the tide had almost covered the sands, and filled the river), and besides the greatest part of Furness, I could distinguish Peel Castle on the isle of Fowdrey, which lies off its southern extremity. The town is built on the slope, and at the foot of the Castle Hill, more than twice the bigness of Aukland, with many neat buildings of white

stone, but a little disorderly in their position, and *ad libitum*, like Kendal: many also extend below on the quays by the river-side, where a number of ships were moored, some of them three-masted vessels decked out with their colours in honour of the fair. Here is a good bridge of four arches over the Lune, that runs, when the tide is out, in two streams divided by a bed of gravel, which is not covered but in spring-tides; below the town it widens to near the breadth of the Thames at London, and meets the sea at five or six miles distance to south-west.

Oct. 11.—I crossed the river and walked over a peninsula, three miles, to the village of Pooton, which stands on the beach. An old fisherman mending his nets (while I inquired about the danger of passing those sands) told me, in his dialect, a moving story; how a brother of the trade, a cockler, as he styled him, driving a little cart with two daughters (women grown) in it, and his wife on horseback following, set out one day to pass the seven-mile sands, as they had frequently been used to do (for nobody in the village knew them better than the old man did); when they were about half-way over, a thick fog rose, and as they advanced they found the water much deeper than they expected: the old man was puzzled; he stopped, and said he would go a little way to find some mark he was acquainted with; they staid awhile for him, but in vain; they called aloud, but no reply: at last the young women pressed their mother to think where they were and go on; she would not leave the place; she wandered about forlorn and amazed; she would not quit her horse and get into the cart with them: they determined, after much time wasted, to turn back, and give themselves up to the guidance of their horses. The old woman was soon washed off, and perished; the poor girls clung close to their cart, and the horse, sometimes wading and sometimes swimming, brought them back to land alive, but senseless with terror and distress, and unable for many days to give any account of themselves. The bodies of their parents were found next ebb, that of the father a very few paces distant from the spot where he had left them.

In the afternoon I wandered about the town, and by the quay, till it grew dark.

Oct. 12.—I set out for Settle by a fine turnpike-road, twenty-nine miles, through a rich and beautiful enclosed country, diversified with frequent villages and churches, very unequal ground; and on the left the river Lune winding in a deep valley, its hanging banks clothed with fine woods, through which you catch long reaches of the water, as the road winds about at a considerable height above it. In the most picturesque part of the way, I passed the park belonging to the Hon. Mr. Clifford, a Catholic. The grounds between him and the river are indeed charming; the house is ordinary, and the park nothing but a rocky fell scattered over with ancient hawthorns. Next I came to Hornby, a little town on the river Wanning, over which a handsome bridge is now building; the castle, in a lordly situation, attracted me, so I walked up the hill to it: first presents itself a large white ordinary sashed gentleman's house, and behind it rises the ancient keep, built by Edward Stanley, Lord Monteagle. He died about 1529, in King Henry the Eighth's time. It is now only a shell; the rafters are laid within it as for flooring. I went up a winding stone staircase in one corner to the leads, and at the angle in a single hexagon watch-tower, rising some feet higher, fitted up in the taste of a modern summer-house, with sash-windows in gilt frames, a stucco cupola, and on the top a vast gilt eagle, built by Mr. Charteris, the present possessor. He is the second son of the Earl of Wemyss, brother to the Lord Elcho, and grandson to Col. Charteris, whose name he bears.

From the leads of the tower there is a fine view of the country round, and much wood near the castle. Ingleborough, which I had seen before distinctly at Lancaster to north-east, was now completely wrapped in clouds, all but its summit, which might have been easily mistaken for a long black cloud too, fraught with an approaching storm. Now our road began gradually to mount towards the Apennine, the trees growing less and thinner of leaves, till we came to Ingleton, eighteen miles; it is a pretty village, situated very high, and yet in a valley at the foot of that huge monster of nature, Ingleborough: two torrents cross it, with great stones rolled along their beds instead of water; and over them are flung two handsome arches. The nipping air, though the afternoon was growing very bright, now taught us we were in Craven; the road was all up and down, though nowhere very steep; to the left were mountain tops, to the right a wide valley, all enclosed ground, and beyond it high hills again. In approaching Settle, the crags on the left drew nearer to our way, till we descended Brunton Brow into a cheerful valley (though thin of trees) to Giggleswick, a village with a small piece of water by its side, covered over with coots; near it a church, which belongs also to Settle; and half a mile farther, having passed the Ribble over a bridge, I arrived there; it is a small market-town standing directly under a rocky fell: there are not in it above half-a-dozen good-looking houses, the rest are old and low, with little wooden porticoes in front. My inn pleased me much (though small) for the neatness and civility of the good woman that kept it; so I lay there two nights, and went—

Oct. 13—To visit Gordale Scar, which lay six miles from Settle; but that way was directly over a fell, and as the weather was not to be depended

on, I went round in a chaise, the only way one could get near it in a carriage, which made it full thirteen miles, half of it such a road! But I got safe over it, so there's an end, and came to Malham (pronounced Maum), a village in the bosom of the mountains, seated in a wild and dreary valley. From thence I was to walk a mile over very rough ground, a torrent rattling along on the left hand; on the cliffs above hung a few goats; one of them danced and scratched an ear with its hind foot in a place where I would not have stood stock-still

'For all beneath the moon.'

As I advanced, the crags seemed to close in, but discovered a narrow entrance turning to the left between them: I followed my guide a few paces, and the hills opened again into no large space; and then all farther way is barred by a stream that, at the height of about fifty feet, gushes from a hole in the rock, and spreading in large sheets over its broken front, dashes from steep to steep, and then rattles away in a torrent down the valley: the rock on the left rises perpendicular, with stubbed yew trees and shrubs staring from its side, to the height of at least 300 feet; but these are not the thing: it is the rock to the right, under which you stand to see the fall, that forms the principal horror of the place. From its very base it begins to slope forwards over you in one block or solid mass without any crevice in its surface, and overshadows half the area below with its dreadful canopy; when I stood at (I believe) four yards distance from its foot, the drops, which perpetually distil from its brow, fell on my head; and in one part of its top, more exposed to the weather, there are loose stones that hang in air, and threaten visibly some idle spectater with instant destruction; it is safer to shelter yourself close to its bottom, and trust to the mercy of that enormous mass which nothing but an earthquake can stir. The gloomy, uncomfortable day well suited the savage aspect of the place, and made it still more formidable. I stayed there, not without shuddering, a quarter of an hour, and thought my trouble richly paid; for the impression will last for life. At the alehouse where I dined in Malham, Vivares, the landscape-painter, had lodged for a week or more; Smith and Bellers had also been there, and two prints of Gordale have been engraved by them.

Oct. 14.—Leaving my comfortable inn, to which I had returned from Gordale, I set out for Skipton, sixteen miles. From several parts of the road, and in many places about Settle, I saw at once the three famous hills of this country, Ingleborough, Penigent, and Pendle; the first is esteemed the highest, and their features not to be described but by the pencil.

Craven, after all, is an unpleasing country when seen from a height; its valleys are chiefly wide, and either marshy or enclosed pasture, with a few trees. Numbers of black cattle are fatted here, both of the Scotch breed and a larger sort of oxen with great horns. There is little cultivated ground, except a few oats.

Skipton, to which I went through Long Preston and Gargrave, is a pretty large market town, in a valley, with one very broad street gently sloping downwards from the castle, which stands at the head of it. This is one of our good 'countess's buildings, but on old foundations; it is not very large, but of a handsome antique appearance, with round towers, a grand gateway, bridge, and moat, surrounded by many old trees. It is in good repair, and kept up as a habitation of the Earl of Thanet, though he rarely comes thither; what with the sleet, and a foolish dispute about chaises, that delayed me, I did not see the inside of it, but went on, fifteen miles, to Otley; first up Shode Bank, the steepest hill I ever saw a road carried over in England, for it mounts in a straight line (without any other repose for the horses than by placing stones every now and then behind the wheels) for a full mile; then the road goes on a level along the brow of this high hill over Rumbald Moor, till it gently descends into Wharldale,—so they call the vale of the Wharr, and a beautiful vale it is, well-wooded, well-cultivated, well-inhabited, but with high crags at a distance, that border the green country on either hand; through the midst of it, deep, clear, full to the brink, and of no inconsiderable breadth, runs in long windings the river. How it comes to pass that it should be so fine and copious a stream here, and at Tadcaster (so much lower) should have nothing but a wide stony channel without water, I cannot tell you. I passed through Long Addingham, Ilkeley (pronounced Eecly), distinguished by a lofty brow of loose rocks to the right; Burley, a neat and pretty village, among trees; on the opposite side of the river lay Middleton Lodge, belonging to a Catholic gentleman of that name; Weston, a venerable stone fabric, with large offices, of Mr. Vavasour, the meadows in front gently descending to the water, and behind a great and shady wood; Farnley (Mr. Fawkes's), a place like the last, but larger and rising higher on the side of the hill. Otley is a large airy town, with clean but low rustic buildings, and a bridge over the Wharf: I went into its spacious Gothic church, which has been new-roofed, with a flat stucco ceiling; in a corner of it is the monument of Thomas Lord Fairfax, and Helen Aske, his lady, descended from the Cliffords and Latimers, as her epitaph says; the figures, not ill-cut (particularly his in armour, but bare-headed), lie on the tomb. I take them to be the parents of the famous Sir Thomas Fairfax.

['Gilbert White was the eldest son of John White of Selborne, Esq., and of Anne, the daughter of Thomas Holt, rector of Strathearn, in Surrey. He was born at Selborne on July 18, 1720, and received his school education at Basingstoke, under the Rev. Thomas Warton, vicar of that place. . . . He was admitted at Oriel College, Oxford, in December 1739, and took his degree of Bachelor of Arts in June 1743. In March 1744, he was elected fellow of his college. He became Master of Arts in October 1746, and was admitted as one of the senior proctors of the university in April 1752. Being of an unambitious temper, and strongly attached to the charms of rural scenery, he early fixed his residence in his native village, where he spent the greater part of his life in literary occupations, and especially in the study of nature. This he followed with a patient assiduity, and a mind ever open to the lessons of piety and benevolence, which such a study is so well calculated to afford. Though several occasions offered of settling upon a college living, he could never persuade himself to quit the beloved spot, which was indeed a peculiarly happy situation for an observer. He was much esteemed by a select society of intelligent and worthy friends, to whom he paid occasional visits. Thus his days passed tranquil and serene, with scarcely any other vicissitudes than those of the seasons, till they closed at a mature age on June 26th, 1793.'—*Life*, by his brother John White. The letters which compose his *Natural History*, were originally addressed to Thomas Pennant, the well-known naturalist and antiquary, and the Hon. Daines Barrington. White's style is simple, accurate, and full of quiet enthusiasm; he saw clearly, and expresses himself simply. The house in which White lived, long occupied by Professor Thomas Bell, who issued an edition of his *Natural History*, changed hands at the death of the latter. Frank Buckland also edited an edition of this charming work. White's MS. journal, letters, and poems were discovered in 1880, in the hands of the Rev. George Taylor, Pulborough, Sussex. They occupy six volumes, and have never been published.]

GILBERT WHITE TO THOMAS PENNANT.

The parish of Selborne lies in the extreme eastern corner of the county of Hampshire, bordering on the county of Sussex, and not far from the county of Surrey; is about fifty miles south-west of London, in latitude fifty-one, and near mid-way between the towns of Alton and Petersfield. Being very large and extensive, it abuts on twelve parishes, two of which are in Sussex, viz. Trotton and Rogate. If you begin from the south and proceed westward, the adjacent parishes are Emshot, Newton, Valence, Farringdon, Harteley Mauduit, Great Ward le ham, Kingsley, Hadleigh, Bramshot, Trotton, Rogate, Lyffe, and Greatham. The soils of this district are almost as various and diversified as the views and aspects. The high part of the south-west consists of a vast hill of chalk, rising three hundred feet above the village, and is divided into a sheep-down, the high wood and a long hanging wood, called The Hanger. The covert of this eminence is altogether *beech*, the most lovely of all forest trees, whether we consider its smooth rind or bark, its glossy foliage, or graceful pendulous boughs. The down, or sheepwalk, is a pleasing park-like spot, of about one mile by half that space, jutting out on the verge of the hill-country, where it begins to break down into the plains, and commanding a very engaging view, being an assemblage of hill, dale, woodlands, heath, and water. The prospect is bounded to the south-east and east by the vast range of mountains called the Sussex Downs, by Guilddown near Guildford, and by the Downs round Dorking, and Ryegate in Surrey, to the north-east, which altogether, with the country beyond Alton and Farnham, form a noble and extensive outline.

At the foot of this hill, one stage or step from the uplands, lies the village, which consists of one single straggling street, three-quarters of a mile in length, in a sheltered vale, and running parallel with The Hanger. The houses are divided from the hill by a vein of stiff clay (good wheat-land), yet stand on a rock of white stone, little in appearance removed from chalk; but seems so far from being calcareous, that it endures extreme heat. Yet that the freestone still preserves somewhat that is analogous to chalk, is plain from the beeches which descend as low as those rocks extend, and no farther, and thrive as well on them, where the ground is steep, as on the chalks.

The cart-way of the village divides, in a remarkable manner, two very incongruous soils. To the south-west is a rank clay, that requires the labour of years to render it mellow; while the gardens to the north-east, and small enclosures behind, consist of a warm, forward, crumbling mould, called black malm, which seems highly saturated with vegetable and

animal manure; and these may perhaps have been the original site of the town; while the woods and coverts might extend down to the opposite bank.

At each end of the village, which runs from south-east to north-west, arises a small rivulet: that at the north-west end frequently fails; but the other is a fine perennial spring, little influenced by drought or wet seasons, called Well Head. This breaks out of some high grounds joining to Nore Hill, a noble chalk promontory, remarkable for sending forth two streams into two different seas. The one to the south becomes a branch of the Arun, running to Arundel, and so sailing into the British Channel: the other to the north. The Selborne stream makes one branch of the Wey; and, meeting the Blackdown stream at Hedleigh, and the Alton and Farnham stream at Tilford Bridge, swells into a considerable river, navigable at Godalming; from whence it passes to Guildford, and so into the Thames at Weybridge; and thus at the Nore into the German Ocean.

Our wells, at an average, run to about sixty-three feet, and when sunk to that depth seldom fail, but produce a fine limpid water, soft to the taste, and much commended by those who drink the pure element, but which does not lather well with soap.

To the north-west, north and east of the village, is a range of fair enclosures, consisting of what is called a white malm, a sort of rotten or rubble stone, which, when turned up to the frost and rain, moulders to pieces, and becomes manure to itself.

Still on to the north-east, and a step lower, is a kind of white land, neither chalk nor clay, neither fit for pasture nor for the plough, yet kindly for hops, which root deep in the free-stone, and have their poles and wood for charcoal growing just at hand. The white soil produces the brightest hops.

As the parish still inclines down towards Wolmer-forest, at the juncture of the clays and sand the soil becomes a wet, sandy loam, remarkable for timber, and infamous for roads. The oaks of Temple and Blackmoor stand high in the estimation of purveyors, and have furnished much naval timber; while the trees on the freestone grow large, but are what workmen call shaky, and so brittle as often to fall to pieces in sawing. Beyond the sandy loam the soil becomes a hungry lean sand, till it mingles with the forest; and will produce little without the assistance of lime and turnips.

TO THE SAME.

Selborne, Jan. 22, 1768.

Sir,—As in one of your former letters you expressed the more satisfaction from my correspondence on account of my living in the most southerly county, so now I may return the compliment, and expect to have my curiosity gratified by your living much more to the north.

For many years past I have observed that towards Christmas vast flocks of chaffinches have appeared in the fields, many more, I used to think, than could be hatched in any one neighbourhood. But when I came to observe them more narrowly, I was amazed to find that they seemed to me to be almost all hens. I communicated my suspicions to some intelligent neighbours, who, after taking pains about the matter, declared that they also thought them mostly females,—at least fifty to one. This extraordinary occurrence brought to my mind the remark of Linnæus, that 'before winter all their hen chaffinches migrate through Holland into Italy.' Now I want to know, from some curious person in the north, whether there are any large flocks of these finches with them in the winter, and of which sex they mostly consist? For from such intelligence one might be able to judge whether our female flocks migrate from the other end of the island, or whether they come over to us from the Continent.

We have, in the winter, vast flocks of the common linnets; more, I think, than can be bred in any one district. These, I observe, when the spring advances, assemble on some tree in the sunshine, and join all in a gentle sort of chirping, as if they were about to break up their winter quarters and betake themselves to their proper summer homes. It is well known, at least, that the swallows and the fieldfares do congregate with a gentle twittering before they make their respective departure.

You may depend on it that the bunting, *Emberiza miliaria*, does not leave this country in the winter. In January 1767 I saw several dozen of them, in the midst of a severe frost, among the bushes on the downs near Andover: in our woodland enclosed district it is a rare bird.

Wagtails, both white and yellow, are with us all the winter. Quails crowd to our southern coast, and are often killed in numbers by people that go on purpose.

Mr. Stillingfleet, in his Tracts, says that 'if the wheatear (*œnanthe*) does not quit England, it certainly shifts places; for about harvest they are not to be found, where there was before great plenty of them.' This well accounts for the vast quantities that are caught about that time on the south downs near Lewes, where they are esteemed a delicacy. There have been shepherds, I have been credibly informed, that have made many pounds in a season by catching them in traps. And though such multitudes are taken, I never saw (and I am well acquainted with those parts) above two or three at a time, for they are never gregarious.

They may perhaps migrate in general; and, for that purpose, draw towards the coast of Sussex in autumn; but that they do not all withdraw I am sure, because I see a few stragglers in many counties, at all times of the year, especially about warrens and stone quarries.

I have no acquaintance, at present, among the gentlemen of the navy; but have written to a friend, who was a sea chaplain in the late war, desiring him to look into his minutes, with respect to birds that settled on their rigging during their voyage up or down the Channel. What Hasselquist says on that subject is remarkable; there were little short-winged birds frequently coming on board his ship all the way from our Channel quite up to the Levant, especially before squally weather.

What you suggest with regard to Spain is highly probable. The winters of Andalusia are so mild, that, in all likelihood, the soft-billed birds that leave us at that season may find insects sufficient to support them there.

Some young man, possessed of fortune, health, and leisure, should make an autumnal voyage into that kingdom; and should spend a year there, investigating the natural history of that vast country. Mr. Willughby passed through that kingdom on such an errand; but he seems to have skirted along in a superficial manner and an ill-humour, being much disgusted at the rude, dissolute manners of the people.

I have no friend left now at Sunbury to apply to about the swallows roosting on the aits of the Thames; nor can I hear any more about those birds which I suspected were *Merulæ torquatæ*.

As to the small mice, I have further to remark, that though they hang their nests for breeding up amidst the straws of the standing corn, above the ground, yet I find that, in the winter, they burrow deep in the earth, and make warm beds of grass: but their grand rendezvous seems to be in corn-ricks, into which they are carried at harvest. A neighbour housed an oat-rick lately, under the thatch of which were assembled nearly a hundred, most of which were taken, and some I saw. I measured them; and found that, from nose to tail, they were just two inches and a quarter, and their tails just two inches long. Two of them, in a scale, weighed down just one copper halfpenny, which is about the third of an ounce avoirdupois: so that I suppose they are the smallest quadrupeds in this island. A full-grown *Mus medius domesticus* weighs, I find, one ounce lumping weight, which is more than six times as much as the mouse above; and measures from nose to rump four inches and a quarter, and the same in its tail. We have had a very severe frost and deep snow this month. My thermometer was one day fourteen degrees and a half below the freezing-point within doors. The tender evergreens were injured pretty much. It was very providential that the air was still, and the ground well covered with snow, else vegetation in general must have suffered prodigiously. There is reason to believe that some days were more severe than any since the year 1739–40. I am, etc.

TO THE SAME.

Selborne, May 29, 1769.

DEAR SIR,—The *scarabæus fulto* I know very well, having seen it in collections; but have never been able to discover one wild in its natural state. Mr. Banks told me he thought it might be found on the sea coast.

On the 13th April I went to the sheep-down, where the *ring-ousels* have been observed to make their appearance at spring and fall, in their way perhaps to the north or south, and was much pleased to see these birds about the usual spot. We shot a cock and a hen; they were plump and in high condition. The hen had but very small rudiments of eggs within her, which proves they are late breeders; whereas those species of the thrush kind that remain with us the whole year have fledged young before that time. In their crops was nothing very distinguishable, but somewhat that seemed like blades of vegetables nearly digested. In autumn they feed on haws and yew-berries, and in the spring on ivy-berries. I dressed one of these birds, and found it juicy and well-flavoured. It is remarkable that they make but a few days' stay in their spring visit, but rest near a fortnight at Michaelmas. These birds, from the observations of three springs and two autumns, are most punctual in their return; and exhibit a new migration unnoticed by the writers, who supposed they never were to be seen in any southern countries.

One of my neighbours lately brought me a new *salicaria*, which at first I suspected might have proved your willow-lark, but on a nicer examination it answered much better to the description of that species which you shot at Revesby, in Lincolnshire. My bird I describe thus: 'It is a size less than the grasshopper-lark; the head, back, and coverts of the wings, of a dusky brown, without those dark spots of the grasshopper-lark; over each eye is a milk-white stroke; the chin and throat are white, and the under parts of a yellowish white; the rump is tawny, and the feathers of the tail sharp-pointed; the bill is dusky and sharp, and the legs are dusky; the hinder claw long and crooked.' The person that shot it says that it sung so like a reed-sparrow that he took it for one; and that it sings all night: but this account merits further inquiry. For my part, I suspect it is a second sort of *locustela*, hinted at by Dr. Derham in *Ray's Letters*, see p. 108. He also procured me a grasshopper-lark.

The question that you put with regard to

those genera of animals that are peculiar to America, viz. how they came there, and whence? is too puzzling for me to answer, and yet so obvious as often to have struck me with wonder. If one looks into the writers on that subject little satisfaction is to be found. Ingenious men will readily advance plausible arguments to support whatever theory they shall choose to maintain; but then the misfortune is, every one's hypothesis is each as good as another's, since they are all founded on conjecture. The late writers of this sort, in whom may be seen all the arguments of those that have gone before, as I remember, stock America from the western coast of Africa and the south of Europe; and then break down the isthmus that bridged over the Atlantic. But this is making use of a violent piece of machinery; it is a difficulty worthy of the interposition of a god! '*Incredulus odi.*'

TO THE SAME.

Selborne, Sept. 2, 1774.

Dear Sir,—Before your letter arrived, and of my own accord, I had been remarking and comparing the tails of the male and female swallow, and this ere any young broods appeared, so that there was no danger of confounding the dams with their *pulli*; and besides, as they were then always in pairs, and busied in the employ of nidification, there could be no room for mistaking the sexes, nor the individuals of different chimneys the one for the other. From all my observations, it constantly appeared that each sex has the long feathers in its tail that give it that forked shape, with this difference, that they are longer in the tail of the male than in that of the female.

Nightingales, when their young first come abroad, and are helpless, make a plaintive and a jarring noise, and also a snapping or cracking, pursuing people along the hedges as they walk: these last sounds seem intended for menace and defiance.

The grasshopper-lark chirps all night in the height of summer.

Swans turn white the second year, and breed the third.

Weasels prey on moles, as appears by their being sometimes caught in mole-traps.

Sparrow-hawks sometimes breed in old crows' nests, and the kestril in churches and ruins.

There are supposed to be two sorts of eels in the island of Ely. The threads sometimes discovered in eels are perhaps their young: the generation of eels is very dark and mysterious.

Hen-harriers breed on the ground, and seem never to settle on trees.

When redstars shake their tails they move them horizontally, as dogs do when they fawn; the tail of a wagtail, when in motion, bobs up and down like that of a jaded horse.

Hedge-sparrows have a remarkable flirt with their wings in breeding-time: as soon as frosty mornings come they make a very piping plaintive noise.

Many birds which become silent about midsummer reassume their notes again in September; as the thrush, blackbird, woodlark, willow-wren, etc.; hence August is by much the most mute month the spring, summer, and autumn through. Are birds induced to sing again because the temperament of autumn resembles that of spring?

Linnæus ranges plants geographically; palms inhabit the tropics, grasses the temperate zones, and mosses and lichens the polar circles; no doubt animals may be classed in the same manner with propriety.

House-sparrows build under eaves in the spring; as the weather becomes hotter they get out for coolness, and nest in plum trees and apple trees. These birds have been known sometimes to build in rooks' nests, and sometimes in the forks of boughs under rooks' nests.

As my neighbour was housing a rick he observed that his dogs devoured all the little red mice that they could catch, but rejected the common mice; and that his cats ate the common mice, refusing the red.

Red-breasts sing all through the spring, summer, and autumn. The reason that they are called autumn songsters is, because in the two first seasons their voices are drowned and lost in the general chorus; in the latter their song becomes distinguishable. Many songsters of the autumn seem to be the young cock redbreasts of that year: notwithstanding the prejudices in their favour, they do much mischief in gardens to the summer fruits.

The titmouse, which early in February begins to make two quaint notes, like the whetting of a saw, is the marsh titmouse: the great titmouse sings with three cheerful joyous notes, and begins about the same time.

Wrens sing all the winter through, frost excepted.

House-martins came remarkably late this year both in Hampshire and Devonshire: is this circumstance for or against either hiding or migration?

Most birds drink sipping at intervals; but pigeons take a long continued draught, like quadrupeds.

Notwithstanding what I have said in a former letter, no grey crows were ever known to breed on Dartmoor; it was my mistake.

The appearance and flying of the *Scarabæus solstitialis*, or fern-chafer, commence with the month of July, and cease about the end of it. These scarabs are the constant food of *Caprimulgi*, or fern owls, through that period. They abound on the chalky downs and in some sandy districts, but not in the clays.

In the garden of the Black Bear inn in the town of Reading, is a stream or canal running under the stables and out into the fields on the other side of the road: in this water are many carps, which lie rolling about in sight, being fed by travellers, who amuse themselves by tossing them bread; but as soon as the weather grows at all severe, these fishes are no longer seen, because they retire under the stables, where they remain till the return of spring. Do they lie in a torpid state? If they do not, how are they supported?

The note of the white-throat, which is continually repeated, and often attended with odd gesticulations on the wing, is harsh and displeasing. These birds seem of a pugnacious disposition; for they sing with an erected crest and attitudes of rivalry and defiance; are shy and wild in breeding-time, avoiding neighbourhoods, and haunting lonely lanes and commons; nay, even the very tops of the Sussex Downs, where there are bushes and covert; but in July and August they bring their broods into gardens and orchards, and make great havoc among the summer fruits.

The black-cap has in common a full, sweet, deep, loud, and wild pipe; yet that strain is of short continuance, and his motions are desultory; but when that bird sits calmly and engages in song in earnest, he pours forth very sweet, but inward melody, and expresses great variety of soft and gentle modulations, superior perhaps to those of any of our warblers, the nightingale excepted.

Black-caps mostly haunt orchards and gardens; while they warble their throats are wonderfully distended.

The song of the redstart is superior, though somewhat like that of the white-throat; some birds have a few more notes than others. Sitting very placidly on the top of a tall tree in a village, the cock sings from morning to night: he affects neighbourhoods, and avoids solitude, and loves to build in orchards and about houses; with us he perches on the vane of a tall maypole.

The fly-catcher is of all our summer birds the most mute and the most familiar; it also appears the last of any. It builds in a vine, or a sweetbriar, against the wall of a house, or in the hole of a wall, or on the end of a beam or plate, and often close to the post of a door where people are going in and out all day long. This bird does not make the least pretension to song, but uses a little inward wailing note when it thinks its young in danger from cats or other annoyances; it breeds but once, and retires early.

Selborne parish alone can and has exhibited at times more than half the birds that are ever seen in all Sweden; the former has produced more than one hundred and twenty species, the latter only two hundred and twenty-one. Let me add also that it has shown near half the species that were ever known in Great Britain.

On a retrospect, I observe that my long letter carries with it a quaint and magisterial air, and is very sententious; but when I recollect that you requested stricture and anecdote, I hope you will pardon the didactic manner for the sake of the information it may happen to contain.

GILBERT WHITE TO THE HON. DAINES BARRINGTON.

Selborne, July 8, 1773.

DEAR SIR,—Some young men went down lately to a pond on the verge of Wolmer Forest to hunt flappers, or young wild-ducks, many of which they caught, and, among the rest, some very minute yet well-fledged wild-fowls alive, which upon examination I found to be teals. I did not know till then that teals ever bred in the south of England, and was much pleased with the discovery: this I look upon as a great stroke in natural history.

We have had, ever since I can remember, a pair of white owls that constantly breed under the eaves of this church. As I have paid good attention to the manner of life of these birds during their season of breeding, which lasts the summer through, the following remarks may not perhaps be unacceptable:—About an hour before sunset (for then the mice begin to run) they sally forth in quest of prey, and hunt all round the hedges of meadows and small enclosures for them, which seem to be their only food. In this irregular country we can stand on an eminence and see them beat the fields over like a setting-dog, and often drop down in the grass or corn. I have minuted these birds with my watch for an hour together, and have found that they return to their nest, the one or the other of them, about once in five minutes; reflecting at the same time on the adroitness that every animal is possessed of as far as regards the well-being of itself and offspring. But a piece of address, which they show when they return loaded, should not, I think, be passed over in silence. As they take their prey with their claws, so they carry it in their claws to their nest; but as the feet are necessary in their ascent under the tiles, they constantly perch first on the roof of the chancel, and shift the mouse from their claws to their bill, that their feet may be at liberty to take hold of the plate on the wall as they are rising under the eaves.

White owls seem not (but in this I am not positive) to hoot at all; all that clamorous hooting appears to me to come from the wood kinds. The white owl does indeed snore and hiss in a tremendous manner; and these

menaces well answer the intention of intimidating; for I have known a whole village up in arms on such an occasion, imagining the churchyard to be full of goblins and spectres. White owls also often scream horribly as they fly along; from this screaming probably arose the common people's imaginary species of screech-owl, which they superstitiously think attends the windows of dying persons. The plumage of the remiges of the wings of every species of owl that I have yet examined is remarkably soft and pliant. Perhaps it may be necessary that the wings of these birds should not make much resistance or rushing, that they may be enabled to steal through the air unheard upon a nimble and watchful quarry.

While I am talking of owls, it may not be improper to mention what I was told by a gentleman of the county of Wilts. As they were grubbing a vast hollow pollard-ash that had been the mansion of owls for centuries, he discovered at the bottom a mass of matter that at first he could not account for. After some examination he found that it was a congeries of the bones of mice (and perhaps of birds and bats) that had been heaping together for ages, being cast up in pellets out of the crops of many generations of inhabitants. For owls cast up the bones, fur, and feathers of what they devour, after the manner of hawks. He believes, he told me, that there were bushels of this kind of substance.

When brown owls hoot, their throats swell as big as a hen's egg. I have known an owl of this species live a full year without any water. Perhaps the case may be the same with all birds of prey. When owls fly they stretch out their legs behind them as a balance to their large heavy heads, for as most nocturnal birds have large eyes and ears they must have large heads to contain them. Large eyes I presume are necessary to collect every ray of light, and large concave ears to command the smallest degree of sound or noise.

I am, etc.

TO THE SAME.

Ringmer, near Lewes, Dec. 9, 1773.

Dear Sir,—I received your last favour just as I was setting out for this place; and am pleased to find that my monography met with your approbation. My remarks are the result of many years' observation; and are, I trust, true in the whole, though I do not pretend to say that they are perfectly void of mistake, or that a more nice observer might not make many additions, since subjects of this kind are inexhaustible.

If you think my letter worthy the notice of your respectable society, you are at liberty to lay it before them; and they will consider it, I hope, as it was intended, as a humble attempt to promote a more minute inquiry into natural history; into the life and conversation of animals. Perhaps, hereafter, I may be induced to take the house-swallow under consideration, and from that proceed to the rest of the British hirundines.

Though I have now travelled the Sussex Downs upwards of thirty years, yet I still investigate that chain of majestic mountains with fresh admiration year by year; and I think I see new beauties every time I traverse it. This range, which runs from Chichester eastward as far as East Bourn, is about sixty miles in length, and is called the South Downs, properly speaking, only round Lewes. As you pass along you command a noble view of the wild, or weald, on one hand, and the broad downs and sea on the other. Mr. Ray used to visit a family just at the foot of these hills, and was so ravished with the prospect from Plumpton Plain, near Lewes, that he mentions those scapes in his *Wisdom of God in the Works of the Creation* with the utmost satisfaction, and thinks them equal to anything he had seen in the finest parts of Europe.

For my own part, I think there is somewhat peculiarly sweet and amusing in the shapely-figured aspect of chalk-hills in preference to those of stone, which are rugged, broken, abrupt, and shapeless.

Perhaps I may be singular in my opinion, and not so happy as to convey to you the same idea; but I never contemplate these mountains without thinking I perceive somewhat analogous to growth in their gentle swellings and smooth fungus-like protuberances, their fluted sides, and regular hollows and slopes, that carry at once the air of vegetative dilation and expansion. . . .

. . . Or was there ever a time when these immense masses of calcareous matter were thrown into fermentation by some adventitious moisture; were raised and leavened into such shapes by some plastic power; and so made to swell and heave their broad backs into the sky so much above the less animated clay of the wild below?

By what I can guess from the admeasurements of the hills that have been taken round my house, I should suppose that these hills surmount the wild at an average at about the rate of five hundred feet.

One thing is very remarkable as to the sheep: from the westward till you get to the river Adur all the flocks have horns, and smooth white faces, and white legs, and a hornless sheep is rarely to be seen; but as soon as you pass that river eastward, and mount Beeding Hill, all the flocks at once become hornless, or as they call them, poll-sheep; and have, moreover, black faces with a white tuft of wool on their foreheads, and speckled and spotted legs, so that you would think that the flocks of Laban

were pasturing on one side of the stream, and the variegated breed of his son-in-law Jacob were cantoned along on the other. And this diversity holds good respectively on each side from the valley of Bramber and Beeding to the eastward, and westward all the whole length of the downs. If you talk with the shepherds on this subject, they tell you that the case has been so from time immemorial; and smile at your simplicity if you ask them whether the situation of these two different breeds might not be reversed? However, an intelligent friend of mine near Chichester is determined to try the experiment; and has this autumn, at the hazard of being laughed at, introduced a parcel of black-faced hornless rams among his horned western ewes. The black-faced poll-sheep have the shortest legs and the finest wool.

As I had hardly ever before travelled these downs at so late a season of the year, I was determined to keep as sharp a look-out as possible so near the southern coast, with respect to the summer short-winged birds of passage. We make great inquiries concerning the withdrawing of the swallow kind, without examining enough into the causes why this tribe is never to be seen in winter; for, *entre nous*, the disappearing of the latter is more marvellous than that of the former, and much more unaccountable. The hirundines, if they please, are certainly capable of migration, and yet no doubt are often found in a torpid state; but redstarts, nightingales, white-throats, black-caps, etc. are very ill provided for long flights; have never been once found, as I ever heard of, in a torpid state; and yet can never be supposed, in such troops, from year to year to dodge and elude the eyes of the curious and inquisitive, which from day to day discern the other small birds that are known to abide our winters. But notwithstanding all my care, I saw nothing like a summer bird of passage; and what is more strange, not one wheat-ear, though they abound so in the autumn as to be a considerable perquisite to the shepherds that take them; and though many are to be seen to my knowledge all the winter through in many parts of the south of England. The most intelligent shepherds tell me that some few of these birds appear on the downs in March, and then withdraw to breed probably in warrens and stone-quarries: now and then a nest is ploughed up in a fallow on the downs under a furrow, but it is thought a rarity. At the time of wheat-harvest they begin to be taken in great numbers; are sent for sale in vast quantities to Brightelmstone and Tunbridge; and appear at the tables of all the gentry that entertain with any degree of elegance. About Michaelmas they retire and are seen no more till March. Though these birds are, when in season, in great plenty on the south downs round Lewes, yet at East Bourn, which is the eastern extremity of those downs, they abound much more. One thing is very remarkable, that though in the height of the season so many hundreds of dozens are taken, yet they never are seen to flock; and it is a rare thing to see more than three or four at a time; so that there must be a perpetual flitting and constant progressive succession. It does not appear that any wheat-ears are taken to the westward of Houghton Bridge, which stands on the river Arun.

I did not fail to look particularly after my new migration of ring-ousels; and to take notice whether they continued on the downs to this season of the year; as I had formerly remarked them in the month of October all the way from Chichester to Lewes wherever there were any shrubs and covert: but not one bird of this sort came within my observation. I only saw a few larks and whin-chats, some rooks, and several kites and buzzards.

About midsummer a flight of cross-bills comes to the pine-groves about this house, but never makes any long stay.

The old tortoise, that I have mentioned in a former letter, still continues in this garden; and retired under ground about the 20th November, and came out again for one day on the 30th: it lies now buried in a wet swampy border under a wall facing to the south, and is enveloped at present in mud and mire!

Here is a large rookery round this house, the inhabitants of which seem to get their livelihood very easily; for they spend the greatest part of the day on their nest-trees when the weather is mild. These rooks retire every evening all the winter from this rookery, where they only call by the way, as they are going to roost in deep woods; at the dawn of day they always revisit their nest-trees, and are preceded a few minutes by a flight of daws, that act, as it were, as their harbingers. I am, etc.

TO THE SAME.

Selborne, Sept. 28, 1774.

Dear Sir,—As the swift or black-martin is the largest of the British *hirundines*, so it is undoubtedly the latest comer. For I remember but one instance of its appearing before the last week in April; and in some of our late frosty, harsh springs, it has not been seen till the beginning of May. This species usually arrives in pairs.

The swift, like the sand-martin, is very defective in architecture, making no crust, or shell, for its nest; but forming it of dry grasses and feathers, very rudely and inartificially put together. With all my attention to these birds I have never been able once to discover one in the act of collecting or carrying in materials; so that I have suspected (since their nests are exactly the same) that they sometimes usurp

upon the house-sparrows, and expel them, as sparrows do the house and sand-martin; well remembering that I have seen them squabbling together at the entrance of their holes, and the sparrows up in arms, and much disconcerted at these intruders. And yet I am assured, by a nice observer in such matters, that they do collect feathers for their nests in Andalusia, and that he has shot them with such materials in their mouths.

Swifts, like sand-martins, carry on the business of nidification quite in the dark, in crannies of castles, and towers, and steeples, and upon the tops of the walls of churches under the roof; and therefore cannot be so narrowly watched as those species that build more openly; but, from what I could ever observe, they begin nesting about the middle of May; and I have remarked, from eggs taken, that they have sat hard by the 9th June. In general they haunt tall buildings, churches, and steeples, and breed only in such; yet in this village some pairs frequent the lowest and meanest cottages, and educate their young under those thatched roofs. We remember but one instance where they breed out of buildings, and that is in the sides of a deep chalk-pit near the town of Odiham, in this county, where we have seen many pairs entering the crevices, and skimming and squeaking round the precipices.

As I have regarded these amusive birds with no small attention, if I should advance something new and peculiar with respect to them, and different from all other birds, I might perhaps be credited; especially as my assertion is the result of many years' exact observation. The fact that I would advance is, that swifts tread, or copulate, on the wing; and I would wish any nice observer, that is startled at this supposition, to use his own eyes, and I think he will soon be convinced. In another class of animals, viz. the insect, nothing is so common as to see the different species of many genera in conjunction as they fly. The swift is almost continually on the wing; and as it never settles on the ground, on trees, or roofs, would seldom find opportunity for amorous rites, was it not enabled to indulge them in the air. If any person would watch these birds of a fine morning in May, as they are sailing round at a great height from the ground, he would see, every now and then, one drop on the back of another, and both of them sink down together for many fathoms with a loud piercing shriek. This I take to be the juncture when the business of generation is carrying on.

As the swift eats, drinks, collects materials for its nest, and, as it seems, propagates on the wing, it appears to live more in the air than any other bird, and to perform all functions there save those of sleeping and incubation.

This hirundo differs widely from its congeners in laying invariably but two eggs at a time, which are milk-white, long, and peaked at the small end; whereas the other species lay at each brood from four to six. It is a most alert bird, rising very early, and retiring to roost very late; and is on the wing in the height of summer at least sixteen hours. In the longest days it does not withdraw to rest till a quarter before nine in the evening, being the latest of all day-birds. Just before they retire whole groups of them assemble high in the air, and squeak, and shoot about with wonderful rapidity. But this bird is never so much alive as in sultry thundery weather, when it expresses great alacrity, and calls forth all its powers. In hot mornings several, getting together in little parties, dash round the steeples and churches, squeaking as they go in a very clamorous manner; these, by nice observers, are supposed to be males serenading their sitting hens; and not without reason, since they seldom squeak till they come close to the walls or eaves, and since those within utter at the same time a little inward note of complacency.

When the hen has sat hard all day, she rushes forth just as it is almost dark, and stretches and relieves her weary limbs, and snatches a scanty meal for a few minutes, and then returns to her duty of incubation. Swifts, when wantonly and cruelly shot while they have young, discover a little lump of insects in their mouths which they pouch and hold under their tongue. In general they feed in a much higher district than the other species; a proof that gnats and other insects do also abound to a considerable height in the air; they also range to vast distances, since locomotion is no labour to them who are endowed with such wonderful powers of wing. Their powers seem to be in proportion to their levers; and their wings are longer in proportion than those of almost any other bird. When they mute, or case themselves in flight, they raise their wings, and make them meet over their backs.

At some certain times in the summer I had remarked that swifts were hawking very low for hours together over pools and streams; and could not help inquiring into the object of their pursuit that induced them to descend so much below their usual range. After some trouble, I found that they were taking *phryganeæ*, *ephemeræ*, and *libellulæ* (cadew-flies, may-flies, and dragon-flies), that were just emerged out of their aurelia state. I then no longer wondered that they should be so willing to stoop for a prey that afforded them such plentiful and succulent nourishment.

They bring out their young about the middle or latter end of July; but as these never become perchers, nor, that ever I could discern, are fed on the wing by their dams, the coming forth of the young is not so notorious as in the other species.

On the 30th of last June, I untiled the eaves

of a house where many pairs build, and found in each nest only two squab, naked *pulli;* on the 8th July I repeated the same inquiry, and found that they had made very little progress towards a fledge state, but were still naked and helpless. From whence we may conclude that birds whose way of life keeps them perpetually on the wing would not be able to quit their nest till the end of the month. Swallows and martins, that have numerous families, are continually feeding them every two or three minutes; while swifts, that have but two young to maintain, are much at their leisure, and do not attend on their nest for hours together.

Sometimes they pursue and strike at hawks that come in their way; but not with that vehemence and fury that swallows express on the same occasion. They are out all day long in wet days, feeding about, and disregarding still rain: from whence two things may be gathered; first, that many insects abide high in the air, even in rain; and next, that the feathers of these birds must be well preened to resist so much wet. Windy, and particularly windy weather, with heavy showers, they dislike; and on such days withdraw, and are scarce ever seen.

There is a circumstance respecting the colour of swifts, which seems not to be unworthy of our attention. When they arrive in the spring, they are all over of a glossy, dark soot-colour, except their chins, which are white; but, by being all day long in the sun and air, they become quite weather-beaten and bleached before they depart, and yet they return glossy again in the spring. Now, if they pursue the sun into lower latitudes, as some suppose, in order to enjoy a perpetual summer, why do they not return bleached? Do they not rather perhaps retire to rest for a season, and at that juncture moult and change their feathers, since all other birds are known to moult soon after the season of breeding?

Swifts are very anomalous in many particulars, dissenting from all their congeners not only in the number of their young, but in breeding but once in a summer; whereas all the other British hirundines breed invariably twice. It is past all doubt that swifts can breed but once, since they withdraw in a short time after the flight of their young, and some time before their congeners bring out their second broods. We may here remark, that, as swifts breed but once in a summer, and only two at a time, and the other hirundines twice, the latter, who lay from four to six eggs, increase at an average five times as fast as the former.

But in nothing are swifts more singular than in their early retreat. They retire, as to the main body of them, by the 10th August, and sometimes a few days sooner, and every straggler invariably withdraws by the 20th; while their congeners, all of them, stay till the beginning of October, many of them all through that month, and some occasionally to the beginning of November. This early retreat is mysterious and wonderful, since that time is often the sweetest season in the year. But what is more extraordinary, they begin to retire still earlier in the most southerly parts of Andalusia, where they can be in no ways influenced by any defect of heat; or, as one might suppose, failure of food. Are they regulated in their motions with us by a defect of food, or by a propensity to moulting, or by a disposition to rest after so rapid a life, or by what? This is one of those incidents in natural history that not only baffles our searches, but almost eludes our guesses!

These hirundines never perch on trees or roofs, and so never congregate with their congeners. They are fearless while haunting their nesting-places, and are not to be scared with a gun; and are often beaten down with poles and cudgels as they stoop to go under the eaves. Swifts are much infested with those pests to the genus called *hippoboscæ hirundinis;* and often wriggle and scratch themselves in their flight to get rid of that clinging annoyance.

Swifts are no songsters, and have only one harsh screaming note; yet there are ears to which it is not displeasing, from an agreeable association of ideas, since that note never occurs but in the most lovely summer weather.

They never can settle on the ground but through accident; and when down, can hardly rise, on account of the shortness of their legs and the length of their wings; neither can they walk, but only crawl; but they have a strong grasp with their feet, by which they cling to walls. Their bodies being flat they can enter a very narrow crevice; and where they cannot pass on their bellies they will turn up edgewise.

The particular formation of the foot discriminates the swift from all the British hirundines; and indeed from all other known birds, the *hirundo melba*, or great white-bellied swift of Gibraltar, excepted; for it is so disposed as to carry '*omnes quatuor digitos anticos*'—all its four toes forward; besides, the least toe, which should be the back toe, consists of one bone alone, and the other three only of two apiece,—a construction most rare and peculiar, but nicely adapted to the purposes in which their feet are employed. This, and some peculiarities attending the nostrils and under mandible, have induced a discerning naturalist to suppose that this species might constitute a genus *per se*.

In London a party of swifts frequents the Tower, playing and feeding over the river just below the bridge; others haunt some of the churches of the Borough, next the fields, but do not venture, like the house-martin, into the close, crowded part of the town.

The Swedes have bestowed a very pertinent name on this swallow, calling it 'ring swala,' from the perpetual rings or circles that it takes round the scene of its nidification.

Swifts feed on *coleoptera*, or small beetles with hard cases over their wings, as well as on the softer insects; but it does not appear how they can procure gravel to grind their food, as swallows do, since they never settle on the ground. Young ones, over-run with *hippoboscæ*, are sometimes found, under their nests, fallen to the ground; the number of vermin rendering their abode insupportable any longer. They frequent in this village several abject cottages; yet a succession still haunts the same unlikely roofs,—a good proof this that the same birds return to the same spots. As they must stoop very low to get up under these humble eaves, cats lie in wait, and sometimes catch them on the wing.

On July 5th, 1775, I again untiled part of a roof over the nest of a swift. The dam sat in the nest; but so strongly was she affected by natural *στοργη* for her brood, which she supposed to be in danger, that, regardless of her own safety, she would not stir, but lay sullenly by them, permitting herself to be taken in hand. The squab young we brought down and placed on the grass-plot, where they tumbled about, and were as helpless as a new-born child. While we contemplated their naked bodies, their unwieldy disproportioned abdomina, and their heads, too heavy for their necks to support, we could not but wonder when we reflected that these shiftless beings in a little more than a fortnight would be able to dash through the air almost with the inconceivable swiftness of a meteor; and perhaps in their emigration must traverse vast continents and oceans as distant as the equator. So soon does nature advance small birds to their *ἡλικια*, or state of perfection; while the progressive growth of men and large quadrupeds is slow and tedious!

I am, etc.

TO THE SAME.

Selborne, June 8, 1775.

DEAR SIR,—On September 21st, 1741, being then on a visit, and intent on field-diversions, I rose before daybreak: when I came into the enclosures, I found the stubbles and clover-grounds matted all over with a thick coat of cobweb, in the meshes of which a copious and heavy dew hung so plentifully that the whole face of the country seemed, as it were, covered with two or three setting-nets drawn one over another. When the dogs attempted to hunt, their eyes were so blinded and hoodwinked that they could not proceed, but were obliged to lie down and scrape the incumbrances from their faces with their fore-feet, so that, finding my sport interrupted, I returned home musing in my mind on the oddness of the occurrence.

As the morning advanced the sun became bright and warm, and the day turned out one of those most lovely ones which no season but the autumn produces; cloudless, calm, serene, and worthy of the South of France itself.

About nine an appearance very unusual began to demand our attention, a shower of cobwebs falling from very elevated regions, and continuing, without any interruption, till the close of the day. These webs were not single filmy threads, floating in the air in all directions, but perfect flakes or rags; some near an inch broad, and five or six long, which fell with a degree of velocity that showed they were considerably heavier than the atmosphere.

On every side as the observer turned his eyes might he behold a continual succession of fresh flakes falling into his sight, and twinkling like stars as they turned their sides towards the sun.

How far this wonderful shower extended would be difficult to say; but we know that it reached Bradley, Selborne, and Alresford, three places which lie in a sort of a triangle, the shortest of whose sides is about eight miles in extent.

At the second of those places there was a gentleman (for whose veracity and intelligent turn we have the greatest veneration) who observed it the moment he got abroad; but concluded that, as soon as he came upon the hill above his house, where he took his morning rides, he should be higher than this meteor, which he imagined might have been blown, like thistle-down, from the common above; but to his great astonishment, when he rode to the most elevated part of the down, three hundred feet above his fields, he found the webs in appearance still as much above him as before; still descending into sight in a constant succession, and twinkling in the sun, so as to draw the attention of the most incurious.

Neither before nor after was any such fall observed; but on this day the flakes hung in the trees and hedges so thick that a diligent person sent out might have gathered baskets full.

The remark that I shall make on these cobweb-like appearances, called gossamer, is, that, strange and superstitious as the notions about them were formerly, nobody in these days doubts but that they are the real production of small spiders, which swarm in the fields in fine weather in autumn, and have a power of shooting out webs from their tails so as to render themselves buoyant, and lighter than air. But why these apterous insects should that day take such a wonderful aërial excursion, and why their webs should at once become so gross and material as to be considerably more weighty than air, and to descend with precipitation, is a matter beyond my skill. If I might be allowed to hazard a supposition, I should

imagine that those filmy threads, when first shot, might be entangled in the rising dew, and so drawn up, spiders and all, by a brisk evaporation, into the regions where clouds are formed; and if the spiders have a power of coiling and thickening their webs in the air, as Dr. Lister says they have (see his Letters to Mr. Ray), then, when they were become heavier than the air, they must fall.

Every day in fine weather, in autumn chiefly, do I see those spiders shooting out their webs and mounting aloft: they will go off from your finger if you will take them into your hand. Last summer one alighted on my book as I was reading in the parlour, and running to the top of the page, and shooting out a web, took its departure from thence. But what I most wondered at was, that it went off with considerable velocity in a place where no air was stirring, and I am sure that I did not assist it with my breath. So that these little crawlers seem to have, while mounting, some locomotive power without the use of wings, and to move in the air faster than the air itself.

TO THE SAME.

Selborne, October 2, 1775.

DEAR SIR,—We have two gangs or hordes of gipsies which infest the south and west of England, and come round in their circuit two or three times in the year. One of these tribes calls itself by the noble name of Stanley, of which I have nothing particular to say; but the other is distinguished by an appellative somewhat remarkable. As far as their harsh gibberish can be understood, they seem to say that the name of their clan is Curleople; now the termination of this word is apparently Grecian, and as Mezeray and the gravest historians all agree that these vagrants did certainly migrate from Egypt and the East, two or three centuries ago, and so spread by degrees over Europe, may not this family name, a little corrupted, be the very name they brought with them from the Levant? It would be matter of some curiosity, could one meet with an intelligent person among them, to inquire whether, in their jargon, they still retain any Greek words; the Greek radicals will appear in hand, foot, head, water, earth, etc. It is possible that amidst their cant and corrupted dialect many mutilated remains of their native language might still be discovered.

With regard to those peculiar people, the gipsies, one thing is very remarkable, and especially as they come from warmer climates; and that is, that while other beggars lodge in barns, stables, and cow-houses, these sturdy savages seem to pride themselves in braving the severities of winter, and in living *sub dio* the whole year round. Last September was as wet a month as ever was known; and yet during those deluges did a young gipsy girl lie in the midst of one of our hop-gardens, on the cold ground, with nothing over her but a piece of a blanket extended on a few hazel-rods bent hoop-fashion, and stuck into the earth at each end, in circumstances too trying for a cow in the same condition; yet within this garden there was a large hop-kiln, into the chambers of which she might have retired, had she thought shelter an object worthy her attention.

Europe itself, it seems, cannot set bounds to the rovings of these vagabonds; for Mr. Bell, in his return from Peking, met a gang of those people on the confines of Tartary, who were endeavouring to penetrate those deserts, and try their fortune in China.

Gipsies are called in French, Bohemians; in Italian and modern Greek, Zingari.

I am, etc.

TO THE SAME.

Selborne, Nov. 1, 1775.

'Hic . . . tædæ pingues, hic plurimus ignis
Semper, et assidua postes fuligine nigri.'

DEAR SIR,—I shall make no apology for troubling you with the detail of a very simple piece of domestic economy, being satisfied that you think nothing beneath your attention that tends to utility; the matter alluded to is the use of rushes instead of candles, which I am well aware prevails in many districts besides this; but as I know there are countries also where it does not obtain, and as I have considered the subject with some degree of exactness, I shall proceed in my humble story, and leave you to judge of the expediency.

The proper species of rush for this purpose seems to be the *juncus effusus*, or common soft rush, which is to be found in most moist pastures, by the sides of streams and under hedges.

These rushes are in best condition in the height of summer; but may be gathered, so as to serve the purpose well, quite on to autumn. It would be needless to add that the largest and longest are best. Decayed labourers, women, and children make it their business to procure and prepare them. As soon as they are cut, they must be flung into water, and kept there, for otherwise they will dry and shrink, and the peel will not run. At first a person would find it no easy matter to divest a rush of its peel or rind, so as to leave one regular, narrow, even rib from top to bottom that may support the pith; but this, like other feats, soon becomes familiar even to children; and we have seen an old woman, stone blind, performing this business with great despatch, and seldom failing to strip them with the nicest regularity. When these *junci* are thus far prepared, they must lie out on the grass to be bleached, and take the dew for some nights, and afterwards be dried in the sun.

Some address is required in dipping these rushes in the scalding fat or grease; but this knack also is to be attained by practice. The careful wife of an industrious Hampshire labourer obtains all her fat for nothing; for she saves the scummings of her bacon-pot for this use; and if the grease abounds with salt, she causes the salt to precipitate to the bottom, by setting the scummings in a warm oven. Where hogs are not much in use, and especially by the sea-side, the coarser animal-oils will come very cheap. A pound of common grease may be procured for fourpence, and about six pounds of grease will dip a pound of rushes, and one pound of rushes may be bought for one shilling; so that a pound of rushes, medicated and ready for use, will cost three shillings. If men that keep bees will mix a little wax with the grease, it will give it a consistency, and render it more cleanly, and make the rushes burn longer; mutton-suet would have the same effect.

A good rush, which measured in length two feet four inches and a half, being minuted, burnt only three minutes short of an hour; and a rush of still greater length has been known to burn one hour and a quarter.

These rushes give a good clear light. Watch-lights (coated with tallow), it is true, shed a dismal one, 'darkness visible;' but then the wick of those have two ribs of the rind, or peel, to support the pith, while the wick of the dipped rush has but one. The two ribs are intended to impede the progress of the flame and make the candle last.

In a pound of dry rushes avoirdupois, which I caused to be weighed and numbered, we found upwards of one thousand six hundred individuals. Now suppose each of these burns, one with another, only half an hour, then a poor man will purchase eight hundred hours of light, a time exceeding thirty-three entire days, for three shillings. According to this account each rush, before dipping, costs $\frac{1}{33}$ of a farthing, and $\frac{1}{11}$ afterwards. Thus a poor family will enjoy five and a half hours of comfortable light for a farthing. An experienced old housekeeper assures me that one pound and a half of rushes completely supplies his family the year round, since working people burn no candles in the long days, because they rise and go to bed by daylight.

Little farmers use rushes much in the short days, both morning and evening, in the dairy and kitchen; but the very poor, who are always the worst economists, and therefore must continue very poor, buy a halfpenny candle every evening, which in their blowing open rooms, does not burn much more than two hours. Thus have they only two hours' light for their money instead of eleven.

While on the subject of rural economy, it may not be improper to mention a pretty implement of housewifery that we have seen nowhere else; that is, little neat besoms which our foresters make from the stalks of the *polytricum commune*, or great golden maiden-hair, which they call silk-wood, and find plenty in the bogs. When this moss is well combed and dressed, and divested of its outer skin, it becomes of a beautiful bright-chestnut colour; and, being soft and pliant, is very proper for the dusting of beds, curtains, carpets, hangings, etc. If these besoms were known to the brushmakers in town, it is probable they might come much in use for the purpose above mentioned. I am, etc.

[This letter was written after Wilkes' release from the Tower on the ground of privilege as a member of Parliament. He had been imprisoned for an attack on the ministry in the *North Briton*, and as his papers were confiscated also, in demanding them back he had been snubbed. This is his reply to the official note which he had received.]

JOHN WILKES TO LORDS EGREMONT AND HALIFAX.

Great George Street, May 29, 1763.

My Lords,—Little did I expect, when I was requiring from your lordships what an Englishman has a right to,—his property taken from him (and said to be in your lordships' possession),—that I should have received in answer, from persons in your high station, the expressions of 'indecent and scurrilous' applied to my legal demands.

The respect I bear to his Majesty, whose servants, it seems, you still are (though you stand legally convicted of having in me violated, in the highest and most offensive manner, the liberties of all the commons in England), prevents my returning you an answer in the same Billingsgate language. If I considered you only in your private capacities, I should treat you both according to your deserts; but where is the wonder that men who have attacked the sacred liberty of the subject, and have issued an illegal warrant to seize his property, should proceed to such libellous expressions? You say, 'that such of my papers shall be restored to me as do not lead to a proof of my guilt.' I owe this to your apprehension of an action, not to your love of justice; and in that light, if I can believe your lordships' assurances, the whole will be returned to me. I fear neither your prosecution nor your persecution; and I will assert the security of

my own house, the liberty of my person, and every right of the people, not so much for my own sake, as for the sake of every one of my English fellow-subjects. I am, my lords, your humble servant, JOHN WILKES.

[The Peace of 1763, negotiated by the Duke of Bedford, occasioned much popular displeasure, which in several instances broke out into acts of open insurrection. The rumour was promulgated, and for some time credited, that the Peace had been purchased by the liberal distribution of bribes, on the part of France, among several distinguished individuals. Upon the death of Lord Egremont, Lord Bute, notwithstanding their previous disagreement, found it expedient to obtain the interest and support of the Duke of Bedford; who, it is said, 'conscious of his importance, exacted not only from Lord Bute, but from the King himself, a submission to whatever terms' he determined to impose. Among his other demands, was the dismissal from office of Lord Bute's brother, Mr. Stuart Mackenzie. Impatient of this tyranny, the King applied to the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Rockingham. But the relief was only temporary. The Chatham ministry beheld the introduction into the cabinet of the Dukes of Bedford and Grafton, who remained after the resignation of their chief. In this crisis of the public affairs, Junius, who commenced his political crusade in the January of 1769, addressed his famous letter to the Duke of Bedford. —*Willmott.*]

JUNIUS TO THE DUKE OF BEDFORD.

September 19, 1769.

MY LORD,—You are so little accustomed to receive any remarks of respect or esteem from the public, that if, in the following lines, a compliment or expression of applause should escape me, I fear you would consider it as a mockery of your established character, and perhaps an insult to your understanding. You have nice feelings, my lord, if we may judge from your resentments. Cautious, therefore, of giving offence, where you have so little deserved it, I shall leave the illustration of your virtues to other hands. Your friends have a privilege to play upon the easiness of your temper, or possibly they are better acquainted with your good qualities than I am. You have done good by stealth. The rest is upon record. You have still left ample room for speculation, when panegyric is exhausted.

You are, indeed, a very considerable man. The highest rank; a splendid fortune; and a name, glorious till it was yours, were sufficient to have supported you with meaner abilities than I think you possess. From the first, you derived a constitutional claim to respect; from the second, a natural extensive authority; the last excited a partial expectation of hereditary virtues. The use you have made of these uncommon advantages might have been more honourable to yourself, but could not be more instructive to mankind. We may trace it in the veneration of your country, the choice of your friends, and in the accomplishment of every sanguine hope, which the public might have conceived from the illustrious name of Russell.

The eminence of your station gave you a commanding prospect of your duty. The road which led to honour was open to your view. You could not lose it by mistake, and you had no temptation to depart from it by design. Compare the natural dignity and importance of the richest peer in England; the noble independence which he might have maintained in parliament, and the real interest and respect which he might have acquired, not only in parliament, but through the whole kingdom; compare these glorious distinctions with the ambition of holding a share in government, the emoluments of a place, the sale of a borough, or the purchase of a corporation; and though you may not regret the virtues, which create respect, you may see with anguish, how much real importance and authority you have lost. Consider the character of an independent, virtuous Duke of Bedford; imagine what he might be in this country—then reflect for one moment upon what you are. If it be possible for me to withdraw my attention from the fact, I will tell you in theory what such a man might be.

Conscious of his own weight and importance, his conduct in parliament would be directed by nothing but the constitutional duty of a peer. He would consider himself as the guardian of the laws. Willing to support the just measures of government, but determined to observe the conduct of the minister with suspicion, he would oppose the violence of faction with as much firmness as the encroachments of prerogative. He would be as little capable of bargaining with the minister for places for himself, or his dependents, as of descending to mix himself with the intrigues of opposition. Whenever an important question called for his opinion in parliament, he would be heard, by the most profligate minister, with deference

and respect. His authority would either sanctify or disgrace the measures of government. The people would look up to him as to their protector, and a virtuous prince would have one honest man in his dominions, in whose integrity and judgment he might safely confide. If it should be the will of Providence to afflict him with a domestic misfortune, he would submit to the shock with feeling, but not without dignity. He would consider the people as his children, and receive a generous, heartfelt consolation in the sympathizing tears and blessings of his country.

Your grace may probably discover something more intelligible in the negative part of this illustrious character. The man I have described would never prostitute his dignity in parliament by an indecent violence either in opposing or defending a minister. He would not at one moment rancorously persecute, and at another basely cringe to the favourite of his sovereign. After outraging the royal dignity with peremptory conditions, little short of menace and hostility, he would never descend to the humility of soliciting an interview with the favourite, and of offering to recover, at any price, the honour of his friendship. Though deceived, perhaps, in his youth, he would not, through the course of a long life, have invariably chosen his friends from among the most profligate of mankind. His own honour would have forbidden him from mixing his private pleasures or conversation with jockeys, gamesters, blasphemers, gladiators, or buffoons. He would then have never felt, much less would he have submitted to the humiliating, dishonest necessity of engaging in the interests and intrigues of his dependents, of supplying their vices, or relieving their beggary, at the expense of his country. He would not have betrayed such ignorance, or such contempt of the constitution, as openly to avow, in a court of justice, the purchase and sale of a borough. He would not have thought it consistent with his rank in the State, or even with his personal importance, to be the little tyrant of a little corporation. He would never have been insulted with virtues which he had laboured to extinguish, nor suffered the disgrace of a mortifying defeat, which has made him ridiculous and contemptible, even to the few by whom he was not detested. I reverence the afflictions of a good man; his sorrows are sacred. But how can we take part in the distresses of a man whom we can neither love nor esteem; or feel for a calamity of which he himself is insensible? Where was the father's heart, when he could look for or find an immediate consolation for the loss of an only son, in consultations and bargains for a place at court, and even in the misery of balloting at the India House?

Admitting, then, that you have mistaken or deserted those honourable principles, which ought to have directed your conduct; admitting that you have as little claim to private affection as to public esteem, let us see with what abilities, with what degree of judgment, you have carried your own system into execution. A great man in the success, and even in the magnitude of his crimes, finds a rescue from contempt.

Your grace is every way unfortunate. Yet I will not look back to those ridiculous scenes, by which, in your earlier days, you thought it an honour to be distinguished;—the recorded stripes, the public infamy, your own sufferings, or Mr. Rigby's fortitude. These events undoubtedly left an impression, though not upon your mind. To such a mind, it may perhaps be a pleasure to reflect, that there is hardly a corner of any of his Majesty's kingdoms, except France, in which, at one time or other, your valuable life has not been in danger. Amiable man!—we see and acknowledge the protection of Providence, by which you have so often escaped the personal detestation of your fellow-subjects, and are still reserved for the public justice of your country. Your history begins to be important at that auspicious period at which you were deputed to represent the Earl of Bute at the Court of Versailles. It was an honourable office, and executed with the same spirit with which it was accepted. Your patrons wanted an ambassador who would submit to make concessions, without daring to insist upon any honourable condition for his sovereign. Their business required a man who had as little feeling for his own dignity as for the welfare of his country; and they found him in the first rank of the nobility. Belleisle, Goree, Guadaloupe, St. Lucia, Martinique, the Fishery, and the Havanna, are glorious monuments of your grace's talents for negotiation. My lord, we are too well acquainted with your pecuniary character to think it possible that so many public sacrifices should have been made without some private compensations. Your conduct carries with it an internal evidence, beyond all the legal proofs of a court of justice. Even the callous pride of Lord Egremont was alarmed. He saw and felt his own dishonour in corresponding with you; and there certainly was a moment at which he meant to have resisted, had not a fatal lethargy prevailed over his faculties, and carried all sense and memory away with it. I will not pretend to specify the secret terms on which you were invited to support an administration which Lord Bute pretended to leave in full possession of their ministerial authority, and perfectly masters of themselves. He was not of a temper to relinquish power, though he retired from employment. Stipulations were certainly made between your grace and him, and certainly violated. After two years' submission, you

thought you had collected a strength sufficient to control his influence, and that it was your turn to be a tyrant, because you had been a slave. When you found yourself mistaken in your opinion of your gracious Master's firmness, disappointment got the better of all your humble discretion, and carried you to an excess of outrage to his person, as distant from true spirit as from all decency and respect. After robbing him of the rights of a king, you would not permit him to preserve the honour of a gentleman. It was then Lord Weymouth was nominated to Ireland, and despatched (we well remember with what indecent hurry) to plunder the treasury of the first-fruits of an employment which you well knew he was never to execute. This sudden declaration of war against the favourite might have given you a momentary merit with the public, if it had either been adopted upon principle, or maintained with resolution. Without looking back to all your former servility, we need only observe your subsequent conduct, to see upon what motives you acted. Apparently united with Lord Grenville, you waited until Lord Rockingham's feeble administration should dissolve in its own weakness. The moment their dismission was suspected—the moment you perceived that another system was adopted in the closet, you thought it no disgrace to return to your former dependence, and solicit once more the friendship of Lord Bute. You begged an interview, at which he had spirit enough to treat you with contempt.

It would now be of little use to point out by what a train of weak, injudicious measures it became necessary, or was thought so, to call you back to a share in the administration. The friends, whom you did not in the last instance desert, were not of a character to add strength or credit to government; and at that time your alliance with the Duke of Grafton was, I presume, hardly foreseen. We must look for other stipulations, to account for that sudden resolution of the closet, by which three of your dependents (whose characters, I think, cannot be less respected than they are) were advanced to offices, through which you might again control the minister, and probably engross the whole direction of affairs.

The possession of the absolute power is now once more within your reach. The measures you have taken to obtain and confirm it are too gross to escape the eyes of a discerning and judicious prince. His palace is besieged; lines of circumvallation are drawing round him; and unless he finds a resource in his own activity, or in the attachment of the real friends of his family, the best of princes must submit to the confinement of a state prisoner, until your grace's death, or some less fortunate event shall raise the siege. For the present, you may resume that style of insult and menace, which even a private gentleman cannot submit to hear without being contemptible. Mr. Mackenzie's history is not yet forgotten, and you may find precedents enough of the mode in which an imperious subject may signify his pleasure to his sovereign. Where will our gracious monarch look for assistance, when the wretched Grafton could forget his obligations to his master, and desert him for a hollow alliance with *such* a man as the Duke of Bedford!

Let us consider you, then, as arrived at the summit of worldly greatness; let us suppose that all your plans of avarice and ambition are accomplished, and your most sanguine wishes gratified in the fear as well as the hatred of the people: can age itself forget that you are now in the last act of life? Can grey hairs make folly venerable? and is there no period to be reserved for meditation and retirement? For shame! my lord; let it not be recorded of you, that the latest moments of your life were dedicated to the same unworthy pursuits, the same busy agitations in which your youth and manhood were exhausted. Consider, that although you cannot disgrace your former life, you are violating the character of age, and exposing the impotent imbecility after you have lost the vigour of the passions.

Your friends will ask, perhaps—whither shall this unhappy old man retire? Can he remain in the metropolis, where his life has been so often threatened, and his palace so often attacked? If he returns to Wooburn, scorn and mockery await him: he must create a solitude round his estate, if he would avoid the face of reproach and derision. At Plymouth, his destruction would be more than probable, at Exeter inevitable; no honest Englishman will ever forget his attachment, nor any honest Scotchman forgive his treachery, to Lord Bute. At every town he enters, he must change his liveries and his name. Whichever way he flies, the *hue and cry* of the country pursues him.

In another kingdom, indeed, the blessings of his administration have been more sensibly felt; his virtues better understood; or at worst, they will not, for him alone, forget their hospitality. As well might Verres have returned to Sicily. You have twice escaped, my lord; beware of a third experiment. The indignation of a whole people, plundered, insulted, and oppressed, as they have been, will not always be disappointed.

It is in vain, therefore, to shift the scene. You can no more fly from your enemies than from yourself. Persecuted abroad, you look into your own heart for consolation, and find nothing but reproaches and despair. But, my lord, you may quit the field of business, though not the field of danger; and though you cannot be safe, you may cease to be ridiculous. I fear

you have listened too long to the advice of those pernicious friends, with whose interests you have sordidly united your own; and for whom you have sacrificed everything that ought to be dear to a man of honour. They are still base enough to encourage the follies of your age, as they once did the vices of your youth. As little acquainted with the rules of decorum as with the laws of morality, they will not suffer you to profit by experience, nor even to consult the propriety of a bad character. Even now they tell you that life is no more than a dramatic scene, in which the hero should preserve his consistency to the last, and that as you lived without virtue, you should die without repentance. JUNIUS.

[Edmund Burke was born in Dublin on January 12, 1730. His education was completed at Trinity College. He went to London about 1750, and commenced miscellaneous literary work. He first projected the *Annual Register*, and wrote the whole of it himself for some years. His first connection with politics was his employment as private secretary to the Marquis of Rockingham in 1765, and his first speech in the House of Commons was on the Stamp Act, which Lord Rockingham had brought in a bill to repeal. Burke's influence was fully exemplified in British politics from 1765 to 1797. His views on domestic politics are contained in his *Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontent*, 1770, and from two speeches delivered at Bristol, 1774 and 1780. The two of his greatest speeches are those on 'American Taxation,' 1774, and on 'Conciliation with America,' 1775. Sir Samuel Romilly considered his speech at Bristol previous to the election as the best piece of oratory in the language. Burke also delivered some great speeches on the government of India, of which the best known are 'Mr. Fox's East India Bill,' 1783, on the 'Nabob of Arcot's Debts,' 1785 (this latter Lord Brougham considered his greatest oration), and the several speeches in the impeachment of Warren Hastings. His celebrated *Reflections on the French Revolution* were published in 1790, which occasioned the strictures that caused Burke's reply to the member of the National Assembly which we quote. Burke died in 1797, at Beaconsfield, broken-hearted at his son's death. 'The peculiar effect of Burke,' says Mr. Payne, 'is to enlarge, strengthen, liberalize, and ennoble the understanding.']

BURKE TO ROBERTSON.

I AM perfectly sensible of the very flattering distinction I received, in your thinking me worthy of so noble a present as that of your *History of America*. I have, however, suffered my gratitude to lie under some suspicion, by delaying my acknowledgment of so great a favour. But my delay was only to render my obligation to you more complete, and my thanks, if possible, more merited. The close of the session brought a great deal of very troublesome business on me at once. I could not get through your work at one breath at that time, though I have done it since. I am now enabled to thank you not only for the honour you have done me, but for the great satisfaction and the infinite variety and compass of instruction I have received from your incomparable work. Everything has been done which was so naturally to be expected from the author of the *History of Scotland*, and of the *Age of Charles the Fifth*. I believe few books have done more than this towards clearing up dark points, correcting errors, and removing prejudices. You have, too, the pure secret of rekindling an interest on subjects that had so often been treated, and in which everything which could feed a vital flame appeared to have been consumed. I am sure I read many parts of your History with that fresh concern and anxiety which attend those who are not previously apprized of the event. You have, besides, thrown quite a new light on the present state of the Spanish provinces, and furnished both materials and hints for a rational theory of what may be expected from them in future.

The part which I read with the greatest pleasure, is the discussion on the manners and character of the inhabitants of the New World. I have always thought with you, that we possess at this time very great advantages towards the knowledge of human nature. We need no longer go to history to trace it in all stages and periods. History, from its comparative youth, is but a poor instructor. When the Egyptians called the Greeks children in antiquities, we may well call them children; and so we may call all those nations which were able to trace the progress of society only within their own limits. But now the great map of mankind is unrolled at once, and there is no state or gradation of barbarism, and no mode of refinement, which we have not at the same moment under view: the very different civility of Europe and of China, the barbarism of Persia and of Abyssinia, the erratic manners of Tartary

and of Arabia, the savage state of North America and of New Zealand. Indeed, you have made a noble use of the advantages you have had. You have employed philosophy to judge on manners, and from manners you have drawn new resources for philosophy. I only think that in one or two points you have hardly done justice to the savage character.

There remains before you a great field. *Periculosæ plenum opus aleæ tractas, et incedis per ignes suppositos cineri doloso.*

When even those ashes will be spread over the present fire, God knows. I am heartily sorry that we are now supplying you with that kind of dignity and concern which is purchased to history at the expense of mankind. I had rather by far that Dr. Robertson's pen were only employed in delineating the humble scenes of political economy than the great events of a civil war. However, if our statesmen had read the book of human nature instead of the journals of the House of Commons, and history instead of Acts of Parliament, we should not by the latter have furnished out so ample a page for the former. For my part, I have not been, nor am I, very forward in my speculations on this subject. All that I have ventured to make, have hitherto proved fallacious. I confess I thought the colonies left to themselves could not have made anything like the present resistance to the whole power of this country and its allies. I did not think it could have been done without the declared interference of the house of Bourbon. But I looked on it as very probable that France and Spain would before this time have taken a decided part. In both these conjectures I have judged amiss. You will smile when I send you a trifling temporary production, made for the occasion of a day, and to perish with it, in return for your immortal work. But our exchange resembles the politics of the times. You send out solid wealth—the accumulation of ages; and in return you get a few flying leaves of poor American paper. However, you have the mercantile comfort of finding the balance of trade infinitely in your favour; and I console myself with the snug consideration of uninformed natural acuteness, that I have my warehouse full of goods at another's expense.

Adieu, sir, continue to instruct the world; and whilst we carry on a poor unequal conflict with the passions and prejudices of our day, perhaps with no better weapons than other passions and prejudices of our own, convey wisdom at our expense to future generations.

EDMUND BURKE TO A MEMBER OF THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY.

On the French Revolution.

SIR,—I had the honour to receive your letter of the 17th of November last, in which, with some exceptions, you are pleased to consider favourably the letter I have written on the affairs of France. I shall ever accept any mark of approbation attended with instruction, with more pleasure than general and unqualified praises. The latter can serve only to flatter our vanity; the former, whilst it encourages us to proceed, may help to improve us in our progress.

Some of the errors you point out to me in my printed letter are really such. One only I find to be material. It is corrected in the edition which I take the liberty of sending to you. As to the cavils which may be made on some part of my remarks, with regard to the *gradations* in your new constitution, you observe justly, that they do not affect the substance of my objections. Whether there be a round more or less in the ladder of representation, by which your workmen ascend from their parochial tyranny to their federal anarchy, when the whole scale is false, appears to me of little or no importance.

I published my thoughts on that constitution that my countrymen might be enabled to estimate the wisdom of the plans which were held out to their imitation. I conceived that the true character of those plans would be best collected from the committee appointed to prepare them. I thought that the scheme of their building would be better comprehended in the design of the architects than in the execution of the masons. It was not worth my reader's while to occupy himself with the alterations by which bungling practice corrects absurd theory. Such an investigation would be endless, because every day's past experience of impracticability has driven, and every day's future experience will drive, those men to new devices as exceptionable as the old; and which are no otherwise worthy of observation than as they give a daily proof of the delusion of their promises, and the falsehood of their professions. Had I followed all these changes, my letter would have been only a gazette of their wanderings; a journal of their march from error to error, through a dry, dreary desert, unguided by the lights of heaven, or by the contrivance which wisdom has invented to supply their place.

I am unalterably persuaded that the attempt to oppress, degrade, impoverish, confiscate, and extinguish the original gentlemen and landed property of an old nation, cannot be justified under any form it may assume. I am satisfied beyond a doubt that the project of turning a great empire into a vestry, or into a collection

of vestries, and of governing it in the spirit of a parochial administration, is senseless and absurd in any mode, or with any qualifications. I can never be convinced that the scheme of placing the highest powers of the state in churchwardens and constables, and other such officers, guided by the prudence of litigious attorneys and Jew brokers, and set in action by shameless women of the lowest condition, by keepers of hotels, taverns, and brothels, by pert apprentices, by clerks, shop-boys, hairdressers, fiddlers, and dancers on the stage (who, in such a commonwealth as yours, will in future overbear, as already they have overborne, the sober incapacity of dull, uninstructed men, of useful but laborious occupations), can ever be put into any shape that must not be both disgraceful and destructive. The whole of this project, even if it were what it pretends to be, and was not in reality the dominion, through that disgraceful medium, of half-a-dozen, or perhaps fewer, intriguing politicians, is so mean, so low-minded, so stupid a contrivance in point of wisdom, as well as so perfectly detestable for its wickedness, that I must always consider the correctives which might make it in any degree practicable, to be so many new objections to it.

In that wretched state of things some are afraid that the authors of your miseries may be led to precipitate their further designs by the hints they may receive from the very arguments used to expose the absurdity of their system, to mark the incongruity of its parts, and its inconsistency with their own principles; and that your masters may be led to render their schemes more consistent by rendering them more mischievous. Excuse the liberty which your indulgence authorizes me to take when I observe to you that such apprehensions as these would prevent all exertion of our faculties in this great cause of mankind.

A rash recourse to *force* is not to be justified in a state of real weakness. Such attempts bring on disgrace; and, in their failure, discountenance and discourage more rational endeavours. But *reason* is to be hazarded, though it may be perverted by craft and sophistry; for reason can suffer no loss nor shame, nor can it impede any useful plan of future policy. In the unavoidable uncertainty as to the effect which attends on every measure of human prudence, nothing seems a surer antidote to the poison of fraud than its detection. It is true the fraud may be swallowed after this discovery, and perhaps even swallowed the more greedily for being a detected fraud. Men sometimes make a point of honour not to be disabused, and they had rather fall into an hundred errors than confess one. But after all,—when neither our principles nor our dispositions, nor perhaps our talents, enable us to encounter delusion with delusion,—we must use our best reason to those that ought to be reasonable creatures, and take our chance for the event. We cannot act on these anomalies in the minds of men. I do not conceive that the persons who have contrived these things can be made much the better or the worse for anything which can be said to them. *They* are reason proof. Here and there, some men who were at first carried away by wild good intentions, may be led, when their first fervours are abated, to join in a sober survey of the schemes into which they have been deluded. To those only (and I am sorry to say they are not likely to make a large description) we apply with any hope. I may speak it upon an assurance almost approaching to absolute knowledge, that nothing has been done that has not been contrived from the beginning, even before the states had assembled. *Nulla nova mihi res inopinate surgit.*[1] They are the same men and the same designs that they were from the first, though varied in their appearance. It was the very same animal that at first crawled about in the shape of a caterpillar that you now see rise into the air and expand its wings to the sun.

Proceeding, therefore, as we are obliged to proceed, that is upon an hypothesis that we address rational men, can false political principles be more effectually exposed than by demonstrating that they lead to consequences directly inconsistent with and subversive of the arrangements grounded upon them? If this kind of demonstration is not permitted, the process of reasoning called *deductio ad absurdum*, which even the severity of geometry does not reject, could not be employed at all in legislative discussions. One of our strongest weapons against folly acting with authority would be lost.

You know, sir, that even the virtuous efforts of you patriots to prevent the ruin of your country have had this very turn given to them. It has been said here, and in France too, that the reigning usurpers would not have carried their tyranny to such destructive lengths if they had not been stimulated and provoked to it by the acrimony of your opposition. There is a dilemma to which every opposition to successful iniquity must, in the nature of things, be liable. If you lie still, you are considered as an accomplice in the measures in which you silently acquiesce. If you resist, you are accused of provoking irritable power to new excesses. The conduct of a losing party never appears right; at least it never can possess the only infallible criterion of wisdom to vulgar judgments—success.

The indulgence of a sort of undefined hope, an obscure confidence, that some lurking

[1] 'No new thing rises upon me unexpectedly.'—CICERO, *Tusc. Quæst.* Bk. iii.

remains of virtue, some degree of shame, might exist in the breasts of the oppressors of France, has been among the causes which have helped to bring on the common ruin of king and people. There is no safety for honest men, but by believing all possible evil of evil men, and by acting with promptitude, decision, and steadiness on that belief. I well remember, at every epocha of this wonderful history, in every scene of this tragic business, that when your sophistic usurpers were laying down mischievous principles, and even applying them in direct resolutions, it was the fashion to say that they never intended to execute those declarations in their rigour. This made men cautious in their opposition, and remiss in early precaution. By holding out this fallacious hope the impostors deluded sometimes one description of men and sometimes another, so that no means of resistance were provided against them when they came to execute in cruelty what they had planned in fraud.

There are cases in which a man would be ashamed not to have been imposed on. There is a confidence necessary to human intercourse, and without which men are often more injured by their own suspicions than they could be by the perfidy of others. But when men whom we *know* to be wicked impose upon us, we are something worse than dupes. When we know them, their fair pretences become new motives for distrust. There is one case, indeed, in which it would be madness not to give the fullest credit to the most deceitful of men, that is, when they make declarations of hostility against us.

I find that some persons entertain other hopes, which I confess appear more specious than those by which at first so many were deluded and disarmed. They flatter themselves that the extreme misery brought upon the people by their folly will at last open the eyes of the multitude, if not of their leaders. Much the contrary, I fear. As to the leaders in this system of imposture, you know that cheats and deceivers never can repent. The fraudulent have no resource but in fraud. They have no other goods in their magazine. They have no virtue or wisdom in their minds to which, in a disappointment concerning the profitable effects of fraud and cunning, they can retreat. The wearing out of an old, serves only to put them upon the invention of a new, delusion. Unluckily, too, the credulity of dupes is as inexhaustible as the invention of knaves. They never give people possession; but they always keep them in hope. Your state doctors do not so much as pretend that any good whatsoever has hitherto been derived from their operations, or that the public has prospered in any one instance under their management. The nation is sick, very sick, by their medicines. But the *charlatan* tells them that what is passed cannot be helped; they have taken the draught, and they must wait its operation with patience; that the first effects, indeed, are unpleasant, but that the very sickness is a proof that the dose is of no sluggish operation; that sickness is inevitable in all constitutional revolutions; that the body must pass through pain to ease; that the prescriber is not an empiric who proceeds by vulgar experience, but one who grounds his practice on the sure rules of art, which cannot possibly fail. You have read, sir, the last Manifesto, or Mountebank's Bill, of the National Assembly. You see their presumption in their promises is not lessened by all their failures in the performance. Compare this last address of the Assembly, and the present state of your affairs, with the early engagements of that body—engagements which, not content with declaring, they solemnly deposed upon oath, swearing lustily that if they were supported they would make their country glorious and happy; and then judge whether those who can write such things, or those who can bear to read them, are of *themselves* to be brought to any reasonable course of thought or action.

As to the people at large, when once these miserable sheep have broken the fold, and have got themselves loose, not from the restraint, but from the protection of all the principles of natural authority and legitimate subordination, they become the natural prey of impostors. When they have once tasted of the flattery of knaves, they can no longer endure reason, which appears to them only in the form of censure and reproach. Great distress has never hitherto taught, and whilst the world lasts it never will teach, wise lessons to any part of mankind. Men are as much blinded by the extremes of misery as by the extremes of prosperity. Desperate situations produce desperate counsels and desperate measures. The people of France, almost generally, have been taught to look for other resources than those which can be derived from order, frugality, and industry. They are generally armed, and they are made to expect much from the use of arms. *Nihil non arrogant armis.*[1] Besides this, the retrograde order of society has something flattering to the dispositions of mankind. The life of adventurers, gamesters, gipsies, beggars, and robbers is not unpleasant. It requires restraint to keep men from falling into that habit. The shifting tides of fear and hope, the flight and pursuit, the peril and escape, the alternate famine and feast of the savage and the thief, after a time, render all course of slow, steady, progressive, unvaried occupation, and the prospect only of a limited

[1] HORACE, *Ars Poet.* l. 122.—'There is nothing they do not rashly ascribe to arms.'

mediocrity at the end of long labour, to the last degree tame, languid, and insipid. Those who have been once intoxicated with power, and have derived any kind of emolument from it, even though but for one year, never can willingly abandon it. They may be distressed in the midst of all their power, but they will never look to anything but power for their relief. When did distress ever oblige a prince to abdicate his authority? And what effect will it have upon those who are made to believe themselves a people of princes?

The more active and stirring part of the lower orders having got government, and the distribution of plunder, into their hands, they will use its resources in each municipality to form a body of adherents. These rulers, and their adherents, will be strong enough to overpower the discontents of those who have not been able to assert their share of the spoil. The unfortunate adventurers in the cheating lottery of plunder will probably be the least sagacious or the most inactive and irresolute of the gang. If, on disappointment, they should dare to stir, they will soon be suppressed as rebels and mutineers by their brother rebels. Scantily fed for awhile with the offal of plunder, they will drop off by degrees; they will be driven out of the fight, and out of thought; and they will be left to perish obscurely, like rats, in holes and corners.

From the forced repentance of invalid mutineers and disbanded thieves, you can hope for no resource. Government itself, which ought to constrain the more bold and dexterous of these robbers, is their accomplice. Its arms, its treasures, its all, are in their hands. Judicature, which above all things should awe them, is their creature and their instrument. Nothing seems to me to render your internal situation more desperate than this one circumstance of the state of your judicature. Many days are not passed since we have seen a set of men brought forth by your rulers for a most critical function. Your rulers brought forth a set of men, steaming from the sweat and drudgery, and all black with the smoke and soot of the forge of confiscation and robbery—*ardentis massæ fuligine lippos*;[1] a set of men brought forth from the trade of hammering arms of proof, offensive and defensive, in aid of the enterprises, and for the subsequent protection of housebreakers, murderers, traitors, malefactors; men who had their minds seasoned with theories perfectly conformable to their practice, and who had always laughed at possession and prescription, and defied all the fundamental maxims of jurisprudence. To the horror and stupefaction of all the honest part of this nation, and, indeed, of all nations who are spectators, we have seen, on the credit of those very practices and principles, and to carry them further into effect, these very men placed on the sacred seat of justice in the capital city of your late kingdom. We see that in future you are to be destroyed with more form and regularity. This is not peace; it is only the introduction of a sort of discipline in their hostility. Their tyranny is complete in their justice; and their lantern is not half so dreadful as their court.

One would think that out of common decency they would have given you men who had not been in the habit of trampling upon law and justice in the Assembly; neutral men, or men apparently neutral, for judges, who are to dispose of your lives and fortunes.

Cromwell, when he attempted to legalize his power, and to settle his conquered country in a state of order, did not look for his dispensers of justice in the instruments of his usurpation. Quite the contrary. He sought out with great solicitude and selection, and even from the party most opposite to his designs, men of weight and decorum of character; men unstained with the violence of the times, and with hands not fouled with confiscation and sacrilege; for he chose an *Hales* for his chief justice, though he absolutely refused to take his civic oaths, or to make any acknowledgment whatsoever of the legality of his government. Cromwell told this great lawyer that, since he did not approve his title, all he required of him was to administer, in a manner agreeable to his pure sentiments and unspotted character, that justice without which human society cannot subsist; that it was not his particular government, but civil order itself, which as a judge he wished him to support. Cromwell knew how to separate the institutions expedient to his usurpation from the administration of the public justice of his country. For Cromwell was a man in whom ambition had not wholly suppressed, but only suspended, the sentiments of religion, and the love (as far as could consist with his designs) of fair and honourable reputation. Accordingly, we are indebted to this act of his for the preservation of our laws, which some senseless assertors of the rights of men were then on the point of entirely erasing as relics of feudality and barbarism. Besides, he gave in the appointment of that man to that age, and to all posterity, the most brilliant example of sincere and fervent piety, exact justice, and profound jurisprudence. But these are not the things in which your philosophic usurpers choose to follow Cromwell.

One would think that after an honest and necessary revolution (if they had a mind that theirs should pass for such), your masters would have imitated the virtuous policy of those who have been at the head of revolutions of that

[1] Juvenal, x. 130.—'Half blind with the smoke of the burning [illegible].'

glorious character. Burnet tells us that nothing tended to reconcile the English nation to the government of King William so much as the care he took to fill the vacant bishoprics with men who had attracted the public esteem by their learning, eloquence, and piety, and above all, by their known moderation in the State. With you, in your purifying Revolution, whom have you chosen to regulate the Church? Mr. Mirabeau is a fine speaker—and a fine writer—and a fine—a very fine man;—but really nothing gave more surprise to everybody here than to find him the supreme head of your ecclesiastical affairs. The rest is of course. Your Assembly addresses a manifesto to France in which they tell the people, with an insulting irony, that they have brought the Church to its primitive condition. In one respect their declaration is undoubtedly true, for they have brought it to a state of poverty and persecution. What can be hoped for after this? Have not men (if they deserve the name), under this new hope and head of the Church, been made bishops for no other merit than having acted as instruments of atheists; for no other merit than having thrown the children's bread to dogs; and in order to gorge the whole gang of usurers, pedlars, and itinerant Jew discounters at the corners of streets, starved the poor of their Christian flocks, and their own brother pastors? Have not such men been made bishops to administer in temples in which (if the patriotic donations have not already stripped them of their vessels) the churchwardens ought to take security for the altar plate, and not so much as to trust the chalice in their sacrilegious hands, so long as Jews have assignats on ecclesiastic plunder to exchange for the silver stolen from churches?

I am told that the very sons of such Jew-jobbers have been made bishops; persons not to be suspected of any sort of *Christian* superstition, fit colleagues to the holy prelate of Autun, and bred at the feet of that Gamaliel. We know who it was that drove the money-changers out of the temple. We see, too, who it is that brings them in again. We have in London very respectable persons of the Jewish nation whom we will keep; but we have of the same tribe others of a very different description—house-breakers, and receivers of stolen goods, and forgers of paper currency, more than we can conveniently hang. These we can spare to France to fill the new episcopal thrones; men well versed in swearing, and who will scruple no oath which the fertile genius of any of your reformers can devise.

In matters so ridiculous it is hard to be grave. On a view of their consequences it is almost inhuman to treat them lightly. To what a state of savage, stupid, servile insensibility must your people be reduced who can endure such proceedings in their Church, their State, and their judicature, even for a moment. But the deluded people of France are like other madmen, who, to a miracle, bear hunger, and thirst, and cold, and confinement, and the chains and lash of their keeper, whilst all the while they support themselves by the imagination that they are generals of armies, prophets, kings, and emperors. As to a change of mind in these men, who consider infamy as honour, degradation as preferment, bondage to low tyrants as liberty, and the practical scorn and contumely of their upstart masters as marks of respect and homage, I look upon it as absolutely impracticable. These madmen, to be cured, must first, like other madmen, be subdued. The sound part of the community, which I believe to be large, but by no means the largest part, has been taken by surprise, and is disjointed, terrified, and disarmed. That sound part of the community must first be put into a better condition before it can do anything in the way of deliberation or persuasion. This must be an act of power as well as of wisdom; of power, in the hands of firm, determined patriots who can distinguish the misled from traitors, who will regulate the State (if such should be their fortune) with a discriminating, manly, and provident mercy; men who are purged of the surfeit and indigestion of systems, if ever they have been admitted into the habit of their minds; men who will lay the foundation of a real reform in effacing every vestige of that philosophy which pretends to have made discoveries in the *terra australis* of morality; men who will fix the State upon these bases of morals and politics, which are our old, and immemorial, and, I hope, will be our eternal possession.

This power to such men must come from *without*. It may be given to you in pity, for surely no nation ever called so pathetically on the compassion of all its neighbours. It may be given by those neighbours on motives of safety to themselves. Never shall I think any country in Europe to be secure, whilst there is established in the very centre of it a State (if so it may be called) founded on principles of anarchy, and which is in reality a college of armed fanatics for the propagation of the principles of assassination, robbery, rebellion, fraud, faction, oppression, and impiety. *Mahomet*, hid, as for a time he was, in the bottom of the sands of Arabia, had his spirit and character been discovered, would have been an object of precaution to provident minds. What if he had erected his fanatic standard for the destruction of the Christian religion *in luce Asiæ*,[1] in the midst of the noon-day splendour of the then civilised world? The princes of Europe in the beginning of this century did well

[1] 'In the light of Asia.'—Cicero to his brother Quinctus, *Ep.* 1.

not to suffer the monarchy of France to swallow up the others. They ought not now, in my opinion, to suffer all the monarchies and commonwealths to be swallowed up in the gulf of this polluted anarchy. They may be tolerably safe at present because the comparative power of France for the present is little. But times and occasions make dangers. Intestine troubles may arise in other countries. There is a power always on the watch, qualified and disposed to profit of every conjuncture, to establish its own principles and modes of mischief, wherever it can hope for success. What mercy would these usurpers have on other sovereigns and on other nations when they treat their own king with such unparalleled indignities, and so cruelly oppress their own countrymen?

The King of Prussia, in concurrence with us, nobly interfered to save Holland from confusion. The same power, joined with the rescued Holland and with Great Britain, has put the Emperor in the possession of the Netherlands, and secured under that prince, from all arbitrary innovation, the ancient hereditary constitution of those provinces. The Chamber of Wetzlar has restored the Bishop of Liege, unjustly dispossessed by the rebellion of his subjects. The King of Prussia was bound by no treaty nor alliance of blood, nor had any particular reasons for thinking the Emperor's government would be more mischievous or more oppressive to human nature than that of the Turk; yet on mere motives of policy that prince has interposed with the threat of all his force to snatch even the Turk from the pounces of the imperial eagle. If this is done in favour of a barbarous nation with a barbarous neglect of police fatal to the human race; in favour of a nation by principle in eternal enmity with the Christian name: a nation which will not so much as give the salutation of peace (Salem) to any of us, nor make any pact with any Christian nation beyond a truce;—if this be done in favour of the Turk, shall it be thought either impolitic, or unjust, or uncharitable to employ the same power to rescue from captivity a virtuous monarch (by the courtesy of Europe considered as Most Christian) who, after an intermission of 175 years, had called together the states of his kingdom to reform abuses, to establish a free government, and to strengthen his throne; a monarch who, at the very outset, without force, even without solicitation, had given to his people such a Magna Charta of privileges as never was given by any king to any subjects?—Is it to be tamely borne by kings who love their subjects, or by subjects who love their kings, that this monarch, in the midst of these gracious acts, was insolently and cruelly torn from his palace by a gang of traitors and assassins, and kept in close prison to this very hour, whilst his royal name and sacred character were used for the total ruin of those whom the laws had appointed him to protect?

The only offence of this unhappy monarch towards his people was his attempt under a monarchy to give them a free constitution. For this, by an example hitherto unheard of in the world, he has been deposed. It might well disgrace sovereigns to take part with a deposed tyrant. It would suppose in them a vicious sympathy. But not to make a common cause with a just prince, dethroned by traitors and rebels, who proscribe, plunder, confiscate, and in every way cruelly oppress their fellow-citizens, in my opinion is to forget what is due to the honour and to the rights of all virtuous and legal government. I think the King of France to be as much an object both of policy and compassion as the Grand Seignor or his states. I do not conceive that the total annihilation of France (if that could be effected) is a desirable thing to Europe or even to this its rival nation. Provident patriots did not think it good for Rome that even Carthage should be quite destroyed; and he was a wise Greek, wise for the general Grecian interests, as well as a brave Lacedemonian enemy and generous conqueror, who did not wish, by the destruction of Athens, to pluck out the other eye of Greece.

However, sir, what I have here said of the interference of foreign princes is only the opinion of a private individual, who is neither the representative of any state nor the organ of any party, but who thinks himself bound to express his own sentiments with freedom and energy in a crisis of such importance to the whole human race.

I am not apprehensive that in speaking freely on the subject of the king and queen of France I shall accelerate (as you fear) the execution of traitorous designs against them. You are of opinion, sir, that the usurpers may, and that they will, gladly lay hold of any pretext to throw off the very name of a king;—assuredly I do not wish ill to your king;—but better for him not to live (he does not reign), than to live the passive instrument of tyranny and usurpation.

I certainly meant to show, to the best of my power, that the existence of such an executive officer in such a system of republic as theirs, is absurd in the highest degree. But in demonstrating this, to *them*, at least, I can have made no discovery. They only held out the royal name to catch those Frenchmen to whom the name of king is still venerable. They calculate the duration of that sentiment; and when they find it nearly expiring, they will not trouble themselves with excuses for extinguishing the name, as they have the thing. They used it as a sort of navel-string to nourish their unnatural offspring from the bowels of royalty itself. Now that the monster can purvey for

its own subsistence, it will only carry the mark about it as a token of its having torn the womb it came from. Tyrants seldom want pretexts. Fraud is the ready minister of injustice; and whilst the currency of false pretence and sophistic reasoning was expedient to their designs, they were under no necessity of drawing upon me to furnish them with that coin. But pretexts and sophisms have had their day, and have done their work. The usurpation no longer seeks plausibility. It trusts to power.

Nothing that I can say, or that you can say, will hasten them by a single hour in the execution of a design which they have long since entertained. In spite of their solemn declarations, their soothing addresses, and the multiplied oaths which they have taken, and forced others to take, they will assassinate the king when his name will no longer be necessary to their designs; but not a moment sooner. They will probably first assassinate the queen, whenever the renewed menace of such an assassination loses its effect upon the anxious mind of an affectionate husband. At present, the advantage which they derive from the daily threats against her life is her only security for preserving it. They keep their sovereign alive for the purpose of exhibiting him, like some wild beast at a fair; as if they had a Bajazet in a cage. They choose to make monarchy contemptible by exposing it to derision in the person of the most benevolent of their kings.

In my opinion, their insolence appears more odious even than their crimes. The horrors of the 5th and 6th of October were less detestable than the festival of the 14th of July. There are situations (God forbid I should think that of the 5th and 6th of October one of them!) in which the best men may be confounded with the worst; and in the darkness and confusion, in the press and medley of such extremities, it may not be so easy to discriminate the one from the other. The necessities created, even by ill designs, have their excuse. They may be forgotten by others when the guilty themselves do not choose to cherish their recollection, and by ruminating their offences, nourish themselves through the example of their past to the perpetration of future crimes. It is in the relaxation of security, it is in the expansion of prosperity, it is in the hour of dilatation of the heart, and of its softening into festivity and pleasure, that the real character of men is discerned. If there is any good in them, it appears then or never. Even wolves and tigers, when gorged with their prey, are safe and gentle. It is at such times that noble minds give all the reins to their good-nature. They indulge their genius even to intemperance, in kindness to the afflicted, in generosity to the conquered; forbearing insults, forgiving injuries, overpaying benefits. Full of dignity themselves, they respect dignity in all, but they feel it sacred in the unhappy. But it is then, and basking in the sunshine of unmerited fortune, that low, sordid, ungenerous, and reptile souls swell with their hoarded poisons; it is then that they display their odious splendour, and shine out in the full lustre of their native villainy and baseness. It is in that season that no man of sense or honour can be mistaken for one of them. It was in such a season—for them of political ease and security, though their people were but just emerged from actual famine, and were ready to be plunged into a gulf of penury and beggary—that your philosophic lords chose, with an ostentatious pomp and luxury, to feast an incredible number of idle and thoughtless people, collected with art and pains from all quarters of the world. They constructed a vast amphitheatre in which they raised a species of pillory. On this pillory they set their lawful king and queen, with an insulting figure over their heads. There they exposed these objects of pity and respect to all good minds, to the derision of an unthinking and unprincipled multitude, degenerated even from the versatile tenderness which marks the irregular and capricious feelings of the populace. That their cruel insult might have nothing wanting to complete it, they chose the anniversary of that day in which they exposed the life of their prince to the most imminent dangers, and the vilest indignities, just following the instant when the assassins, whom they had hired without owning, first openly took up arms against their king, corrupted his guards, surprised his castle, butchered some of the poor invalids of his garrison, murdered his governor, and, like wild beasts, tore to pieces the chief magistrate of his capital city, on account of his fidelity to his service.

Till the justice of the world is awakened, such as these will go on, without admonition and without provocation, to every extremity. Those who have made the exhibition of the 14th of July are capable of every evil. They do not commit crimes for their designs, but they form designs that they may commit crimes. It is not their necessity but their nature that impels them. They are modern philosophers, which when you say of them, you express everything that is ignoble, savage, and hard-hearted.

Besides the sure tokens which are given by the spirit of their particular arrangements, there are some characteristic lineaments in the general policy of your tumultuous despotism, which, in my opinion, indicate beyond a doubt that no revolution whatsoever *in their disposition* is to be expected. I mean their scheme of educating the rising generation, the principles which they intend to instil, and the sympathies which they wish to form in the mind, at the season in which it is the most susceptible.

Instead of forming their young minds to that docility, to that modesty, which are the grace and charm of youth, to an admiration of famous examples, and to an averseness to anything which approaches to pride, petulance, and self-conceit (distempers to which that time of life is of itself sufficiently liable), they artificially foment these evil dispositions, and even form them into springs of action. Nothing ought to be more weighed than the nature of books recommended by public authority. So recommended, they soon form the character of the age. Uncertain, indeed, is the efficacy; limited, indeed, is the extent of a virtuous institution. But if education takes in *vice* as any part of its system, there is no doubt but that it will operate with abundant energy, and to an extent indefinite. The magistrate who, in favour of freedom, thinks himself obliged to suffer all sorts of publications, is under a stricter duty than any other, well to consider what sort of writers he shall authorize, and shall recommend by the strongest of all sanctions—that is, by public honours and rewards. He ought to be cautious how he recommends authors of mixed or ambiguous morality. He ought to be fearful of putting into the hands of youth writers indulgent to the peculiarities of their own complexion, lest they should teach the humours of the professor rather than the principles of the science. He ought, above all, to be cautious in recommending any writer who has carried marks of a deranged understanding; for where there is no sound reason, there can be no real virtue; and madness is ever vicious and malignant.

The National Assembly proceeds on maxims the very reverse of these. The Assembly recommends to its youth a study of the bold experimenters in morality. Everybody knows that there is a great dispute amongst their leaders, which of them is the best resemblance to Rousseau. In truth, they all resemble him. His blood they transfuse into their minds and into their manners. Him they study, him they meditate, him they turn over in all the time they can spare from the laborious mischief of the day, or the debauches of the night. Rousseau is their canon of holy writ; in his life he is their canon of *Polycletus;* he is their standard figure of perfection. To this man and this writer, as a pattern to authors and to Frenchmen, the foundries of Paris are now running for statues, with the kettles of their poor and the bells of their churches. If an author had written like a great genius on geometry, though his practical and speculative morals were vicious in the extreme, it might appear that in voting the statue, they honoured only the geometrician. But Rousseau is a moralist or he is nothing. It is impossible, therefore, putting the circumstances together, to mistake their desire in choosing the author, with whom they have begun to recommend a course of studies.

Their great problem is to find a substitute for all the principles which hitherto have been employed to regulate the human will and action. They find dispositions in the mind of such force and quality as may fit men, far better than the old morality, for the purposes of such a state as theirs, and may go much farther in supporting their power and destroying their enemies. They have, therefore, chosen a selfish, flattering, seductive, ostentatious vice in the place of plain duty. True humility, the basis of the Christian system, is the low, but deep and firm, foundation of all real virtue. But this, as very painful in the practice and little imposing in the appearance, they have totally discarded. Their object is to merge all natural and all social sentiment in inordinate vanity. In a small degree, and conversant in little things, vanity is of little moment. When full grown it is the worst of vices, and the occasional mimic of them all. It makes the whole man false. It leaves nothing sincere or trustworthy about him. His best qualities are poisoned and perverted by it, and operate exactly as the worst. When your lords had many writers as immoral as the object of their statue (such as Voltaire and others) they chose Rousseau; because in him that peculiar vice which they wished to erect into a ruling virtue was by far the most conspicuous.

We have had the great professor and founder of *the philosophy of vanity* in England. As I had good opportunities of knowing his proceedings almost from day to day, he left no doubt in my mind that he entertained no principle either to influence his heart, or to guide his understanding, but *vanity*. With this vice he was possessed to a degree little short of madness. It is from the same deranged eccentric vanity, that this, the insane *Socrates* of the National Assembly, was impelled to publish a mad confession of his mad faults, and to attempt a new sort of glory, from bringing hardily to light the obscure and vulgar vices which we know may sometimes be blended with eminent talents. He has not observed on the nature of vanity, who does not know that it is omnivorous; that it has no choice in its food; that it is fond to talk even of its own faults and vices, as what will excite surprise and draw attention, and what will pass at worst for openness and candour. It was this abuse and perversion which vanity makes even of hypocrisy which has driven Rousseau to record a life not so much as chequered, or spotted here and there with virtues, or even distinguished by a single good action. It is such a life he chooses to offer to the attention of mankind. It is such a life that with a wild defiance he flings in the face of his Creator, whom he acknowledges only to brave. Your

Assembly, knowing how much more powerful example is found than precept, has chosen this man (by his own account without a single virtue) for a model. To him they erect their first statue. From him they commence their series of honours and distinctions.

It is that new-invented virtue which your masters canonize that led their moral hero constantly to exhaust the stores of his powerful rhetoric in the expression of universal benevolence; whilst his heart was incapable of harbouring one spark of common parental affection. Benevolence to the whole species, and want of feeling for every individual with whom the professors come in contact, form the character of the new philosophy. Setting up for an unsocial independence, this their hero of vanity refuses the just price of common labour, as well as the tribute which opulence owes to genius, and which, when paid, honours the giver and the receiver; and then he pleads his beggary as an excuse for his crimes. He melts with tenderness for those only who touch him by the remotest relation, and then, without one natural pang, casts away, as a sort of offal and excrement, the spawn of his disgustful amours, and sends his children to the hospital of foundlings. The bear loves, licks, and forms her young, but bears are not philosophers. Vanity, however, finds its account in reversing the train of our natural feelings. Thousands admire the sentimental writer; the affectionate father is hardly known in his parish.

Under this philosophic instructor in the *ethics of vanity* they have attempted in France a regeneration of the moral constitution of man. Statesmen, like your present rulers, exist by everything which is spurious, fictitious, and false; by everything which takes the man from his house and sets him on a stage, which makes him up an artificial creature, with painted theatric sentiments, fit to be seen by the glare of candle-light, and formed to be contemplated at a due distance. Vanity is too apt to prevail in all of us and in all countries. To the improvement of Frenchmen it seems not absolutely necessary that it should be taught upon system. But it is plain that the present rebellion was its legitimate offspring, and it is piously fed by that rebellion with a daily dole.

If the system of institution, recommended by the Assembly, is false and theatric, it is because their system of government is of the same character. To that, and to that alone, it is strictly conformable. To understand either we must connect the morals with the politics of the legislators. Your practical philosophers, systematic in everything, have wisely begun at the source. As the relation between parents and children is the first among the elements of vulgar, natural morality, they erect statues to a wild, ferocious, low-minded, hard-hearted father, of fine general feelings; a lover of his kind, but a hater of his kindred. Your masters reject the duties of this vulgar relation as contrary to liberty; as not founded in the social compact; and not binding according to the rights of men; because the relation is not, of course, the result of *free election;* never so on the side of the children, not always on the part of the parents.

The next relation which they regenerate by their statues to Rousseau, is that which is next in sanctity to that of a father. They differ from those old-fashioned thinkers, who considered pedagogues as sober and venerable characters, and allied to the parental. The moralists of the dark times, *preceptorem sancti voluere parentis esse loco.*[1] In this age of light they teach the people that preceptors ought to be in the place of gallants. They systematically corrupt a very corruptible race (for some time a growing nuisance amongst you), a set of pert, petulant literators, to whom, instead of their proper but severe unostentatious duties, they assign the brilliant part of men of wit and pleasure, of gay young military sparks, and danglers at toilets. They call on the rising generation in France to take a sympathy in the adventures and fortunes, and they endeavour to engage their sensibility on the side of pedagogues who betray the most awful family trusts, and vitiate their female pupils. They teach the people that the debauchers of virgins, almost in the arms of their parents, may be safe inmates in their house, and even fit guardians of the honour of those husbands who succeed legally to the office which the young literators had preoccupied, without asking leave of law or conscience.

Thus they dispose of all the family relations of parents and children, husbands and wives. Through this same instructor, by whom they corrupt the morals, they corrupt the taste. Taste and elegance, though they are reckoned only among the smaller and secondary morals, yet are of no mean importance in the regulation of life. A moral taste is not of force to turn vice into virtue; but it recommends virtue with something like the blandishments of pleasure; and it infinitely abates the evils of vice. Rousseau, a writer of great force and vivacity, is totally destitute of taste in any sense of the word. Your masters, who are his scholars, conceive that all refinement has an aristocratic character. The last age had exhausted all its powers in giving a grace and nobleness to our natural appetites, and in raising them into higher class and order than seemed justly to belong to them. Through Rousseau your masters are resolved to destroy these aristocratic prejudices. The passion called love has so general and powerful an

1 'Wished the teacher to be in the place of the sacred parent.'—JUVENAL, vii. 209.

influence, it makes so much of the entertainment, and indeed so much the occupation, of that part of life which decides the character for ever, that the mode and the principles on which it engages the sympathy, and strikes the imagination, become of the utmost importance to the morals and manners of every society. Your rulers were well aware of this, and in their system of changing your manners to accommodate them to their politics they found nothing so convenient as Rousseau. Through him they teach men to love after the fashion of philosophers; that is, they teach to men, to Frenchmen, a love without gallantry—a love without anything of that fine flower of youthfulness and gentility which places it, if not among the virtues, among the ornaments of life. Instead of this passion, naturally allied to grace and manners, they infuse into their youth an unfashioned, indelicate, sour, gloomy, ferocious medley of pedantry and lewdness, of metaphysical speculations blended with the coarsest sensuality. Such is the general morality of the passions to be found in their famous philosopher, in his famous work of philosophic gallantry, the *Nouvelle Eloise*.

When the fence from the gallantry of preceptors is broken down, and your families are no longer protected by decent pride and salutary domestic prejudice, there is but one step to a frightful corruption. The rulers in the National Assembly are in good hopes that the females of the first families in France may become an easy prey to dancing-masters, fiddlers, pattern-drawers, friseurs, and valets de chambre, and other active citizens of that description, who, having the entry into your houses, and being half-domesticated by their situation, may be blended with you by regular and irregular relations. By a law they have made these people your equals. By adopting the sentiments of Rousseau they have made them your rivals. In this manner these great legislators complete their plan of levelling, and establish their rights of men on a sure foundation.

I am certain that the writings of Rousseau lead directly to this kind of shameful evil. I have often wondered how he comes to be so much more admired and followed on the Continent than he is here. Perhaps a secret charm in the language may have its share in this extraordinary difference. We certainly perceive, and to a degree we feel, in this writer, a style glowing, animated, enthusiastic, at the same time that we find it lax, diffuse, and not in the best taste of composition; all the members of the piece being pretty equally laboured and expanded, without any due selection or subordination of parts. He is generally too much on the stretch, and his manner has little variety. We cannot rest upon any of his works, though they contain observations which occasionally discover a considerable insight into human nature. But his doctrines, on the whole, are so inapplicable to real life and manners, that we never dream of drawing from them any rule for laws or conduct, or for fortifying or illustrating anything by a reference to his opinions. They have with us the fate of older paradoxes,

'Cum ventum ad *verum* est *sensus moresque* repugnant,
Atque ipsa utilitas, justi prope mater et æqui.'[1]

Perhaps bold speculations are more acceptable, because more new to you than to us, who have been long since satiated with them. We continue, as in the two last ages, to read more generally, than I believe is now done on the Continent, the authors of sound antiquity. These occupy our minds. They give us another taste and turn, and will not suffer us to be more than transiently amused with paradoxical morality. It is not that I consider this writer as wholly destitute of just notions. Amongst his irregularities it must be reckoned that he is sometimes moral, and moral in a very sublime strain. But the *general spirit and tendency* of his works is mischievous, and the more mischievous for this mixture: For perfect depravity of sentiment is not reconcilable with eloquence; and the mind (though corruptible, not complexionally vicious) would reject and throw off with disgust a lesson of pure and unmixed evil. These writers make even virtue a pander to vice.

However, I less consider the author than the system of the Assembly in perverting morality through his means. This I confess makes me despair of any attempt upon the minds of their followers through reason, honour, or conscience. The great object of your tyrants is to destroy the gentlemen of France; and for that purpose they destroy, to the best of their power, all the effect of those relations which may render considerable men powerful or even safe. To destroy that order, they vitiate the whole community. That no means may exist of confederating against their tyranny, by the false sympathies of this *Nouvelle Eloise*, they endeavour to subvert those principles of domestic trust and fidelity which form the discipline of social life. They propagate principles by which every servant may think it, if not his duty, at least his privilege, to betray his master. By those principles every considerable father of a family loses the sanctuary of his house. *Debet sua cuique domus esse perfugium tutissimum*,[2] says the law, which your legislators have taken so much pains first to decry, then to repeal. They destroy all the tranquillity and security of domestic life, turning the asylum

[1] HORACE, *Sat.* I. iii. 97, 98. In Creech's translation:—

'When leaving Sophistry, they come to th' Test,
This Fancy doth with Law and Custom fight,
And Interest too, that spring of Just and Right.'

[2] 'His own house ought to be to every man the safest shelter.'

of the house into a gloomy prison, where the father of the family must drag out a miserable existence, endangered in proportion to the apparent means of his safety; where he is worse than solitary in a crowd of domestics, and more apprehensive from his servants and inmates than from the hired bloodthirsty mob without doors, who are ready to pull him to the lantern.

It is thus, and for the same end, that they endeavour to destroy that tribunal of conscience which exists independently of edicts and decrees. Your despots govern by terror. They know that he who fears God fears nothing else, and therefore they eradicate from the mind, through their Voltaire, their Helvetius, and the rest of that infamous gang, that only sort of fear which generates true courage. Their object is that their fellow-citizens may be under the dominion of no awe but that of their committee of research and of their lantern.

Having found the advantage of assassination in the formation of their tyranny, it is the grand resource in which they trust for the support of it. Whoever opposes any of their proceedings, or is suspected of a design to oppose them, is to answer it with his life or the lives of his wife and children. This infamous, cruel, and cowardly practice of assassination they have the impudence to call *merciful*. They boast that they have operated their usurpation rather by terror than by force, and that a few seasonable murders have prevented the bloodshed of many battles. There is no doubt they will extend these acts of mercy whenever they see an occasion. Dreadful, however, will be the consequences of their attempt to avoid the evils of war by the merciful policy of murder. If by effectual punishment of the guilty they do not wholly disavow that practice, and the threat of it, too, as any part of their policy, if ever a foreign prince enters into France, he must enter it as into a country of assassins. The mode of civilised war will not be practised; nor are the French who act on the present system entitled to expect it. They whose known policy it is to assassinate every citizen whom they suspect to be discontented by their tyranny, and to corrupt the soldiery of every open enemy, must look for no modified hostility. All war which is not battle, will be military execution. This will beget acts of retaliation from you; and every retaliation will beget a new revenge. The hell-hounds of war, on all sides, will be uncoupled and unmuzzled. The new school of murder and barbarism, set up in Paris, having destroyed (so far as in it lies) all the other manners and principles which have hitherto civilised Europe, will destroy also the mode of civilised war, which, more than anything else, has distinguished the Christian world. Such is the approaching golden age which the Virgil of your Assembly has sung to his Pollios!

In such a situation of your political, your civil, and your social morals and manners, how can you be hurt by the freedom of any discussion? Caution is for those who have something to lose. What I have said to justify myself in not apprehending any ill consequence from a free discussion of the absurd consequences which flow from the relation of the lawful king to the usurped constitution, will apply to my vindication with regard to the exposure I have made of the state of the army under the same sophistic usurpation. The present tyrants want no arguments to prove, what they must daily feel, that no good army can exist on their principles. They are in no want of a monitor to suggest to them the policy of getting rid of the army, as well as of the king, whenever they are in a condition to effect that measure. What hopes may be entertained of your army for the restoration of your liberties, I know not. At present, yielding obedience to the pretended orders of a king, who, they are perfectly apprised, has no will, and who never can issue a mandate which is not intended in the first operation, or in its certain consequences, for his own destruction, your army seems to make one of the principal links in the chain of that servitude of anarchy by which a cruel usurpation holds an undone people at once in bondage and confusion.

You ask me what I think of the conduct of General Monk. How this affects your case I cannot tell. I doubt whether you possess in France any persons of a capacity to serve the French monarchy in the same manner in which Monk served the monarchy of England. The army which Monk commanded had been formed by Cromwell to a perfection of discipline which perhaps has never been exceeded. That army was besides of an excellent composition. The soldiers were men of an extraordinary piety after their mode, of the greatest regularity, and even severity of manners; brave in the field, but modest, quiet, and orderly in their quarters; men who abhorred the idea of assassinating their officers or any other persons, and who (they at least who served in this island) were firmly attached to those generals, by whom they were well treated and ably commanded. Such an army, once gained, might be depended on. I doubt much, if you could now find a Monk, whether a Monk could find in France such an army.

* *

I certainly agree with you, that in all probability we owe our whole constitution to the restoration of the English monarchy. The state of things from which Monk relieved England was, however, by no means at that time so deplorable in any sense as yours is now, and under the present sway is likely to continue. Cromwell had delivered England

from anarchy. His government, though military and despotic, had been regular and orderly. Under the iron and under the yoke the soil yielded its produce. After his death the evils of anarchy were rather dreaded than felt. Every man was yet safe in his house and in his property. But it must be admitted that Monk freed this nation from great and just apprehensions both of future anarchy and of probable tyranny in some form or other. The king whom he gave us was indeed the very reverse of your benignant sovereign, who in reward for his attempt to bestow liberty on his subjects, languishes himself in prison. The person given to us by Monk was a man without any sense of his duty as a prince; without any regard to the dignity of his crown; without any love to his people; dissolute, false, venal, and destitute of any positive good quality whatsoever, except a pleasant temper and the manners of a gentleman. Yet the restoration of our monarchy, even in the person of such a prince, was everything to us; for without monarchy in England, most certainly we never can enjoy either peace or liberty. It was under this conviction that the very first regular step which we took on the Revolution of 1688 was to fill the throne with a real king; and even before it could be done in due form, the chiefs of the nation did not attempt themselves to exercise authority so much as by *interim*. They instantly requested the Prince of Orange to take the government on himself. The throne was not effectively vacant for an hour.

Your fundamental laws, as well as ours, suppose a monarchy. Your zeal, sir, in standing so firmly for it as you have done, shows, not only a sacred respect for your honour and fidelity, but a well-informed attachment to the real welfare and true liberties of your country. I have expressed myself ill if I have given you cause to imagine that I prefer the conduct of those who have retired from this warfare to your behaviour, who, with a courage and constancy almost supernatural, have struggled against tyranny, and kept the field to the last. You see I have corrected the exceptionable part in the edition which I now send you. Indeed, in such terrible extremities as yours, it is not easy to say, in a political view, what line of conduct is the most advisable. In that state of things I cannot bring myself severely to condemn persons who are wholly unable to bear so much as the sight of those men in the throne of legislation who are only fit to be the objects of criminal justice. If fatigue, if disgust, if unsurmountable nausea drive them away with such spectacles, *ubi miserarium pars non mimima erat, videre et aspici*,[1] I cannot blame them. He must have a heart of adamant who could hear a set of traitors, puffed up with unexpected and undeserved power, obtained by an ignoble, unmanly, and perfidious rebellion, treating their honest fellow-citizens as *rebels*, because they refused to bind themselves through their conscience against the dictates of conscience itself, and had declined to swear an active compliance with their own ruin. How could a man of common flesh and blood endure that those who but the other day had skulked unobserved in their antechambers, scornfully insulting men illustrious in their rank, sacred in their function, and venerable in their character, now in decline of life, and swimming on the wrecks of their fortunes, that those miscreants should tell such men scornfully and outrageously, after they had robbed them of all their property, that it is more than enough if they are allowed what will keep them from absolute famine, and that for the rest they must let their grey hairs fall over the plough to make out a scanty subsistence with the labour of their hands! Last, and worst, who could endure to hear this unnatural, insolent, and savage despotism called liberty? If, at this distance, sitting quietly by my fire, I cannot read their decrees and speeches without indignation, shall I condemn those who have fled from the actual sight and hearing of all these horrors? No, no! mankind has no title to demand that we should be slaves to their guilt and insolence; or that we should serve them in spite of themselves. Minds, sore with the poignant sense of insulted virtue, filled with high disdain against the pride of triumphant baseness, often have it not in their choice to stand their ground. Their complexion (which might defy the rack) cannot go through such a trial. Something very high must fortify men to that proof. But, when I am driven to comparison, surely I cannot hesitate for a moment to prefer to such men as are common, those heroes who, in the midst of despair, perform all the tasks of hope; who subdue their feelings to their duties; who, in the cause of humanity, liberty, and honour, abandon all the satisfactions of life, and every day incur a fresh risk of life itself. Do me the justice to believe that I never can prefer any fastidious virtue (virtue still) to the unconquered perseverance, to the affectionate patience of those who watch day and night by the bedside of their delirious country; who, for their love to that dear and venerable name, bear all the disgusts and all the buffets they receive from their frantic mother. Sir, I do look on you as true martyrs; I regard you as soldiers who act far more in the spirit of our Commander-in-chief, and the Captain of our salvation, than those who have left you, though I must first bolt myself very thoroughly, and know that I could do better before I can censure them. I

[1] 'Where it was not the least part of the miseries to see and to be seen.'—TACITUS (of life under Domitian), *Agric.* 45.

assure you, sir, that when I consider your unconquerable fidelity to your sovereign and to your country, the courage, fortitude, magnanimity, and long-suffering of yourself, and the Abbé Maury, and of Mr. Cazales, and of many worthy persons of all orders, in your Assembly, I forget, in the lustre of these great qualities, that on your side has been displayed an eloquence so rational, manly, and convincing, that no time or country, perhaps, has ever excelled. But your talents disappear in my admiration of your virtues.

As to Mr. Mounier and Mr. Lally, I have always wished to do justice to their parts, and their eloquence, and the general purity of their motives. Indeed I saw very well from the beginning the mischiefs which, with all these talents and good intentions, they would do to their country through their confidence in systems. But their distemper was an epidemic malady. They were young and inexperienced, and when will young and inexperienced men learn caution and distrust of themselves? And when will men, young or old, if suddenly raised to far higher power than that which absolute kings and emperors commonly enjoy, learn anything like moderation? Monarchs in general respect some settled order of things, which they find it difficult to remove from its basis, and to which they are obliged to conform even when there are no positive limitations to their power. These gentlemen conceived that they were chosen to new model the State, and even the whole order of civil society itself. No wonder that *they* entertained dangerous visions when the king's ministers, trustees for the sacred deposit of the monarchy, were so infected with the contagion of project and system (I can hardly think it black, premeditated treachery) that they publicly advertised for plans and schemes of government, as if they were to provide for the re-building of an hospital that had been burned down. What was this but to unchain the fury of rash speculation amongst a people of itself but too apt to be guided by a heated imagination spirit of adventure? The fault of Mr. Mounier and Mr. Lally was very great, but it was very general. If those gentlemen stopped when they came to the brink of the gulf of guilt and public misery, that yawned before them in the abyss of these dark and bottomless speculations, I forgive their first error, in that they were involved with many. Their repentance was their own.

They who consider Mounier and Lally as deserters must regard themselves as murderers and as traitors; for from what else than murder and treason did they desert? For my part, I honour them for not having carried mistake into crime. If, indeed, I thought that they were not cured by experience, that they were not made sensible that those who would reform a State ought to assume some actual constitution of government which is to be reformed; if they are not at length satisfied that it is become a necessary preliminary to liberty in France, to commence by the re-establishment of order and property of *every* kind, through the re-establishment of their monarchy, of every one of the old habitual distinctions and classes of the State; if they do not see that these classes are not to be confounded in order to be afterwards revived and separated; if they are not convinced that the scheme of parochial and club governments takes up the State at the wrong end, and is a low and senseless contrivance (as making the sole constitution of a supreme power), I should then allow that their early rashness ought to be remembered to the last moment of their lives.

You gently reprehend me, because in holding out the picture of your disastrous situation, I suggest no plan for a remedy. Alas! sir, the proposition of plans without an attention to circumstances, is the very cause of all your misfortunes; and never shall you find me aggravating by the infusion of any speculations of mine, the evils which have arisen from the speculations of others. Your malady, in this respect, is a disorder of repletion. You seem to think that my keeping back my poor ideas may arise from an indifference to the welfare of a sovereign, and sometimes a hostile nation. No, sir, I faithfully assure you, my reserve is owing to no such causes. Is this letter, swelled to a second book, a mark of national antipathy, or even of natural indifference? I should act altogether in the spirit of the same caution in a similar state of our own domestic affairs. If I were to venture any advice in any case, it would be my best. The sacred duty of an adviser (one of the most inviolable that exists) would lead me towards a real enemy to act as if my best friend were the party concerned. But I dare not risk a speculation with no better view of your affairs than at present I can command; my caution is not from disregard, but from solicitude for your welfare. It is suggested solely from my dread of becoming the author of inconsiderate counsel.

It is not, that as this strange series of actions has passed before my eyes, I have not indulged my mind in a great variety of political speculations concerning them. But compelled by no such positive duty as does not permit me to evade an opinion; called upon by no ruling power, without authority, as I am, and without confidence, I should ill answer my own ideas of what would become myself, or what would be serviceable to others, if I were, as a volunteer, to obtrude any project of mine upon a nation to whose circumstances I could not be sure it might be applicable.

Permit me to say, that if I were as confident

as I ought to be diffident in my own loose, general ideas, I never should venture to broach them, if but at twenty leagues distance from the centre of your affairs. I must see with my own eyes, I must, in a manner, touch with my own hands, not only the fixed, but the momentary circumstances, before I could venture to suggest any political project whatsoever. I must know the power and disposition to accept, to execute, to persevere. I must see all the aids and all the obstacles. I must see the means of correcting the plan where correctives would be wanted. I must see the things; I must see the men. Without a concurrence and adaptation of these to the design, the very best speculative projects might become not only useless but mischievous. Plans must be made for men. We cannot think of making men and binding nature to our designs. People at a distance must judge ill of men. They do not always answer to their reputation when you approach them. Nay, the perspective varies, and shows them quite otherwise than you thought them. At a distance, if we judge uncertainly of men, we must judge worse of *opportunities*, which continually vary their shapes and colours and pass away like clouds. The Eastern politicians never do anything without the opinion of the astrologers on the *fortunate moment*. They are in the right, if they can do no better; for the opinion of fortune is something towards commanding it. Statesmen of a more judicious prescience look for the fortunate moment too, but they seek it, not in the conjunctions and oppositions of planets, but in the conjunctions and oppositions of men and things. These form their almanack.

To illustrate the mischief of a wise plan without any attention to means and circumstances, it is not necessary to go farther than to your recent history. In the condition in which France was found three years, ago what better system could be proposed, what less even savouring of wild theory, what fitter to provide for all the exigencies whilst it reformed all the abuses of government, than the convention of the States General? I think nothing better could be imagined. But I have censured, and do still presume to censure your Parliament of Paris for not having suggested to the king that this proper measure was of all measures the most critical and arduous; one in which the utmost circumspection and the greatest number of precautions were the most absolutely necessary. The very confession that a government wants either amendment in its conformation, or relief to great distress, causes it to lose half its reputation, and as great a proportion of its strength as depends upon that reputation. It was therefore necessary first to put government out of danger, whilst at its own desire it suffered such an operation as a general reform at the hands of those who were much more filled with a sense of the disease than provided with rational means of a cure.

It may be said that this care and these precautions were more naturally the duty of the king's ministers than that of the Parliament. They were so; but every man must answer in his estimation for the advice he gives when he puts the conduct of his measure into hands who he does not know will execute his plans according to his ideas. Three or four ministers were not to be trusted with the being of the French monarchy, of all the orders, and of all the distinctions, and all the property of the kingdom. What must be the prudence of those who could think, in the then known temper of the people of Paris, of assembling the states at a place situated at Versailles?

The Parliament of Paris did worse than to inspire this blind confidence into the king. For, as if names were things, they took no notice of (indeed, they rather countenanced) the deviations which were manifest in the execution, from the true ancient principles of the plan which they recommended. These deviations (as guardians of the ancient laws, usages, and constitution of the kingdom) the Parliament of Paris ought not to have suffered without the strongest remonstrances to the throne. It ought to have sounded the alarm to the whole nation, as it had often done on things of infinitely less importance. Under pretence of resuscitating the ancient constitution, the Parliament saw one of the strongest acts of innovation, and the most leading in its consequences, carried into effect before their eyes; and an innovation through the medium of despotism—that is, they suffered the king's ministers to new model the whole representation of the *Tiers Etat*, and, in a great measure, that of the clergy too, and to destroy the ancient proportions of the orders. These changes unquestionably the king had no right to make; and here the Parliaments failed in their duty, and, along with their country, have perished by this failure.

What a number of faults have led to this multitude of misfortunes, and almost all from this one source, that of considering certain general maxims without attending to circumstances, to times, to places, to conjunctures, and to actors! If we do not attend scrupulously to all these, the medicine of to-day becomes the poison of to-morrow. If any measure was in the abstract better than another, it was to call the states—*ea visa salus morientibus una.*[1] Certainly it had the appearance. But see the consequences of not attending to critical moments, of not regarding the symptoms which

1 'That seemed the only way of health to the dying.'

discriminate diseases, and which distinguish constitutions, complexions, and humours.

— 'Mox fuerat hoc ipsum exitio; furiisque refecti,
Ardebant; ipsique suos, jam morte sub ægra,
Discissos nudis laniabant dentibus artus.'

Thus the potion which was given to strengthen the constitution, to heal divisions, and to compose the minds of men, became the source of debility, frenzy, discord, and utter dissolution.

In this, perhaps, I have answered, I think, another of your questions—Whether the British constitution is adapted to your circumstances? When I praised the British constitution, and wished it to be well studied, I did not mean that its exterior form and positive arrangement should become a model for you, or for any people servilely to copy. I meant to recommend the *principles* from which it has grown, and the policy on which it has been progressively improved out of elements common to you and to us. I am sure it is no visionary theory of mine. It is not an advice that subjects you to the hazard of any experiment. I believe the ancient principles to be wise in all cases of a large empire that would be free. I thought you possessed our principles in your old forms in as great a perfection as we did originally. If your states agreed (as I think they did) with your circumstances, they were best for you. As you had a constitution formed upon principles similar to ours, my idea was, that you might have improved them as we have done, conforming them to the state and exigencies of the times, and the condition of property in your country, having the conservation of that property, and the substantial basis of your monarchy, as principal objects of all your reforms.

I do not advise a House of Lords to you. Your ancient course by representatives of the noblesse (in your circumstances) appears to me rather a better institution. I know that with you a set of men of rank have betrayed their constituents, their honour, their trust, their king, and their country, and levelled themselves with their footmen, that through this degradation they might afterwards put themselves above their natural equals. Some of these persons have entertained a project that, in reward of this their black perfidy and corruption, they may be chosen to give rise to a new order and to establish themselves into a House of Lords. Do you think that, under the name of a British constitution, I mean to recommend to you such lords made of such kind of stuff? I do not, however, include in this description all of those who are fond of this scheme.

If you were now to form such a House of Peers, it would bear, in my opinion, but little resemblance to ours in its origin, character, or the purposes which it might answer, at the same time that it would destroy your true natural nobility. But if you are not in a condition to frame a House of Lords, still less are you capable, in my opinion, of framing anything which virtually and substantially could be answerable (for the purposes of a stable, regular government) to our House of Commons. That House is within itself a much more subtle and artificial combination of parts and powers than people are generally aware of. What knits it to the other members of the constitution, what fits it to be at once the great support and the great control of government, what makes it of such admirable service to that monarchy which, if it limits, it secures and strengthens, would require a long discourse belonging to the leisure of a contemplative man, not to one whose duty it is to join in communicating practically to the people the blessings of such a constitution.

Your *Tiers Etat* was not in effect and substance a House of Commons. You stood in absolute need of something else to supply the manifest defects in such a body as your *Tiers Etat*. On a sober and dispassionate view of your old constitution, as connected with all the present circumstances, I was fully persuaded that the crown, standing as things have stood (and are likely to stand if you are to have any monarchy at all), was and is incapable, alone and by itself, of holding a just balance between the two orders, and at the same time of effecting the interior and exterior purposes of a protecting government. I, whose leading principle it is in a reformation of the State to make use of existing materials, am of opinion that the representation of the clergy, as a separate order, was an institution which touched all the orders more nearly than any of them touched the other; that it was well fitted to connect them, and to hold a place in any wise monarchical commonwealth. If I refer you to your original constitution, and think it, as I do, substantially a good one, I do not amuse you in this more than in other things with any inventions of mine. A certain intemperance of intellect is the disease of the time, and the source of all its other diseases. I will keep myself as untainted by it as I can. Your architects build without a foundation. I would readily lend a helping hand to any superstructure, when once this is effectually secured—but first I would say δος που στω.

You think, sir, and you may think rightly, upon the first view of the theory, that to provide for the exigencies of an empire so situated and so related as that of France, its king ought to be invested with powers very much superior to those which the king of England possesses under the letter of our constitution. Every degree of power necessary to the State, and not destructive to the rational and moral freedom of individuals, to that personal liberty and personal security which

contribute so much to the vigour, the prosperity, the happiness, and the dignity of a nation—every degree of power which does not suppose the total absence of all control and all responsibility on the part of ministers—a king of France, in common sense, ought to possess. But whether the exact measure of authority assigned by the letter of the law to the king of Great Britain can answer to the exterior or interior purposes of the French monarchy, is a point which I cannot venture to judge upon. Here, both in the power given and its limitations, we have always cautiously felt our way. The parts of our constitution have gradually and almost insensibly, in a long course of time, accommodated themselves to each other, and to their common, as well as to their separate, purposes. But this adaptation of contending parts, as it has not been in ours, so it can never be in yours, or in any country, the effect of a single instantaneous regulation, and no sound heads could ever think of doing it in that manner.

I believe, sir, that many on the Continent altogether mistake the condition of a king of Great Britain. He is a real king, and not an executive officer. If he will not trouble himself with contemptible details, nor wish to degrade himself by becoming a party in little squabbles, I am far from sure that a king of Great Britain, in whatever concerns him as a king, or, indeed, as a rational man, who combines his public interest with his personal satisfaction, does not possess a more real, solid, extensive power than the king of France was possessed of before this miserable revolution. The direct power of the king of England is considerable. His indirect, and far more certain power, is great indeed. He stands in need of nothing towards dignity, of nothing towards splendour, of nothing towards authority, of nothing at all towards consideration abroad. When was it that a king of England wanted wherewithal to make him respected, courted, or perhaps even feared in every State in Europe?

I am constantly of opinion that your states, in three orders, on the footing on which they stood in 1614, were capable of being brought into a proper and harmonious combination with royal authority. This constitution by Estates was the natural and only just representation of France. It grew out of the habitual conditions, relations, and reciprocal claims of men. It grew out of the circumstances of the country, and out of the state of property. The wretched scheme of your present masters is not to fit the constitution to the people, but wholly to destroy conditions, to dissolve relations, to change the state of the nation, and to subvert poverty, in order to fit their country to their theory of a constitution.

Until you could make out practically that great work, a combination of opposing forces, 'a work of labour long, and endless praise,' the utmost caution ought to have been used in the reduction of the royal power, which alone was capable of holding together the comparatively heterogeneous mass of your states. But at this day all these considerations are unseasonable. To what end should we discuss the limitations of royal power? Your king is in prison. Why speculate on the measure and standard of liberty? I doubt much, very much indeed, whether France is at all ripe for liberty on any standard. Men are qualified for civil liberty in exact proportion to their disposition to put moral chains upon their own appetites; in proportion as their love to justice is above their rapacity; in proportion as their soundness and sobriety of understanding is above their vanity and presumption; in proportion as they are more disposed to listen to the counsels of the wise and good in preference to the flattery of knaves. Society cannot exist unless a controlling power upon will and appetite be placed somewhere, and the less of it there is within, the more there must be without. It is ordained in the eternal constitution of things that men of intemperate minds cannot be free. Their passions forge their fetters.

This sentence the prevalent part of your countrymen execute on themselves. They possessed not long since what was next to freedom, a mild, paternal monarchy. They despised it for its weakness. They were offered a well-poised free constitution. It did not suit their taste or their temper. They carved for themselves; they flew out, murdered, robbed, and rebelled. They have succeeded, and put over their country an insolent tyranny, made up of cruel and inexorable masters, and that too of a description hitherto not known in the world. The powers and policies by which they have succeeded are not those of great statesmen or great military commanders, but the practices of incendiaries, assassins, housebreakers, robbers, spreaders of false news, forgers of false orders from authority, and other delinquencies of which ordinary justice takes cognisance. Accordingly the spirit of their rule is exactly correspondent to the means by which they obtained it. They act more in the manner of thieves who have got possession of a house than of conquerors who have subdued a nation.

Opposed to these in appearance, but in appearance only, is another band who call themselves the *moderate*. These, if I conceive rightly of their conduct, are a set of men who approve heartily of the whole new constitution, but wish to lay heavy on the most atrocious of those crimes by which this fine constitution of theirs has been obtained. They are a sort of people who affect to proceed as if they thought that men may deceive without fraud, rob without injustice, and overturn everything

without violence. They are men who would usurp the government of their country with decency and moderation. In fact, they are nothing more or better than men engaged in desperate designs with feeble minds. They are not honest, they are only ineffectual and unsystematic in their iniquity. They are persons who want not the dispositions, but the energy and vigour that is necessary for great evil machinations. They find that in such designs they fall at best into a secondary rank, and others take the place and lead in usurpation, which they are not qualified to obtain or to hold. They envy to their companions the natural fruit of their crimes; they join to run them down with the hue and cry of mankind, which pursues their common offences, and then hope to mount into their places on the credit of the sobriety with which they show themselves disposed to carry on what may seem most plausible in the mischievous projects they pursue in common. But these men naturally are despised by those who have heads to know and hearts that are able to go through the necessary demands of bold, wicked enterprises. They are naturally classed below the latter description, and will be used by them as inferior instruments. They will be only the Fairfaxes of your Cromwells. If they mean honestly, why do they not strengthen the arms of honest men, to support their ancient, legal, wise, and free government, given to them in the spring of 1788, against the inventions of craft, and the theories of ignorance and folly? If they do not, they must continue the scorn of both parties; sometimes the tool, sometimes the incumbrance of that whose views they approve, whose conduct they decry. These people are only made to be the sports of tyrants. They never can obtain or communicate freedom.

You ask me, too, whether we have a committee of research. No, sir; God forbid! It is the necessary instrument of tyranny and usurpation; and, therefore, I do not wonder that it has had an early establishment under your present lords. We do not want it.

Excuse my length. I have been somewhat occupied since I was honoured with your letter; and I should not have been able to answer it at all but for the holidays, which have given me means of enjoying the leisure of the country. I am called to duties which I am neither able nor willing to evade. I must soon return to my old conflict with the corruptions and oppressions which have prevailed in our Eastern dominions. I must turn myself wholly from those of France.

In England we *cannot* work so hard as Frenchmen. Frequent relaxation is necessary to us. You are naturally more intense in your application. I did not know this part of your national character, until I went into France in 1773. At present this your disposition to labour is rather increased than lessened. In your Assembly you do not allow yourself a recess even on Sundays. We have two days in the week, besides the festivals; and besides five or six months of the summer and autumn. This continued unremitted effort of the members of your Assembly I take to be one among the causes of the mischief they have done. They who always labour can have no true judgment. You never give yourselves time to cool. You can never survey from its proper point of sight the work you have finished before you decree its final execution. You can never plan the future by the past. You never go into the country soberly and dispassionately to observe the effect of your measures on their objects. You cannot feel distinctly how far the people are rendered better and improved, or more miserable and depraved, by what you have done. You cannot see with your own eyes the sufferings and afflictions you cause. You know them but at a distance, on the statements of those who always flatter the reigning power, and who, amidst their representations of the grievances, inflame your minds against those who are oppressed. These are amongst the effects of unremitted labour, when men exhaust their attention, burn out their candles, and are left in the dark.—*Malo meorum negligentiam, quam istorum obscuram diligentiam.*[1] I have the honour, etc.,

(Signed) EDMUND BURKE.

Beaconsfield, January 19, 1791.

[No person has written of Beattie with a sincerer interest, or with a fresher glow of sympathy, than Cowper. In a letter to his friend Mr. Unwin, he says, 'Beattie, the most agreeable and amiable man I ever met with; the only author I have seen, whose critical and philosophical researches are diversified and embellished by a poetical imagination that makes even the driest subjects and the leanest a feast for an epicure in books. He is so much at his ease, too, that his character appears in every page; and, which is very rare, we see, not only the writer, but the man; and that man so gentle, so well-tempered, so happy in his religion, and so humane in his philosophy, that it is necessary to love him, if one has any sense of what is lovely.' This is, indeed, a very beautiful portrait,

1 'I prefer the negligence of my own people to the ignoble diligence of these fellows.'—TERENCE, *Andria*, Prol. 21.

which could have been painted only by one of similar taste and disposition. He who delights in the *Task*, will be equally attached to the *Minstrel;* for both poems speak to the heart, and all its tenderest affections. Cowper, musing along the lanes of Weston, might well recall the young enthusiast sitting among the tombs of Laurencekirk, or waiting upon the uplands for the dawn of day. The exquisite picture which Beattie gives of himself in the *Minstrel*, has all the life and beauty of Cowper—

'And oft he traced the uplands, to survey,
When o'er the sky advanced the kindling dawn,
The crimson cloud, blue main, and mountain grey,
And lake, dim gleaming on the smoky lawn.
Far to the west the long, long vale withdrawn,
Where twilight loves to linger for a while;
And now he faintly kens the bounding fawn,
And villager abroad at early toil.——
But, lo! the sun appears! and heaven, earth, ocean, smile.'

The *Minstrel* was the favourite companion, in his walks, of Wilberforce when a child; and Southey has noticed the affection existing for Beattie among a certain class, and during a certain period of life; that class, he says, a high one, and that stage, perhaps, the most delightful in their pilgrimage. Mr. Boyd (we are informed by Sir William Forbes), the second son of the unfortunate Earl of Kilmarnock, was a very accomplished scholar, possessing considerable humour, and writing verses with facility. His friendship and correspondence with Beattie continued till his death, in the August of 1782.—*Willmott.*]

BEATTIE TO THE HON. CHARLES BOYD.

Aberdeen, November 19, 1766.

Of all the chagrins with which my present infirm state of health is attended, none afflicts me more than my inability to perform the duties of friendship. The offer which you were generously pleased to make me of your correspondence flatters me extremely; but, alas! I have not as yet been able to avail myself of it. While the good weather continued, I strolled about the country, and made many strenuous attempts to run away from this odious giddiness; but the more I struggled, the more closely it seemed to stick by me. About a fortnight ago the hurry of my winter business began; and, at the same time, my malady recurred with more violence than ever, rendering me at once incapable of reading, writing, and thinking. Luckily, I am now a little better, so as to be able to read a page, and write a sentence or two, without stopping, which, I assure you, is a very great matter. My hopes and my spirits begin to revive once more. I flatter myself I shall even get rid of this infirmity; nay, that I shall ere long be in the way of becoming *a great man.* For, have I not headaches like Pope? vertigo, like Swift? grey hairs, like Homer? Do I not wear large shoes (for fear of corns), like Virgil? and sometimes complain of sore eyes (though not of *lippitude*), like Horace? Am I not, at this present writing, invested with a garment not less ragged than that of Socrates? Like Joseph the patriarch, I am a mighty dreamer of dreams; like Nimrod the hunter, I am an eminent builder of castles (in the air). I procrastinate, like Julius Cæsar; and very lately, in imitation of Don Quixote, I rode a horse, lean, old, and lazy, like Rozinante. Sometimes, like Cicero, I write bad verses; and sometimes bad prose, like Virgil. This last instance I have on the authority of Seneca. I am of small stature, like Alexander the Great; I am somewhat inclinable to fatness, like Dr. Arbuthnot and Aristotle; and I drink brandy and water, like Mr. Boyd. I might compare myself, in relation to many other infirmities, to many other *great men;* but if Fortune is not influenced in my favour by the particulars already enumerated, I shall despair of ever recommending myself to her good graces. I once had some thought of soliciting her patronage on the score of my resembling great men in their good qualities; but I had so little to say on that subject, that I could not for my life furnish matter for one well-rounded period; and you know a short, ill-turned speech is very improper to be used in an address to a female deity.

Do not you think there is a sort of antipathy between philosophical and poetical genius? I question whether any one person was ever eminent for both. Lucretius lays aside the poet when he assumes the philosopher, and the philosopher when he assumes the poet. In the one character he is truly excellent, in the other he is absolutely nonsensical. Hobbes was a tolerable metaphysician, but his poetry is the worst that ever was. Pope's *Essay on Man* is the finest philosophical poem in the world; but it seems to me to do more honour to the imagination than to the understanding of its author: I mean, its sentiments are noble and affecting, its images and allusions apposite, beautiful, and new; its wit transcendently excellent; but the scientific part of it is very exceptionable. Whatever Pope borrows from Leibnitz, like most other metaphysical theories, is frivolous and unsatisfying; what Pope gives us of his own, is energetic, irresistible, and

divine. The incompatibility of philosophical and poetical genius is, I think, no unaccountable thing. Poetry exhibits the general qualities of a species; philosophy, the particular qualities of individuals. *This* forms its conclusions from a painful and minute examination of single instances; *that* decides instantaneously, either from its own instinctive sagacity, or from a singular and unaccountable penetration, which at one glance sees all the instances where the philosopher must leisurely and progressively scrutinize, one by one. This persuades you gradually, and by detail; the other overpowers you in an instant by a single effort. Observe the effect of argumentation in poetry; we have too many instances of it in Milton; it transforms the noblest thoughts into drawling inferences, and the most beautiful language into prose; it checks the tide of passion, by giving the mind a different employment, in the comparison of ideas. A little philosophical acquaintance with the most beautiful parts of nature, both in the material and immaterial system, is of use to a poet, and gives grace and solidity to poetry, as may be seen in the *Georgics*, the *Seasons*, and the *Pleasures of Imagination:* but this acquaintance, if it is anything more than superficial, will do a poet rather harm than good; and will give his mind that turn for minute observation which enfeebles the fancy, by restraining it, and counteracts the native energy of judgment, by rendering it fearful and suspicious.

[These ships that Captain Walton thrust into his margin would have furnished matter for some pages in a French relation; for, from the account they referred to, it appeared that he had taken four Spanish men-of-war—one of sixty guns, commanded by Rear-Admiral Mari, one of fifty-four, one of forty, and one of twenty-four guns, with a bomb-vessel and a ship laden with arms; and burnt four men-of-war—one of fifty-four guns, two of forty, and one of thirty guns, with a fire ship and a bomb-vessel. Such is the account given of this famous action by our admiral: the Spaniards published likewise an account on their side, which was printed in Holland, and circulated with great industry throughout all Europe, in order to make such impressions as might serve their purpose, and incline the world to believe that their fleet had not been attacked and beaten fairly, but had been surprised and destroyed without that kind of notice which the laws of nature and nations require, to distinguish force of arms from piratical violence.—CAMPBELL'S *Lives of the British Admirals.*]

CAPTAIN WALTON TO SIR GEORGE BYNG.

SIR,—We have taken and destroyed all the Spanish ships and vessels which were upon the coast, the number as *per* margin.—I am, etc.

G. WALTON.

'*Canterbury*,' *off Syracusa*,
Aug. 16, 1718.

[Mr. Creech was well fitted to adorn society. With a mind highly gifted and improved, he possessed the most pleasing manners, and that habitual cheerfulness and playfulness of fancy which rendered his company so fascinating. He was an excellent and an elegant scholar; and although, from the extent of his business as one of the most eminent booksellers of his day, and his many social engagements, he had little leisure to direct his mind to any deliberate literary work, yet the frequent light pieces and essays which came from his pen, evinced the elegance of his taste, his knowledge of character, and his capability of a higher attainment in composition, had he chosen to aim at it. Several of these essays, we believe, were afterwards collected into a small volume, entitled, *Edinburgh Fugitive Pieces.* Mr. Creech was one of the original founders of the Speculative Society of Edinburgh. It has perhaps fallen to the lot of few men to have enjoyed more than Mr. Creech did the correspondence and confidence of most of the great literary characters who flourished in Scotland from about the middle to the end of the last century. With Lord Kames, Dr. Robertson, Dr. Blair, Dr. George Campbell, Dr. Adam Smith, Lord Hailes, Lord Woodhouselee, Dr. Beattie, [Robert Burns,] and many other illustrious authors, he was in the habits of constant intimacy;—and of many other eminent men of the same class, whom we still have the happiness to retain among us, Professor Dugald Stewart, Mr. Mackenzie, Lord Meadowbank, Dr. Gregory, etc., he possessed till his death the warmest friendship and esteem. Mr. Creech was the son of a most respectable clergyman, the

minister of Newbattle. After a very complete classical education, he was, in early life, at different times on the Continent, and succeeded, in the year 1771, to that part of the business of his friend and patron, Mr. Kincaid, at that time his Majesty's printer for Scotland, which was not connected with the patent of King's printer. He continued in this business for the long period of forty-four years, and was concerned in all the principal publications during that time. He was frequently in the magistracy of this city, and was solicited, in the year 1811, to accept the office of Lord Provost, which, we believe, he did with reluctance, and against the advice of his private friends, as, both from his habits and advanced time of life, he felt himself then unsuited for so public a situation. But he yielded to the wishes of his friends in the Town Council. About a year ago, Mr. Creech was seized with an illness, which gradually increased, and has at last proved fatal. In losing him, the city has certainly lost one of its ornaments. But it was not in public so much as in private life that he shone chiefly conspicuous. His conversational talents, whether the subject was gay, or serious, or learned; his universal good-humour and pleasantry; and his unrivalled talent in describing to a social party the peculiarities of eccentric character, will be long remembered by the numerous circles to whom his many pleasing qualities so much endeared him, and who now so sincerely regret that he is lost to them for ever. —*Edinburgh Courant, 19th January* 1815.]

WILLIAM CREECH[1] TO SIR JOHN SINCLAIR.

'Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.'

SIR,—I have often thought, that it might not only be entertaining, but useful, to remark, from time to time, the vicissitudes in civilised society, and the progress of its manners; and, by comparing the present with the past, to examine whether, as individuals, or as people, we were improving or declining.

It is frequently difficult to assign a reason for the revolutions which take place in the circumstances and manners of a country, or to trace the causes that have occasioned a change; but it is evident that the first step towards investigating the cause is to state the facts. A plan of this kind, frequently repeated, might be of great utility, by leading to cultivation and improvement in some things, and to correction or prohibition in others; while it would, at the same time, afford a valuable fund of facts for the annalist, the philosopher, and the historian.

Every person, whose recollection extends but to a few years past, must be sensible of a very striking difference in the external appearance of Edinburgh, and also in the mode of living, trade, and manners of the people.

Let us state a comparison, for instance, no farther back than between the year 1763 and the year 1783, and from thence to 1793, and many features of the present time will probably appear prominent and striking, which, in the gradual progress of society, have passed altogether unnoticed, or have been but faintly perceived. So remarkable a change is not perhaps to be equalled, in so short a period, in any city of Europe; nor in the same city for two centuries, taking all the alterations together. When the plans at present in contemplation are completed, Edinburgh will be the most beautiful and picturesque city in the world.

In 1763 Edinburgh was almost entirely confined within the city walls. The suburbs were of small extent. Nicolson's Street and Square, Chapel Street, the greater part of Bristo Street, Crichton Street, George's Square,[1] Teviot Row, Buccleuch Street, St. Patrick's Square, etc. etc. to the south, were fields and orchards. To the north, there was no bridge; and (till of late) the New Town, with all its elegant and magnificent buildings, squares, rows, courts, etc., extending upwards of a mile in length, and near half a mile in breadth, did not exist.[2] It may with truth be said, that there is not now in Europe a more

[1] From *Edinburgh Fugitive Pieces*, with Letters, containing a Comparative View of the Modes of Living, Arts, Commerce, Literature, Manners, etc. of Edinburgh, at different Periods. By the late William Creech, Esq., F.R.S., Edinburgh. To which is prefixed an Account of his Life. Edinburgh: 1815. In later times we have examples of printers and publishers who have acted as Lord Provost in Edinburgh; notably Dr. William Chambers, whose name stands associated with the improvement of the overcrowded portions of the Old Town of Edinburgh, and the restoration of St. Giles' Cathedral; and also Sir Thomas Jamieson Boyd, who took a leading part in founding the new Royal Infirmary. The notes which follow are quoted from Creech's volume.

[1] What is now George's Square was in 1763 Ross Park. It was purchased for £1200; and the ground soon yielded above £1000 per annum to the proprietor.

[2] The North Bridge was nearly completed in 1769, when one arch, and the abutments to the south, fell suddenly on the 8th of August of that year, and buried nine people in the ruins. Three or four scattered houses were then built in the New Town. It was several years after the bridge was rebuilt before people began to erect houses in the New Town.

beautiful terrace than Princes Street, nor a more elegant street than George Street. The views from Queen Street, to the north, exhibit a scene of grandeur and beauty unparalleled in any city.

It is a moderate calculation to say, that three millions sterling have been expended on building and public improvements in and about the city of Edinburgh since 1763; the environs of which cannot be surpassed in views of the sublime, the picturesque, and the beautiful.

In 1763, people of quality and fashion lived in houses which, in 1783, were inhabited by tradesmen, or by people in humble and ordinary life. The Lord Justice-Clerk Tinwald's house was possessed by a French teacher, Lord President Craigie's house by a rouping-wife or saleswoman of old furniture, and Lord Drummore's house was left by a chairman for want of accommodation.[1]

In 1786 a bridge to the south, over the Cowgate Street, was built, and the areas for building shops and houses on the east and west side of it sold higher than perhaps ever was known in any city (even in Rome during the most flourishing times of the republic or the empire), to wit, at the rate of no less than £96,000 per statute acre; and some areas at the rate of £109,000 per acre:—and in 1790, the area at the east end of Milne's Square sold for above £151,000 per acre.

In March 1792 the ground for nine houses on the north of Charlotte's Square sold for £2480, or £9 per foot in front, besides £6 yearly for every 42 feet in front.

The foundation-stone of the South Bridge over the street of the Cowgate was laid on the 1st of August 1785.[2] The bridge, consisting of 22 arches, was built—the old houses were removed—elegant new houses on both sides were finished—the shops occupied—and the street opened for carriages in March 1788—an operation of astonishing celerity!——By this change, Niddry's, Merlin's, and Peebles' Wynds (or lanes) were annihilated; and the oldest stone building in Edinburgh was pulled down, where Queen Mary lodged the night after the battle of Carberry Hill.[3] It was then the house of Sir Simon Preston of Craigmillar, Lord Provost of Edinburgh, 1567.

In 1783 a communication (towards the Castle) between the old and the new city was begun by means of an immense mound of earth, above 800 feet in length, across a deep morass, and made passable for carriages in three years Whilst the mound was forming, it sunk at different periods above 80 feet on the west side, and was again filled up. Eighteen hundred cart-loads of earth, from the foundations of the houses then digging in the New Town, were (upon an average) laid upon this mound every day. This is a work unrivalled by any but Alexander the Great's at Tyre.[1]

The extent of Edinburgh at present is as follows:—From the west end of Fountainbridge to the east end of Abbey Hill is above two English miles. From Broughton on the north to the Grange toll-bar on the south, is about two English miles. The circumference, by the report of a gentleman who walked round it with a view to ascertain this point, is, as nearly as he could estimate, seven English miles.

In 1786 the valued rents of houses in Edinburgh, which pay cess or land-tax, were more than double what they were in 1763, and in 1791 they were more than triple.[2]

In 1763 the revenue of the Post Office of Edinburgh was £11,942 per annum.

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1 The house of the Duke of Douglas at the Union is now possessed by a wheel-wright. Oliver Cromwell once lived in the late gloomy chambers of the Sheriff-Clerk. The great Marquis of Argyll's house, in the Castlehill, was possessed by a hosier, at £12 per annum. The house of President Dundas, who died in Dec. 1787, was afterwards possessed by an ironmonger as his dwelling-house and ware-room. A house inhabited by one of the Lords of Session was afterwards possessed by a tailor.

2 On digging the foundation, which was no less than 22 feet deep, many coins of Edward I., II., and III. were found.

3 See an account and plate of this house in the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

1 The height of this mound, from the surface of the ground, which was formerly a lake, is at the south end 92 feet and at the north end 58 feet. The quantity of earth that appears at present above the surface measures 290,167 cubical yards; and it is moderate to say, that half as much is below the surface. This makes the mound, as it stands at present, 435,250 cubical yards of travelled or carried earth. Then, allowing three cart-loads to each cubical yard of earth, there must be 1,305,750 cart-loads in this mound! It began by the magistrates accommodating the builders in the New Town with a place to lay the rubbish; and this noble and useful communication cost the city only the expense of spreading the earth. Had the city paid for digging and driving the earth, it would have cost them £32,643, 15s. sterling, supposing the digging, carting, and driving as low as 6d. per cart-load.

2 In 1635 the rents within the city were

			£19,211	10 0
In 1688	,,	,,	24,353	6 8
In 1751	,,	,,	31,497	0 0
In 1783	,,	,,	54,371	0 0
In 1786 the valued rents were above			66,000	0 0
In 1792	,,	,,	68,997	10 0
In 1791, with Leith and Canongate,			103,922	0 0
In 1792,	do.		106,602	0 0

N.B.—One-fifth is deducted from the real rent in stating the cess. Leith and Canongate are not included in the above (except in the two last articles), though now one city with Edinburgh. The valuation is confined to the royalty only. Arnot thinks the real rent is half more than the valued rent. See his *Hist.* p. 339.

In 1783 the same revenue was upwards of £40,000, and is since much increased.[1]

In 1763 there were two stage-coaches, with three horses, a coachman, and postillion to each coach, which went to the port of Leith (a mile and a half distant) every hour from eight in the morning till eight at night, and consumed a full hour upon the road. There were no other stage-coaches in Scotland, except one, which set out once a month for London, and it was from twelve to sixteen days upon the journey.

In 1783 there were five or six stage-coaches to Leith every half-hour, which ran it in fifteen minutes. Dunn, who opened the magnificent hotels in the New Town, was the first person who attempted a stage-coach to Dalkeith, a village six miles distant. There are now stage-coaches, flies, and diligences to every considerable town in Scotland, and to many of them two, three, four, and five. To London there were no less than sixty stage-coaches monthly, or fifteen every week, and they reached the capital in four days. And in 1786 two of these stage-coaches (which set out daily) reached London in sixty hours by the same road that required twelve or sixteen days for the established coach in 1763.[2]

In 1763 the hackney-coaches in Edinburgh were few in number, and perhaps the worst of the kind in Britain.

In 1783 the number of hackney-coaches was more than tripled, and they were the handsomest carriages, and had the best horses for the purpose, of any without exception in Europe. In 1790 many elegant hackney-chariots were added. There are no other of the kind in Britain that ply the streets.[3]

In 1783 triple the number of merchants, physicians, surgeons, etc. kept their own carriages that ever did in any former period, and the number is since increased.

In 1783 several Presbyterian ministers in Edinburgh, and Professors in the University, kept their own carriages, a circumstance which, in a circumscribed walk of life as to income, does honour to the literary abilities of many of them, and is unequalled in any former period of the history of the Church or of the University.

In 1763 literary property, or authors acquiring money by their writings, was hardly known in Scotland: David Hume and Dr. Robertson had indeed, a very few years before, sold some of their works; the one, a part of the *History of Britain*, for £200; the other, the *History of Scotland*, for £600—each 2 vols. in quarto.

In 1783 the value of literary property was carried higher by the Scots than ever was known among any people. David Hume received £5000 for the remainder of his *History of Britain;* and Dr. Robertson, for his second work, received £4500. In sermon-writing the Scots have also excelled; and although, in 1763, they were reckoned remarkably deficient in this species of composition, yet, in 1783, a minister of Edinburgh wrote the most admired sermons that ever were published, and obtained the highest price that ever was given for any work of the kind.

N.B.—The merit of these sermons obtained for Dr. Blair a pension of £200 per annum.

Previous to 1763 the Scots had made no very distinguished figure in literature as writers, particularly in the departments of history and *belles lettres*. Lord Kames had, in the year before (in 1762), published his *Elements of Criticism*; Hume and Robertson had made their first essays in the line of history a short time before, as mentioned above.

In 1783 the Scots had distinguished themselves in a remarkable manner in many departments of literature; and, within the short period of twenty years, Hume, Robertson, Kames, Orme, Dalrymples (Sir David and Sir John), Henry, Tytlers (father and son), Watson, Reid, Beattie, Oswald, Ferguson, Smith, Monboddo (Burnet), Gregories (father and son), Cullen, Homes (poet and physician), Monros (father and son), Black, Duncan, Hunter, Stewart (father and son), Stuart (Dr. Gilbert), Blair, Mackenzie, Campbell, Gerard, Miller, Macpherson, Brydone, Moore, Smellie, Mickle, Gillies, Adam, Sinclair, and many other eminent writers, too numerous to mention, have appeared.

In 1764 a riding school was built by subscription, 124 feet long by 42 broad. This institution afterwards received a royal charter, with a salary of £200 per annum to the master.

In 1664 the first academy in the kingdom for teaching language and science to the deaf and dumb was begun.

In 1764 the Speculative Society was instituted by six students then at the University, for improvement in composition and public

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[1] In 1698, Sir Robert Sinclair of Stevenson had a grant from King William of the whole revenue of the Post Office of Scotland, with a pension of £300 per annum, to keep up the post. Sir Robert, after deliberation, gave up the grant, as thinking it disadvantageous. A curious fact may also be here inserted. In 1634, Charles I. gave a grant to Messrs. Dalmahoy and Davidson, for the exclusive sale of tobacco in the kingdom of Scotland, for the space of seven years, upon their paying into the Exchequer £100 per annum. From 1790 to 1791, the revenue arising from tobacco (Customs and Excise) was £62,211, 6s.

[2] A person may (1792) set out on Sunday afternoon, after divine service, from Edinburgh to London; may stay a whole day in London, and be again in Edinburgh on Saturday at six in the morning! The distance from Edinburgh to London is 400 miles. Forty years ago, it was common for people to make their will before setting out on a London journey.

[3] One hackney-coach (1792) cost a hundred guineas, and the two horses eighty guineas.

speaking. This Society afterwards built a hall within the University, and furnished a library for the use of the members. The institution has been highly useful. It can now boast of eminent members in the senate, in the pulpit, in professors' chairs in the universities, at the bar, in medicine, and in various departments of life.

In 1783 the Society of Antiquaries was constituted by royal charter, and in 1792 published the first volume of their transactions.

In 1783 the Royal Society of Edinburgh was constituted by royal charter, and published the first volume of their transactions in March 1788, and a second in 1790.

From 1780 to 1786 Edinburgh produced two periodical papers, the *Mirror* and the *Lounger*, which have met with much public approbation. No other periodical paper of note has appeared in Britain since the *World* and the *Connoisseur*, in 1753 and 1754.

In 1786 a Chamber of Commerce was constituted by royal charter, for protecting and encouraging the commercial and manufacturing interests of the country. This institution has led the public attention to many useful objects, and has obtained many salutary regulations and laws respecting the general commerce of the country.

There was no law in Scotland making the wilful sinking of ships a capital crime, till obtained by means of this chamber.

The minutes of the proceedings of the Chamber are printed every year, and distributed to the members on the third Wednesday of January.

In 1790 a society for the improvement of wool was instituted by Sir John Sinclair. This institution has had the effect of rousing attention to this valuable article of manufacture, and has excited much emulation among the farmers and gentlemen. Much labour and expense has been bestowed in collecting the best breeds of sheep, foreign and domestic, and spreading them over the country.

In 1791 a society was instituted by a few lay sons of clergymen, for the benefit of the children of the clergy of the Established Church of Scotland; and in 1792 the subscribers to this laudable purpose were so considerable, that they obtained a royal charter of incorporation.

The stipends of the clergy, it must be allowed, have not kept pace with the increasing progress and commerce of the country. It is of great importance to society that some means should be devised to make the situation of their families as comfortable as possible.

In 1763 the stock of the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge amounted to £30,000.

In 1792 the same stock amounted to about £100,000. This fund, it is believed, is most faithfully applied to the object of the institution. A hundred and sixty thousand children have been educated by this society, and there are ten thousand in their schools this year, 1792.

The fund established in 1744 for the ministers' widows had been calculated on such just principles, that in 1792 the stock was above £90,000. This stock is lent out at present on heritable security, at 4½ per cent.

In 1789 the foundation of a magnificent new college was laid on the 16th of November, the old college having become ruinous, and the class-rooms being unfit to contain the number of students who resorted to this celebrated school of science and literature. So popular was this measure, that in five months the voluntary subscriptions amounted to £16,869, and they are now £31,600. The estimate for completing the whole is about £63,000. The six columns in the front of this elegant new building are not to be equalled in Britain. The shaft of each is 23 feet high, and three feet diameter, of one entire stone.

In 1763 the number of students at the college of Edinburgh was about 500.

In 1791 the number of students entered in the college books was 1255, and in 1792 the number was 1306.

In 1777 a new, elegant, and commodious edifice for a grammar school was built by voluntary subscription. This school-house cost £4000. It consists of one great hall, five teaching rooms, and a library, with smaller apartments.

In 1763 the number of boys at the grammar school was not more than 200.

In 1783 the number of boys at the grammar school was 500. It is believed the most numerous school in Britain.

In 1788 a magnificent pile of building was finished, for keeping the public records and papers of Scotland, called the Register Office. It had been about eighteen years in its progress from the time of laying the foundation-stone. It has cost £36,000.

In 1788 a large and expensive building was erected by subscription, called the Circus, for the purpose of exhibiting feats of horsemanship, and pantomime entertainments. The money received the first four months of this exhibition was £3000.

In 1792 the Circus was converted into a playhouse, and Edinburgh has now two regular theatres.

In 1763 there were two newspapers, printed in very small folio, and the advertisements in each were from ten to twenty.

In 1783 the half of an Edinburgh newspaper, which was bought, in 1740, for £36, was sold for £1300.

In 1790 there were four established news-

papers, and in 1792 six newspapers.[1] The size of the paper is as large as any of the kind in Britain, and the advertisements in some of them are from 60 to 100, sometimes more, notwithstanding a heavy and increased duty both on the paper and advertisements.

In 1780 a regiment (the 80th) of 1000 men was raised by the voluntary contributions of the citizens in two months.

In 1763 there were 396 four-wheeled carriages entered to pay duty, and 462 two-wheeled carriages.

In 1790 there were 1427 four-wheeled carriages entered to pay duty, and 462 two-wheeled. And of wains and carts 6450. Till of late, the wains and carts could not be ascertained.

In 1763 few coaches or chaises were made in Edinburgh. The nobility and gentry, in general, brought their carriages from London; and Paris was reckoned the place in Europe where the most elegant carriages were constructed.

In 1783 coaches and chaises were constructed as elegantly in Edinburgh as anywhere in Europe, and, it may be added, stronger and cheaper. Many were yearly exported to Petersburgh, and the cities on the Baltic; and there was in 1783 an order from Paris to a coachmaker in Edinburgh for one thousand crane-necked carriages, to be executed in three years. This trade has since greatly increased.

In 1763 there was no such profession known as a haberdasher.

In 1783 the profession of a haberdasher (which includes many trades, the mercer, the milliner, the linen-draper, the hatter, the hosier, the glover, and many others) was nearly the most common in town, and they have since multiplied greatly.

In 1763 there was no such profession known as a perfumer: barbers and wigmakers were numerous, and were in the order of decent burgesses! Hairdressers were few, and hardly permitted to dress hair on Sundays, and many of them voluntarily declined it.

In 1783 perfumers had splendid shops in every principal street: some of them advertised the keeping of bears, to kill occasionally, for greasing ladies' and gentlemen's hair, as superior to any other animal fat. Hairdressers were more than tripled in number, and their busiest day was Sunday. There was a professor who advertised a Hairdressing Academy, and gave lectures on that noble and useful art.

In 1763 there were no iron foundries near Edinburgh. The Carron Company's work was the only one of the kind in Scotland, and it had been established but a few years.

[1] The newspapers printed in Edinburgh, December 1792, are 1st, the *Courant;* 2d, the *Mercury;* 3d, the *Advertiser;* 4th, the *Herald;* 5th, the *Caledonian Chronicle;* 6th, the *Gazetteer.*

In 1792 there were many extensive iron foundries in Scotland, and several in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh. Cast-iron, which was formerly imported, is now exported in great quantities.

In 1792 there are several button manufactories lately established in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, which were unknown in any former period.

In 1792 manufactories of shawls and cassimeres have been lately established and brought to wonderful perfection.

It is estimated that the consumpt of coals in Edinburgh (on an average) amounts to 500 tons per day.

In 1763 the starch manufacture was little known or practised, and only about 37,000 pounds weight were manufactured.

In 1790 there were several starch manufactories. The quantity entered was about 745,000 pounds weight. The increase, 713,000 lib.

N.B.—A very great proportion of this is used for hair powder; but the quantity cannot be ascertained, as the whole is entered under the denomination starch. One starch manufacturer has paid at the rate of £700 of duty every six weeks.

In 1763 the revenue arising from the distillery in Scotland amounted to £4739, 18s. 10d.

In 1783 the revenue arising from the distillery amounted to £192,000; consequently 600,000 gallons of spirits must at least have been distilled.[1] Since July 1786, the duty has been levied by licence on the contents of the stills. The quantity that might reasonably be expected from the number of stills entered should be thus:

In the Lowlands,	1,000,000
In the Highlands,	696,000
Total,	1,696,000 gallons of spirits.

N.B. — The legislature would surely act wisely by lowering the duty on malt liquor, and increasing it on spirits. Ardent spirits, so easily obtained, are hurtful to the health, industry, and morals of the people.

In 1763 the gross revenue of the excise was about £130,200.

In 1790 the gross revenue of the excise was about £500,000.

At the time of the Union there were no stamp duties in Scotland.

In 1790 the revenue on stamps was above £80,000 per annum.

In 1763 there was one glass-house at Leith, for the manufacture of green bottles.

[1] In 1708, the year of the Union, the quantity of spirits distilled from malted corn was 50,844½ gallons.
In 1760, 145,460 gallons.
In 1784, 268,503 gallons.
In 1791, 1,696,000! as above.

In 1783 there were three glass-houses, in 1790 there were six; and as fine crystal and window glass is made at Leith as anywhere in Europe.

In 1763 the quantity of glass manufactured in Scotland amounted to 1,769,712 pounds weight.

In 1790 the quantity of glass manufactured amounted to 9,059,904 pounds weight; increase, 7,290,192.

In 1763 there were three paper mills in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh.

In 1790 there were twelve paper mills in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh; and a vast quantity of printing paper was sent to London, from whence it used formerly to be brought. Some of these paper mills are upon a more extensive scale than any in Britain.

In 1763 the quantity of paper manufactured was 6400 reams.

In 1791 the quantity of paper manufactured was upwards of 100,000 reams; increase, 93,600 reams.

N.B. — Notwithstanding the astonishing increase of stamp-duty, and of paper manufactured, yet Scotland must bring all her stamped paper from London. The very carriage of the stamped paper to Edinburgh, it is believed, costs Government £700 per annum, when it could be stamped at Edinburgh for a trifle, and the manufacture of paper thereby greatly encouraged. The present mode appears to be neither just nor politic. By the articles of the Union, Scotland is entitled to have a board of stamps.

In 1763 there were six printing-houses in Edinburgh.

In 1790 there were sixteen printing-houses in Edinburgh.

In 1763 the printed cottons manufactured amounted to 150,000 yards.

In 1790 the printed cottons manufactured amounted to 4,500,000 yards; increase, 4,335,000 yards.

In 1763 the Royal Bank stock sold at the rate of £160 per cent. In 1791 Royal Bank new stock sold at £240 per cent.

N.B.—It would be too tedious to enter into a detail of the history and progress of the bank. The capital at present is above £600,000; and the liberal support it has given to the landed, commercial, and manufacturing interests of Scotland has added greatly to the prosperity of the country.

The original shares of the Bank of Scotland, or Old Bank, of £83, 6s. 8d., sold, in 1763, at £119, and in 1791 at £180.

N.B.—This bank has lately obtained an act of Parliament for doubling its capital, or to raise it from £300,000 to £600,000.

The British Linen Company's stock, in 1763, and for many years later, sold at £40 per cent. below par.

In 1792, £336 of the stock of this company sold for £545, that is £162, 4s. 1½d. per cent.

In the year 1769 the Douglas and Company Bank was instituted, and the stock subscribed amounted to £150,000. In a few years after this bank, by mismanagement, failed; and it is said this failure occasioned land to be brought into the market to the value of £750,000.

Although this loss was hurtful to many individuals, the country was highly benefited; for the money having been bestowed principally on the improvement of the soil, the gain was lasting and general.

In 1763 Heriot's Hospital, which holds a great deal of land in the vicinity of Edinburgh, gave feus[1] of their ground at the rate of from 3 to 4 bolls of barley per acre per annum.

In 1790 Heriot's Hospital feued their land at the rate of from 8 to 10 bolls per acre yearly.

N.B. — George Heriot, who founded this hospital for the education of boys, was jeweller to James VI. of Scotland and I. of England.

He furnished jewels to Prince Charles, afterwards King Charles I., when he went to the court of Spain, 1623.

These jewels were never paid for by James; but when Charles I. came to the throne, the debt to Heriot was allowed to his trustees, in part of their purchase of the barony of Broughton, then crown lands in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh. These lands are now a part of the foundation of this hospital, the revenue of which is at present between £3000 and £4000 per annum.

The sum that now produces this revenue was, in 1627, £29,325, 10s. 1½d., which was lent out for many years at interest. The building of the hospital (from a plan by Inigo Jones) cost £27,000. Interest of money then was 10 per cent. There are 125 boys in the hospital, who are maintained and educated from 7 to 14 years.

The Trinity Hospital is a charitable foundation for decayed burgesses, or their widows and daughters, not under 50 years of age. The revenue in land, houses, and interest of money is about £1100 per annum. There are 54 old men and women in the hospital, viz. 14 men and 40 women.

The Merchant Maiden Hospital is a charitable foundation for the education and maintenance of daughters of merchant burgesses of Edinburgh, from 8 years of age to 15. The revenue is about £1400 per annum. There are 80 girls in this hospital at present.

The Trades' Maiden Hospital is a charitable foundation for the daughters of decayed tradesmen, members of the fourteen incorporations. They are educated from 8 years of age to 15.

[1] A feu means a perpetual grant, on payment of a certain sum or acknowledgment yearly, as may be agreed upon.

The revenue is about £650 per annum. There are 60 girls in the hospital.

Watson's Hospital is a charitable foundation for the education of boys, the sons or grandsons of decayed merchants, members of the Merchant Company. The sum mortified for this purpose by George Watson, a merchant, in 1727, was £12,000. The revenue of this hospital is now nearly £2000 per annum. The boys are maintained and educated from eight to fifteen years of age. When put out apprentices, an apprentice-fee of £25 is allowed; and if they have behaved well during their apprenticeship, they are allowed £50 to begin the world. There are 70 boys in this hospital.

The Orphan Hospital is a charitable foundation for maintaining and educating orphans (boys and girls) from any quarter of the kingdom. They are received at 7, and remain till 13 or 14 years of age. They are taught various trades. They make all their own clothes, shoes, bind their own books, etc. There are 160 boys and girls in this hospital.

The stock of the Royal Infirmary, which in 1750 was £5000, in 1790 was £36,000. This infirmary admits above 2000 patients annually; and, on an average, 1 only in 25 dies. This, on comparison with other hospitals, is not to be equalled in Europe. An account of the most celebrated hospitals in Europe has been published; and in some 1 in 11 dies, in others 1 in 13, and 1 in 16. It is daily attended by three physicians; and the members of the Royal College of Surgeons attend monthly in their turns. During the sitting of the college (from October to May), two of the professors of medicine give clinical lectures on the cases of a selected number of patients.

In 1763 one hundred students attended the Infirmary.

In 1791 three hundred and twenty-three students attended the Infirmary.

In 1776 a public dispensary was built by subscription, and supported by voluntary contributions. This charity is for patients afflicted with chronic diseases, or such as render admission to an hospital improper or unnecessary. They receive advice and medicine gratis; and in the year 1791 no less than 15,450 patients had been relieved.

The first spring water brought to supply Edinburgh was in 1681. A leaden pipe of three inches bore was then laid from Comiston, about three miles and a half south-west of the city, by one Bruschi, a German engineer, and there was no other pipe completed till about the year 1772, when one four inches and a half was laid. These in time were found insufficient for supplying the inhabitants, and in 1787 an iron pipe of five inches diameter was added. A second iron pipe of seven inches diameter was laid in 1790; and additional springs, three miles farther south than the former, were taken in. These pipes have cost the city of Edinburgh an immense sum of money, the last one having cost about £20,000. The reservoir on the Castle Hill contains about 300 tons, and the new one at Heriot's Hospital contains nearly the same quantity. Edinburgh is amply supplied with as fine spring water as any in Europe, and Leith now partakes of the same advantage. On the 10th of May 1792, after three weeks of drought, these springs, at the fountain-head, yielded 1060 Scots pints (or 4240 English) per minute, or 3000 tons in 24 hours. After supplying all the inhabitants, a large stream of limpid water runs down the streets for many hours day and night. The like is not to be equalled, it is believed, in Europe, except at Berne in Switzerland.[1]

In 1763 the shore-dues at Leith (a small tax paid to the city of Edinburgh on landing goods at the quays) amounted to £580.

In 1783 the shore-dues at Leith were upwards of £4000.

N.B.—There was a considerable importation of grain to the port of Leith in 1783, not less than

[1] The increase of inhabitants may, in some measure, be judged of from the above circumstance. Before the above period they must have been supplied with water from pit wells, of which great numbers were on the south of the Cowgate Street. The increase of inhabitants also appears from a list of families taken *anno* 1687, in the six parishes of which the old town of Edinburgh then consisted. The number was as follows:—

In the North-west parish, or Tolbooth Kirk—	Families,	513
North parish, or High Kirk	,,	389
North parish, or College Kirk	,,	470
South-west parish, or Old Greyfriars	,,	672
South parish, or Old Kirk	,,	625
South-east parish, or Tron Kirk	,,	664
Total Families,		3333

At an average of six to each family, the number of inhabitants would have been at that time 19,998 within the walls of the city. Like London, the suburbs are now more extensive than the city. In 1775 the number of families in Edinburgh, Leith, and the suburbs, as far as could be ascertained by a survey for road-money (many industriously avoiding the survey), amounted to 13,806; this, at the same rate of six to a family (which is held to be a proper ground of calculation in Edinburgh), makes the number of inhabitants 82,836. Besides, this number is exclusive of the Castle, all the hospitals, poor-houses, infirmary, dispensary, etc. Arnot, upon the same data, says 80,836; but this is a typographical error. Since 1775 the city and suburbs have been much extended, and the inhabitants must also have greatly increased.

N.B.—It is a striking fact, that either the former population of Edinburgh has been very erroneously represented, or the luxury of the present inhabitants has increased in a very uncommon degree; because, without much apparent increase of population, the valued rent of the city and suburbs, according to the cess-books, has been more than doubled.

£800,000 sterling having gone out of Scotland for this year's deficiency of grain. But the shore dues are often above £3500 per annum, independent of any extraordinary importation. From November 1788 to November 1789, they were £3455, 14s. 4d. This revenue, from its nature, must be fluctuating.

In 1763, and for some years after, there was one ship that made an annual voyage to Petersburgh; and never brought tallow, if any other cargo offered. Three tons of tallow were imported into Leith in 1763, which came from Newcastle.

In 1783 the ships from Leith and the Firth of Forth to the Baltic amounted to some hundreds. They make two voyages in the year, and sometimes three. In 1786, above 2500 tons of tallow were imported directly from the Baltic into Leith. The importation of Baltic goods into Leith is surpassed by only one, or at most two ports in Britain.

In 1763 every ship from London or Petersburgh to Leith brought part of her cargo in soap.

In 1783 every ship that went from Leith to London carried away part of her cargo in soap.

In 1763 the quantity of soap manufactured was half a million of pounds weight.

In 1790 the quantity of soap manufactured was six millions of pounds. Increase, five millions and a half.

In 1763 the quantity of candles that were entered amounted to 1,400,000 lbs.

In 1780 the quantity was 2,200,000.

In 1791 the quantity was 3,000,000 lbs. The increase of this article shows the progress of manufactures, for it is believed few candles are either imported or exported.

In 1783 the increase of tonnage in shipping belonging to the port of Leith, since 1763, was 42,234 tons; and since that period has so greatly increased, that magnificent plans have been formed for enlarging the present harbour, which is found too small for the number of ships resorting to it. In 1791 the registered tonnage at Leith was 130,000 tons.

In 1763 there was no such thing known, or used, as an umbrella; but an eminent surgeon, who had occasion to walk a great deal in the course of his business, used one about the year 1780; and in 1783 umbrellas were much used, and continue to be so, and many umbrella warehouses are opened, and a considerable trade carried on in this article. The fashion is spread through Scotland.

In 1763 the wages to maid-servants were generally from £3 to £4 a year. They dressed decently in blue or red cloaks, or in plaids, suitable to their stations.

In 1783 the wages are nearly the same; but their dress and appearance are greatly altered, the maid-servants dressing almost as fine as their mistresses did in 1763.

In 1763 few families had men-servants. The wages were from £6 to £10 per annum.

In 1783 and 1791 almost every genteel family had a man-servant; and the wages were from £10 to £20 a year.

In 1763 a stranger coming to Edinburgh was obliged to put up at a dirty, uncomfortable inn, or to remove to private lodgings. There was no such place as a hotel; the word, indeed, was not known, or was only intelligible to persons acquainted with the French.

In 1783 a stranger might have been accommodated, not only comfortably, but most elegantly, at many public hotels; and the person who, in 1763, was obliged to put up with accommodation little better than that of a waggoner or carrier, may now be lodged like a prince, and command every luxury of life. His guinea, it must be acknowledged, will not go quite so far as it did in 1763.

The quantity of wheat made into flour at the Water of Leith mills, belonging to the Incorporation of Bakers, was as follows:—

MID-LOTHIAN BOLLS.[1]

In 1750	22,762
1760	33,887
1770	42,895
1791	48,257

This gives the proportional increase at these mills only; for besides these, there are Bell's Mills, Silver Mills, Canon Mills, Leith Mills, etc. that grind flour for the city, all of which have increased their quantities in proportion. The bakers of Dalkeith, Musselburgh, and Lasswade also send flour and bread to the Edinburgh market. There must now be above 150,000 bolls of wheat annually consumed in this metropolis.

The quantity of butcher-meat can only be ascertained by the number of hides; and for that reason, no account can be obtained of the quantity brought to the Edinburgh market by the country butchers, who bring a great deal thrice every week throughout the year.

The number killed in Edinburgh is as follows:

In 1775, 8354 oxen, 6792 calves, 39,370 sheep, 47,360 lambs.

In 1766, Edinburgh and Leith included, 10,091 oxen, 8305 calves, 49,212 sheep, 78,076 lambs.

In 1790, Edinburgh only, 11,792 oxen, 4500 calves, 37,390 sheep, and 49,200 lambs.

N.B.—The number of hogs and pigs cannot be ascertained.

In 1778 there were 8400 barrels of oysters exported from the city's fishing-grounds. This trade was increasing so much as to threaten the total destruction of the oyster-beds. The magistrates have therefore prohibited the expor-

[1] Two bolls are nearly equal to an English quarter, or equal to about half a peck.

tation, and even the fishing of oysters under a certain size.

There are immense quantities of strawberries sold in the Edinburgh market during the short period that they continue. They are sold, upon an average, at 6d. the Scots pint, equal to four English pints, and without any stem or husk, as in other places. It is estimated that 100,000 Scots, or 400,000 English pints, are annually sold in favourable seasons, in the city and suburbs, value £2500. It is impossible to estimate the quantity consumed at the pleasure-gardens and places of entertainment in the neighbourhood of the city. It is known that an acre of strawberries has produced above £50.

It is estimated that £1000 a year is paid in Edinburgh during the months of June, July, August, and September, for butter milk, or sour milk, as it is called; it is sold at one penny the Scotch pint, or four English pints.

In 1763 Edinburgh was chiefly supplied with vegetables and garden stuff from Musselburgh and the neighbourhood, which were called through the streets by women with *creels* or baskets on their backs: any sudden increase of people would have raised all the markets. A small camp at Musselburgh, a few years before, had this effect.

In 1783 the markets of Edinburgh were as amply supplied with vegetables, and every necessary of life, as any in Europe. In 1781, Admiral Parker's fleet and a Jamaica fleet, consisting together of 15 sail of the line, 9 frigates, and about 600 merchantmen, lay near two months in Leith Roads, were fully supplied with every kind of provisions, and the markets were not raised one farthing, although there could not be less than an addition of 20,000 men for seven weeks.

The crews of the Jamaica fleet, who were dreadfully afflicted with scurvy, were soon restored to health by the plentiful supplies of strawberries, and fresh vegetables and provisions, which they received. Some merchants in London, who, either from motives of humanity, or esteeming it a profitable adventure, had sent four transports with fresh provisions to the fleet, had them returned without breaking bulk. It is believed that there is scarcely a port in Great Britain, London alone excepted, where such a body of people, unexpectedly arriving, could have been so plentifully supplied, without increasing the price of provisions considerably to the inhabitants.

I shall now conclude this long letter. The subject of which it treats is curious, but, from the mutable nature of human society, it must be continually varying.

It may, however, be entertaining, and perhaps useful, to have marked a train of facts respecting our own short period of observation; although a few years hence, a contrast equally astonishing and interesting may be afforded. No history of the time could have given such a detail. The rise and fall of nations, and the progress of human society, as connected with these changes, are subjects highly interesting to every contemplative mind. In my next, I shall give you some observations on manners during the same period.—I am, with much esteem, sir, your most obedient, humble servant,

WILLIAM CREECH.

TO THE SAME.

'Ætas parentum, pejor avis, tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosiorem.

'Quid tristes querimoniæ,
Si non supplicio culpa reciditur?
Quid leges sine moribus
Vanæ proficiunt?'—HOR.

SIR,—I shall now transmit to you a few facts respecting Edinburgh, during the periods mentioned in my former letter, which have a more immediate connection with manners.

A great city in modern Europe has been described to be 'a huge, dissipated, gluttonous, collected mass of folly and wickedness.' Perhaps this description is applicable, more or less, to every city, as wealth and luxury increase; for it seems to be a fact established by the history of mankind, that, as opulence increases, virtue subsides. Yet, one should not imagine, *à priori*, that this would always be the case. But it strongly confirms the judicious observation of Horace:

'Est modus in rebus; sunt certi denique fines
Quos ultra, citraque nequit consistere rectum.'

All nations are at first poor, and their manners simple. As they advance to industry and commerce, to a certain degree they become improved and enlightened; but opulence introduces indolence, sensuality, vice, and corruption, and they then hasten to decay. In all matters of public or private life, the proper *modus in rebus* is the distinguishing test of good sense.

The prosperity and happiness of every individual must, in general, depend on his virtue, as must that of the nation which is composed of these individuals. A corrupted empire must therefore tend fast to ruin; witness the example of France, where all religion had long been a farce, and morals of consequence depraved.

Hence arises the necessity of watching over the manners as well as the morals of the people, and particularly of the higher ranks, whose example is often pernicious.

But let us see, in a society comparatively small to many others, the effect of the increase of wealth upon manners, whether as tending to

improvement or otherwise. Many changes, however, may be totally unconnected with this cause.

In 1763 people of fashion dined at two o'clock, or a little after it; business was attended to in the afternoon. It was a common practice to lock the shops at one o'clock, and to open them after dinner at two.

In 1783 people of fashion, and of the middle rank, dined at four or five o'clock; no business was done in the afternoon, dinner of itself having become a very serious business.

In 1763 wine was seldom seen, or in a small quantity, at the tables of the middle rank of people.

In 1791 every tradesman in decent circumstances presents wine after dinner, and many in plenty and variety.[1]

In 1763 it was the fashion for gentlemen to attend the drawing-rooms of the ladies in the afternoons, to drink tea, and to mix in the society and conversation of the women.

In 1783 the drawing-rooms were totally deserted; invitations to tea in the afternoon were given up; and the only opportunity gentlemen had of being in ladies' company was when they happened to *mess* together at dinner or supper; and even then, an impatience was sometimes shown till the ladies retired. Card parties after a long dinner, and after a late supper, were frequent.

In 1763 it was fashionable to go to church, and people were interested about religion. Sunday was strictly observed by all ranks as a day of devotion; and it was disgraceful to be seen on the streets during the time of public worship. Families attended church with their children and servants; and family worship was frequent. The collections at the church doors, for the poor, amounted yearly to £1500 and upwards.

In 1783 attendance on church was greatly neglected, and particularly by the men. Sunday was by many made a day of relaxation; and young people were allowed to stroll about at all hours. Families thought it ungenteel to take their domestics to church with them. The streets were far from being void of people in the time of public worship; and in the evenings were frequently loose and riotous, particularly owing to bands of apprentice boys and young lads. Family worship was almost disused. The collections at the church doors for the poor had fallen to £1000.

In 1791 the collections at the church doors had risen to £1200.[2]

N.B.—The collections above mentioned respect the Established churches of the city only. There are many chapels and meetings of different persuasions not included.

In no respect were the manners of 1763 and 1783 more remarkable than in the decency, dignity, and delicacy of the one period, compared with the looseness, dissipation, and licentiousness of the other. Many people ceased to blush at what would formerly have been reckoned a crime.

In 1763 masters took charge of their apprentices, and kept them under their eye in their own houses.

In 1783 few masters would receive apprentices to stay in their houses, and yet from them an important part of succeeding society is to be formed. If they attended their hours of business, masters took no farther charge. The rest of their time might be passed (as too frequently happens) in vice and debauchery; hence they become idle, insolent, and dishonest. In 1791 the practice had become still more prevalent. Reformation of manners must begin in families, to be general or effectual.

In 1791 the wages to journeymen in every profession were greatly raised since 1763, and disturbances frequently happened for a still farther increase. Yet many of them riot on Sunday, are idle all Monday, and can afford to do this on five days' labour.

In 1763 the clergy visited, catechised, and instructed the families within their respective parishes, in the principles of morality, Christianity, and the relative duties of life.

In 1783 visiting and catechising were disused (except by very few), and since continue to be so. Nor, perhaps, would the clergy now be received with welcome on such an occasion. If people do not choose to go to church, they may remain as ignorant as Hottentots, and the Ten Commandments be as little known as obsolete Acts of Parliament. Religion is the only tie that can restrain, in any degree, the licentious-

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1 In 1708, the year of the Union, 288,336 barrels of twopenny ale paid duty. In 1720, 520,478½ barrels paid duty. In 1784, 97,577½ barrels paid duty. This is a striking proof of the decrease of malt liquor, and of the consequent increase of the use of wine and spirituous liquors.

2 It may be mentioned here, as a curious fact, that for more than half of this century, one of the smallest churches in Edinburgh [the Tolbooth Church] has collected more money for the poor, at the time of dispensing the sacrament, than eight other churches did upon the same occasion in 1783.

With the best intention, a Sunday evening's sermon (by the ministers of Edinburgh in rotation) was instituted for the instruction of servants, who might have been detained from public worship during the day; but this, it is said, has been perverted by many to bad purposes, and made an excuse for idleness and vice.

There is another evening sermon, for the common people, supported by private subscriptions, which, it is said, has been attended with beneficial effects, owing to the care and attention of the managers.

There are two other Sunday evening lectures—one in the Chapel of Ease, and one in the Gaelic Chapel; in this last the service is in the Erse language, for Highlanders.

ness either of the rich, or of the lower ranks; when that is lost, ferocity of manners, and every breach of morality may be expected.

'Hoc fonte derivata, clades
In patriam populumque fluxit.'

In 1763 the breach of the Seventh Commandment was punished by fine and church censure. Any instance of conjugal infidelity in a woman would have banished her irretrievably from society, and her company would have been rejected even by men who paid any regard to their character.

In 1783, although the law punishing adultery with death was unrepealed, yet church censure was disused, and separations and divorces were become frequent, and have since increased.[1] Women who had been rendered infamous by public divorce, had been, by some people of fashion, again received into society, notwithstanding the endeavours of our worthy Queen to check such a violation of morality, decency, the laws of the country, and the rights of the virtuous. This, however, has not been recently attempted.

In 1763 the fines collected by the kirk treasurer for bastard children amounted to £154, and upon an average of ten succeeding years they were £190.

In 1783 the fines for bastard children amounted to £600, and have since greatly increased.

In 1748 the first correction house for disorderly females was built, and it cost £198, 0s. 4½d.

N.B.—This is the only one Edinburgh yet has.

In 1791 manners had been for some years so loose, and crimes so frequent, that the foundation of a large new House of Correction, or Bridewell, was laid on the 30th of November, which, on the lowest calculation, will cost £12,000; and this plan is on a reduced scale of what was at first thought absolutely necessary.

In 1763, that is from June 1763 to June 1764, the expense of the Correction House amounted to £27, 16s. 1½d.

In 1791, and some years previous to it, the expense of the Correction House had risen to near £300, ten times what it had been in the former period; and there is not room for containing the half of those that ought to be confined to hard labour. . . .

In 1763 house-breaking and robbery were extremely rare. Many people thought it unnecessary to lock their doors at night.

In 1783, 1784, 1785, 1786, and 1787 house-breaking, theft, and robbery were astonishingly frequent, and many of these crimes were committed by boys, whose age prevented them from being objects of capital punishment. The culprits were uniformly apprehended in houses of bad fame, in which they were protected and encouraged in their depredations on the public.

[1] Records of the Commissary Court.

During the winter, 1787, many daring robberies and shop-breakings were committed by means before unthought of; but the gang were discovered by one of them becoming evidence against the rest, and the others suffered capital punishment.[1]

In no respect was the sobriety and decorum of the lower ranks in 1763 more remarkable than by contrasting them with the riot and licentiousness of 1783, particularly on Sundays and holidays. The king's birthday, and the last night of the year, were, in 1783, devoted to drunkenness, folly, and riot, which in 1763 were attended with peace and harmony.[2]

In 1763, and many years preceding and following, the execution of criminals was rare; three annually were reckoned the average for the whole kingdom of Scotland. There were three succeeding years (1774, 1775, 1776) in which there was not an execution in Edinburgh.

In 1783 there were six criminals under sentence of death in Edinburgh jail in one week; and upon the autumn circuit no less than thirty-seven capital indictments were issued.

During the winter 1791–2 there was not a robbery, house-breaking, shop-breaking, nor a theft publicly known, to the amount of forty shillings, within the city of Edinburgh; not a person accused of a capital crime; and in the jail only twenty for petty offences, and nineteen confined for small debts.[3]

In 1789 a society was instituted for promoting religious knowledge among the poor or the ignorant and indigent members of the community. No society is more likely to be of benefit. They print books of moral and religious instruction, which are diffused among the lower ranks. This was a favourite scheme of the late Lord Kames, but it was never carried into execution in his time. A worthy lady left, in 1792, £700 to promote the object of this institution.

In 1763 there was no such diversion as public cock-fighting in Edinburgh.

In 1783 there were many public cock-fighting matches, or *mains*, as they are technically termed; and a regular cockpit was built for the accommodation of this school of gambling and cruelty, where every distinction of rank and character is levelled.

In 1790 the cockpit continued to be frequented.

Before 1790 there never was such a thing known as professed bruisers. But in the course

[1] See Brodie's Trial.

[2] From 1788 to 1792 this folly had much abated by the attention of the magistrates to strict police.

[3] To contrast this with London, there were, April 20th, 1792, in Newgate, 406 prisoners, of whom 185 were debtors, 15 under sentence of death, 19 respited during his Majesty's pleasure, 80 transports, 80 under orders of imprisonment for certain determinate periods, and 27 for trial. This is the account of one prison only in London.

of that year a person from England opened a public school for teaching boxing, or pugilism, as it is termed; and he had several public exhibitions at his school, but few pupils. This branch of education does not correspond with the mild genius of Christianity which we profess, and it can be looked on only with pity even when practised among savages and barbarians.

In 1792 this folly, which had been borrowed from the south, was totally given up.

In 1763 a young man was termed a *fine fellow*, who, to a well-informed and an accomplished mind, added elegance of manners, and a conduct guided by principle; one who would not have injured the rights of the meanest individual, who contracted no debts that he could not pay, and thought every breach of morality unbecoming the character of a gentleman; who studied to be useful to society so far as his opportunity or abilities enabled him.

In 1783 the term *fine fellow* was applied to one who could drink three bottles; who discharged all debts of honour (or game debts and tavern bills), and evaded payment of every other; who swore immoderately, and before ladies, and talked of his word of honour; who ridiculed religion and morality as folly and hypocrisy (but without argument); who was very jolly at the table of his friend, and would lose no opportunity of seducing his wife, or of debauching his daughter, if she was handsome; but, on the mention of such a thing being attempted to his own connections, would have cut the throat or blown out the brains of his dearest companion offering such an insult; who was forward in all the fashionable follies of the time; who disregarded the interests of society, or the good of mankind, if they interfered with his own vicious, selfish pursuits and pleasures.

In 1790 among the lower orders swearing had increased greatly. And on trials in the courts of law, perjury had also increased.

In 1791 immoderate drinking, or pushing the bottle, as it is called, was rather out of fashion among genteel people. Every one was allowed to do as he pleased in filling or drinking his glass. The means of hospitality, and the frequency of showing it, had increased, and excess on such occasions had decreased.

In 1763 in the best families in town, the education of daughters was fitted, not only to embellish and improve their minds, but to accomplish them in the useful and necessary arts of domestic economy. The sewing-school, the pastry-school, were then essential branches of female education; nor was a young lady of the best family ashamed to go to market with her mother.

In 1783 the daughters of many tradesmen consumed the mornings at the toilet, or in strolling from shop to shop, etc. Many of them would have blushed to have been seen in a market. The cares of the family were devolved upon a housekeeper; and the young lady employed those heavy hours when she was disengaged from public or private amusements, in improving her mind from the precious stores of a circulating library; and all, whether they had taste for it or not, were taught music at a great expense.

In 1791 there is little alteration. Every rank is eager to copy the manners and fashion of their superiors; and this has in all ages been the case. Of what importance, then, is correct and exemplary manners in the higher ranks to the good order of society!

In 1763 young ladies (even by themselves) might have walked through the streets of the city in perfect security at any hour. No person would have interrupted or spoken to them.

In 1783 the mistresses of boarding-schools found it necessary to advertise that their young ladies were not permitted to go abroad without proper attendants.

In 1791 boys, from bad example at home, and worse abroad, had become forward and insolent. They early frequented taverns, and were soon initiated in folly and vice, without any religious principle to restrain them. It has been an error of twenty years, to precipitate the education of boys, and make them too soon men.

In 1763 the weekly concert of music began at six o'clock.

In 1783 the concert began at seven o'clock; but it was not in general so much attended as such an elegant entertainment should have been, and which was given at the sole expense of the subscribers.

In 1791–2 the fashion changed, and the concert became the most crowded place of amusement.

The barbarous custom of *saving* the ladies (as it was called), after St. Cecilia's concert, by gentlemen drinking immoderately to *save* a favourite lady, as his toast, has been for some years given up. Indeed they got no thanks for their absurdity.

In 1763 the question respecting the morality of stage-plays was much agitated. A clergyman, a few years before, had been brought before the General Assembly of the Church, and suspended from his office, for having written a tragedy, unquestionably one of the most chaste and interesting in the English language.[1] By those who attended the theatre, even without scruple, Saturday night was thought the most improper in the week for going to the play. Any clergyman who had been known to have gone to the playhouse would have incurred church censure.

In 1783 the morality of stage-plays, or their

[1] The tragedy of *Douglas*, by Mr. Home, then a clergyman.

effects on society, were not thought of. The most crowded houses were always on Saturday night. The boxes for the Saturday night's play were generally taken for the season, so that strangers often on that night could not get a place. The custom of taking a box for the Saturday night through the season was much practised by boarding mistresses, so that there could be no choice of the play, but the young ladies could only take what was set before them by the manager. Impudent buffoons took liberties with authors, and with the audience, in their acting, that would not have been suffered formerly.

The galleries never failed to applaud what they formerly would have hissed as improper in sentiment or decorum.

In 1763 there was one dancing assembly room, the profits of which went to the support of the Charity Workhouse. Minuets were danced by each set previous to the country-dances. Strict regularity with respect to dress and decorum, and great dignity of manners, were observed.

In 1786 the old Assembly Room was used for the accommodation of the City Guard. There were three new elegant assembly rooms at Edinburgh, besides one at Leith; but the Charity Workhouse was unprovided for to the extent of its necessities. Minuets were given up, and country-dances only used, which had often a nearer resemblance to a game of romps than to elegant and graceful dancing. Dress, particularly by the men, was much neglected; and many of them reeled from the tavern, flustered with wine, to an assembly of as elegant and beautiful women as any in Europe.

In 1763 the company at the public assemblies met at five o'clock in the afternoon, and the dancing began at six, and ended at eleven, by public orders of the manager, which were never transgressed.

In 1783 the public assemblies met at eight and nine o'clock, and the lady directress sometimes did not make her appearance till ten.[1] The young masters and misses, who would have been mortified not to have seen out the ball, thus returned home at three or four in the morning, and yawned and gaped and complained of headaches all the next day.

In 1790 and 1791 the public assemblies were little frequented. Private balls were much in fashion, with elegant suppers after them, and the companies seldom parted till three, four, or five in the morning.

In 1783 the funds of the Charity Workhouse were insufficient to maintain the poor of the community entitled by law to public charity. The courts of law, however, and all who call themselves members of those courts, pay no poor's money, nor lamp or guard money, although the most opulent part of the community; whilst they send, at the same time, a very great proportion of managers to dispose of funds to which they do not contribute, and crowd the house with their poor, to whose support they do not pay. This privilege is pleaded on old Acts of Parliament, at a period when the courts were ambulatory. But now that they have been stationary for near two centuries, it is full time it were given up. There is no such privilege existing anywhere else in Britain. The courts of law in London claim no such exemption; nor would it be allowed if they did. The regulations and customs of Henry VIII. would ill accord with the present state of England.

Many of the facts, with which I have now furnished you, are curious.

They point out the gradual progress of commerce and luxury, and the corresponding effect upon manners, and show by what imperceptible degrees society may advance to refinement, and in some points to corruption, whilst matters of real utility may be neglected.

Observations similar to the preceding may perhaps be made in every capital town or city in Great Britain; and, if the example I have now given is followed, much useful information may be gained respecting trade, manners, and police. This is the more to be wished for, as the prosperity and happiness of every nation must depend upon its virtue, and on the wisdom and due execution of its laws.

The information I have given is only an outline. It would have required a volume to have gone minutely into particulars.

Your zeal and public spirit have stimulated a research which never was equalled in any country, and it may prove highly beneficial to mankind in general. Every good citizen of the state is bound to wish well to the undertaking, and, according to his opportunities, to promote its success. My best exertions, on every occasion of such a nature, you may always depend on.—I remain, with much esteem, sir, your most obedient, humble servant,

WILLIAM CREECH.

Edinburgh, Dec. 1792.

[Burns alludes here to his racy poetical epistle to Creech, written at the time and place mentioned, and of which two verses are quoted.]

ROBERT BURNS TO WILLIAM CREECH, EDINBURGH.

Selkirk, May 13, 1787.

MY HONOURED FRIEND,—The enclosed I have just wrote, nearly extempore, in a solitary inn in Selkirk, after a miserable wet day's riding.

[1] A new institution, that of a master of ceremonies or the city assemblies, took place in 1787.

I have been over most of East Lothian, Berwick, Roxburgh, and Selkirk shires; and next week I begin a tour through the north of England. Yesterday I dined with Lady Harriet, sister to my noble patron,[1] *Quem Deus conservet!* I would write till I would tire you as much with dull prose as I daresay by this time you are with wretched verse, but I am jaded to death; so, with a grateful farewell, I have the honour to be, good sir, yours sincerely,

R. B.

Auld chuckie-Reekie's[2] sair distrest,
Down droops her ance weel burnish'd crest;
Nae joy her bonnie buskit nest
Can yield ava;
Her darling bird that she lo'es best—
Willie's awa.

. . . . . .

Nae mair we see his levee door
Philosophers and poets pour,
An' toothy critics by the score,
In bloody raw!
The adjutant o' a' the core—
Willie's awa.

[The name of this authoress, Anna Seward, is now comparatively forgotten. She was the daughter of the Rev. Thomas Seward, born at Eyam, Derbyshire, 1747, and early showed considerable poetical taste. She published *Louisa*, a poetical romance, and *A Life of Dr. Darwin*. An edition of her works was introduced to the public by Scott with a biographical preface, and her letters, of which we present specimens, when collected and published filled six volumes.]

MISS SEWARD TO SCOTT.

Lichfield, April 29, 1802.

ACCEPT my warmest thanks for the so far overpaying bounty of your literary present. In speaking of its contents, I shall demonstrate that my sincerity may be trusted, whatever cause I may give you to distrust my judgment. In saying that you dare not hope your works will entertain me, you evince the existence of a deep preconceived distrust of the latter faculty in my mind. That distrust is not, I flatter myself, entirely founded, at least if I may so gather from the delight with which I peruse all that is yours, whether prose or verse, in these volumes.

Your dissertations place us in Scotland in the midst of the feudal period. They throw the strongest light on a part of history indistinctly sketched, and partially mentioned by the English historians, and which, till now, has not been sufficiently elucidated, and rescued by those of your country from the imputed guilt of unprovoked depredation on the part of the Scots.

The old Border ballads of your first volume are so far interesting, as they corroborate your historic essays; so far valuable, as that they form the basis of them. Poetically considered, little surely is their worth; and I must think it more to the credit of Mrs. Brown's memory than of her taste, that she could take pains to commit to remembrance, and to retain there, such a quantity of uncouth rhymes, almost totally destitute of all which gives metre a right to the name of poetry.

Poetry is like personal beauty; the homeliest and roughest language cannot conceal the first, any more than can coarse and mean apparel the second. But grovelling, colloquial phrase, in numbers inharmonious,—verse that gives no picture to the reader's eye, no light to his understanding, no magnet to his affections,—is, as composition, no more deserving his praise than coarse forms and features in a beggar's raiment are worth his attention. Yet are there critics who seem to mistake the squalid dress of language for poetic excellence, provided the verse and its mean garb be ancient.

Of that number seems Mr. Pinkerton, in some of his notes to those old Scottish ballads which he published in 1781; and the late Mr. Headly more than so seems in that collection of ancient English ballads, which he soon after gave to the press. We find there an idiot-preference of the rude and, in itself, valueless foundation on which Prior raised one of the loveliest poetic edifices in our language, the Henry and Emma. With equal insolence and stupidity, Mr. Headly terms it 'Matt's Versification Piece,' extolling the imputed superiority of the worthless model. It is preferring a barber's block to the head of Antinous.

Mr. Pinkerton, in his note to the eldest 'Flowers of the Forest,' calls it very justly an exquisite poetic dirge; but, unfortunately for his decisions in praise of ancient above modern Scottish verse, he adds: 'The inimitable beauty of the original induced a variety of versifiers to mingle stanzas of their own composition; but it is the painful, though necessary duty of an editor, by the touchstone of truth, to discriminate such dross from the gold of antiquity;' and, in the note to that pathetic and truly beautiful elegy, 'Lady Bothwell's Lament,' he says the four stanzas he has given appear to be all that are genuine. 'It has since, as you observe, been proved that both the Flodden dirges, even as he has given them, are modern. Their beauty was a touchstone, as he expresses it, which might have shown their younger birth to any critic, whose taste had not received the broad impression of that torpedo, antiquarianism.

You, with all your strength, originality, and

[1] James Earl of Glencairn.
[2] Edinburgh.

richness of imagination, had a slight touch of that torpedo when you observed that the manner of the ancient minstrels is so happily imitated in the first 'Flowers of the Forest,' that it required the strongest positive evidence to convince you that the song was of modern date. The phraseology, indeed, is of their texture, but comparing it with the Border ballads in your first volume, I should have pronounced it modern, from its so much more touching regrets, so much more lively pictures.

Permit me too to confess, that I can discover very little of all which constitutes poetry in the first old tale, which you call beautiful, excepting the second stanza, which gives the unicorns at the gate, and the portraits, 'with holly aboon their brie.' To give them, no great reach of fancy was requisite; but still they are picture, and as such, poetry.

'Lord Maxwell's Good Night' is but a sort of inventory in rhyme of his property, interspersed with some portion of tenderness for his wife, and some expressions of regard for his friends; but the first has no picture, and the latter little pathos. That ballad induced me, by what appeared its deficiencies, to attempt a somewhat more poetic leave-taking of house, land, and live-stock. My ballad does not attempt the pathetic, and you will smile at my glossary Scotch.

Mr. Erskine's supplemental stanzas to the poem, asserted to have been written by Collins on the Highland superstitions, have great merit, and no inferiority to those whose manner they assume.

In the Border ballads, the first strong rays from the Delphic orb illuminate 'Jellom Grame' in the 4th, 16th, 17th, 18th, and 20th stanzas. There is a good corpse-picture in 'Clerk Saunders,' the rude original, as you observe, of a ballad in Percy, which I have thought furnished Burger with the hint for his Leonore. How little delicate touches have improved this verse in Percy's imitation!

> 'Oh! if I come within thy bower,
> I am no mortal man!
> And if I kiss thy rosy lip,
> Thy days will not be long.'

And now, in these Border ballads, the dawn of poesy, which broke over 'Jellom Grame,' strengthens on its progress. 'Lord Thomas and Fair Annie' has more beauty than Percy's ballad of that title. It seems injudiciously altered from this in your collection; but the 'Binnorie,' of endless repetition, has nothing truly pathetic; and the ludicrous use made of the drowned sister's body, by the harper making a harp of it, to which he sung her dirge in her father's hall, is contemptible.

Your dissertation preceding 'Tam Lane,' in the second volume, is a little mine of mythologic information and ingenious conjecture, however melancholy the proofs it gives of dark and cruel superstition. Always partial to the fairies, I am charmed to learn that Shakespeare civilised the elfins, and, so doing, endeared their memory on English ground. It is curious to find the Grecian Orpheus metamorphosed into a king of Winchelsea.

The terrible graces look through a couple of stanzas in the first part of Thomas the Rhymer. 'Oh they rade on,' etc., also, 'It was mirk, mirk night;' and potent are the poetic charms of the second part of this oracular ballad, which you confess to have been modernized; yet more potent in the third. Both of them exhibit tender touches of sentiment, vivid pictures, landscapes from nature, not from books, and all of them worthy the author of 'Glenfinlas.'

'Oh tell me how to woo thee' is a pretty ballad of those times, in which it was the fashion for lovers to worship their mistresses, and when ballads, as you beautifully observe, reflected the setting rays of chivalry. Mr. Leyden's 'Cout Keelder' pleases me much. The first is a sublime stanza, and sweet are the landscape touches in the 3d, 10th, and 11th, and striking the winter simile in the 9th. The picture of the fern is new in poetry, and to the eye, thus:

> 'The next blast that young Keelder blew,
> The wind grew deadly still;
> Yet the sleek fern, with fingery leaves,
> Waved wildly o'er the hill.'

The 'wee Demon' is admirably imagined.

And now the poetic day, which had gradually risen into beauty and strength through this second volume, sets nobly amidst the sombre, yet often-illuminated grandeur of 'Glenfinlas.'

Permit me to add one observation to this already long epistle. The battle of Flodden-field, so disastrous to Scotland, has been, by two poetic females, beautifully mourned; but your boasted James the Fourth deserved his fate, from the ungenerous advantage he sought to take of Henry the Eighth, by breaking the peace, without provocation, when that monarch was engaged in a war with France. So deserve all the rulers of nations, who, unstimulated by recent injuries, thus unclasp 'the purple testament of bleeding war.'

Perhaps this voluminous intrusion on your time will be thought merciless; but it seemed to me that barren thanks, and indiscriminate praise, was an unworthy acknowledgment of the honour conferred upon me by the gift of these highly curious and ingenious books.

A bright luminary in this neighbourhood recently shot from its sphere, with awful and deplored suddenness. Dr. Darwin, on whose philosophical talents and dissertations, so ingeniously conjectural, the adepts in that science looked with admiring, if not always acquiescent respect; in whose creative, gay, luxuriant, and polished imagination, and harmonious numbers, the votaries of poetry basked delighted; and on whose discernment into

the cause of diseases, and skill in curing them, his own and the neighbouring counties reposed. He was born to confute, by his example, a frequent assertion, that the poetic fancy loses its fine efflorescence after middle life. The *Botanic Garden*, one of the most highly-imaginative poems in our language, was begun after its author had passed his forty-sixth year.

I have the honour to remain, sir, etc.

TO THE SAME.

A THOUSAND thanks for the third volume of the *Border Minstrelsy*, and for your letter which succeeded in a few days. I am charmed with the extract this packet contains from your yet unpublished poem, now on the anvil. The first sixteen lines of that extract glow with your softest tints of portrait and of landscape. The questions in the next eight lines have a fine effect; the fourth reminds me of this noble passage in *Paradise Lost:*

> 'So Satan stood, and like a comet burned,
> That fires the length of Ophiucus huge
> In the arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
> Shakes pestilence and war.'

The different nature of the objects considered, your passage has no inferiority; the epithet wavering has the most marked appropriation to the beacon's light. You are the first poet who, here and in your *Eve of St. John*, has done ample justice to the melancholy and ominous flame. Nor less do I admire the ensuing passage; it finely contrasts the quiet graces of that part of this extract. The disorder of the armour, which the lady sees from the castle-turret, so hastily brought into the area below, on the discovery of the distant beacon; the simile for the shaken spears,—'like reeds beside a frozen brook,'—all is in the first rank of poetic writing.

A protest of mine against the frequent and licentious change of measure, which Southey adopts in his *Thalaba*, and systematically defends, is printed at the close of the first volume of the *Poetical Register*, which came out in 1802. Its effect did not please me in *Thalaba;* and I think the practice opens a door to much revel-rout and confusion in poetry, blending its various orders till all distinction amongst them is lost. Yet I feel that the sudden introduction of irregular measure, succeeding to the gentler trochaic couplets in this extract, produces great picturesque effect. The numerous fires, successively, yet almost instantaneously, kindling on all the hills, rival, in poetic effect, your preceding picture of the first solitary and warning beacon.

You possess the rare art, belonging only to great and original poets, that of being able so to present an impressive object, that, though you may have repeatedly described it, still it shall be new; and that, from varied situation, varied accompaniments, and varied epithets, climatic in their strength.

It is well, for it is needful, that you are preparing in Edinburgh to present to our mighty and incensed foes the stoutest front of defensive battle. It is now fruitless to reproach that miserable nine years' system of British politics, which brought upon this country the perils of this hour. Of those indirect and crooked paths, which involved our violated faith to Ireland, see the consequence so inevitably resulting! If honour, if justice, if the sacred faith of treaties were considered as nothing, self-preservation might have operated to restrain their violation. Was the dangerous epoch of the republic's growing power a season in which to crush the national pride of Ireland, and to wrench away the self-legislation which we had so solemnly pledged to her? The rebellious spirit which has again broken out, and which there is so much reason to fear will be universal in the island, was the sure consequence of that infatuated innovation. It is a hydra-headed monster, whose efforts, I fear, will not cease till the yoke of England becomes exchanged for that of France—a heavier probably; but the burning sense of perfidy willingly hazards incurring increased evils for gratified revenge. This is nature; and what wise man dreams that he can control her operations!

You must not consider my little work as a life of Darwin; it neither assumes or merits a title so responsible. I have not science, I have not sufficient knowledge of his philosophical correspondence, to make any such pretension; and of his literary life, since he left this city in 1781, I know nothing, except through the medium of his publications. To present a faithful portrait of his disposition, his manners, his heart; to draw aside the domestic curtain; to delineate the connubial and parental conduct of his youth; the Petrarchan attachment of his middle life; its resemblance to that of the bard of Vaucluse, but its better fate; to analyze his poetic claims; and to present singular instances of philosophical love in the eventful history of one of his distinguished friends;—these, and these only, must you expect from my feminine Darwiniana. Johnson has had the manuscript on a high price purchase these three months. Why he delays to produce it I know not. He is a very laconic personage, and has upon him the penphobia.

And now for the treasures of this third volume of the *Border Minstrelsy*. There, as in its two predecessors, you hang elegant prose raiments upon its old wooden posts of verse. There is but one gleam of poetry in the first ancient ballad, 'Auld Maitland,' thus:

> 'They rade their horse, they ran their horse,
> They hovered o'er the lea.

That is to the eye, and consequently it is poetry. The story of 'Sir Hugh Bland' resembles that of Lucretia, only that the Scotch lady was wiser than the Roman matron, by making other blood rather than her own the test of her chastity; but Lucrece had a patriotic view in her suicide. After your prose prelude, Sir Hugh and his lady lose interest and beauty by the rhymes, as David does by those of Sternhold and Hopkins. This ballad is entirely in the mirk and muddy morning of Caledonian verse, ere its long bright day arose.

Your prelude to the 'Lament of the Border Widow' delights me. Description from your pen is the ring of Fortunatus, and instantly places us in the midst of the scene it so vividly delineates. In the old ditty itself there is, rare to say, poetry, though quaint and uncouth. The last stanza but one is pathetic, yes, extremely. It should have been final, since that which is final has a quaint conceit, weakening the strong impression its mournful predecessor had made.

Without one gleam of genius, 'Christie's Will' is a humorous, amusing ballad. After wading through so many bald and tuneless rhymes, what an effect does their contrast obtain for the lovely lines of Langhorne, which precede your next interesting prose tract, prefixed to the rude 'March of Lesley'! That morsel of genuine poesy appears to us, after the old poems, as a bust of Roubilliac would do when we had been looking at a barber's block. How strongly does all the modern poetry of these volumes demonstrate the stupid infatuation concerning the decline of poetic genius in this period! but it has been the cant of the critics in all ages. Genius ever has, and ever must have, to contend with the dulness of pedantry, and with the envy of inferior rhymists.

I confess myself right glad to leave the sterile land of rude, unornamented, traditionary verse, for the fair, fertile regions of genuine poetry.

First steps forward the Ovid of your fraternity, the melodious, the fanciful Leyden. Ovid, however, has nothing which, through the medium of translation, has half the charms for me as Leyden's 'Mermaid.' The former volumes of *Border Minstrelsy* contain delightful effluences from the same clear fountain; but the 'Mermaid' is the brightest of its streams. It opens with a new poetic notice, that of the murmuring sea-shell, amongst the sounds congenial to the thoughts of parting lovers, thus:

> 'On Jura's shore how sweetly swell
> The murmurs of the mountain bee!
> How softly mourns the wreathed shell
> Of Jura's shore, its parent sea!'

The alliteration of the above stanza has a very picturesque effect. The lavish recurrence of the letter *s* finely imitates the hushy sound (if I may be allowed to coin that epithet) of the sea-shore, and the hissing effect is softened away by the number of intermixed vowels, and by the frequency of the sonorous consonant *m*. These are little circumstances to which no poet should be inattentive who wishes to unite the graces of picture and of melody.

Nor less happy in this poem is the deprecation concerning the sea-snake, and its ensuing description, and the oceanic scenery, page 309. The portrait of the sea-nymph; the helpless sinking of the hero into the deep within her grasp; its simile to the lead-like dropping of a corpse into the water; the well-imagined description of the coral cave; the second portrait of the mermaid in that cave; the reassumption of her monster form,—all are fresh from the plastic hand of true genius.

Your prelude to this poem, with the fabulous legends you cite there, is very amusing.

How rich is Scotland at this period in poets! Mr. Sharp is a fine one; witness his 'Tower of Repentance.' The 2d and the 3d stanzas are admirable, so is the whole of the ensuing poem, 'The Murder of Caerlaveroc.' It contains an original poetic picture of the extremest beauty—a lady asleep:

> 'Unclosed her mouth of rosy hue,
> Whence issued fragrant air,
> That gentle, in soft motion, blew
> Stray ringlets of her hair.'

Then how natural is the ensuing dream (when wet, as she slumbers, by the blood of her bridegroom) that the waters of the Forth flowed over her! The musical locality of the last stanza but one is striking.

Your epic ballad, 'Cadzow Castle,' is all over excellence, nothing but excellence, and every species of excellence, harmonic, picturesque, characteristic. It satisfies to luxury the whole soul of my imagination.

The gay festivity of modern life, with which it opens, and the quiet graces of a cultivated landscape, in the blessedness of national peace, which forms the close, have the finest possible effect, as preceding and succeeding the spirited and sublime story of Regent Moray's assassination. The lifted pall of oblivion discloses that scene in all the interesting customs and manners of the feudal times. Then the interspersed landscapes! You Salvator! you Claude!—what a night scene!—what an animated description of the onset of the morning chase! Your bull!—what a sublime creature!—and oh! the soft, sweet picture of Margaret—pale, yet beauteous, convalescent from her maternal throes! It rivals the Alcmena of Pindar in his first Nemean ode.

The Homeric pages have nothing grander than your Bothwellhaugh returning to the chase from the deed of revenge he had committed on the Regent.

'But who o'er bush, o'er stream, and rock,
Rides headlong with resistless speed?
Whose bloody poinard's frantic stroke
Drives to the leap his jaded steed?

'Whose cheek is pale, whose eye-balls glare,
As one some horrid sight that saw?
Whose hands are bloody, loose his hair?—
'Tis he! 'tis he! 'tis Bothwellhaugh!

'From gory selle, and reeling steed,
Sprung the fierce horseman with a bound,
And reeking from the recent deed
He dash'd his carbine on the ground.'

I read this poem last week to a young soldier of genius, Captain Oliver, nephew to the Duchess of Ancaster. His kindling countenance always, and often his exclaiming voice, marked every beauty as I proceeded. Above all was he impressed with the picture of the Regent and his train, and every striking feature there given of a crowded march.

To observe the first effect of noble poetry upon a mind alive to its graces, has ever been to me a gratification on which my whole soul luxuriates. Adieu!

MISS SEWARD TO WM. HAYLEY.

My dear Sir,—You have sent me an estimable and very costly present, in addition to a number of past and similar obligations. I thank you with a deep and almost painful sense of gratitude. This duty had been earlier paid, if I could have obtained leisure for that attentive perusal of this interesting biography, which I determined should precede my acknowledgments, that I might not intrude two letters upon your attention.

Partial as you seem to your unhappy friend, these volumes induce me to believe him much more kind-hearted and amiable than the generally severe, and, in some instances, illiberal spirit which appears in his so infinitely best work, the *Task*, had led me to imagine.

Cowper's letters, of which those volumes so largely consist, have finally left this impression on my mind, that he had naturally a mild, compassionate, pious, charitable, and, respecting pecuniary considerations, liberal and independent spirit. Whether from the narrow and miserable principles of Calvinism, with which he was so deadly tinctured, and which led either to presumptuous trust of acceptance, or to terrors of divine power, utterly unworthy of its mercy; or whether from a native taint of insanity, I know not, but I see him, with all his inherent good properties, a vapourish egotist. However, after emerging from the mystical and dull jargon of his letters to Mrs. Cowper, he amusingly describes the peculiarities which shut him up within himself.

For absorbed in himself, he appears to have been ignobly inattentive to the works of poetic genius which have adorned his country from Milton's time to the present. A note in the first edition of his Homer, the only one I have seen, apologizes for his supposed coinage of the word *purpureal*, though Akenside says in his *Pleasures of Imagination*,

'Amid purpureal Tempe's pleasant scene;'

and though from the time of that publication the word has been in poetic use. This proves that Cowper had not read, or read without attention, a justly celebrated work, which stands, at least, on as high poetic ground as his own best work, though, together with the still greater *Paradise Lost*, it is, for obvious reasons, less popular than the *Task*.

That Cowper also had paid no attention to Chatterton's writings, 'of which all Britain rang from side to side,' appears from his assertion that Burns, whose beautiful compositions seem to have been forced upon his notice, was the only poet since Prior's time whose compositions stand in no need of allowance from the recollected obscurity of birth and education. He must have heard of Chatterton; and if he wanted all generous curiosity to look into his verse, he had no right to make such an assertion, disgraceful to himself, and unjust to the greatest genius, his early extinction considered, which perhaps the world ever produced.

For you he expresses much personal affection, but it seems to have been because you sought and so highly gratified his self-love, without any mixed consideration of your distinguished talents. Not once does he address you as a poet of eminence, who had diffused the lustre of his genius over the late and present period of English literature.

He often mentions you affectionately in his letters to Lady Hesketh; but no person, who did not otherwise know it, would ever dream from them that you had so brilliantly preceded him in the race of fame, or indeed had published anything besides the *Life of Milton*. Upon that subject he could not avoid speaking to you, since it was connected with his own design, to which you generously offered to relinquish it, though on so advanced a progress.

Now you forgive Cowper for this negative injustice to yourself and others. I own I cannot; and that, as a literary character, it costs him my esteem. His own works are his eternal and nearly exclusive subject. He confesses his earnest desire of public praise, yet satirizes, in the *Task*, its administration to others, even to the memory of Shakespeare and Handel. Well might that unworthy grudging awaken the disdain of the poetic lady to whom you allude!

Certainly Cowper's letters are those of a

mind not ordinarily gifted; yet if I could forget that they proceeded from a pen which had produced one great original work, they would by no means show me an understanding responsible for such a production. For the impartially ingenious surely they do not possess the literary usefulness of Pope's letters; the wit and imagination of Gray's; the strength and humour of Dr. Johnson's; or the brilliance, the grace, the play of fancy, which, in former years, rendered your letters to me equal to the best of Madame Sevigné's, whose domestic beauties seem to me to throw those of Cowper into shade. I mean the generality of his epistles. Some few of them are very interesting egotism, for all is egotism; such of them as describe his home, his daily haunts, and the habits of his life. Neither can a feeling heart contemplate undelighted the effusions of his personal tenderness for his friends, inconsistent as they were with the apathy and neglect towards his poetic contemporaries.

You seem in your preface to confine the excellence of letters to one style, whose style may surely be various as that of conversation, which accomplished people do not limit to mere tea-table talk. The epistolary and colloquial excellences must result from the style being adapted to the subject, and thus becoming in turn grave and gay, eloquent and investigating.

Allow me to express my surprise, that you slightly and obscurely mention Cowper's love attachment, which you seem to think the primal source of his long and fatally increasing discontent. General curiosity must be excited on the subject, and will think it has a claim upon his biographer for gratification. Then the well-known circumstance of his purposed suicide, and the accidental one which induced him to forego that design, are material traits in his character and destiny; and their suppression has a tendency to weaken public confidence in the fidelity of representation.

Since the juvenile attachment is only hinted, and the resolve of despair wholly omitted, I wonder those deplorable letters to Mrs. Cowper, of which the world would have known nothing, were not also withheld. They weaken our deference for the understanding of Cowper, and cannot promote rational piety, since events prove that his religion was not that whose ways are pleasantness and whose paths are peace.

The Bishop of Peterborough spoke to me of his extreme attachment to Mrs. Unwin as the strangest thing imaginable; and that from the utter absence of everything attractive in her person and manners, and of all intellectual fitness for a companion to Cowper in retirement. If I remember right, he said Lady Hesketh's opinion of her was similar to his own.

I once heard Mr. Newton preach a violently Methodistical, and consequently absurd and dangerous sermon. Miss H. More and her sisters had requested for him the pulpit of the late pious and excellent Mr. Inman, their neighbour: Mr. and Mrs. Whalley were his parishioners, and I was then their guest in 1791. When church was over Mr. Inman expressed deep regret for having, however reluctantly, granted Miss More's request. Now, said he, has this man, in one hour perhaps, rendered fruitless my labour of many years to keep my parishioners free from those wild, deceiving principles which have turned the heads of half the poor people in this county. The result to poor Cowper of making Newton his comfortless conscience-keeper, ought to warn people of strong imagination how they listen to religious fanatics, presumptuously calling themselves evangelical preachers.

No wonder of mine is excited by the reviewer who, on the testimony of all Cowper's publications prior to the *Task*, denied him a claim to true poetic genius. If a man exhibits only Scotch pebbles to sale, no person is bound to know that he has diamonds. Cowper's poems in rhyme do not place him above the level of our minor poets. Strong sense may be found in them, but they want the poetic constituents, imagery, landscape, invention, and harmonious numbers. They have a stiffness and hitch in their metre. He was in the habit of rhyming with mean words, as, *so*, *go*, *here*, *there*, and the whole tribe of insignificants; yet does not seem to have been led into those inharmonious and nerveless terminations by any unlucky prejudice against the use of what are termed imperfect rhymes, with which Milton, Dryden, Pope, Mason, and Gray occasionally relieved the ear of the reader from the luscious sameness of complete chime, and inspirited their verse. In one of the best rhyme compositions I ever saw of Cowper's, on the twelfth page of your first volume, the opening rhymes are *waste*, *past*, *most*, *lost*; and further on, *done*, *unknown*, *flow*, *brow*; and all these in a copy of verses containing only twenty-two lines. To my ear, however, far from injuring the harmony, they increase it by variety of sound.

The *Task*, however desultory, however totally planless, is a noble poem, and has, as you well observe, an unperishable constitution. It is more pleasing, of much more general interest, than the *Night Thoughts*, because its themes are various; because the piety is but occasional, though frequent, and has therefore more impressive power when it occurs, than where, as in the *Night Thoughts*, it forms the chief and exclusive subject; yet surely we must deeply feel that the genius of Dr. Young was of a higher order than that of Cowper; the sublime passages are of much greater strength, of much more frequent occurrence.

The *Night Thoughts* must be forgotten when Cowper is held up as the leading instance of

Christian devotion, united, with fine effect, to the poetic effervescence of the human mind; and surely Mr. Hayley lost sight of all the great English poets, with Shakespeare and Milton at the head of them, when he calls the Muse of Cowper pre-eminent, incomparable, transcendent, unrivalled, unequalled—epithets which are profusely lavished upon her through the course of these volumes—epithets which can only be applied with truth to three men of genius in the known world—to Shakespeare, as a dramatic poet; Newton, as a philosopher; and Handel, as a musician; not to Homer, not to Milton, because they stand abreast with each other and divide the epic palm. Let not applause of distinguished talents be stinted, but let it not be unjust to superior, or even to equal powers, by assertion that the subject of its descant has approachless excellence.

The universal popularity of the *Task* is accountable from other causes than its imaginary pre-eminence over all other contemporary poetry. Its beauties are unquestionably sufficient to give it considerable rank in the estimation of those who look with ardent yet impartial eyes on the respective claims of the bards, past and present; while it possesses the power to please and instruct the whole race of common readers, who cannot perhaps comprehend, in any degree which can render them charming, the *Paradise Lost*, or *Comus*; Akenside's compositions, or Gray's, except the 'Churchyard;' very little of Mason's, or of yours, except the common-life parts of the exquisite *Triumphs of Temper;* nor yet of the sublimely fanciful *Botanic Garden*.

Then the *Task*, besides it being level to the most ordinary capacity, gratifies two of the most prevailing dispositions of the general mind; its religious zeal, which exists in countless hearts whose practice it does not govern, and also its strange delight to see human nature represented in the darkest point of view; in whatever expresses disdain of it on earth, and menaces it with punishment and misery hereafter.

I am glad to learn, from your volumes, that Cowper's first edition of *Homer* has undergone, from his own hand, that corrective discipline of which it stood so much in need. In that first edition I have read it in close comparison with Pope's.

When I had the happiness of being your guest at Eartham, in 1782, I remember maintaining, against your opinion, the possibility, charming as Pope's *Homer* is, that we might see a still superior translation in blank verse, if ever a man of eminent genius should undertake the work; since rhyme does not, from the nature of the *Iliad*, seem the best mode of rendering it into English, notwithstanding the assertion of three of my former learned and poetic friends, that Pope's translation makes a finer poem than the original, when the superior harmony of the Greek language is put out of the question; that it contains more poetic matter; that the beauty of the Homeric pictures and the grandeur of the sentiments are heightened, while a rich veil is thrown over all the coarseness of the old bard. I did not believe them at the time, but the avowed fidelity of Cowper's translation has established my present faith in their opinion. Waiving that imputed superiority, Cowper's measures and expression, so free and generally graceful in the *Task*, are, in his *Homer*, stiff and inharmonious; his style loaded with Grecisms, which our language will not bear, and with low and vulgar terms, from which good taste recoils; with strange epithets, which add neither force, nor grace, nor character to the name, as Priamean Hector, crest-tossing Hector, huge Hector; and with the awkward double negative in perpetual recurrence, as

'He spake; nor white-armed Juno not complied.'
'He spake; nor Agamemnon not complied.'
'She spake; nor did Minerva not comply.'
'Nor Juno him not understood.'

There is also a disgusting frequency of what ought never to be found in verse, either blank or rhyme, viz. lines closing with an adjective, whose substantive begins the next line, thus disjoining what the Muses decree should, in no instance, be put asunder; instances:

'As when the Spring's fair daughter, rosy-palmed
Aurora'——
'The brazen wheels, and joined them to the smooth
Steel axle'——
'Achilles, after loss of the bright-hair'd
Briseis'——

Seldom looking into reviews, I never have read one of their strictures on Cowper's *Homer*. Some noble passages met my eye on its pages—passages upon which not even yourself can set a higher value. I am fully sensible of their superiority to their parallels in Pope. The most striking of these instances is the picture of Achilles' horse in the close of the 19th book, just before he speaks to his master. Poetry has nothing finer. Neither Pindar's nor Gray's Eagle excel it; but instances of Cowper's transcending Pope are rare; the reverse instances are countless and incessant.

It appears to me that the lady who purloined your friend's song, 'The Rose,' had as little good taste as honesty. A quaint affection of ideas, and unscholarlike awkwardness of expression, disgrace it:

'A rose had been washed, just washed by a shower,
Which Mary to Anna conveyed.'

According to grammar construction the word *which* belongs to the shower, and not to the rose. Mr. Cary, Saville, and myself used to laugh at it as a disagreeable quiz of a ballad when we believed it a lady's composition. Since Cary has known it to be Cowper's, he told me he had persuaded himself to like it. Such is prejudice.

Another proof how little your friend knew

of the poetic literature of England as it rose and bloomed around him; he says he was the first poet who publicly stigmatized our slave trade. Mr. Day's admirable poem, *The Dying Negro*, which, in the strongest colours, paints the guilt and misery of that traffic, appeared in the year 1770, years before Cowper published at all, and it was generally read and admired. Conscious as Cowper must have been how little he knew of the writings of his contemporaries, he should have avoided making such claims for himself, even in a private letter.

The avowed estimation in which he held Hervey's *Meditations*, and the compositions of Hurdis, gives me little confidence in his power to appreciate genius. It proves, at least, that fanaticism and partiality warped his decisions. The literary world has long pronounced Hervey, as he was, a pompous enthusiast, dressing up trite ideas in the flowery nothingness of external exclamation.

Detach a few good passages from Hurdis's writings, and he remains a servile imitator of Cowper. Gisborne, too, imitates Cowper, but with better effect. The *Village Curate* is a disagreeable poem, the *Forest Walks* a very pleasing work. One of the most disgusting compositions I ever read is a poem of Hurdis on the death of his sister.

My work on Darwin is likely to displease, for a period, numbers, perhaps, for one that will approve it. The world of letters seem divided in two wide extremes,—one half considering him as infinitely the first genius of his age, both as to poetic system and execution; the other half affecting to hold similar opinions of his writings with those so injuriously avowed in the pursuits of literature. I accidentally took up a *Critical Review* last winter, which says of some writer, in derision—'he professes to like Gibbon's prose and Darwin's poetry.' All who implicitly enlist themselves in either of these divisions will dislike my work, and perhaps publicly abuse it.

The same extremes of opinion prevail amongst his acquaintance respecting his moral character,—either exalt him as having been almost superior to human frailty, and exclaim with Sir Brooke Boothby—'Darwin was one of the best men I have ever known;' or stigmatize him as an empiric in medicine, a Jacobin in politics, deceitful to those who trusted him, covetous of gain, and an alien to his God. What can I hope for, who spoke of him as he was?

And now, my dear bard, can you persuade yourself to forgive this merciless intrusion on your time? I hope you will read my letter as I wrote it, at snatches of leisure, and take at least a fortnight to its perusal. I do not ask you to pardon my ingenuousness, since, presuming to speak to you of your work, I could not deserve your esteem had I not spoken honestly.

I am sure you will be glad to learn that your affectionate admirer, Saville, is in existence and in better health this than in the preceding winter, which was nearly fatal to him. He desires his cordial and grateful remembrances.

Yourself and the world have lost poor Romney, that soul of genius, honesty, generosity, and petulance—and you, yes, you have left Eartham! your once darling Eartham! but my imagination obstinately refuses to separate your image from that dear lovely scene. Adieu! Adieu!

[Every Harrovian points with pride to the name of Sheridan, cut in the old hall of that venerable school. Nor is he undeserving of the distinction. Byron said that whatever he did (or chose to do) was always the best of its kind: he wrote the best comedy, the *School for Scandal;* the best opera, the *Duenna;* the best farce, the *Critic;* and delivered the most famous oration of modern times. No history ever contained a more touching moral than the narrative of the actions and the misfortunes of Sheridan. With talents that might have dignified the highest station, he nevertheless sank into the most harassing difficulties; and with a disposition naturally generous and affectionate, he was continually outraging every principle of justice and of truth. He lived in the blaze of society, and died in the solitude of neglect.—*Willmott.*]

DR. PARR TO MOORE.

The Boyhood of Sheridan.

Hatton, Aug. 3, 1818.

DEAR SIR,—With the aid of a scribe, I sit down to fulfil my promise about Mr. Sheridan. There was little in his boyhood worth communicating. He was inferior to many of his schoolfellows in the ordinary business of a school; and I do not remember any one instance in which he distinguished himself by Latin or English composition, in prose or verse. Nathaniel Halhed, one of his schoolfellows, wrote well in Latin and Greek. Richard Archdall, another schoolfellow, excelled in English verse. Richard Sheridan aspired to no rivalry with either of them. He was at the uppermost part of the fifth form, but he never reached the sixth, and, if I mistake not, he had no opportunity of attending the most difficult and the most honourable part of school business, when the Greek plays were taught,—and it was the custom at Harrow to teach these at least every year. He went through his lessons in

Horace, and Virgil, and Homer well enough for a time. But, in the absence of the upper master, Dr. Sumner, it once fell in my way to instruct the two upper forms, and upon calling up Dick Sheridan, I found him not only slovenly in construing, but unusually defective in his Greek grammar. Knowing him to be a clever fellow, I did not fail to probe and tease him. I stated his case with great good-humour to the upper master, who was one of the best-tempered men in the world; and it was agreed between us that Richard should be called oftener, and worked more severely. The varlet was not suffered to stand up in his place, but was summoned to take his station near the master's table, where the voice of no prompter could reach him; and in this defenceless condition he was so harassed, that he at last gathered up some grammatical rules, and prepared himself for his lessons. While this tormenting process was inflicted upon him, I now and then upbraided him. But you will take notice, that he did not incur any corporal punishment for his idleness; his industry was just sufficient to protect him from disgrace; all the while Sumner and I saw in him vestiges of superior intellect. His eye, his countenance, his general manner, were striking. His answers to any common question were prompt and acute. We knew the esteem, and even admiration, which, somehow or other, all his schoolfellows felt for him. He was mischievous enough, but his pranks were accompanied by a sort of vivacity and cheerfulness which delighted Sumner and myself; I had much talk with him about his apple-loft, for the supply of which all the gardens in the neighbourhood were taxed, and some of the lower boys were employed to furnish it. I threatened, but without asperity, to trace the depredators, through his associates, up to their leader. He, with perfect good humour, set me at defiance, and I never could bring the charge home to him. All boys and all masters were pleased with him. I often praised him as a lad of great talents,—often exhorted him to use them well; but my exhortations were fruitless. I take for granted that his taste was silently improved, and that he knew well the little which he did know. He was removed from school too soon by his father, who was the intimate friend of Sumner, and whom I often met at his house. Sumner had a fine voice, fine ear, fine taste, and therefore pronunciation was frequently the favourite subject between him and Tom Sheridan. I was present at many of their discussions and disputes, and sometimes took a very active part in them, but Richard was not present. The father, you know, was a wrong-headed, whimsical man, and perhaps his scanty circumstances were one of the reasons which prevented him from sending Richard to the University. He must have been aware, as Sumner and I were, that Richard's mind was not cast in any ordinary mould. I ought to have told you that Richard, when a boy, was a great reader of English poetry; but his exercises afforded no proof of his proficiency. In truth, he, as a boy, was quite careless about literary fame. I should suppose that his father, without any regular system, polished his taste, and supplied his memory with anecdotes about our best writers in our Augustan age. The grandfather, you know, lived familiarly with Swift. I have heard of him as an excellent scholar. His boys in Ireland once performed a Greek play, and when Sir William Jones and I were talking over this event, I determined to make the experiment in England. I selected some of my best boys, and they performed the *Œdipus Tyrannus* and the *Trachinians* of Sophocles. I wrote some Greek Iambics to vindicate myself from the imputation of singularity, and grieved I am that I did not keep a copy of them. Milton, you may remember, recommends what I attempted.

I saw much of Sheridan's father after the death of Sumner, and after my own removal from Harrow to Stanmore. I respected him—he really liked me, and did me some important services, but I never met him and Richard together. I often inquired about Richard, and from the father's answers found they were not upon good terms; but neither he nor I ever spoke of his son's talents but in terms of the highest praise.

[It is unnecessary to give an account of this eminent printer and politician; his name is in all the Biographical Dictionaries; and those who are versed in Boswell's *Johnson*, and the other memoirs of the politics and literature of the last century, will know more of the man himself than the Biographical Dictionaries can teach them. The most valuable part of his letters is that which forms a sort of occasional political journal. To the historical critic it will be useful, as confirming or contradicting the previous authorities on the subject. Most ordinary readers are acquainted with the common sources of information on the proceedings of Parliament during the period embraced by Strahan's letters; and these materials, to which, however, the publication of *Walpole's Memoirs of George III.* has made a considerable addition, will be found very fully embodied in the sixteenth and seventeenth volumes of the *Parliamentary History.*—*John Hill Burton.*]

WILLIAM STRAHAN TO DAVID HUME.

London, July 10, 1764.

DEAR SIR,—I received yours of April 18th, and, since that, all Madame Riccoboni's book, which is now almost translated and printed. It is not easy to say how many presses there are in London; but as near as I can guess they are from one hundred and fifty to two hundred. One hundred and fifty is pretty near the truth: I mean such as are constantly employed. The medicines for the Dutch ambassador, I hope, came safe to hand. Any other commands you may have in this place shall be punctually executed.

I am very glad the accounts I sent you were so agreeable to you. You may depend upon their accuracy as far as they went; for I was, myself, an ear-witness of what I relate, and you may rely on hearing from me again whenever anything material occurs. At present, and, indeed, ever since Wilkes' affair was finished, we have been in a state of profound tranquillity. The names of *Pitt* and *Wilkes*, and *liberty* and *privilege*, we hear no more. During the recess of Parliament, you know, no business of consequence is agitated. The dismission of General Conway made a little noise some time ago; but as he acted the part of a *leader* in the Opposition (I write with the utmost freedom to you of everything, as I suppose you would choose I should), it was equally thought the King could not avoid discharging him from his service. He had a hint, I am credibly informed, to quit his place at court; and, in that case, might have held his regiment. But as he did not choose to take it, he was deprived of both. Lord Bute still holds his usual influence at court, and is very likely to do so long; for the King (if I may use the expression) doats upon him. Certain it is, he does nothing without his advice and approbation. It was said, a while ago, that he was to take the place of Lord Chamberlain, which is the lowest office he can hold to be a cabinet councillor; and it was said, by his friends, that he was desirous of filling this place, that he might have an opportunity, upon every proper occasion, to avow, publicly, any counsel he might give the King. But there is now no more talk of this. Meanwhile the Opposition is apparently upon the decline; nor is there the least likelihood of their making any figure next winter, unless, perhaps, Lord Bute should *openly* take the lead in the administration. In that case it is hard to say what national prejudice, fomented by a disappointed faction, may effectuate. My opinion of that nobleman is the same it ever was. I believe him sincere and honest, and that his views regarding this country are altogether honourable; but then he is too timid and irresolute, and knows little or nothing of men. Had he kept the high station in the State he once assumed, nothing could have hurt him; but his resignation indicated a deficiency in point of courage, of which his enemies (that is, the Opposition for the time being) will never fail to avail themselves, and will for ever prevent him from rendering that service to his country which, I am firmly persuaded, his honest and generous heart inclines to perform.

You would see in the papers, lately, that Mr. Pitt was at court. This was no other than a visit of form, having been prevented, by the gout, from paying his court on the birthday. The King spoke a little to him; but he had no conference with him, or with Lord Bute, as was reported. I was told, indeed, by a person of some consequence, on whose information I have some dependence, that he then advised falling upon the Spaniards without loss of time, on account of their late behaviour to our logwood cutters in the Bay of Campeachy; but I can hardly believe it. The truth is, these logwood cutters are a set of sad rascals, upon whose information *alone* it would be absurd to conclude anything. There is certainly some mistake in the matter, for the Spaniards cannot possibly mean to break with us yet. They are no way prepared for it. Besides, what is very remarkable, and what I believe has not hitherto been much attended to, the possession of Florida gives us the absolute command of that very passage which formerly rendered the Havannah of so much importance to them; so that whenever they are at war with us they lie at our mercy, and can get no treasure home without our permission. This is one of the many advantages the late peace has procured us, which I am humbly of opinion will appear every day more and more a very seasonable and great blessing to this nation.

Our national debt is, indeed, become a very serious matter, and must become much more so in the event of another war. This I look upon as the great mill-stone which hangs about the neck of this country, and is likely to sink it at last. But even in this we are on a par with our neighbours. In all other respects we are in a most respectable situation. 'Tis time. The state of our domestic politics, from the nature of our constitution, can never be very permanent; but, as the one-half of our great men are happily a check to the ambition and sinister views of the other half, it necessarily follows that, as we are not likely to continue in the right way for any length of time, so neither can we persist long in a wrong direction. Upon the whole, therefore, I am inclined to think we have little to fear at present. We have a good and virtuous prince upon the throne; the nature of our government leaves every individual as free as his own happiness and security will admit of; our dominions are rich and extensive; our commerce great and increasing;

and we want nothing but a little strong and active virtue in those at the helm, to render all those blessings as permanent as the nature of human affairs will admit of.

Lord Clive is lately embarked for the East Indies, invested with full and ample (I wish they may not prove dangerous) powers to settle all our important concerns in that quarter of the world. He carries with him a greater force of Europeans than that country ever saw before: enough, indeed (but that we have taught the natives the art of war), to make an entire conquest of the Mogul's empire. There were great divisions, you might perceive, among the East India proprietors upon this occasion; but I could not find that anything but power was aimed at by either side. Sullivan had long taken the lead in that company; Sullivan was in an opposite interest to Clive; the struggle was hard; but Clive at length prevailed, and goes out on his own terms.

Dr. Robertson brings up his pupil, Lord Grenville, in August or September; and I hear his *History of Charles V.* is finished; but this I have not from himself. What pity it is that you will not think of continuing *your History.* I do not pretend to have any influence with you in the matter, otherwise I would most certainly exert it all. And yet I sometimes imagine, if you knew how universally esteemed it is by the very best judges, and, indeed, by all those whose approbation is real fame; and were you witness to the just praises I often hear bestowed upon it, you would be strongly excited to finish that noble work, which, I will venture to say, will remain a monument of the author's candour and ability to the latest posterity.—I am, dear sir, your most obedient, humble servant,

WILLIAM STRAHAN.

[William Bowyer, the eminent printer (1699–1777), printed the first edition of Warburton's *Doctrine of Grace.* The work sold rapidly; but Mr. Bowyer not having been entrusted with the care of a new edition, he thought it necessary to vindicate himself from reflections that might arise on this apparent change in his patron's sentiments. 'On this subject, however,' says Mr. Nichols, 'it is not necessary to enlarge, as I can assert, on the authority of another right reverend prelate, that notwithstanding any little altercations which had happened, Bishop Warburton always continued to retain a sincere regard for Mr. Bowyer.' The sincerity of such regard might have been questionable, if, contrary to what Mr. Nichols also informs us, this, and other two letters of Mr. Bowyer upon the same subject, *had ever been sent* to the Bishop.]

MR. W. BOWYER TO DR. WARBURTON.

MY LORD,—When I understood that you had appointed Mr. —— to print the second edition of your book on *Grace,* I was tempted to cry out with your lordship, 'In what light must you stand with HONEST and CANDID men, if, when I had gone through the trouble of the first edition, the second is ordered away to another printer, even against the recommendation of your bookseller?' But as the *honest* and *candid* will little trouble themselves with any difference between your lordship and me, I will appeal to the judge within your own breast:

——'Pulsa dignoscere cautus
Quid solidum crepet, et pictæ tectoria linguæ.'

Your lordship will say, you removed your book to another printer because I had printed the first edition of it very incorrectly. I answer, my lord, that you saw every proof-sheet yourself, and ought to share with me at least in the imputation of incorrectness. You said, indeed, at first setting out, *that you would not be my corrector;* but then, my lord, you should not be your own. When sheets are hurried away to an impatient author late at night by the post, the printer is precluded from reviewing them with that accuracy he otherwise should bestow upon them. In the cancelled leaves which your lordship complains of, there were no less than six faults in one page, viz. p. 151; only one of which, upon the return of the sheet, was corrected by your lordship, the others being left for me to discover; and when I had done so, I naturally cried, *How does this man seek an occasion of quarrel against me!* Prophetic I was; for, instead of receiving thanks from you for my care, I am condemned for passing over two others, jointly with your lordship, in the following terms: 'Show him what an admirable corrector he is, and in a reprinted page too. He has suffered *opposite,* against all sense, to go for *apposite;* and in the note, *obscuram,* against all grammar, for *obscuriorem.*' Under favour, my lord, not against sense or grammar; for I had reduced *obscurem* to both, by making it *obscuram,* which was as far as a sudden conjecture without the copy could go. *Theologiam invenit—ipsis Pythagoricis numeris et Heracliti notis obscuram.* As for *opposite comparison,* I will not defend it; but a reader, not wholly inattentive, might be misled to reflect, that comparisons which are *odious* (and such, my lord, you and I could make) must needs be *opposite* too. I would further observe, my lord, that this error might be the more easily pardoned, because the very same word has unluckily (or *luckily,* shall I say?) escaped your lordship

in a work of your younger years, if the world is right in ascribing it to you. In p. 95, I find this passage: 'But I chose this instance of our author's knowledge of nature, not so much for its greatness, as for its OPPOSITENESS to our subject.'—*Critical and Philosophical Enquiry into the Causes of Prodigies and Miracles.* Lond. 1717. In short, my lord, you have prescribed a law to me, by which no other printer will ever be bound, viz. that I should suffer for every error of the press which you leave uncorrected. I am singled out from the flock for mudding the stream below, which your lordship drinks of at the fountain-head. But, my lord, vanity or partiality leads me to think some other motive, besides incorrectness, has carried you over to another printer. For why, of all men, to Mr. ——, who, in the last book he had printed for you, viz. the second part of the *Divine Legation*, A.D. 1758, so incensed your lordship, that you declared he never should print for you another sheet? If solicitation, or the prevailing fashion of the times, have changed your mind, I blame you not. Every one is to follow his pleasure or interest, as his inclination leads him. I only beg that we may be dropped with decency, and that contumely may not give an edge to our disgrace. As your lordship has been pleased to go from me to Mr. ——, from Mr. —— to me, and to Mr. —— again, I *might* hope another successful wind would blow you back again. My lord, if I cannot, like a courtier, have the credit of resigning my place, I will be still greater, and hereby promise not to *accept it again*. And to keep up the character of an old fallen minister, I will make bold to lay before you what I have *suffered*, and what I have *done*, in your lordship's service; and then we will draw to the tables, and balance the obligations, which your lordship has greatly lessened by upbraiding me with them, at a very unbecoming juncture, as will hereafter appear. The liberty I take you will impute to that period of life to which I am arrived,—the grand climacteric, which, as it levels all honours, so it mitigates all disgraces. You must not wonder if I take courage the nearer I approach my home, even that home which is a refuge against all complaints, and where the brambled turf over my grave shall preach as effectually as the lettered marble over your lordship's. With this contemplation I take my leave for the present; and am, my lord, your lordship's most obedient, humble servant,

W. B.

[The following letter is interesting as recording Cowper's opinion of the style best adapted to a translation of Homer.]

WILLIAM COWPER TO LADY HESKETH.

The Lodge, March 22, 1790.

I REJOICE, my dearest cousin, that my MSS. have roamed the earth so successfully, and have met with no disaster. The single book excepted, that went to the bottom of the Thames, and rose again, they have been fortunate without exception. I am not superstitious, but have nevertheless as good a right to believe that adventure an omen, and a favourable one, as Swift had to interpret as he did the loss of a fine fish, which he had no sooner laid on the bank than it flounced into the water again. This, he tells us himself, he always considered as a type of his future disappointments; and why may not I as well consider the marvellous recovery of my lost book from the bottom of the Thames as typical of its future prosperity? To say the truth, I have no fears now about the success of my translation, though in time past I have had many. I knew there was a style somewhere, could I but find it, in which Homer ought to be rendered, and which alone would suit him. Long time I blundered about it, ere I could attain to any decided judgment on the matter; at first, I was betrayed by a desire of accommodating my language to the simplicity of his into much of the quaintness that belonged to our writers of the fifteenth century. In the course of many revisals I have delivered myself from this evil, I believe, entirely; but I have done it slowly, and as a man separates himself from his mistress when he is going to marry. I had so strong a predilection in favour of this style at first, that I was crazed to find that others were not as much enamoured with it as myself. At every passage of that sort which I obliterated, I groaned bitterly, and said to myself, I am spoiling my work to please those who have no taste for the simple graces of antiquity. But, in measure as I adopted a more modern phraseology, I became a convert to their opinion, and, in the last revisal, which I am now making, am not sensible of having spared a single expression of the obsolete kind. I see my work so much improved by this alteration, that I am filled with wonder at my own backwardness to assent to the necessity of it, and the more when I consider that Milton, with whose manner I account myself intimately acquainted, is never quaint, never twangs through the nose, but is everywhere grand and elegant, without resorting to musty antiquity for his beauties. On the contrary, he took a long stride forward, left the language of his own day far behind him, and anticipated the expressions of a century yet to come.

I have now, as I said, no longer any doubt of the event, but I will give thee a shilling if thou wilt tell me what I shall say in my Preface. It is an affair of much delicacy, and I have as many opinions about it as there are whims in a weathercock.

Send my MSS. and thine when thou wilt. In a day or two I shall enter on the last *Iliad;* when I have finished it I shall give the *Odyssey* one more reading, and shall therefore shortly have occasion for the copy in thy possession, but you see that there is no need to hurry.

I leave the little space for Mrs. Unwin's use, who means, I believe, to occupy it,

And am evermore thine most truly,

WILLIAM COWPER.

Postscript, in the hand of Mrs. Unwin.

You cannot imagine how much your ladyship would oblige your unworthy servant, if you would be so good to let me know in what point I differ from you. All that at present I can say is, that I will readily sacrifice my own opinion, unless I can give you a substantial reason for adhering to it.

TO JOHN JOHNSTON.

Weston, March 23, 1790.

YOUR MSS. arrived safe in New Norfolk Street, and I am much obliged to you for your labours. Were you now at Weston, I could furnish you with employment for some weeks, and shall perhaps be equally able to do it in summer, for I have lost my best amanuensis in this place, Mr. G. Throckmorton, who is gone to Bath.

You are a man to be envied, who have never read the *Odyssey*, which is one of the most amusing story-books in the world. There is also much of the finest poetry in the world to be found in it, notwithstanding all that Longinus has insinuated to the contrary. His comparison of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* to the meridian and to the declining sun is pretty, but, I am persuaded, not just. The prettiness of it seduced him; he was otherwise too judicious a reader of *Homer* to have made it. I can find in the latter no symptoms of impaired ability, none of the effects of age; on the contrary, it seems to me a certainty, that Homer, had he written the *Odyssey* in his youth, could not have written it better; and if the *Iliad* in his old age, that he would have written it just as well. A critic would tell me that, instead of *written*, I should have said *composed*. Very likely—but I am not writing to one of that snarling generation.

My boy, I long to see thee again. It has happened some way or other, that Mrs. Unwin and I have conceived a great affection for thee. That I should is the less to be wondered at (because thou art a shred of my own mother); neither is the wonder great that she should fall into the same predicament, for she loves everything that I love. You will observe that your own personal right to be beloved makes no part of the consideration. There is nothing that I touch with so much tenderness as the vanity of a young man; because, I know how extremely susceptible he is of impressions that might hurt him in that particular part of his composition. If you should ever prove a coxcomb, from which character you stand just now at a greater distance than any young man I know, it shall never be said that I have made you one; no, you will gain nothing by me but the honour of being much valued by a poor poet, who can do you no good while he lives, and has nothing to leave you when he dies. If you can be contented to be dear to me on these conditions, so you shall; but other terms more advantageous than these, or more inviting, none have I to propose.

Farewell. Puzzle not yourself about a subject when you write to either of us: everything is subject enough from those we love.

W. C.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM UNWIN.

Olney, Nov. 18, 1782.

MY DEAR WILLIAM,—On the part of the poor, and on our part, be pleased to make acknowledgments, such as the occasion calls for, to our beneficent friend, Mr. ——. I call him ours, because, having experienced his kindness to myself in a former instance, and in the present his disinterested readiness to succour the distressed, my ambition will be satisfied with nothing less. He may depend upon the strictest secrecy; no creature shall hear him mentioned, either now or hereafter, as the person from whom we have received this bounty. But when I speak of him, or hear him spoken of by others, which sometimes happens, I shall not forget what is due to so rare a character. I wish, and your mother wishes too, that he could sometimes take us in his way to ——: he will find us happy to receive a person whom we must needs account it an honour to know. We shall exercise our best discretion in the disposal of the money; but in this town, where the gospel has been preached so many years, where the people have been favoured so long with laborious and conscientious ministers, it is not an easy thing to find those who make no profession of religion at all, and are yet proper objects of charity. The profane are so profane, so drunken, dissolute, and in every respect worthless, that to make them partakers of his bounty would be to abuse it. We promise, however, that none shall touch it but such as are miserably poor,

yet at the same time industrious and honest, two characters frequently united here, where the most watchful and unremitting labour will hardly procure them bread. We make none but the cheapest laces, and the price of them is fallen almost to nothing. Thanks are due to yourself likewise, and are hereby accordingly rendered, for waiving your claim in behalf of your own parishioners. You are always with them, and they are always, at least some of them, the better for your residence among them. Olney is a populous place, inhabited chiefly by the half-starved and the ragged of the earth, and it is not possible for our small party and small ability to extend their operations so far as to be much felt among such numbers. Accept, therefore, your share of their gratitude, and be convinced that, when they pray for a blessing upon those who relieved their wants, He that answers that prayer, and when He answers it, will remember His servant at Stock.

I little thought when I was writing the history of John Gilpin, that he would appear in print. I intended to laugh, and to make two or three others laugh, of whom you were one; but now all the world laugh, at least if they have the same relish for a tale ridiculous in itself, and quaintly told, as we have. Well, they do not always laugh so innocently, and at so small an expense; for, in a world like this, abounding with subjects for satire, and with satirical wits to mark them, a laugh that hurts nobody has at least the grace of novelty to recommend it. Swift's darling motto was, *Vive la bagatelle!* a good wish for a philosopher of his complexion, the greater part of whose wisdom, whencesoever it came, most certainly came not from above. *La bagatelle* has no enemy in me, though it has neither so warm a friend nor so able a one as it had in him. If I trifle, and merely trifle, it is because I am reduced to it by necessity—a melancholy that nothing else so effectually disperses engages me sometimes in the arduous task of being merry by force. And, strange as it may seem, the most ludicrous lines I ever wrote have been written in the saddest mood, and but for that saddest mood, perhaps, had never been written at all.

I hear from Mrs. Newton that some great persons have spoken with great approbation of a certain book; who they are, and what they have said, I am to be told in a future letter. The Monthly Reviewers, in the meantime, have satisfied me well enough.—Yours, my dear William, W. C.

TO THE SAME.

Olney, May 26, 1779.

I AM obliged to you for the poets, and, though I little thought that I was translating so much money out of your pocket into the bookseller's, when I turned Prior's poem into Latin, yet I must needs say that, if you think it worth while to purchase the *English Classics* at all, you cannot possess yourself of them upon better terms. I have looked into some of the volumes, but, not having yet finished the register, have merely looked into them. A few things I have met with, which, if they had been burned the moment they were written, it would have been better for the author, and at least as well for his readers. There is not much of this, but a little is too much. I think it a pity the editor admitted any; the English muse would have lost no credit by the omission of such trash. Some of them, again, seem to me to have but a very disputable right to a place among the Classics, and I am quite at a loss, when I see them in such company, to conjecture what is Dr. Johnson's idea or definition of classical merit. But, if he inserts the poems of some who can hardly be said to deserve such an honour, the purchaser may comfort himself with the hope that he will exclude none that do. W. C.

[Nelson here refers to the wounds received and the loss of an eye at the siege of Calvi.]

HORATIO NELSON TO MRS. NELSON.

Off Leghorn, August 18, 1794.

I LEFT Calvi on the 15th, and hope never to be in it again. I was yesterday in St. Fiorenzo, and to-day shall be safe moored, I expect, in Leghorn; since the ship has been commissioned, this will be the first resting time we have had. As it is all past, I may now tell you, that on the 10th of July a shot having hit our battery, the splinters and stones from it struck me with great violence in the face and breast. Although the blow was so severe as to occasion a great flow of blood from my head, yet I, most fortunately, escaped, having only my right eye nearly deprived of its sight; it was cut down, but it is so far recovered as for me to be able to distinguish light from darkness. As to all the purposes of use, it is gone; however, the blemish is nothing, not to be perceived, unless told. The pupil is nearly the size of the blue part, I don't know the name. At Bastia, I got a sharp cut in the back. You must not think that my hurts confined me; no, nothing but the loss of a limb would have kept me from my duty, and I believe my exertions conduced to preserve me in this general mortality. I am fearful that Mrs. Moutray's son, who was on shore with us, will fall a sacrifice to the climate; he is a lieutenant of the *Victory*, a very fine young man, for whom I have a great regard.

Lord Hood is quite distressed about him. Poor little Hoste is also extremely ill, and I have great fears about him. One hundred and fifty of my people are in their beds; of two thousand men I am the most healthy. Josiah is very well, and a clever, smart young man, for so I must call him, his sense demands it.—Yours, etc.

HORATIO NELSON.

[Nelson lost an arm in the unsuccessful attack on Santa Cruz, Teneriffe, July 24, 1797; but he made no mention of his own wound in the official despatches. Honours enough awaited him in England, however; the freedom of the cities of Bristol and London was conferred upon him, he was invested with the Order of the Bath, and received a pension of £1000 a year.]

REAR-ADMIRAL SIR HORATIO NELSON, K.B.,[1] TO ADMIRAL SIR JOHN JERVIS, K.B.

'*Theseus*,' *July* 27, 1797.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am become a burthen to my friends, and useless to my country; but by my letter wrote the 24th, you will perceive my anxiety for the promotion of my son-in-law, Josiah Nisbet. When I leave your command, I become dead to the world; I go hence and am no more seen. If from poor Bowen's loss, you think it proper to oblige me, I rest confident you will do it; the boy is under obligations to me, but he repaid me by bringing me from the mole of Santa Cruz. I hope you will be able to give me a frigate to convey the remains of my carcase to England. God bless you, my dear sir, and believe me, your most obliged and faithful

HORATIO NELSON.

You will excuse my scrawl, considering it is my first attempt.

TO THE SAME.

'*Theseus*,' *August* 16, 1797.

MY DEAR SIR,—I rejoice once more in sight of your flag, and with your permission will come on board the *Ville de Paris*, and pay you my respects. If the *Emerald* has joined, you know my wishes. A left-handed admiral will never again be considered as useful, therefore the sooner I get to a very humble cottage the better, and make room for a better man to serve the State; but whatever be my lot, believe me, with the most sincere affection, ever your most faithful HORATIO NELSON.

1 Nelson appointed a Knight of the Bath, March 1797.

TO LADY NELSON.

'*Theseus*,' *August* 1797.

MY DEAREST FANNY,—I am so confident of your affection, that I feel the pleasure you will receive will be equal, whether my letter is wrote by my right hand or left. It was the chance of war, and I have great reason to be thankful; and I know that it will add much to your pleasure in finding that Josiah, under God's providence, was principally instrumental in saving my life. As to my health, it never was better; and now I hope soon to return to you; and my country, I trust, will not allow me any longer to linger in want of that pecuniary assistance which I have been fighting the whole war to preserve to her. But I shall not be surprised to be neglected and forgot, as probably I shall no longer be considered as useful. However, I shall feel rich if I continue to enjoy your affection. The cottage is now more necessary than ever. You will see by the papers, Lieutenant Weatherhead is gone. Poor fellow! he lived four days after he was shot. I shall not close this letter till I join the fleet, which seems distant, for it's been calm these three days past. I am fortunate in having a good surgeon on board; in short, I am much more recovered than I could have expected. I beg neither you or my father will think much of this mishap; my mind has long been made up to such an event. God bless you, and believe me your most affectionate husband,

HORATIO NELSON.

[Long before the publication of the letters from Italy, many gleams of exquisite description derived from them had delighted the reader in the pages of one or two living poets. They were written, as the author observes, in the bloom and heyday of youthful spirits and youthful confidence, and contain some of the most beautiful pictures of scenery, and some of the liveliest traits of character, to be found in our literature. Lord Byron's remark upon Moore's Eastern poetry, 'that he had lived in the rainbow, and caught its hues,' may be applied to the description of the author of *Vathek*. Whether he lets in the ruby light through the stained windows upon the white garments of a monk; or opens the latticed casement of his apartment upon a boundless vineyard in all the luxuriance of foliage; or displays before us the wondrous kitchen of the monastery of Alcobaca,—he is at all times equally vivacious, equally graceful, and equally original.—*Willmott.*]

BECKFORD TO ——.

October 19, 1787.

My health improves every day. The clear exhilarating weather we now enjoy, calls forth the liveliest sense of existence. I ride, walk, and climb as long as I please, without fatiguing myself. The valley of Collares affords me a source of perpetual amusement. I have discovered a variety of paths which lead through chestnut copses and orchards to irregular green spots, where self-sown bays and citron bushes hang wild over the rocky margin of a little river, and drop their fruit and blossoms into the stream. You may ride for miles along the banks of this delightful water, catching endless perspectives of flowery thickets between the stems of poplar and walnut. The scenery is truly Elysian, and exactly such as poets assign for the resort of happy spirits. The mossy fragments of rocks, grotesque pollards, and rustic bridges, you meet with at every step, recall Savoy and Switzerland to the imagination; but the exotic cast of the vegetation, the vivid green of the citron, the golden fruitage of the orange, the blossoming myrtle, and the rich fragrance of a turf embroidered with the brightest-coloured and most aromatic flowers, allow me, without a violent stretch of fancy, to believe myself in the garden of the Hesperides, and to expect the dragon under every tree. I by no means like the thought of abandoning these smiling regions, and have been twenty times on the point, this very day, of revoking the orders I have given for my journey. Whatever objections I may have had to Portugal, seem to vanish since I have determined to leave it; for such is the perversity of human nature, that objects appear the most estimable precisely at the moment when we are going to lose them.

There was this morning a mild radiance in the sunbeams, and a balsamic serenity in the air, which infused that voluptuous listlessness —that desire of remaining imparadised in one delightful spot, which, in classical fictions, was supposed to render those who had tasted of the lotus forgetful of country, of friends, and of every tie. My feelings were not dissimilar; I loathed the idea of moving away.

Though I had entered these beautiful orchards soon after sunrise, the clocks of some distant conventual churches had chimed hour after hour, before I could prevail upon myself to quit the spreading odoriferous bay-trees under which I had been lying. If shades so cool and fragrant invited to repose, I must observe, that never were paths better calculated to tempt the laziest of beings to a walk, than those that opened on all sides, and are formed of a smooth dry sand, bound firmly together, composing a surface as hard as gravel. These level paths wind about amongst a labyrinth of light and elegant fruit-trees—almond, plum, and cherry, something like the groves of Tonga-taboo, as represented in Cook's voyages; and to increase the resemblance, neat cane fences and low open sheds, thatched with reeds, appear at intervals, breaking the horizontal line of the perspective. I had now lingered and loitered away pretty nearly the whole morning, and though, as far as scenery could authorize, and climate inspire, I might fancy myself an inhabitant of Elysium, I could not pretend to be sufficiently ethereal to exist without nourishment. In plain English, I was extremely hungry. The pears, quinces, and oranges, which dangled above my head, although fair to the eye, were neither so juicy nor gratifying to the palate as might have been expected from their promising appearance.

Being considerably

'More than a mile immersed within the wood,'

and not recollecting by which clue of a path I could get out of it, I remained at least half an hour deliberating which way to turn myself. The sheds and enclosures I have mentioned were put together with care, and even nicety, it is true, but seemed to have no other inhabitants than flocks of bantams, strutting about, and destroying the eggs and hopes of many an insect family. These glistening fowls, like their brethren described in Anson's voyages as animating the profound solitudes of the island of Tinian, appeared to have no master. At length, just as I was beginning to wish myself very heartily in a less romantic region, I heard the loud, though not unmusical, tones of a powerful female voice, echoing through the arched green avenues: presently a stout, ruddy young peasant, very picturesquely attired in brown and scarlet, came hoydening along, driving a mule before her, laden with two enormous panniers of grapes. To ask for a share of this luxuriant load, and to compliment the fair driver, was instantaneous on my part, but to no purpose. I was answered by a sly wink, 'We all belong to Senhor José Dias, whose corral or farm-yard is half a league distant. There, senhor, if you follow that road, and don't puzzle yourself by straying to the right or left, you will soon reach it, and the bailiff, I dare say, will be proud to give you as many grapes as you please. Good morning, happy days to you! I must mind my business.'

Seating herself between the tantalizing panniers, she was gone in an instant, and I had the good luck to arrive at the wicket of a rude dry wall, winding up several bushy slopes in a wild, irregular manner. If the outside of this enclosure was rough and unpromising, the interior presented a most cheerful scene of rural opulence. Droves of cows and goats milking; ovens, out of which huge cakes of savoury bread had just been taken; ranges of bee-hives, and

long pillared sheds, entirely tapestried with purple and yellow muscadine grapes, half candied, which were hung up to dry. A very good-natured, classical-looking *magister pecorum*, followed by two well-disciplined, though savage-eyed, dogs, whom the least glance of their master prevented from barking, gave me a hearty welcome, and with genuine hospitality not only allowed me the free range of his domain, but set whatever it produced in the greatest perfection before me. A contest took place between two or three curly-haired, chubby-faced children, who should be first to bring me walnuts fresh from the shell, bowls of milk, and cream-cheeses, made after the best of fashions, that of the province of Alemtejo.

I found myself so abstracted from the world in this retirement, so perfectly transported back into primitive patriarchal times, that I don't recollect having ever enjoyed a few hours of more delightful calm. 'Here,' did I say to myself, 'am I out of the way of courts, and ceremonies, and commonplace visitations, or salutations, or gossip.' But, alas! how vain is all one thinks or says to oneself nineteen times out of twenty. Whilst I was blessing my stars for this truce to the irksome bustle of the life I had led since her Majesty's arrival at Cintra, a loud hallooing, the cracking of whips, and the trampling of horses made me start up from the snug corner in which I had soothed myself, and dispelled all my delightful visions. Luis de Miranda, the colonel of the Cascais regiment, an intimate confidant and favourite of the Prince of Brazil, broke in upon me with a thousand (as he thought) obliging reproaches, for having deserted Ramalhaõ the very morning he had come on purpose to dine with me, and to propose a ride after dinner to a particular point of the Cintra mountains, which commands, he assured me, such a prospect as I had not yet been blessed with in Portugal. 'It is not, even now,' said he, 'too late. I have brought your horses along with me, whom I found fretting and stamping under a great tree at the entrance of these foolish lanes. Come, get into your stirrups for God's sake, and I will answer for your thinking yourself well repaid by the scene I shall disclose to you.'

As I was doomed to be disturbed and talked out of the elysium in which I had been wrapped for these last seven or eight hours, it was no matter in what position, whether on foot or on horseback; I therefore complied, and away we galloped. The horses were remarkably sure-footed, or else, I think, we must have rolled down the precipices; for our road,

'If road it could be called, where road was none,'

led us by zigzags and short cuts, over steeps and acclivities, about three or four leagues, till reaching a heathy desert, where a solitary cross, starting out of a few weather-beaten bushes, marked the highest point of this wild eminence, one of the most expansive prospects of sea, and plain, and distant mountains I ever beheld, burst suddenly upon me,—rendered still more vast, aërial, and indefinite, by the visionary, magic vapour of the evening sun.

After enjoying a moment or two the general effect, I began tracing out the principal objects in the view, as far, that is to say, as they could be traced through the medium of the intense, glowing haze. I followed the course of the Tagus, from its entrance till it was lost in the low estuaries beyond Lisbon. Cascais appeared, with its long reaches of wall and bomb-proof casements, like a Moorish town; and by the help of a glass, I distinguished a tall palm lifting itself up above a cluster of white buildings. 'Well,' said I to my conductor, 'this prospect has certainly charms worth seeing; but not sufficient to make me forget that it is high time to get home and refresh ourselves.' 'Not so fast,' was the answer, 'we have still a great deal more to see.'

Having acquired, I can hardly tell why or wherefore, a sheep-like habit of following wherever he led, I spurred after him down a rough declivity, thick strewn with rolling stones and pebbles. At the bottom of this descent, a dreary sunburnt plain extended itself far and wide. Whilst we dismounted and halted a few minutes to give our horses breath, I could not help observing that the view we were contemplating but ill rewarded the risk of breaking our necks in riding down such rapid declivities. He smiled, and asked me whether I saw nothing at all interesting in the prospect. 'Yes,' said I, 'a sort of caravan I perceive about a quarter of a mile off is by no means uninteresting; that confused group of people in scarlet, with gleaming arms, and sumpter-mules, and those striped awnings stretched from ruined walls, present exactly that kind of scenery I should expect to meet with in the neighbourhood of Grand Cairo.' 'Come, then,' said he, 'it is time to clear up this mystery, and tell you for what purpose we have taken such a long and fatiguing ride. The caravan which strikes you as being so very picturesque, is composed of the attendants of the Prince of Brazil, who has been passing the whole day upon a shooting party, and is just at this moment taking a little repose beneath yonder awnings. It was by his desire I brought you here, for I have his commands to express his wishes of having half an hour's conversation with you, unobserved, and in perfect *incognito*. Walk on, as if you were collecting plants, or taking sketches; I will apprize his Royal Highness, and you will meet, as it were, by chance, and without any form.'

[When Sir James Mackintosh said that posterity would place the name of Hall by the side of Paley, he scarcely assigned to him his proper situation in theological literature. Hall, indeed, possessed many of the most valuable qualities of Paley; but Paley wanted the vivacious and illuminating fancy of Hall. In his correspondence, however, we find no other characteristics of his mind than simplicity and truth.—*Willmott.*]

R. HALL TO MR. H. FYSH.

Shelford, March 11, 1804.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I deeply sympathize with you in the great loss you have sustained by the decease of your most excellent wife. It is a stroke which will be long felt by all her surviving friends: how much more by a person with whom she was so long and so happily united! There are many considerations, however, which must occur to your mind in alleviation of your distress. The dear deceased had long been rendered incapable, by the severity of her affliction, of enjoying life; and a further extension of it would have been but a prolongation of woe. Much as her friends must regret her loss, to have been eagerly solicitous for her continuance here would have been a refined selfishness rather than true friendship. She was spared for the kindest purposes, to exemplify the power of religion in producing a cheerful resignation to the will of God, through a long series of suffering, to a degree which I never saw equalled in any other instance. *There was the faith and patience of the saints.* Her graces were most severely tried, and surely never did any shine brighter. The most active and zealous services in religion could not have yielded more glory to God than the dignified composure, the unruffled tranquillity, and the unaltered sweetness she maintained amidst her trials. Oh, my dear friend, let the image of her virtues be ever impressed on your heart, and ever improved as an incentive to that close walk with God which laid the foundation of all her excellence. To have had an opportunity of contemplating the influence of genuine religion so intimately, and under so interesting a form, is a privilege which falls to the lot of few, and is surely one of the most inestimable advantages we can possess. That she was spared to you so long; that her patience continued unexhausted amidst so severe a pressure; and, above all, that you have so well-grounded an assurance of her happiness, must fill you with a grateful sense of the divine goodness. This state is designed to be a mingled scene, in which joy and sorrow, and serenity and storms, take their turns. A perpetuity of either would be unsuitable to us; an uninterrupted series of prosperity would fill us with worldly passions; an unbroken continuity of adversity would unfit us for exertion. *The spirit would fail before Him, and the souls which He hath made.* Pain and pleasure, scenes of satisfaction and sorrow, are admirably attempered with each other, so as to give us constant room for thankfulness, and yet to remind us that *this is not our rest.* Our dear and invaluable friend has entered into the world of perfect spirits, to which she made so near an approach during her continuance here. To a mind so refined, and exercised in the school of affliction, so resigned to the divine will, and so replete with devotion and benevolence, how easy and delightful was the transition! To her *to live was Christ, but to die was gain.* Let us improve this dispensation of Providence, by imitating her example: let us cherish her memory with reverential tenderness; and consider it as an additional call to all we have received before, to *seek the things that are above.*

I confess, the thought of so dear a friend having left this world makes an abatement of its value in my estimation, as I doubt not it will still more in yours. The thought of my journey to London gives me little or no pleasure; for I shall hear the accents of that sweet voice which so naturally expressed the animation of benevolence—I shall behold that countenance which displayed so many amiable sentiments—no more. But can we wish her back? Can we wish to recall her from that blissful society which she has joined, and where she is singing a new song? No, my dear friend! you will not be so selfish. You will, I trust, aspire with greater ardour than ever after the heavenly world, and be daily imploring fresh supplies of that grace which will fit you for an everlasting union with our deceased friend. I hope her amiable nieces will profit by this expressive event. And as they have (blessed be God for it) *begun to seek after Sion with their faces thitherward,* that they will walk forward with additional firmness and alacrity. I shall make little or no stay in London on my first journey; but, as I long to see you, will spend the 11th instant (that is, the evening preceding my engagement to preach) at your house, if agreeable. I shall be glad to see Mr. Dove, but pray do not ask strangers.—I am your sympathizing friend,

ROBERT HALL.

[Colonel Wellesley landed in India in the February of 1797, and was soon engaged in the war with the famous Tippoo Sultaun, and at the assault and capture of Seringapatam, May 4, 1799, he commanded the reserve in the trenches. In 1800, the tran-

quillity of Mysore was disturbed by the reappearance, at the head of a numerous army, of a Marhatta freebooter, named Dhoondiah Waugh. Colonel Wellesley, who knew him, though a despicable, to be a very formidable enemy, proceeded against him in person, 'with detachments of the army of Mysore.' Dhoondiah had previously eluded the pursuit of two officers who had endeavoured to intercept him in his flight into the Marhatta country. 'Dhoondiah,' says Colonel Gurwood, 'had formerly committed various depredations on the territories of Tippoo Sultaun, who, having secured his person, compelled him to conform to the Mahometan faith, and afterwards employed him in military service;' subsequently, however, he confined him in irons in Seringapatam. Having been released after the capture of that fortress by the English troops, he fled to Bednore, and 'laid that rich country under severe contributions, which he exacted with unrelenting cruelty, perpetrating throughout the province the most atrocious acts of rapine and murder.'—*Willmott.*]

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON TO LIEUTENANT-COLONEL CLOSE.

Camp, right of the Malpoorba, opposite Manowly, July 31, 1800.

DEAR COLONEL,—I have the pleasure to inform you that I have struck a blow against Dhoondiah, which he will feel severely. After the fall of Dummul and Gudduck, I heard that Dhoondiah was encamped near Soondootty, west of the Pursghur hill, and that his object was to cover the passage of his baggage over the Malpoorba at Manowly. I then determined upon a plan to attack both him and his baggage at the same time, in co-operation with Bowser, whose detachment, however, did not arrive at Dummul till the 28th, and was two marches in my rear; but I thought it most important that I should approach Dhoondiah's army at all events, and take advantage of any movement which he might make. I accordingly moved on, and arrived on the 29th at Allagawaddy, which is fifteen miles from Soondootty, and twenty-six from this place. I intended to halt at Allagawaddy till the 31st, on which day I expected Colonel Bowser at Nurgoond; but Dhoondiah broke up from Soondootty as soon as he heard of my arrival at Allagawaddy, sent part of his army to Doodwaur, part towards Jellahaul, and part with the baggage to this place. I then marched on the morning of the 30th to Hoogurgoor, which is east of the Pursghur Hill, where I learned that Dhoondiah was here with his baggage. I determined to move on and attack him. I surprised his camp at three o'clock in the evening with the cavalry; and we drove into the river or destroyed everybody that was in it, took an elephant, several camels, bullocks, horses, and innumerable families, women, and children. The guns were gone over, and we made an attempt to dismount them by a fire from this side; but it was getting dark, and my infantry was fatigued by the length of the march; we lost a man or two, and I saw plainly that we should not succeed; I therefore withdrew my guns to my camp. I do not know whether Dhoondiah was with this part of the army, but I rather believe not. Bubber Jung was in the camp, put on his armour to fight, mounted his horse, and rode him into the river, where he was drowned. Numbers met with the same fate. One tandah of brinjarries, in this neighbourhood, has sent to me for cowle, and I have got the family of a head brinjarry among those of several others. I have detained them; but have sent cowle to the brinjarry. I hear that everybody is deserting Dhoondiah; and I believe it, as my Marhattas are going out this night to attack one of his parties gone towards Darwar. They were before very partial to my camp. I have a plan for crossing some Europeans over the river to destroy the guns, which I am afraid I cannot bring off, and then I think I shall have done this business completely. I am not quite certain of success, however, as the river is broad and rapid.—Believe me, etc.

ARTHUR WELLESLEY.

[No circumstance in the despatches of the Duke of Wellington awakens a livelier feeling of pleasure and surprise in the mind of the reader, than the simple, natural, yet touching and consolatory manner in which that illustrious commander communicates the death or the sufferings of his officers to their relatives and friends. Avoiding all the common topics of condolence, he places before the bereaved mother or father every consideration likely to reconcile them to the loss they have experienced in the cause of their country. To these letters the Epitaph of Collins might have been affixed for a motto.—*Willmott.*]

TO LADY SARAH NAPIER.

Gallegos, January 29, 1812.

MY DEAR MADAM,—I am sorry to tell you that your son George was again wounded in the

right arm so badly last night, in the storm of Ciudad Rodrigo, that it was necessary to amputate it above the elbow. He, however, bore the operation remarkably well, and I have seen him this morning free from pain and fever, and enjoying highly his success before he had received his wound. When he did receive it, he only desired that I might be informed that he had led his men to the top of the breach before he had fallen.

Having such sons, I am aware that you expect to hear of those misfortunes, which I have more than once had to communicate to you; and notwithstanding your affection for them, you have so just a notion of the value of the distinction they are daily acquiring for themselves, by their gallantry and good conduct, that their misfortunes do not make so great an impression upon you. Under such circumstances, I perform the task which I have taken upon myself with less reluctance, hoping at the same time that this will be the last occasion on which I shall have to address you upon such a subject, and that your brave sons will be spared to you. Although the last was the most serious, it was not the only wound which George received during the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo; he was hit by the splinter of a shell in the shoulder on the 16th.—Believe me, etc.

TO LORD SOMERS.

Villa-Toro, October 11, 1812.

My Lord,—As I have before had the honour of writing to you respecting your son, I cannot allow my despatch to go to England, with the melancholy account of the loss which you have sustained, without addressing a few lines to you.

Your son fell as he had lived, in the zealous and gallant discharge of his duty. He had already distinguished himself in the course of the operations of the attack on the Castle of Burgos to such a degree as to induce me to recommend him for promotion; and I assure your lordship, that if Providence had spared him to you, he possessed acquirements and was endowed with qualities to become one of the greatest ornaments of his profession, and to continue an honour to his family and an advantage to his country. I have no hope that what I have above stated to your lordship will at all tend to alleviate your affliction on this melancholy occasion; but I could not deny myself the satisfaction of assuring you, that I was highly sensible of the merits of your son, and that I most sincerely lament his loss.—I have the honour to be, etc.

[Among the political opponents who had depreciated, with all the virulence of party, the early campaigns of Wellington, Mr. Whitbread had distinguished himself by the vehemence of his hostility. But he was a generous, though a prejudiced antagonist, and having been convinced of the injustice of his censures, not only acknowledged his error in Parliament, but addressed a letter to Lord Wellington in the same pacific spirit.—*Willmott.*]

TO SAMUEL WHITBREAD, ESQ.

Elvas, May 23, 1811.

My dear Sir,—I am most highly gratified by your letter of the 29th April, which I received last night; and I beg leave to return my thanks for the mode in which you have taken the trouble of informing me of the favourable change of your opinion respecting affairs in this country. I acknowledge that I was much concerned to find that persons, for whom I entertained the highest respect, and whose opinions were likely to have great weight in England, and throughout Europe, had delivered erroneous opinions, as I thought, respecting affairs in this country; and I prized their judgments so highly, at the same time that I was certain of the error of the opinion which they had delivered, that I was induced to attribute their conduct to the excess of the spirit of party. I assure you that, highly as I am gratified and flattered by the approbation of —— and yourself and others, that which gives me most pleasure in the account which I received last night from England, is to be convinced that such men could not be unjust towards an officer in the service of the country abroad; and that the opinions which they had delivered, however unfavourable to him, were the real dictates of their judgments, upon a fair view of all the circumstances which had come to their knowledge. To the gratification arising from this conviction, to one who appears destined to pass his life in the harness, you have added that which I have received from your obliging letter, and I assure you that I am very sensible of the kindness towards me which induced you to write to me.

TO A CORRESPONDENT.

Paris, August 17, 1815.

My dear Sir,—I have received your letter of the 11th, and regret much I have not been able to prevail upon you to relinquish your plan. You may depend upon it you will never make it a satisfactory work. I will get you a list of the French army, generals, etc.

Just to show you how little reliance can be placed even on what are supposed the best accounts of a battle, I mention that there are some circumstances mentioned in General ——'s account, which did not occur as he relates them. He was not on the field during the whole battle, particularly not during the latter part of it. The battle began, I believe, at eleven o'clock. It is impossible to say when each important occurrence took place, nor in what order. We were attacked first with infantry only, then with cavalry only; lastly and principally, with cavalry and infantry mixed. No houses were possessed by the enemy in Mont St. Jean, excepting the farm in front of the left of our centre, on the road to Gemappe, can be called one. This they got, I think, at about two o'clock, and got it from a circumstance which is to be attributed to the neglect of the officer commanding on the spot.

The French cavalry were on the plateau in the centre, between the two high roads, for nearly three-quarters of an hour, riding about among our squares of infantry, all firing having ceased on both sides. I moved our squares forward to the guns; and our cavalry, which had been detached by Lord Uxbridge to the flanks, was brought back to the centre. The French cavalry were then driven off. After that circumstance, repeated attacks were made along the whole front of the centre of the position, by cavalry and infantry, till seven at night; how many I cannot tell. When the enemy attacked Sir Thomas Picton, I was there, and they got as far as the hedge on the cross-road, behind which the cavalry had been formed. The latter had run away, and our troops were on our side of the hedge. The French were driven off with immense loss. This was the first principal attack. At about two o'clock in the afternoon, as I have above said, they got possession of the farm-house on the high road, which defended this part of the position; and they then took possession of a small mound on the left of the high road going from Bruxelles, immediately opposite the gate of the farm; and they were never removed from thence till I commenced the attack in the evening; but they never advanced farther on that side.

These are answers to all your queries; but, remember, I recommend to you to leave the battle of Waterloo as it is.

WELLINGTON.

TO LORD BERESFORD.

Gonesse, July 2, 1815.

MY DEAR BERESFORD,—I have received your letter of the 9th of June. You should recommend for the Spanish medal for Albuera, according to the rules laid down by the King of Spain for the grant of it. I should think it should be given only to those who were there and actually engaged. I am, as soon as I shall have a little time, going to recommend officers for the Order of San Fernando, and will apply to you for a Portuguese list. You will have heard of our battle of the 18th. Never did I see such a pounding match: both were what the boxers call gluttons. Napoleon did not manœuvre at all; he just moved forward in the old style, in columns, and was driven off in the old style; the only difference was, that he mixed cavalry with his infantry, and supported both with an enormous quantity of artillery. I had the infantry for some time in squares, and we had the French cavalry walking about us as if they had been our own. I never saw the British infantry behave so well.

Boney is now off, I believe, to Rochefort, to go to America; the army, about forty thousand or fifty thousand, are in Paris; Blucher on the left of the Seine, and I with my right in front of St. Denis, and the left upon the Bois de Bondy. They have fortified St. Denis and Montmartre very strongly. The canal De l'Ourcq is filled with water, and they have a parapet and batteries on the bank, so that I do not believe we can attack this line; however, I will see.—Believe me, etc.

WELLINGTON.

[No person who has heard Mr. Wordsworth dilate upon the classical school of English poetry, from Pope to Campbell, will expect to receive from his pen any enthusiastic eulogy of Dryden. The author of *Mac Flecnoe* could not have found a severer critic than the author of the *Excursion*. The works of that illustrious poet, whom Gray told Beattie not only to admire, but to be blind to all his faults, have been for some time passing into the study of the scholar. No republication of any standard English writer, addressed to the general reader, obtains so moderate a circulation. Even his fables have ceased to be a fireside book. Mr. Wordsworth thinks the translations from Boccaccio the most poetical of Dryden's productions; but the adaptation of the *Flower and the Leaf*, from Chaucer, possesses the most copious vein of fancy, the most picturesque combination of circumstances, and the most easy music of narration. A writer, not remarkable for poetical enthusiasm, has expressed an opinion that, 'regarded merely as an exhibition of a soothing and delicious luxuriance

of imagination, this poem deserves to be classed with the greatest efforts of human genius.' Neither these nor the following remarks are made in any presumptuous opposition to the opinion of the greatest poet of the present age, whose works have diffused a purer strain of philosophy than ever flowed from the lips of Dryden.—*Willmott.*]

WORDSWORTH TO SCOTT.

Patterdale, Nov. 7, 1805.

MY DEAR SCOTT,—I was much pleased to hear of your engagement with Dryden, not that he is, as a poet, any great favourite of mine. I admire his talents and genius highly; but his is not a poetical genius. The only qualities I can find in Dryden that are *essentially* poetical, are a certain ardour and impetuosity of mind, with an excellent ear. It may seem strange that I do not add to this, great command of language: *that* he certainly has, and of such language, too, as it is most desirable that a poet should possess, or rather that he should not be without. But it is not language that is, in the highest sense of the word, poetical, being neither of the imagination nor of the passions; I mean the amiable, the ennobling, or the intense passions. I do not mean to say that there is nothing of this in Dryden, but as little, I think, as is possible, considering how much he has written. You will easily understand my meaning when I refer to his versification of Palamon and Arcite, as contrasted with the language of Chaucer. Dryden had neither a tender heart, nor a lofty sense of moral dignity. Whenever his language is poetically impassioned, it is mostly upon unpleasing subjects, such as the follies, vices, and crimes of classes of men or of individuals. That his cannot be the language of imagination, must have necessarily followed from this—that there is not a single image from nature in the whole body of his works; and in his translation from Virgil, whenever Virgil can be fairly said to have had his *eye* upon his object, Dryden always spoils the passage.

But too much of this; I am glad that you are to be his editor. His political and satirical pieces may be greatly benefited by illustration, and even absolutely require it. A correct text is the first object of an editor; then such notes as explain difficult and obscure passages; and lastly, which is much less important, notes pointing out authors to whom the poet has been indebted, and not in the fiddling way of phrase here and phrase there (which is detestable as a general practice), but where he has had essential obligations, either as to matter or manner. If I can be of any use to you, do not fail to apply to me. One thing I may take the liberty to suggest; when you come to the Fables, might it not be advisable to print the whole of the Tales of Boccace in a smaller type in the original language? If this should look too much like swelling a book, I should certainly make such extracts as would show where Dryden has most strikingly improved upon, or fallen below, his original. I think his translations from Boccace are the best, at least the most poetical, of his poems. It is many years since I read Boccace, but I remember that Sigismunda is not married by him to Guiscard (the names are different in Boccace, in both tales, I believe, certainly in Theodore, etc.). I think Dryden has much injured the story of the marriage, and degraded Sigismunda's character by it. He has also, to the best of my remembrance, degraded her still more by making her love absolute sensuality. Dryden had no other notion of the passion. With all these defects, and they are very gross ones, it is a noble poem. Guiscard's answer, when first reproached by Tancred, is noble in Boccace: nothing but this: *Amor può molto più, che ne voi ne io possiamo.* This Dryden has spoiled. He says first very well, 'The faults of love by love are justified;' and then come four lines of miserable rant, quite *à la Maximin.* Farewell, and believe me ever your affectionate friend,

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

[James Ballantyne, in his *Memorandum*, after mentioning his ready acceptance of Scott's proposal to print the *Minstrelsy*, adds—'I do not believe that, even at this time, he seriously contemplated giving himself much to literature.' I confess, however, that a letter of his, addressed to Ballantyne in the spring of 1800, inclines me to question the accuracy of this impression. After alluding to an intention which he had entertained, in consequence of the delay of Lewis's collection, to *publish* an edition of the ballads contained in his own little volume, entitled *Apology for Tales of Terror*, he goes on to detail plans for the future direction of his printer's career, which were, no doubt, primarily suggested by the friendly interest he took in Ballantyne's fortunes; but there are some hints which, considering what afterwards did take place, lead me to suspect that even thus early the writer contemplated the possibility at least of being himself very intimately connected with the result of these air-drawn schemes. —LOCKHART'S *Life of Scott*, from which the remaining notes are drawn.]

SIR WALTER SCOTT TO MR. J. BALLANTYNE, 'KELSO MAIL OFFICE,' KELSO.

Castle Street, April 22, 1800.

DEAR SIR,—I have your favour, since the receipt of which some things have occurred which induce me to postpone my intention of publishing my ballads, particularly a letter from a friend, assuring me that the *Tales of Wonder* are actually in the printer's hand. In this situation I endeavour to strengthen my small stock of patience, which has been nearly exhausted by the delay of this work, to which (though for that reason alone) I almost regret having promised assistance. I am still resolved to have recourse to your press for the *Ballads of the Border*, which are in some forwardness.

I have now to request your forgiveness for mentioning a plan which your friend Gillon and I have talked over together with a view as well to the public advantage as to your individual interest. It is nothing short of a migration from Kelso to this place, which I think might be effected upon a prospect of a very flattering nature.

Three branches of printing are quite open in Edinburgh, all of which I am well convinced you have both the ability and inclination to unite in your person. The first is that of an editor of a newspaper which shall contain something of a uniform historical deduction of events distinct from the farrago of detached and unconnected plagiarisms from the London paragraphs of *The Sun*. Perhaps it might be possible (and Gillon has promised to make inquiry about it) to treat with the proprietors of some established paper, suppose the *Caledonian Mercury*, and we would all struggle to obtain for it some celebrity. To this might be added a *Monthly Magazine* and *Caledonian Annual Register*, if you will; for both of which, with the excellent literary assistance which Edinburgh at present affords, there is a fair opening. The next object would naturally be the execution of session papers, the best paid work which a printer undertakes, and of which, I dare say, you would soon have a considerable share; for as you make it your business to superintend the proofs yourself, your education and abilities would ensure your employers against the gross and provoking blunders which the poor composers are often obliged to submit to. The publication of works, either ancient or modern, opens a third fair field for ambition. The only gentleman who attempts anything in that way is in very bad health, nor can I, at any rate, compliment either the accuracy or the execution of his press. I believe it is well understood that with equal attention, an Edinburgh press would have superior advantages even to those of the metropolis; and though I would not advise launching into that line at once, yet it would be easy to feel your way by occupying your press in this manner on vacant days only.

It appears to me that such a plan, judiciously adopted and diligently pursued, opens a fair road to an ample fortune. In the meanwhile, the *Kelso Mail* might be so arranged as to be still a source of some advantage to you; and I dare say, if wanted, pecuniary assistance might be procured to assist you at the outset, either upon terms of a share or otherwise; but I refer you for particulars to Joseph, in whose room I am now assuming the pen, for reasons too distressing to be declared, but at which you will readily guess. I hope, at all events, you will impute my interference to anything rather than an impertinent intermeddling with your concerns on the part of, dear sir, your obedient servant,

WALTER SCOTT.

[Of the letters which reached him in consequence of the appearance of the *Vision*, he has preserved several, which had no doubt interested and gratified him at the time. One of these was from Lady Wellington, to whom he had never had the honour of being presented, but who could not, as she said, remain silent on the receipt of such a tribute to the fame of 'the first and best of men.' Ever afterwards she continued to correspond with him, and indeed among the very last letters which the Duchess of Wellington appears to have written was a most affecting one, bidding him farewell and thanking him for the solace his works had afforded her during her fatal illness. Another was in these terms:—]

GEO. CANNING TO SCOTT.

Hinckley, July 26, 1811.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am very glad that you have essayed a new metre—new, I mean, for you to use. That which you have chosen is perhaps at once the most artificial and the most magnificent that our language affords; and your success in it ought to encourage you to believe, that for you, at least, the majestic march of Dryden (to my ear the perfection of harmony) is not, as you seem to pronounce it, irrecoverable. Am I wrong in imagining that Spenser does not use the *plusquam-Alexandrine*—the verse which is as much longer than an Alexandrine as an Alexandrine is longer than an ordinary heroic measure? I have no books where I am to which to refer. You use this—and in the first stanza.

Your poem has been met on my part by an exchange somewhat like that of Diomed's

armour against Glaucus's—brass for gold—a heavy speech upon bullion. If you have never thought upon the subject—as to my great contentment I never had a twelvemonth ago—let me counsel you to keep clear of it, and forthwith put my speech into the fire, unread. It has no one merit but that of sincerity. I formed my opinion most reluctantly; having formed it, I could not but maintain it; having maintained it in Parliament, I wished to record it intelligibly. But it is one which, so far from cherishing and wishing to make proselytes to, I would much rather renounce, if I could find a person to convince me that it is erroneous. This is at least an unusual state of mind in controversy. It is such as I do not generally profess on all subjects—such as you will give me credit for not being able to maintain, for instance, when either the exploits which you celebrate in your last poem, or your manner of celebrating them, are disputed or disparaged.—Believe me, with great regard and esteem, very sincerely yours, GEORGE CANNING.

[But of all letters addressed to the author of the *Vision of Don Roderick*, I am very sure no one was so welcome as that which reached him, some months after his poem had ceased to be new in England, from a dear friend of his earliest days, who, after various chances and changes of life, was then serving in Lord Wellington's army, as a captain in the 58th regiment. I am sure that Sir Adam Ferguson's good-nature will pardon my inserting here some extracts from a communication which his affectionate schoolfellow very often referred to in after years with the highest appearance of interest and pleasure.]

ADAM FERGUSON TO WALTER SCOTT, ESQ.

Lisbon, August 31, 1811.

MY DEAR WALTER,—After such a length of silence between us, and, I grant on my part, so unwarrantable, I think I see your face of surprise on recognising this MS., and hear you exclaim—What strange wind has blown a letter from *Linton?* I must say, that although both you and my good friend Mrs. S—— must long ago have set me down as a most indifferent, not to say ungrateful sort of gentleman, far otherwise has been the case, as in the course of my wanderings through this country I have often beguiled a long march, or watchful night's duty, by thinking on the merry fireside in North Castle Street. However, the irregular roving life we lead always interfered with my resolves of correspondence.

But now, quitting self, I need not tell you how greatly I was delighted at the success of the *Lady of the Lake*. I daresay you are by this time well tired of such greetings, so I shall only say, that last spring I was so fortunate as to get a reading of it when in the lines of Torres Vedras, and thought I had no inconsiderable right to enter into and judge of its beauties, having made one of the party on your first visit to the Trossachs; and you will allow that a little vanity on my part on this account (everything considered) was natural enough. While the book was in my possession, I had nightly invitations to *evening parties!* to read and illustrate passages of it; and I must say that (though not conscious of much merit in the way of recitation) my attempts to do justice to the grand opening of the stag-hunt were always followed with bursts of applause, for this canto was the favourite among the rough sons of the Fighting Third Division. At that time supplies of various kinds, especially anything in the way of delicacies, were very scanty; and, in gratitude, I am bound to declare, that to the good offices of the lady I owed many a nice slice of ham and rummer of hot punch, which, I assure you, were amongst the most welcome favours that one officer could bestow on another during the long rainy nights of last January and February. By desire of my messmates of the Black-cuffs, I some time ago sent a commission to London for a copy of the music of the boat-song, 'Hail to the Chief,' as performed at Covent Garden, but have not yet got it. If you can assist in this, I need not say that on every performance a flowing bumper will go round to the Bard. We have lately been fortunate in getting a good master to our band, who is curious in old Scotch and Irish airs, and has harmonized 'Johnny Cope,' etc. etc.

TO THE SAME.

Lisbon, October 6.

I HAD written all the foregoing botheration, intending to send it by a wounded friend going home to Scotland, when, to my no small joy, your parcel, enclosing *Don Roderick*, reached me. How kind I take it your remembering old Linton in this way! A day or two after I received yours I was sent into the Alentejo, where I remained a month, and only returned a few days ago, much delighted with the trip. You wish to know how I like the *Vision;* but as you can't look for any learned critique from me, I shall only say that I fully entered into the spirit and beauty of it, and that I relished much the wild and fanciful opening of the introductory part. Yet what particularly delighted me were the stanzas announcing the approach of the British fleets and armies to this country, and the three delightful ones descrip-

tive of the different troops, English, Scotch, and Irish; and I can assure you the Pats are, to a man, enchanted with the picture drawn of their countrymen, and the mention of the great man himself. Your swearing, in the true character of a minstrel, 'shiver my harp and burst its every cord,' amused me not a little. From being well acquainted with a great many of the situations described, they had of course the more interest, and 'grim Busaco's iron ridge' most happily paints the appearance of that memorable field. You must know that we have got with us some bright geniuses, natives of the *dear country*, and who go by the name of 'the poets.' Of course a present of this kind is not thrown away upon indifferent subjects, but it is read and repeated with all the enthusiasm your warmest wish could desire. Should it be my fate to survive, I am resolved to try my hand on a snug little farm either up or down the Tweed, somewhere in your neighbourhood, and on this dream many a delightful castle do I build.

I am most happy to hear that the Club goes on in the old smooth style. I am afraid, however, that now . . . has become a judge, the delights of *Scrogum* and *The Tailor* will be lost, till revived perhaps by the old croupier in the shape of a battered half-pay officer.—Yours affectionately, ADAM FERGUSON.

[How reluctantly Scott had made up his mind to open such a negotiation with Constable as involved a complete exposure of the mismanagement of John Ballantyne's business as a publisher, will appear from a letter dated about the Christmas of 1812, in which he says to James, who had proposed asking Constable to take a share both in *Rokeby* and in the *Annual Register*, 'You must be aware, that in stating the objections which occur to me in taking in Constable, I think they ought to give way either to absolute necessity, or to very strong grounds of advantage. But I *am* persuaded nothing ultimately good can be expected from any connection with that house, unless for those who have a mind to be hewers of wood and drawers of water. We will talk the matter coolly over, and in the meanwhile, perhaps, you could see W. Erskine, and learn what impression this odd union is like to make among your friends. Erskine is sound-headed, and quite to be trusted with *your whole story*. I must own I can hardly think the purchase of the *Register* is equal to the loss of credit and character which your surrender will be conceived to infer.' At the time when he wrote this, Scott no doubt anticipated that *Rokeby* would have success not less decisive than the *Lady of the Lake;* but in this expectation—though 10,000 copies in three months would have seemed to any other author a triumphant sale—he had been disappointed. And meanwhile the difficulties of the firm, accumulating from week to week, had reached by the middle of May a point which rendered it absolutely necessary for him to conquer all his scruples. Mr. Cadell, then Constable's partner, says in his *Memoranda*, 'Prior to this time the reputation of John Ballantyne and Co. had been decidedly on the decline. It was notorious in the trade that their general speculations had been unsuccessful; they were known to be grievously in want of money. These rumours were realized to the full by an application which Messrs. B. made to Mr. Constable in May 1813 for pecuniary aid, accompanied by an offer of some of the books they had published since 1809 as a purchase, along with various shares in Mr. Scott's own poems. Their difficulties were admitted, and the negotiation was pressed urgently; so much so that a pledge was given, that if the terms asked were acceded to, John Ballantyne and Co. would endeavour to wind up their concerns, and cease as soon as possible to be publishers.' Mr. Cadell adds: 'I need hardly remind you that this was a period of very great general difficulty in the money market. It was the crisis of the war. The public expenditure had reached an enormous height; and even the most prosperous mercantile houses were often pinched to sustain their credit. It may easily, therefore, be supposed that the Messrs. Ballantyne had during many months besieged every banker's door in Edinburgh, and that their agents had done the like in London.' The most important of the requests which the labouring house made to Constable was, that he should forthwith take entirely to himself the stock, copyright, and future management of the *Edinburgh Annual Register*. Upon examining the state of this book, however, Constable found that

the loss on it had never been less than £1000 per annum, and he therefore declined that matter for the present. He promised, however, to consider seriously the means he might have of ultimately relieving them from the pressure of the *Register*, and in the meantime offered to take 300 sets of the stock on hand. The other purchases he finally made on the 18th of May were considerable portions of Weber's unhappy *Beaumont and Fletcher;* of an edition of Defoe's novels, in twelve volumes; of a collection entitled *Tales of the East*, in three large volumes 8vo, double columned; and of another in one volume, called *Popular Tales;* about 800 copies of the *Vision of Don Roderick;* and a fourth of the remaining copyright of *Rokeby*, price £700. The immediate accommodation thus received amounted to £2000; and Scott, who had personally conducted the latter part of the negotiation, writes thus to his junior partner, who had gone a week or two earlier to London in quest of some similar assistance there :—]

SCOTT TO JOHN BALLANTYNE.

DEAR JOHN,—After many *offs* and *ons*, and as many *projets* and *contre-projets* as the Treaty of Amiens, I have at length concluded a treaty with Constable, in which I am sensible he has gained a great advantage; but what could I do amidst the disorder and pressure of so many demands? The arrival of your long-dated bills decided my giving in, for what could James or I do with them? I trust this sacrifice has cleared our way, but many rubs remain; nor am I, after these hard skirmishes, so able to meet them by my proper credit. Constable, however, will be a zealous ally; and for the first time these many weeks, I shall lay my head on a quiet pillow, for now I do think that, by our joint exertions, we shall get well through the storm, save Beaumont from depreciation, get a partner in our heavy concerns, reef our topsails, and move on securely under an easy sail. And if, on the one hand, I have sold my gold too cheap, I have, on the other, turned my lead to gold. Brewster and Singers are the only heavy things to which I have not given a blue eye. Had your news of Caddel's sale reached us here, I could not have harpooned my grampus as deeply as I have done, as nothing but *Rokeby* would have barbed the hook.

Adieu, my dear John. I have the most sincere regard for you, and you may depend on my considering your interest with quite as much attention as my own. If I have ever expressed myself with irritation in speaking of this business, you must impute it to the sudden, extensive, and unexpected embarrassments in which I found myself involved all at once. If to your real goodness of heart and integrity, and to the quickness and acuteness of your talents, you added habits of more universal circumspection, and above all, the courage to tell disagreeable truths to those whom you hold in regard, I pronounce that the world never held such a man of business. These it must be your study to add to your other good qualities. Meantime, as some one says to Swift, I love you with all your failings. Pray make an effort, and love me with all mine.—Yours truly, W. S.

[Three days afterwards, Scott resumes the subject as follows :—]

SCOTT TO JOHN BALLANTYNE.

Edinburgh, May 21, 1813.

DEAR JOHN,—Let it never escape your recollection, that shutting your own eyes, or blinding those of your friends, upon the actual state of business, is the high road to ruin. Meanwhile, we have recovered our legs for a week or two. Constable will, I think, come in to the *Register*. He is most anxious to maintain the printing office; he sees most truly that the more we print the less we publish; and for the same reason he will, I think, help us off with our heavy quire stock.

I was aware of the distinction between the *state* and the *calendar* as to the latter including the printing office bills, and I summed and docked them (they are marked with red ink); but there is still a difference of £2000 and upwards on the calendar against the business. I sometimes fear that, between the long dates of your bills, and the tardy settlements of the Edinburgh trade, some difficulties will occur even in June; and July I always regard with deep anxiety. As for loss, if I get out without public exposure, I shall not greatly regard the rest. Radcliffe the physician said, when he lost £2000 on the South Sea scheme, it was only going up 2000 pair of stairs; I say, it is only writing 2000 couplets, and the account is balanced. . . . James has behaved very well during this whole transaction, and has been most steadily attentive to business. I am convinced that the more he works the better his health will be. One or other of you will need to be constantly in the printing office henceforward—it is the sheet-anchor.

[The allusion to James Ballantyne's health reminds me that Scott's letters to himself are full of hints on that subject, even from a very early period of their connection, and these hints are all to the same effect. James was a man of lazy habits, and not a little addicted to the more solid, and perhaps more dangerous, part of the indulgences of the table. One letter (dated Ashestiel, 1810) will be a sufficient specimen.]

SCOTT TO JAMES BALLANTYNE.

MY DEAR JAMES,—I am very sorry for the state of your health, and should be still more so, were I not certain that I can prescribe for you as well as any physician in Edinburgh. You have naturally an athletic constitution and a hearty stomach, and these agree very ill with a sedentary life, and the habits of indolence which it brings on. Your stomach thus gets weak, and from those complaints of all others arise most certainly flatulence, hypochondria, and all the train of unpleasant feelings connected with indigestion. We all know the horrible sensation of nightmare arises from the same cause which gives those waking nightmares commonly called the blue devils. You must positively put yourself on a regimen as to eating, not for a month or two, but for a year at least, and take regular exercise, and my life for yours. I know this by myself, for if I were to eat and drink in town as I do here, it would soon finish me, and yet I am sensible I live too genially in Edinburgh as it is.—Yours very truly, W. SCOTT.

[The difficulties of the Ballantynes were by this time well known throughout the commercial circles not only of Edinburgh, but of London, and a report of their actual bankruptcy, with the addition that Scott was engaged as their surety to the extent of £20,000, found its way to Mr. Morritt about the beginning of November. This dear friend wrote to him, in the utmost anxiety, and made liberal offers of assistance in case the catastrophe might still be averted; but the term of Martinmas, always a critical one in Scotland, had passed before this letter reached Edinburgh, and Scott's answer will show symptoms of a clearing horizon. I think also there is one expression in it which could hardly have failed to convey to Mr. Morritt that his friend was involved, more deeply than he had ever acknowledged, in the concern of the Messrs. Ballantyne.]

SCOTT TO J. B. S. MORRITT.

Edinburgh, November 20, 1813.

I DID not answer your very kind letter, my dear Morritt, until I could put your friendly heart to rest upon the report you have heard, which I could not do entirely until this term of Martinmas was passed. I have the pleasure to say that there is no truth whatever in the Ballantynes' reported bankruptcy. They have had severe difficulties for the last four months to make their resources balance the demands upon them, and I, having the price of *Rokeby* and other moneys in their hands, have had considerable reason for apprehension, and no slight degree of plague and trouble. They have, however, been so well supported that I have got out of hot water upon their account. They are winding up their bookselling concern with great regularity, and are to abide hereafter by the printing office, which, with its stock, etc., will revert to them fairly.

I have been able to redeem the offspring of my brain, and they are like to pay me like grateful children. This matter has set me a thinking about money more seriously than ever I did in my life, and I have begun by insuring my life for £4000, to secure some ready cash to my family should I slip girths suddenly. I think my other property, library, etc. may be worth about £12,000. and I have not much debt.

Upon the whole, I see no prospect of any loss whatever. Although in the course of human events I may be disappointed, there certainly *can* be none to vex your kind and affectionate heart on my account. I am young, with a large official income, and if I lose anything now, I have gained a great deal in my day. I cannot tell you, and will not attempt to tell you, how much I was affected by your letter—so much, indeed, that for several days I could not make my mind up to express myself on the subject. Thank God! all real danger was yesterday put over; and I will write, in two or three days, a funny letter, without any of these vile cash matters, of which it may be said there is no living with them nor without them. —Ever yours most truly,

WALTER SCOTT.

[The two next letters will give us, in more exact detail than the author's own recollection could supply in 1830, the history of the completion of *Waverley*. It was published on the 7th of July, and two days afterwards he thus writes :—]

SCOTT TO J. B. S. MORRITT.

Edinburgh, July 9, 1814.

MY DEAR MORRITT, — I owe you many apologies for not sooner answering your very entertaining letter upon your Parisian journey. I heartily wish I had been of your party, for you have seen what I trust will not be seen again in a hurry ; since, to enjoy the delight of a restoration, there is a necessity for a previous *bouleversement* of everything that is valuable in morals and policy, which seems to have been the case in France since 1790.[1] The Duke of Buccleuch told me yesterday of a very good reply of Louis to some of his attendants, who proposed shutting the doors of his apartments to keep out the throng of people. 'Open the door,' he said, 'to John Bull ; he has suffered a great deal in keeping the door open for me.'

Now, to go from one important subject to another, I must account for my own laziness, which I do by referring you to a small anonymous sort of a novel, in three volumes, *Waverley*, which you will receive by the mail of this day. It was a very old attempt of mine to embody some traits of those characters and manners peculiar to Scotland, the last remnants of which vanished during my own youth, so that few or no traces now remain. I had written great part of the first volume, and sketched other passages, when I mislaid the MS., and only found it by the merest accident as I was rummaging the drawers of an old cabinet ; and I took the fancy of finishing it, which I did so fast, that the last two volumes were written in three weeks. I had a great deal of fun in the accomplishment of this task, though I do not expect that it will be popular in the south, as much of the humour, if there be any, is local, and some of it even professional. You, however, who are an adopted Scotchman, will find some amusement in it. It has made a very strong impression here, and the good people of Edinburgh are busied in tracing the author, and in finding out originals for the portraits it contains. In the first case, they will probably find it difficult to convict the guilty author, although he is far from escaping suspicion. Jeffrey has offered to make oath that it is mine, and another great critic has tendered his affidavit *ex contrario*, so that these authorities have divided the Gude Town. However, the thing has succeeded very well, and is thought highly of. I don't know if it has got to London yet. I intend to maintain my *incognito*. Let me know your opinion about it. I should be most happy if I could think it would amuse a painful thought at this anxious moment. I was in hopes Mrs. Morritt was getting so much better that this relapse affects me very much. —Ever yours truly, W. SCOTT.

P.S.—As your conscience has very few things to answer for, you must still burthen it with the secret of the *Bridal*. It is spreading very rapidly, and I have one or two fairy romances which will make a second volume, and which I would wish published, but not with my name. The truth is that this sort of muddling work amuses me, and I am something in the condition of Joseph Surface, who was embarrassed by getting himself too good a reputation ; for many things may please people well enough anonymously, which, if they have me in the title-page, would just give me that sort of ill name which precedes hanging, and that would be in many respects inconvenient if I thought of again trying a *grande opus*.

[This statement of the foregoing letter (repeated still more precisely in a following one), as to the time occupied in the composition of the second and third volumes of *Waverley*, recalls to my memory a trifling anecdote, which, as connected with a dear friend of my youth, whom I have not seen for many years, and may very probably never see again in this world, I shall here set down, in the hope of affording him a momentary though not an unmixed pleasure, when he may chance to read this compilation on a distant shore, and also in the hope that my humble record may impart to some active mind in the rising generation a shadow of the influence which the reality certainly exerted upon his. Happening to pass through Edinburgh in June, 1814, I dined one day with the gentleman in question (now the Honourable William Menzies, one of the Supreme Judges at the Cape of Good Hope), whose residence was then in George Street, situated very near to, and at right angles with, North Castle Street. It was a party of very young persons, most of them, like Menzies and myself, destined for the bar of Scotland, all gay and thoughtless, enjoying the first flush of

[1] Mr. Morritt had, in the spring of this year, been present at the first levee held at the Tuileries by Monsieur, afterwards Charles X.

manhood, with little remembrance of the yesterday or care of the morrow. When my companion's worthy father and uncle, after seeing two or three bottles go round, left the juveniles to themselves, the weather being hot, we adjourned to a library which had one large window looking northwards. After carousing here for an hour or more, I observed that a shade had come over the aspect of my friend, who happened to be placed immediately opposite to myself, and said something that intimated a fear of his being unwell. 'No,' said he, 'I shall be well enough presently, if you will only let me sit where you are, and take my chair; for there is a confounded hand in sight of me here, which has often bothered me before, and now it won't let me fill my glass with a good will.' I rose to change places with him accordingly, and he pointed out this hand which, like the writing on Belshazzar's wall, disturbed his hour of hilarity. 'Since we sat down,' he said, 'I have been watching it—it fascinates my eye—it never stops—page after page is finished and thrown on that heap of MS., and still it goes on unwearied—and so it will be till candles are brought in, and God knows how long after that. It is the same every night—I can't stand the sight of it when I am not at my books.' 'Some stupid, dogged engrossing clerk, probably,' exclaimed myself, or some other giddy youth in our society. 'No, boys,' said our host, 'I well know what hand it is—'tis Walter Scott's.' This was the hand that, in the evenings of three summer weeks, wrote the two last volumes of *Waverley*. Would that all who that night watched it had profited by its example of diligence as largely as William Menzies! In the next of these letters Scott enclosed to Mr. Morritt the prospectus of a new edition of the old poems of *The Bruce* and *The Wallace*, undertaken by the learned lexicographer, Dr. John Jamieson, and he announces his departure on a sailing excursion round the north of Scotland. It will be observed that when Scott began his letter, he had only had Mr. Morritt's opinion of the first volume of *Waverley*, and that before he closed it, he had received his friend's honest criticism on the work as a whole, with the expression of an earnest hope that he would drop his *incognito* on the title-page of a second edition.]

SCOTT TO J. B. S. MORRITT.

Abbotsford, July 24, 1814.

MY DEAR MORRITT,—I am going to say my *vales* to you for some weeks, having accepted an invitation from a committee of Commissioners for the Northern Lights (I don't mean the Edinburgh Reviewers, but the *bonâ fide* commissioners for the beacons) to accompany them upon a nautical tour round Scotland, visiting all that is curious on continent and isle. The party are three gentlemen with whom I am very well acquainted, William Erskine being one. We have a stout cutter, well fitted up and manned for the service by Government, and to make assurance double sure, the admiral has sent a sloop of war to cruise in the dangerous points of our tour, and sweep the sea of the Yankee privateers which sometimes annoy our northern latitudes. I shall visit the Clephanes in their solitude, and let you know all that I see that is rare and entertaining, which, as we are masters of our time and vessel, should add much to my stock of knowledge.

As to *Waverley*, I will play Sir Fretful for once, and assure you that I left the story to flag in the first volume on purpose; the second and third have rather more bustle and interest. I wished (with what success Heaven knows) to avoid the ordinary error of novel-writers, whose first volume is usually their best. But since it has served to amuse Mrs. Morritt and you *usque ab initio*, I have no doubt you will tolerate it even unto the end. It may really boast to be a tolerably faithful portrait of Scottish manners, and has been recognised as such in Edinburgh. The first edition of a thousand instantly disappeared, and the bookseller informs me that the second, of double the quantity, will not supply the market for long. As I shall be very anxious to know how Mrs. Morritt is, I hope to have a few lines from you on my return, which will be about the end of August or beginning of September. I should have mentioned that we have the celebrated engineer, Stevenson, along with us. I delight in these professional men of talent; they always give you some new lights by the peculiarity of their habits and studies, so different from the people who are rounded, and smoothed, and ground down for conversation, and who can say all that every other person says, and—nothing more.

What a miserable thing it is that our royal family cannot be quiet and decent at least, if not correct and moral in their deportment. Old Farmer George's manly simplicity, modesty

of expense, and domestic virtue saved this country at its most perilous crisis; for it is inconceivable the number of persons whom these qualities united in his behalf, who would have felt but feebly the abstract duty of supporting a crown less worthily worn.

I had just proceeded thus far when your kind favour of the 21st reached Abbotsford. I am heartily glad you continued to like *Waverley* to the end. The hero is a sneaking piece of imbecility, and if he had married Flora, she would have set him up upon the chimneypiece, as Count Borowlaski's wife used to do with him.[1] I am a bad hand at depicting a hero properly so called, and have an unfortunate propensity for the dubious characters of Borderers, buccaneers, Highland robbers, and all others of a Robin Hood description. I do not know why it should be, as I am myself, like Hamlet, indifferent honest; but I suppose the blood of the old cattle-drivers of Teviotdale continues to stir in my veins.

I shall *not* own *Waverley;* my chief reason is, that it would prevent me of the pleasure of writing again. David Hume, nephew of the historian, says the author must be of a Jacobite family and predilections, a yeoman-cavalry man, and a Scottish lawyer, and desires me to guess in whom these happy attributes are united. I shall not plead guilty, however; and, as such seems to be the fashion of the day, I hope charitable people will believe my *affidavit* in contradiction to all other evidence. The Edinburgh faith now is, that *Waverley* is written by Jeffrey, having been composed to lighten the tedium of his late Transatlantic voyage. So you see the unknown infant is like to come to preferment. In truth, I am not sure it would be considered quite decorous for me, as a Clerk of Session, to write novels. Judges being monks, clerks are a sort of lay brethren, from whom some solemnity of walk and conduct may be expected. So, whatever I may do of this kind, I shall whistle it down the wind to prey on fortune. I will take care, in the next edition, to make the corrections you recommend. The second is, I believe, nearly through the press. It will hardly be printed faster than it was written; for though the first volume was begun long ago, and actually lost for a time, yet the other two were begun and finished between the 4th June and the 1st July, during all which I attended my duty in court, and proceeded without loss of time or hindrance of business.

I wish, for poor auld Scotland's sake, and for the *manes* of Bruce and Wallace, and for the living comfort of a very worthy and ingenious dissenting clergyman, who has collected a library and medals of some value, and brought up, I believe, sixteen or seventeen children (his wife's ambition extended to twenty) upon about £150 a year,—I say I wish, for all these reasons, you could get me among your wealthy friends a name or two for the enclosed proposals. The price is, I think, too high; but the booksellers fixed it two guineas above what I proposed. I trust it will be yet lowered to five guineas, which is a more comeatable sum than six. The poems themselves are great curiosities, both to the philologist and antiquary, and that of Bruce is invaluable—even to the historian. They have been hitherto wretchedly edited.

I am glad you are not to pay for this scrawl. Ever yours, WALTER SCOTT.

P.S.—I do not see how my silence can be considered as imposing on the public. If I give my name to a book without writing it, unquestionably that would be a trick. But, unless in the case of his averring facts which he may be called upon to defend or justify, I think an author may use his own discretion in giving or withholding his name. Harry Mackenzie never put his name in a title-page till the last edition of his works; and Swift only owned one out of his thousand and one publications. In point of emolument, everybody knows that I sacrifice much money by withholding my name; and what should I gain by it, that any human being has a right to consider as an unfair advantage? In fact, only the freedom of writing trifles with less personal responsibility, and perhaps more frequently than I otherwise might do.

W. S.

[I am not able to give the exact date of the following reply to one of John Ballantyne's expostulations on the subject of *the secret*:]

SCOTT TO JOHN BALLANTYNE.

No, John, I will not own the book—
I won't, you Picaroon.
When next I try St. Grubby's brook,
The A. of Wa— shall bait the hook—
And flat-fish bite as soon
As if before them they had got
The worn-out wriggler,

WALTER SCOTT.

[1] Count Borowlaski was a Polish dwarf, who, after realizing some money as an itinerant object of exhibition, settled, married, and died at Durham. He was a well-bred creature, and much noticed by the clergy and other gentry of that city. Indeed, even when travelling the country as a show, he had always maintained a sort of dignity. I remember him as going from house to house, when I was a child, in a sedan chair, with a servant in livery following him, who took the fee; M. le Comte himself, dressed in a scarlet coat and bag-wig, being ushered into the room like any ordinary visitor.—LOCKHART.

[The *Antiquary* had been published by Constable, but I presume that, in addition to the usual stipulations, he had been again, on that occasion, solicited to relieve John Ballantyne and Co.'s stock to an extent which he did not find quite convenient; and at all events he had, though I know not on what grounds, shown a considerable reluctance of late to employ James Ballantyne and Co. as printers. One or other of these impediments is alluded to in a note of Scott's, which, though undated, has been pasted into John Ballantyne's private letter-book among the documents of the period in question. It is in these words :—]

SCOTT TO JOHN BALLANTYNE.

DEAR JOHN,—I have seen the great swab, who is as supple as a glove, and will do ALL, which some interpret NOTHING. However, we shall do well enough. W. S.

[It was resolved, accordingly, to offer the risk and half profits of the first edition of another new novel,—or rather collection of novels,—not to Messrs. Constable, but to Mr. Murray of Albemarle Street, and Mr. Blackwood, who was then Murray's agent in Scotland; but it was at the same time resolved, partly because Scott wished to try another experiment on the public sagacity, but partly also, no question, from the wish to spare Constable's feelings, that the title-page of the *Tales of my Landlord* should not bear the magical words 'by the Author of *Waverley*.' The facility with which both Murray and Blackwood embraced such a proposal as no untried novelist, being sane, could have dreamt of hazarding, shows that neither of them had any doubt as to the identity of the author. They both considered the withholding of the avowal on the forthcoming title-page as likely to check very much the first success of the book; but they were both eager to prevent Constable's acquiring a sort of prescriptive right to publish for the unrivalled novelist, and willing to disturb his tenure at this additional, and, as they thought it, wholly unnecessary risk. How sharply the unseen parent watched this first negotiation of his *Jedediah Cleishbotham* will appear from one of his letters.]

SCOTT TO JOHN BALLANTYNE.

DEAR JOHN,—James has made one or two important mistakes in the bargain with Murray and Blackwood. Briefly as follows :—

1st. Having only authority from me to promise 6000 copies, he proposes they shall have the copyright for *ever*. I will see their noses cheese first.

2d. He proposes I shall have twelve months' bills—I have always got six. However, I would not stand on that.

3d. He talks of volumes being put into the publishers' hands to consider and decide on. No such thing; a bare perusal at St. John Street[1] only.

Then for omissions. It is NOT stipulated that we supply the paper and print of successive editions. This must be nailed, and not left to understanding. Secondly, I will have London bills as well as Blackwood's.

If they agree to these conditions, good and well. If they demur, Constable must be instantly tried, giving half to the Longmans, and *we* drawing on *them* for that moiety, or Constable lodging *their* bill in our hands. You will understand it as a four-volume touch—a work totally different in style and structure from the others—a new cast, in short, of the net which has hitherto made miraculous draughts. I do not limit you to terms, because I think you will make them better than I can do. But he must do more than others, since he will not or cannot print with us. For every point but that I would rather deal with Constable than any one; he has always shown himself spirited, judicious, and liberal. Blackwood must be brought to the point *instantly*, and *whenever* he demurs, Constable must be treated with, for there is no use in suffering the thing to be blown on. At the same time, you need not conceal from him that there were some proposals elsewhere, but you may add, with truth, I would rather close with him.

P.S.—I think Constable should jump at this affair, for I believe the work will be very popular.

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[1] James Ballantyne's dwelling-house was in this street, adjoining the Canongate of Edinburgh.

[Messrs. Murray and Blackwood agreed to all the author's conditions here expressed. They also relieved John Ballantyne and Co. of stock to the value of £500; and at least Mr. Murray must, moreover, have subsequently consented to anticipate the period of his payments. At all events, I find in a letter of Scott's, dated in the subsequent August, this new echo of the old advice.]

SCOTT TO JOHN BALLANTYNE.

DEAR JOHN,—I have the pleasure to enclose Murray's acceptances. I earnestly recommend to you to push realizing as much as you can.

Consider weel, gude man,
We hae but borrowed gear;
The horse that I ride on
It is John Murray's mear.

Yours truly, W. SCOTT.

[That Scott should have been among the first civilians who hurried over to see the field of Waterloo, and hear English bugles sound about the walls of Paris, could have surprised none who knew the lively concern he had always taken in the military efforts of his countrymen, and the career of the illustrious captain who had taught them to re-establish the renown of Agincourt and Blenheim,—

'Victor of Assaye's Eastern plain,
Victor of all the fields of Spain.'

I had often heard him say, however, that his determination was, if not fixed, much quickened, by a letter of an old acquaintance of his, who had, on the arrival of the news of the 18th of June, instantly repaired to Brussels, to tender his professional skill in aid of the overburdened medical staff of the conqueror's army. When, therefore, I found the letter in question preserved among Scott's papers, I perused it with a peculiar interest; and I now venture, with the writer's permission, to present it to the reader. It was addressed by Sir Charles Bell to his brother, an eminent barrister in Edinburgh, who transmitted it to Scott. 'When I read it,' said he, 'it set me on fire.' The marriage of Miss Maclean Clephane of Torloisk with the Earl of Compton (now Marquis of Northampton), which took place on the 24th of July, was in fact the only cause why he did not leave Scotland instantly; for that dear young friend had chosen Scott for her guardian, and on him accordingly devolved the chief care of the arrangements on this occasion. The extract sent to him by Mr. Joseph Bell is as follows:—]

SIR CHARLES BELL TO JOSEPH BELL.

Brussels, July 2, 1815.

THIS country, the finest in the world, has been of late quite out of our minds. I did not, in any degree, anticipate the pleasure I should enjoy, the admiration forced from me, on coming into one of these antique towns, or in journeying through this rich garden. Can you recollect the time when there were gentlemen meeting at the Cross of Edinburgh, or those whom we thought such? They are all collected here. You see the very men, with their scraggy necks sticking out of the collars of their old-fashioned square-skirted coats—their canes—their cocked hats; and when they meet, the formal bow, the hat off to the ground, and the powder flying in the wind. I could divert you with the odd resemblances of the Scottish faces among the peasants too; but I noted *them* at the time with my pencil, and I write to you only of things that you won't find in my pocket-book.

I have just returned from seeing the French wounded received in their hospital; and could you see them laid out naked, or almost so,—100 in a row of low beds on the ground,—though wounded, exhausted, beaten, you would still conclude with me that these were men capable of marching unopposed from the west of Europe to the east of Asia. Strong, thick-set, hardy veterans, brave spirits and unsubdued, as they cast their wild glance upon you,—their black eyes and brown cheeks finely contrasted with the fresh sheets,—you would much admire their capacity of adaptation. These fellows are brought from the field after lying many days on the ground; many dying—many in the agony—many miserably racked with pain and spasms; and the next mimics his fellow, and gives it a tune,—*Aha, vous chantez bien!* How they are wounded you will see in my notes. But I must not have you to lose the present impression on me of the formidable nature of these fellows as exemplars of the breed in France. It is a forced praise; for from all I have seen and all I have heard of their fierceness, cruelty, and blood-thirstiness, I cannot convey to you my detestation of this race of trained banditti. By what means they are to be kept in subjection until other habits come upon them, I know not; but I am convinced

that these men cannot be left to the bent of their propensities.

This superb city is now ornamented with the finest groups of armed men that the most romantic fancy could dream of. I was struck with the words of a friend—E. : 'I saw,' said he, '*that* man returning from the field on the 16th' (this was a Brunswicker of the Black or Death Hussars); he was wounded, and had had his arm amputated on the field. He was among the first that came in. He rode straight and stark upon his horse—the bloody clouts about his stump—pale as death, but upright, with a stern, fixed expression of feature, as if loth to lose his revenge.' These troops are very remarkable in their fine military appearance; their dark and ominous dress sets off to advantage their strong, manly northern features and white mustachios; and there is something more than commonly impressive about the whole effect.

This is the second Sunday after the battle, and many are not yet dressed. There are 20,000 wounded in this town, besides those in the hospitals, and the many in the other towns; only 3000 prisoners; 80,000, they say, killed and wounded on both sides.

[On the 1st of December the first series of the *Tales of my Landlord* appeared, and notwithstanding the silence of the title-page, and the change of publishers, and the attempt which had certainly been made to vary the style both of delineation and of language, all doubts whether they were or were not from the same hand with *Waverley* had worn themselves out before the lapse of a week. The enthusiasm of their reception among the highest literary circles of London may be gathered from the following letter:—]

JOHN MURRAY TO SCOTT.

Albemarle Street, December 14, 1816.

DEAR SIR,—Although I dare not address you as the author of certain *Tales* (which, however, must be written either by Walter Scott or the Devil), yet nothing can restrain me from thinking it is to your influence with the author that I am indebted for the essential honour of being one of their publishers, and I must intrude upon you to offer my most hearty thanks—not divided, but doubled—alike for my worldly gain therein, and for the great acquisition of professional reputation which their publication has already procured me. I believe I might, under any oath that could be proposed, swear that I never experienced such unmixed pleasure as the reading of this exquisite work has afforded me; and if you could see me, as the author's literary chamberlain, receiving the unanimous and vehement praises of every one who has read it, and the curses of those whose needs my scanty supply could not satisfy, you might judge of the sincerity with which I now entreat you to assure him of the most complete success. Lord Holland said, when I asked his opinion—'Opinion! We did not one of us go to bed last night—nothing slept but my gout.' Frere, Hallam, Boswell,[1] Lord Glenbervie, William Lamb,[2] all agree that it surpasses all the other novels. Gifford's estimate is increased at every re-perusal. Heber says there are only two men in the world—Walter Scott and Lord Byron. Between you you have given existence to a THIRD.—Ever your faithful servant, JOHN MURRAY.

[To this cordial effusion Scott returned the following answer. It was necessary, since he had fairly resolved against compromising his *incognito*, that he should be prepared not only to repel the impertinent curiosity of strangers, but to evade the proffered congratulations of overflowing kindness. He contrived, however, to do so on this and all similar occasions, in a style of equivoque which could never be seriously misunderstood.]

SCOTT TO JOHN MURRAY.

Edinburgh, December 18, 1816.

MY DEAR SIR,—I give you heartily joy of the success of the *Tales*, although I do not claim that paternal interest in them which my friends do me the credit to assign me. I assure you I have never read a volume of them until they were printed, and can only join with the rest of the world in applauding the true and striking portraits which they present of old Scottish manners. I do not expect implicit reliance to be placed on my disavowal, because I know very well that he who is disposed not to own a work must necessarily deny it, and that otherwise his secret would be at the mercy of all who choose to ask the question, since silence in such a case must always pass for consent, or rather assent. But I have a mode of convincing you that I am perfectly serious in my denial,—pretty similar to that by which Solomon distinguished the fictitious from the

1 James Boswell, Esq., of the Temple, second son of *Bozzy*.

2 The Honourable William Lamb, afterwards Lord Melbourne.

real mother,—and that is, by reviewing the work, which I take to be an operation equal to that of quartering the child. But this is only on condition that I can have Mr. Erskine's assistance, who admires the work greatly more than I do, though I think the painting of the second tale both true and powerful. I knew Old Mortality very well; his name was Paterson, but few knew him otherwise than by his nickname. The first tale is not very original in its concoction, and lame and impotent in its conclusion. My love to Gifford. I have been over head and ears in work this summer, or I would have sent the *Gipsies;* indeed, I was partly stopped by finding it impossible to procure a few words of their language.

Constable wrote to me about two months since, desirous of having a new edition of *Paul;* but not hearing from you, I conclude you are still on hand. Longman's people had then only sixty copies.

Kind compliments to Heber, whom I expected at Abbotsford this summer; also to Mr. Croker and all your four o'clock visitors. I am just going to Abbotsford to make a small addition to my premises there. I have now about 700 acres, thanks to the booksellers and the discerning public.—Yours truly,

WALTER SCOTT.

P.S.—I have much to ask about Lord Byron, if I had time. The third canto of the *Childe* is inimitable. Of the last poems, there are one or two which indicate rather an irregular play of imagination.[1] What a pity that a man of such exquisite genius will not be contented to be happy on the ordinary terms! I declare my heart bleeds when I think of him, self-banished from the country to which he is an honour.

SCOTT TO THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH.

MY DEAR LORD DUKE,—I have the great pleasure of enclosing the discharged bond which your grace stood engaged for me, and on my account. The accommodation was of the greatest consequence to me, as it enabled me to retain possession of some valuable literary property, which I must otherwise have suffered to be sold at a time when the booksellers had no money to buy it. My dear lord, to wish that all your numerous and extensive acts of kindness may be attended with similar advantages to the persons whom you oblige, is wishing you what to your mind will be the best recompense; and to wish that they may be felt by all as gratefully as by me, though you may be careless to hear about the part of the story, is only wishing what is creditable to human nature. I have this moment your more than kind letter, and congratulate your grace that, in one sense of the word, you can be what you never will be in any other, *ambidexter*. But I am sorry you took so much trouble, and I fear *pains* besides, to display your new talent. —Ever your grace's truly faithful

WALTER SCOTT.

[The time now approached when a Commission to examine the Crown-room in the Castle of Edinburgh, which had sprung from one of Scott's conversations with the Prince Regent in 1815, was at length to be acted upon. The minstrel of the 'Rough Clan' had taken care that the name of his chief should stand at the head of the document; but the Duke's now precarious health ultimately prevented him from being present at the discovery of the long-buried and almost forgotten Regalia of Scotland. The Commissioners, who finally assembled on the 4th of February, were, according to the record—'the Right Hon. Charles Hope, Lord President of the Court of Session; the Right Hon. David Boyle, Lord Justice Clerk; the Right Hon. William Adam, Lord Chief Commissioner of the Jury Court; Major-General John Hope (commanding the Forces in Scotland); the Solicitor-General (James Wedderburn, Esq.); the Lord Provost of Edinburgh (Kincaid Mackenzie, Esq.); William Clerk, Esq., Principal Clerk of the Jury Court; Henry Jardine, Esq., Deputy Remembrancer in the Exchequer; Thomas Thompson, Esq., Deputy Clerk Register of Scotland; and Walter Scott, Esq., one of the Principal Clerks of Session.' Of the proceedings of this day the reader has a full and particular account in an Essay which Scott penned shortly afterwards, and which is included in his *Prose Miscellanies* (vol. vii.). But I must not omit the contemporaneous letters in which he announced the success of the quest to his friend the Secretary of the Admiralty, and through him to the Regent.]

SCOTT TO CROKER.

Edinburgh, Feb. 4, 1818.

MY DEAR CROKER,—I have the pleasure to assure you the Regalia of Scotland were this day found in perfect preservation. The sword

[1] *Parisina, The Dream,* and the *Domestic Pieces* had been recently published.

of state and sceptre showed marks of hard usage at some former period, but in all respects agree with the description in Thomson's work.[1] I will send you a complete account of the opening to-morrow, as the official account will take some time to draw up. In the meantime I hope you will remain as obstinate in your unbelief as St. Thomas, because then you will come down to satisfy yourself. I know nobody entitled to earlier information, save ONE, to whom you can perhaps find the means of communicating the result of our researches. The post is just going off.—Ever yours truly,

WALTER SCOTT.

TO THE SAME.

Edinburgh, February 5, 1818.

MY DEAR CROKER,—I promised I would add something to my report of yesterday, and yet I find I have but little to say. The extreme solemnity of opening sealed doors of oak and iron, and finally breaking open a chest which had been shut since 7th March 1707, about a hundred and eleven years, gave a sort of interest to our researches, which I can hardly express to you; and it would be very difficult to describe the intense eagerness with which we watched the rising of the lid of the chest, and the progress of workmen in breaking it open, which was neither an easy nor a speedy task. It sounded very hollow when they worked on it with their tools, and I began to lean to your faction of the Little Faiths. However, I never could assign any probable or feasible reason for withdrawing these memorials of ancient independence; and my doubts rather arose from the conviction that many absurd things are done in public as well as in private life merely out of a hasty impression of passion or resentment. For it was evident the removal of the Regalia might have greatly irritated people's minds here, and offered a fair pretext of breaking the Union, which, for thirty years, was the predominant wish of the Scottish nation.

The discovery of the Regalia has interested people's minds much more strongly than I expected, and is certainly calculated to make a pleasant and favourable impression upon them in respect to the kingly part of the constitution. It would be of the utmost consequence that they should be occasionally shown to them, under proper regulations, and for a small fee. The sword of state is a most beautiful piece of workmanship, a present from Pope Julius II. to James IV. The scabbard is richly decorated with filigree work of silver, double gilded, representing oak-leaves and acorns, executed in a taste worthy that classical age in which the arts revived. A draughtsman has been employed to make sketches of these articles, in order to be laid before his Royal Highness. The fate of these Regalia, which his Royal Highness' goodness has thus restored to light and honour, has, on one or two occasions, been singular enough. They were, in 1652, lodged in the Castle of Dunnottar, the seat of the Earl Marischal, by whom, according to his ancient privilege, they were kept. The castle was defended by George Ogilvie of Barra, who, apprehensive of the progress which the English made in reducing the strong places in Scotland, became anxious for the safety of these valuable memorials. The ingenuity of his lady had them conveyed out of the castle in a bag on a woman's back, among some *hards*, as they are called, of lint. They were carried to the Kirk of Kinneff, and entrusted to the care of the clergyman, named Grainger, and his wife, and buried under the pulpit. The Castle of Dunnottar, though very strong and faithfully defended, was at length under necessity of surrendering, being the last strong place in Britain on which the royal flag floated in those calamitous times. Ogilvie and his lady were threatened with the utmost extremities by the Republican General Morgan, unless they should produce the Regalia. The Governor stuck to it that he knew nothing of them, as in fact they had been carried away without his knowledge. The lady maintained she had given them to John Keith, second son of the Earl Marischal, by whom, she said, they had been carried to France. They suffered a long imprisonment and much ill-usage. On the Restoration, the old Countess Marischal, founding upon the story Mrs. Ogilvie had told to screen her husband, obtained for her own son, John Keith, the earldom of Kintore, and the post of Knight Marischal, with £400 a year, as if he had been in truth the preserver of the Regalia. It soon proved that this reward had been too hastily given, for Ogilvie of Barra produced the Regalia, the honest clergyman refusing to deliver them to any one but those from whom he received them. Ogilvie was made a knight baronet, however, and got a new charter of the lands acknowledging the good service. Thus it happened oddly enough that Keith, who was abroad during the transaction, and had nothing to do with it, got the earldom, pension, etc., Ogilvie only inferior honours, and the poor clergyman nothing whatever, or, as we say, *the hare's foot to lick*. As for Ogilvie's lady, she died before the Restoration, her health being ruined by the hardships she endured from the Cromwellian satellites. She was a Douglas, with all the high spirit of that proud family. On her death-bed, and not till then, she told her husband where the honours were concealed, charging him to suffer death rather than betray them. Popular tradition

[1] *Collection of Inventories and other Records of the Royal Wardrobe and Jewel House.* Edin. 1815. 4to.

says, not very probably, that Grainger and his wife were *booted* (that is, tortured with the engine called the boots). I think the Knight Marischal's office rested in the Kintore family until 1715, when it was resumed on account of the Bearded Earl's accession to the insurrection of that year. He escaped well, for they might have taken his estate and his earldom. I must save post, however, and conclude abruptly.—Yours ever, WALTER SCOTT.

[The original manuscript of the following hitherto unpublished letter of Sir Walter Scott's was presented to the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland by Mr. Thomas J. Gellibrand, of London. The original was addressed to Mr. Gellibrand's grandfather, Sir Samuel Toller, Judge Advocate at Madras in 1818, when Sir John Newboldt was Governor, and Sir Thomas Strange, Chief Justice. The matter to which the letter refers is alluded to more briefly by Sir Walter in a letter, published in Lockhart's *Life of Scott* (vol. vi. p. 9, edition 1848), addressed to his friend Mr. Morritt, of Rokeby, in which it is mentioned that Mr. Charles Carpenter was Commercial Resident at Salem, in the Madras establishment. Mr. Lockhart says: 'The estimate of Mr. Carpenter's property transmitted at the time to England proved to have been an exaggerated one; as nearly as my present information goes, the amount was doubled.'—*Scotsman.*]

SCOTT TO SIR SAMUEL TOLLER.

(*Private and Confidential.*)

Edinburgh, December 9, 1818.

SIR,—The assurances of my kind and much respected friend the Lord Chief Commissioner for the Court of Jury Trial in Scotland, induce me to break through all the usual forms, and charge you at once with a delicate, and perhaps a troublesome, piece of business on the part of a perfect stranger. If, however, to be known to the Strange family,—to be very intimate with Lord Melville,—to be acquainted with the Marquis of Hastings, and some other persons immediately connected with India,—could propitiate you in my favour, I could have easily obtained their sanction for my present application. But those who know our kind and mutual friend the Lord Chief Commissioner, will scarce think any recommendation, however respectable, will add weight to his. His letter will explain why I have had the boldness to send you a power of attorney to act as your judgment may dictate on behalf of four young persons, my children, who, under the will of their uncle by the mother's side, Charles Carpenter, Esq., late Commercial Resident at Salem, are heirs to his fortune in Britain and in India, after the death of his widow, to whom he has (most properly) bequeathed the life-rent of his property.

It becomes necessary, sir, that I should write to a gentleman I have never seen with the full confidence of an old and proved friend; and without hesitation I proceed to do so.

My wife is her brother's only surviving relation: they parted in early youth, never to meet again. Their intercourse was, however, regular and most affectionate on both parts. I never saw my brother-in-law, but I have no reason to suppose my alliance was disagreeable to him, but much the contrary. I am a stranger to the family into which he married, only I know they are highly respectable. I enclose a copy of Mr. Carpenter's will, naming his widow life-rentrix and sole executrix, and settling his property on my children in default of his own: he died childless.[1]

I enclose an extract of a letter from Mr. Josiah Marshal Heath, who is married to a sister of Mrs. Carpenter, and acts as her attorney in these matters. I only say upon this subject that his idea of the funds here is exaggerated. By the report of Mrs. Carpenter's confidential agent, Mr. Stephen Nicolson Barber, the property now amounts to £24,844, 14s. 4d. 3 per cent. Consols, remitted by Mr. Carpenter upon his marriage, and purchased for about 54 per cent.; £13,881 4 per cent., arising chiefly from dividends invested from time to time, interest being added to principal—worth both together about £30,000 as the funds are. Mr. Carpenter does not appear to have made any considerable addition to these European funds by remittances from India, but on this point my present information is general.

Mr. Heath writes me that the Indian funds (all debts paid) may net £6000 or £7000; about three weeks later he writes to Mr. Barber there may be a balance of £8000 or £10,000 in favour of the estate. I am aware my brother-in-law practised hospitality in a great extent, and that his family was very expensive. But I know he wrote to me long since inquiring how £3000 a year would answer in this country; and I think it strange that he should have toiled so very long in a situation supposed to be lucrative, without making more than from £7000 to £10,000 in seven or eight years. He wrote to his sister a letter received about two months

[1] First printed in the *Scotsman*, April 11, 1882. This letter throws additional light on Scott's marriage arrangements. See letters of Scott to Miss Carpenter, p. 219.

since, mentioning his positive intention of arranging his affairs and returning to Britain for life. I am at a loss to think how he could have proposed this on £2000 a year. I must add that the report of gentlemen writing home from India to their friends here, estimate his fortune at about £70,000, and I have reason to think that gentlemen in the Civil Service in India can form, with considerable accuracy, something like a general guess at the fortunes of each other.

These circumstances, sir, I state frankly, as they weigh on my own mind. They are not, however, such as ought to infer anything like an unhandsome prejudice against my sister-in-law or Mr. Heath; and if either the letter to me or that of a much later date to Mr. Barber had given anything like a general view of the funds in India, you would have been spared this trouble. For I am aware that property in this state is exaggerated by report, and that the other circumstances I have mentioned may be all capable of the most perfect explanation. Mr. Carpenter, in speaking of £3000 a year, may have announced his hopes rather than his certainties. A man who lives expensively cannot save much; and one who winds up his own extensive commerce may reasonably hope to make more of it than a stranger. It is possible, also, that as Mr. Heath's estimate has risen from £6000 to £10,000, it may ascend higher as he becomes more completely acquainted with my brother's transactions. Still it is my duty, as acting for my children, to obtain the opinion of some impartial person on a subject so important—it will free me to my own mind, and ought to be (as doubtless it will be) pleasant for Mr. Heath himself. I am sure I should think so in his case. And apart from all those circumstances, Mrs. Carpenter's health is stated to be very delicate, which makes it of itself advisable that my children should have an attorney in India, with full powers in case of the executrix's inability to act, or her demise before the affairs are wound up.

I must, however, add that I have not the least wish to hurt Mrs. Carpenter's feelings or embarrass her management by any unnecessary interference. I have written to Mr. Heath in answer to a passage, in which he presumes it will be unnecessary to precipitate the disposal of the house, etc. while Mrs. Carpenter remains in India; that far from wishing this, my children (who are, in point of feeling, old enough to think for themselves, and I hope have, from nature and education, the disposition to think rightly) earnestly wish Mrs. Carpenter's wishes and convenience to be consulted as the primary object in all these matters.

It is not their wish, or, God knows, mine, to make the utmost penny of this large succession, at the expense of what is better worth than the whole of it is—I mean fair and liberal principle. As their uncle has made them in place of his children, they owe Mrs. Carpenter all the deference and respectful attention that is due to a mother. I said on their part that I hoped she would retain without scruple such personalities as plate, books, and so forth, only begging for my wife a seal or ring of her brother's, and for myself his arms, if he had any, or any skins or Indian curiosities which she might not incline to keep, or give away to his friends. I clogg'd my renunciation with these trifling requests, only to show it was quite sincere, and this commission with which you are like to be burthened has no regard to such small objects.

In regard to the management, I am aware it is impossible to interfere very effectually without having recourse to measures which I cannot suppose necessary. But the opportunity of inspection, and perhaps of advice, will not, I am sure, be denied to a gentleman of your high situation and character acting on the part of minors. I have only to add that, any part of the trouble which can be efficiently devolved upon any official person I entreat you will commit to the charge of whomsoever you may approve, and act in the whole matter as your experience and delicacy shall suggest. It is little to say that every attendant expense will be cheerfully satisfied. I wish I could add that anything was in my power that could mark my feeling of the favour upon which I am very boldly reckoning; but I will eagerly embrace any opportunity that may occur to make manifest at least my sense of the obligation.

I shall send a duplicate, perhaps even a triplicate, of the power of attorney, with copies of this letter, and that of the Lord Chief Commissioner, as well as of Mr. Heath's letters to myself and Mr. Barber, and of Mr. Carpenter's will; for if this precaution is at all necessary, the certainty of the power reaching you as early as possible is a point to be insured. But I expect to hear, what will give me the most sincere pleasure, that your inspection of these affairs is no otherwise necessary than to obtain the satisfactory testimony and sanction of an experienced and impartial person to the mode of management adopted by Mr. Heath, under authority of the executrix. In a trifling concern it would not occur to me to take such precautions; but here the stake is very serious, and the persons concerned those whose interest ought to be dearer than my own, and who cannot act for themselves.

I have written to Mr. Heath mentioning the step I have taken with as much delicacy as possible; but as he may not receive it, I hope, so soon as the power of attorney reaches you, you will have the kindness to act upon it as your own prudence and delicacy will suggest.

—I have the honour to subscribe myself, sir, your most obedient, humble servant,

WALTER SCOTT.

I am happy to say that the health of our mutual friend, the Lord Commissioner, which was indifferent during the summer, is now greatly restored.

[It appears that *Nigel* was published on the 30th of May 1822; and next day Constable writes as follows from his temporary residence near London :—]

A. CONSTABLE TO SCOTT.

Castlebeare Park, May 31, 1822.

DEAR SIR WALTER,—I have received the highest gratification from the perusal of a certain new work. I may indeed say new work, for it is entirely so, and will, if that be possible, eclipse in popularity all that has gone before it.

The author will be blamed for one thing, however unreasonably, and that is, for concluding the story without giving his readers a little more of it. We are a set of ungrateful mortals. For one thing at least I trust I am never to be found so, for I must ever most duly appreciate the kind things intended to be applied to me in the Introductory Epistle to this work. I learn with astonishment, but not less delight, that the press is at work again; the title, which has been handed to me, is quite excellent.

I am now so well as to find it compatible to pay my respects to some of my old haunts in the metropolis, where I go occasionally. I was in town yesterday, and so keenly were the people devouring my friend *Jingling Geordie*, that I actually saw them reading it in the streets as they passed along. I assure you there is no exaggeration in this. A new novel from the author of *Waverley* puts aside, in other words, puts down for the time, every other literary performance. The smack *Ocean*, by which the new work was shipped, arrived at the wharf on Sunday; the bales were got out by *one* on Monday morning, and before half-past ten o'clock 7000 copies had been dispersed from 90 Cheapside.[1] I sent my secretary on purpose to witness the activity with which such things are conducted, and to bring me the account, gratifying certainly, which I now give you.

I went yesterday to the shop of a curious person—Mr. Swaby, in Warden Street—to look at an old portrait which my son, when lately here, mentioned to me. It is, I think, a portrait of James the Fourth, and if not an original, is doubtless a picture as early as his reign. Our friend Mr. Thomson has seen it and is of the same opinion; but I purpose that you should be called upon to decide this nice point, and I have ordered it to be forwarded to you, trusting that ere long I may see it in the armoury at Abbotsford.

I found at the same place two large elbow chairs, elaborately carved, in boxwood, with figures, foliage, etc. perfectly entire. Mr. Swaby, from whom I purchased them, assured me that they came from the Borghese Palace at Rome; he possessed originally ten such chairs, and had sold six of them to the Duke of Rutland, for Belvoir Castle, where they will be appropriate furniture; the two which I have obtained would, I think, not be less so in the library of Abbotsford.

I have been so fortunate as to secure a still more curious article: a slab of mosaic pavement, quite entire and large enough to make an outer hearthstone, which I also destined for Abbotsford. It occurred to me that these three articles might prove suitable to your taste, and under that impression I am now induced to take the liberty of requesting you to accept them as a small but sincere pledge of grateful feeling. Our literary connection is too important to make it necessary for your publishers to trouble you about the pounds, shillings, and pence of such things; and I therefore trust you will receive them on the footing I have thus taken the liberty to name. I have been on the outlook for antique carvings, and if I knew the purposes for which you would want such, I might probably be able to send you some.

I was truly happy to hear of *Halidon Hill*, and of the satisfactory arrangements made for its publication. I wish I had the power of prevailing with you to give us a similar production every three months; and that our ancient enemies on this side the Border might not have too much their own way, perhaps your next dramatic sketch might be Bannockburn.[1] It would be presumptuous in me to point out subjects, but you know my craving to be great, and I cannot resist mentioning here that I should like to see a Battle of Hastings, a Cressy, a Bosworth Field, and many more.

Sir Thomas Lawrence was so kind as to invite me to see his pictures,—what an admirable portrait he has commenced of you!—he has altogether hit a happy and interesting expression. I do not know whether you have heard that there is an exhibition at Leeds this year. I had an application for the use of Raeburn's picture, which is now there; and it stands

[1] Constable's London agents, Messrs. Hurst, Robinson, and Co., had then their premises in Cheapside.

[1] Had Mr. Constable quite forgotten the *Lord of the Isles?*

No. 1 in the catalogue, of which I enclose you a copy.

You will receive with this a copy of the *Poetry, Original and Selected.* I have, I fear, overshot the mark by including the poetry of *The Pirate*, a liberty for which I must hope to be forgiven. The publication of the volume will be delayed ten days, in case you should do me the favour to suggest any alteration in the advertisement, or other change.—I have the honour to be, dear Sir Walter, your faithful, humble servant,

ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE.

[On the eve of the King's (George IV.) departure from Scotland he received the following communication :—]

SIR R. PEEL TO SCOTT.

Edinburgh, August 28, 1822.

MY DEAR SIR,—The King has commanded me to acquaint you that he cannot bid adieu to Scotland without conveying to you individually his warm personal acknowledgments for the deep interest you have taken in every ceremony and arrangement connected with his Majesty's visit, and for your ample contributions to their complete success.

His Majesty well knows how many difficulties have been smoothed, and how much has been effected by your unremitting activity, by your knowledge of your countrymen, and by the just estimation in which they hold you.

The King wishes to make you the channel of conveying to the Highland chiefs and their followers, who have given to the varied scene which we have witnessed so peculiar and romantic a character, his particular thanks for their attendance, and his warm approbation of their uniform deportment. He does justice to the ardent spirit of loyalty by which they are animated, and is convinced that he could offer no recompense for their services so gratifying to them as the assurance, which I now convey, of the esteem and approbation of their Sovereign.

I have the honour to be, my dear sir, with great truth, most truly and faithfully yours,

ROBERT PEEL.

[The letters of Peter Plymley, by Sydney Smith, were the contributions of that witty divine on the vexed subject of greater concessions to the Roman Catholics ; but although they helped forward the object in view, it is generally allowed that he offends here and there by overmuch freedom of language.]

PETER PLYMLEY'S LETTERS ON THE SUBJECT OF THE CATHOLICS.

DEAR ABRAHAM,—A worthier and better man than yourself does not exist ; but I have always told you, from the time of our boyhood, that you were a bit of a goose. Your parochial affairs are governed with exemplary order and regularity ; you are as powerful in the vestry as Mr. Perceval is in the House of Commons,—and, I must say, with much more reason ; nor do I know any church where the faces and smock-frocks of the congregation are so clean, or their eyes so uniformly directed to the preacher. There is another point upon which I will do you ample justice, and that is, that the eyes so directed towards you are wide open ; for the rustic has, in general, good principles, though he cannot control his animal habits ; and however loud he may snore, his face is perpetually turned towards the fountain of orthodoxy.

Having done you this act of justice, I shall proceed, according to our ancient intimacy and familiarity, to explain to you my opinions about the Catholics, and to reply to yours.

In the first place, my sweet Abraham, the Pope is not landed, nor are there any curates sent out after him, nor has he been hid at St. Alban's by the Dowager Lady Spencer, nor dined privately at Holland House, nor been seen near Dropmore. If these fears exist (which I do not believe), they exist only in the mind of the Chancellor of the Exchequer ; they emanate from his zeal for the Protestant interest; and though they reflect the highest honour upon the delicate irritability of his faith, must certainly be considered as more ambiguous proofs of the sanity and vigour of his understanding. By this time, however, the best-informed clergy in the neighbourhood of the metropolis are convinced that the rumour is without foundation; and though the Pope is probably hovering about our coast in a fishing smack, it is most likely he will fall a prey to the vigilance of our cruisers ; and it is certain he has not yet polluted the Protestantism of our soil.

Exactly in the same manner, the story of the wooden gods seized at Charing Cross, by an order from the Foreign Office, turns out to be without the shadow of a foundation : instead of the angels and archangels mentioned by the informer, nothing was discovered but a wooden image of Lord Mulgrave, going down to Chatham as a headpiece for the Spanker gun-vessel : it was an exact resemblance of his lordship in his military uniform, and *therefore* as little like a god as can well be imagined.

Having set your fears at rest as to the extent of the conspiracy formed against the Protestant religion, I will now come to the argument itself.

You say these men interpret the Scriptures in an unorthodox manner, and that they eat

their god. Very likely. All this may seem very important to you, who live fourteen miles from a market-town, and, from long residence upon your living, are become a kind of holy vegetable; and, in a theological sense, it is highly important. But I want soldiers and sailors for the state; I want to make a greater use than I now can do of a poor country full of men; I want to render the military service popular among the Irish; to check the power of France; to make every possible exertion for the safety of Europe, which in twenty years' time will be nothing but a mass of French slaves, and then you, and ten thousand other such boobies as you, call out—'For God's sake, do not think of raising cavalry and infantry in Ireland! . . . They interpret the Epistle to Timothy in a different manner from what we do! . . . They eat a bit of wafer every Sunday, which they call their God!' . . . I wish to my soul they would eat you, and such reasoners as you are. What when Turk, Jew, heretic, infidel, Catholic, Protestant, are all combined against this country; when men of every religious persuasion and no religious persuasion; when the population of half the globe is up in arms against us,—are we to stand examining our generals and armies as a bishop examines a candidate for holy orders? and to suffer no one to bleed for England who does not agree with you about the 2d of Timothy? You talk about the Catholics! If you and your brotherhood have been able to persuade the country into a continuation of this grossest of all absurdities, you have ten times the power which the Catholic clergy ever had in their best days. Louis XIV., when he revoked the Edict of Nantes, never thought of preventing the Protestants from fighting his battles, and gained accordingly some of his most splendid victories by the talents of his Protestant generals. No power in Europe but yourselves has ever thought, for these hundred years past, of asking whether a bayonet is Catholic, or Presbyterian, or Lutheran, but whether it is sharp and well-tempered. A bigot delights in public ridicule, for he begins to think he is a martyr. I can promise you the full enjoyment of this pleasure from one extremity of Europe to the other.

I am as disgusted with the nonsense of the Roman Catholic religion as you can be; and no man who talks such nonsense shall ever tithe the product of the earth, nor meddle with the ecclesiastical establishment in any shape; but what have I to do with the speculative nonsense of his theology, when the object is to elect the mayor of a county town, or to appoint a colonel of a marching regiment? Will a man discharge the solemn impertinences of the one office with less zeal, or shrink from the bloody boldness of the other with greater timidity, because the blockhead believes in all the Catholic nonsense of the Real Presence. I am sorry there should be such impious folly in the world, but I should be ten times a greater fool than he is, if I refused, in consequence of his folly, to lead him out against the enemies of the State. Your whole argument is wrong; the State has nothing whatever to do with theological errors which do not violate the common rules of morality, and militate against the fair power of the ruler: it leaves all these errors to you, and to such as you. You have every tenth porker in your parish for refuting them; and take care that you are vigilant and logical in the task.

I love the Church as well as you do; but you totally mistake the nature of an establishment, when you contend that it ought to be connected with the military and civil career of every individual in the State. It is quite right that there should be one clergyman to every parish interpreting the Scriptures after a particular manner, ruled by a regular hierarchy, and paid with a rich proportion of haycocks and wheat-sheafs. When I have laid this foundation for a national religion in the State,—when I have placed ten thousand well-educated men in different parts of the kingdom to preach it up, and compelled everybody to pay them, whether they hear them or not,—I have taken such measures as I know must always procure an immense majority in favour of the Established Church; but I can go no farther. I cannot set up a civil inquisition, and say to one, you shall not be a butcher because you are not orthodox; and prohibit another from brewing, and a third from administering the law, and a fourth from defending the country. If common justice did not prohibit me from such a conduct, common sense would. The advantage to be gained by quitting the heresy would make it shameful to abandon it; and men who had once left the Church would continue in such a state of alienation from a point of honour, and transmit that spirit to the latest posterity. This is just the effect your disqualifying laws have produced. They have fed Dr. Rees and Dr. Kippis; crowded the congregation of the Old Jewry to suffocation; and enabled every sublapsarian, and superlapsarian, and semi-pelagian clergyman, to build himself a neat brick chapel, and live with some distant resemblance to the state of a gentleman.

You say the King's coronation oath will not allow him to consent to any relaxation of the Catholic laws. Why not relax the Catholic laws as well as the laws against Protestant dissenters? If one is contrary to his oath, the other must be so too; for the spirit of the oath is, to defend the Church establishment, which the Quaker and the Presbyterian differ from as much or more than the Catholic; and yet his Majesty has repealed the Corporation and Test Act in Ireland, and done more for the Catholics of both kingdoms than had been done for them since the Reformation. In 1778, the ministers

said nothing about the royal conscience; in 1793 no conscience; in 1804 no conscience; the common feelings of humanity and justice then seem to have had their fullest influence upon the advisers of the Crown; but in 1807—a year, I suppose, eminently fruitful in moral and religious scruples (as some years are fruitful in apples, some in hops)—it is contended by the well-paid John Bowles, and by Mr. Perceval (who tried to be well paid), that that is now perjury which we had hitherto called policy and benevolence! Religious liberty has never made such a stride as under the reign of his present Majesty; nor is there any instance in the annals of our history where so many infamous and damnable laws have been repealed as those against the Catholics which had been put an end to by him; and then, at the close of his useful policy, his advisers discover that the very measures of concession and indulgence, or (to use my own language) the measures of justice, which he has been pursuing through the whole of his reign, are contrary to the oath he takes at its commencement! That oath binds his Majesty not to consent to any measure contrary to the interest of the Established Church; but who is to judge of the tendency of each particular measure? Not the King alone; it can never be the intention of this law that the King, who listens to the advice of his Parliament upon a road bill, should reject it upon the most important of all measures. Whatever be his own private judgment of the tendency of any ecclesiastical bill, he complies most strictly with his oath, if he is guided in that particular point by the advice of his Parliament, who may be presumed to understand its tendency better than the King or any other individual. You say, if Parliament had been unanimous in their opinion of the absolute necessity for Lord Howick's bill, and the King had thought it pernicious, he would have been perjured if he had not rejected it. I say, on the contrary, his Majesty would have acted in the most conscientious manner, and have complied most scrupulously with his oath, if he had sacrificed his own opinion to the opinion of the great council of the nation, because the probability was that such opinion was better than his own; and upon the same principle, in common life, you give up your opinion to your physician, your lawyer, and your builder.

You admit this bill did not compel the King to elect Catholic officers, but only gave him the option of doing so if he pleased; but you add that the King was right in not trusting such dangerous power to himself or his successors. Now you are either to suppose that the King for the time being has a zeal for the Catholic establishment, or that he has not. If he has not, where is the danger of giving such an option? If you suppose that he may be influenced by such an admiration of the Catholic religion, why did his present Majesty, in the year 1804, consent to that bill which empowered the Crown to station ten thousand Catholic soldiers in any part of the kindgom, and placed them absolutely at the disposal of the Crown? If the King of England for the time being is a good Protestant, there can be no danger in making the Catholic *eligible* to anything; if he is not, no power can possibly be so dangerous as that conveyed by the bill last quoted, to which, in point of peril, Lord Howick's bill is a mere joke. But the real fact is, one bill opened a door to his Majesty's advisers for trick, jobbing, and intrigue; the other did not.

Besides, what folly to talk to me of an oath, which, under all possible circumstances, is to prevent the relaxation of the Catholi laws! for such a solemn appeal to God sets all conditions and contingencies at defiance. Suppose Buonaparte was to retrieve the only very great blunder he has made, and were to succeed, after repeated trials, in making an impression upon Ireland, do you think we should hear anything of the impediment of a coronation oath? or would the spirit of this country tolerate for an hour such ministers, and such unheard-of nonsense, if the most distant prospect existed of conciliating the Catholics by every species even of the most abject concession? And yet, if your argument is good for anything, the coronation oath ought to reject, at such a moment, every tendency to conciliation, and to bind Ireland for ever to the crown of France.

I found in your letter the usual remarks about fire, fagot, and bloody Mary. Are you aware, my dear priest, that there were as many persons put to death for religious opinions under the mild Elizabeth as under the bloody Mary? The reign of the former was, to be sure, ten times as long; but I only mention the fact, merely to show you that something depends upon the age in which men live as well as on their religious opinions. Three hundred years ago men burnt and hanged each other for these opinions. Time has softened Catholic as well as Protestant: they both required it, though each perceives only his own improvement, and is blind to that of the other. We are all the creatures of circumstances. I know not a kinder and better man than yourself; but you (if you had lived in those times) would certainly have roasted your Catholic; and I promise you, if the first exciter of this religious mob had been as powerful then as he is now, you would soon have been elevated to the mitre. I do not go the length of saying that the world has suffered as much from Protestant as from Catholic persecution, far from it; but you should remember the Catholics had all the power, when the idea first started up in the world that there could be two modes of faith; and that it was much more natural they

should attempt to crush this diversity of opinion by great and cruel efforts, than that the Protestants should rage against those who differed from them, when the very basis of their system was complete freedom in all spiritual matters.

I cannot extend my letter any farther at present, but you shall soon hear from me again. You tell me I am a party man. I hope I shall always be so when I see my country in the hands of a pert London joker and a second-rate lawyer. Of the first, no other good is known than that he makes pretty Latin verses; the second seems to me to have the head of a country parson, and the tongue of an Old Bailey lawyer.

If I could see good measures pursued, I care not a farthing who is in power; but I have a passionate love for common justice and for common sense, and I abhor and despise every man who builds up his political fortune upon their ruin.

God bless you, Reverend Abraham, and defend you from the Pope, and all of us from that administration who seek power by opposing a measure which Burke, Pitt, and Fox all considered as absolutely necessary to the existence of the country.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR ABRAHAM,—The Catholic not respect an oath! why not? What upon earth has kept him out of Parliament, or excluded him from all the offices whence he is excluded, but his respect for oaths? There is no law which prohibits a Catholic to sit in Parliament. There could be no such law, because it is impossible to find out what passes in the interior of any man's mind. Suppose it were in contemplation to exclude all men from certain offices who contended for the legality of taking tithes: the only mode of discovering that fervid love of decimation which I know you to possess would be to tender you an oath 'against that damnable doctrine, that it is lawful for a spiritual man to take, abstract, appropriate, subduct, or lead away the tenth calf, sheep, lamb, ox, pigeon, duck,' etc. etc. etc., and every other animal that ever existed, which of course the lawyers would take care to enumerate. Now this oath I am sure you would rather die than take; and so the Catholic is excluded from Parliament because he will not swear that he disbelieves the leading doctrines of his religion! The Catholic asks you to abolish some oaths which oppress him; your answer is, that he does not respect oaths. Then why subject him to the test of oaths? The oaths keep him out of Parliament; why, then, he respects them. Turn which way you will, either your laws are nugatory, or the Catholic is bound by religious obligations as you are; but no eel in the well-sanded fist of a cook-maid, upon the eve of being skinned, ever twisted and writhed as an orthodox parson does when he is compelled by the grip of reason to admit anything in favour of a dissenter.

I will not dispute with you whether the Pope be or be not the Scarlet Lady of Babylon. I hope it is not so; because I am afraid it will induce his Majesty's Chancellor of the Exchequer to introduce several severe bills against Popery if that is the case; and though he will have the decency to appoint a previous committee of inquiry as to the fact, the committee will be garbled, and the report inflammatory. Leaving this to be settled as he pleases to settle it, I wish to inform you that, previously to the bill last passed in favour of the Catholics, at the suggestion of Mr. Pitt, and for his satisfaction, the opinions of six of the most celebrated of the foreign Catholic universities were taken as to the right of the Pope to interfere in the temporal concerns of any country. The answer cannot possibly leave the shadow of a doubt even in the mind of Baron Maseres; and Dr. Rennel would be compelled to admit it, if three bishops lay dead at the very moment the question were put to him. To this answer might be added also the solemn declaration and signature of all the Catholics in Great Britain.

I should perfectly agree with you, if the Catholics admitted such a dangerous dispensing power in the hands of the Pope; but they all deny it, and laugh at it, and are ready to abjure it in the most decided manner you can devise. They obey the Pope as the spiritual head of their Church; but are you really so foolish as to be imposed upon by mere names? What matters it the seven-thousandth part of a farthing who is the spiritual head of any Church? Is not Mr. Wilberforce at the head of the church of Clapham? Is not Dr. Letsom at the head of the Quaker Church? Is not the General Assembly at the head of the Church of Scotland? How is the Government disturbed by these many-headed Churches? or in what way is the power of the Crown augmented by this almost nominal dignity?

The King appoints a fast-day once a year, and he makes the bishops; and if the Government would take half the pains to keep the Catholics out of the arms of France that it does to widen Temple Bar, or improve Snow Hill, the King would get into his hands the appointments of the titular Bishops of Ireland. Both Mr. C——'s sisters enjoy pensions more than sufficient to place the two greatest dignitaries of the Irish Catholic Church entirely at the disposal of the Crown. Everybody who knows Ireland knows perfectly well that nothing would be easier, with the expenditure of a little money, than to preserve enough of the ostensible appointment in the hands of the

Pope to satisfy the scruples of the Catholics, while the real nomination remained with the Crown. But, as I have before said, the moment the very name of Ireland is mentioned, the English seem to bid adieu to common feeling, common prudence, and to common sense, and to act with the barbarity of tyrants and the fatuity of idiots.

Whatever your opinion may be of the follies of the Roman Catholic religion, remember they are the follies of four millions of human beings, increasing rapidly in numbers, wealth, and intelligence, who, if firmly united with this country, would set at defiance the power of France, and if once wrested from their alliance with England, would in three years render its existence as an independent nation absolutely impossible. You speak of danger to the Establishment: I request to know when the Establishment was ever so much in danger as when Hoche was in Bantry Bay, and whether all the books of Bossuet, or the arts of the Jesuits, were half so terrible? Mr. Perceval and his parsons forget all this, in their horror lest twelve or fourteen old women may be converted to holy water and Catholic nonsense. They never see that, while they are saving these venerable ladies from perdition, Ireland may be lost, England broken down, and the Protestant Church, with all its deans, prebendaries, Percevals and Rennels, be swept into the vortex of oblivion.

Do not, I beseech you, ever mention to me again the name of Dr. Duigenan. I have been in every corner of Ireland, and have studied its present strength and condition with no common labour. Be assured Ireland does not contain at this moment less than five millions of people. There were returned in the year 1791 to the hearth tax 701,000 houses, and there is no kind of question that there were about 50,000 houses omitted in that return. Taking, however, only the number returned for the tax, and allowing the average of six to a house (a very small average for a potato-fed people), this brings the population to 4,200,000 people in the year 1791; and it can be shown from the clearest evidence (and Mr. Newenham in his book shows it), that Ireland for the last fifty years has increased in its population at the rate of 50,000 or 60,000 per annum; which leaves the present population of Ireland at about five millions, after every possible deduction for *existing circumstances, just and necessary wars, monstrous and unnatural rebellions*, and all other sources of human destruction. Of this population, two out of ten are Protestants; and the half of the Protestant population are Dissenters, and as inimical to the Church as to the Catholics themselves. In this state of things, thumb-screws and whipping—admirable engines of policy as they must be considered to be—will not ultimately avail. The Catholics will hang over you; they will watch for the moment; and compel you hereafter to give them ten times as much, against your will, as they would now be contented with if it was voluntarily surrendered. Remember what happened in the American war, when Ireland compelled you to give her everything she asked, and to renounce, in the most explicit manner, your claim of sovereignty over her. God Almighty grant the folly of these present men may not bring on such another crisis of public affairs!

What are your dangers which threaten the Establishment? Reduce this declamation to a point, and let us understand what you mean. The most ample allowance does not calculate that there would be more than twenty members who were Roman Catholics in one house, and ten in the other, if the Catholic emancipation were carried into effect. Do you mean that these thirty members would bring in a bill to take away the tithes from the Protestant, and to pay them to the Catholic clergy? Do you mean that a Catholic general would march his army into the House of Commons and purge it of Mr. Perceval and Mr. Duigenan? or that the theological writers would become all of a sudden more acute and more learned, if the present civil incapacities were removed? Do you fear for your tithes, or your doctrines, or your person, or the English Constitution? Every fear, taken separately, is so glaringly absurd, that no man has the folly or the boldness to state it. Every one conceals his ignorance, or his baseness, in a stupid general panic, which, when called on, he is utterly incapable of explaining. Whatever you think of the Catholics, there they are—you cannot get rid of them; your alternative is, to give them a lawful place for stating their grievances, or an unlawful one: if you do not admit them to the House of Commons, they will hold their parliament in Potato Place, Dublin, and be ten times as violent and inflammatory as they would be in Westminster. Nothing would give me such an idea of security, as to see twenty or thirty Catholic gentlemen in Parliament, looked upon by all the Catholics as the fair and proper organ of their party. I should have thought it the height of good fortune that such a wish existed on their part, and the very essence of madness and ignorance to reject it. Can you murder the Catholics? Can you neglect them? They are too numerous for both these expedients. What remains to be done is obvious to every human being but to that man who, instead of being a Methodist preacher, is, for the curse of us and our children, and for the ruin of Troy, and the misery of good old Priam and his sons, become a legislator and a politician.

A distinction, I perceive, is taken by one of the most feeble noblemen in Great Britain, between persecution and the deprivation of

political power, whereas there is no more distinction between these two things than there is between him who makes the distinction and a booby. If I strip off the relic-covered jacket of a Catholic and give him twenty stripes, . . . I persecute; if I say everybody in the town where you live shall be a candidate for lucrative and honourable offices but you who are a Catholic, . . . I do not persecute! What barbarous nonsense is this! as if degradation was not as great an evil as bodily pain or as severe poverty; as if I could not be as great a tyrant by saying, You shall not enjoy, as by saying, You shall suffer. The English, I believe, are as truly religious as any nation in Europe. I know no greater blessing; but it carries with it this evil in its train, that any villain who will bawl out, '*The Church is in danger!*' may get a place and a good pension; and that any administration who will do the same thing may bring a set of men into power, who, at a moment of stationary and passive piety, would be hooted by the very boys in the streets. But it is not all religion; it is, in great part, that narrow and exclusive spirit which delights to keep the common blessings of sun and air and freedom from other human beings. 'Your religion has always been degraded; you are in the dust, and I will take care you never rise again. I should enjoy less the possession of an earthly good by every additional person to whom it was extended.' You may not be aware of it yourself, Most Reverend Abraham, but you deny their freedom to the Catholics upon the same principle that Sarah your wife refuses to give the receipt for a ham or a gooseberry dumpling; she values her receipts, not because they secure to her a certain flavour, but because they remind her that her neighbours want it,—a feeling laughable in a priestess, shameful in a priest; venial when it withholds the blessings of a ham, tyrannical and execrable when it narrows the boon of religious freedom.

You spend a great deal of ink about the character of the present prime minister. Grant you all that you write; I say I fear he will ruin Ireland, and pursue a line of policy destructive to the true interest of his country; and then you tell me, he is faithful to Mrs. Perceval, and kind to the Master Percevals! These are, undoubtedly, the first qualifications to be looked to in a time of the most serious public danger; but somehow or another (if public and private virtues must always be incompatible) I should prefer that he destroyed the domestic happiness of Wood or Cockell, owed for the veal of the preceding year, whipped his boys, and saved his country.

The late administration did not do right; they did not build their measures upon the solid basis of facts. They should have caused several Catholics to have been dissected after death by surgeons of either religion; and the report to have been published with accompanying plates. If the viscera, and other organs of life, had been found to be the same as in Protestant bodies; if the provisions of nerves, arteries, cerebrum, and cerebellum, had been the same as we are provided with, or as the dissenters are now known to possess,—then, indeed, they might have met Mr. Perceval upon a proud eminence, and convinced the country at large of the strong probability that the Catholics are really human creatures, endowed with the feelings of men, and entitled to all their rights. But instead of this wise and prudent measure, Lord Howick, with his usual precipitation, brings forward a bill in their favour, without offering the slightest proof to the country that they were anything more than horses and oxen. The person who shows the llama at the corner of Piccadilly has the precaution to write up—*Allowed by Sir Joseph Banks to be a real quadruped:* so his lordship might have said—*Allowed by the Bench of Bishops to be real human creatures.* . . . I could write you twenty letters upon this subject, but I am tired, and so I suppose are you. Our friendship is now of forty years' standing; you know me to be a truly religious man; but I shudder to see religion treated as a cockade, or a pint of beer, and made the instrument of a party. I love the King, but I love the people as well as the King; and if I am sorry to see his old age molested, I am much more sorry to see four millions of Catholics baffled in their just expectations. If I love Lord Grenville and Lord Howick, it is because they love their country; if I abhor . . . it is because I know there is but one man among them who is not laughing at the enormous folly and credulity of the country, and that he is an ignorant and mischievous bigot. As for the light and frivolous jester, of whom it is your misfortune to think so highly, learn, my dear Abraham, that this political Killigrew, just before the breaking-up of the last administration, was in actual treaty with them for a place; and if they had survived twenty-four hours longer, he would have been now declaiming against the cry of No Popery! instead of inflaming it. With this practical comment on the baseness of human nature, I bid you adieu!

TO THE SAME.

All that I have so often told you, Mr. Abraham Plymley, is now come to pass. The Scythians, in whom you and the neighbouring country gentlemen placed such confidence, are smitten hip and thigh; their Benningsen put to open shame; their magazines of train oil intercepted; and we are waking from our disgraceful drunkenness to all the horrors of Mr. Perceval and Mr. Canning. . . . We shall now see if a nation is to be saved by school-

boy jokes and doggerel rhymes, by affronting petulance, and by the tones and gesticulations of Mr. Pitt. But these are not all the auxiliaries on which we have to depend; to these his colleague will add the strictest attention to the smaller parts of ecclesiastical government, to hassocks, to psalters, and to surplices; in the last agonies of England, he will bring in a bill to regulate Easter-offerings; and he will adjust the stipends of curates when the flag of France is unfurled on the hills of Kent. Whatever can be done by very mistaken notions of the piety of a Christian, and by very wretched imitation of the eloquence of Mr. Pitt, will be done by these two gentlemen. After all, if they both really were what they both either wish to be or wish to be thought; if the one were an enlightened Christian, who drew from the gospel the toleration, the charity, and the sweetness which it contains; and if the other really possessed any portion of the great understanding of his Nisus who guarded him from the weapons of the Whigs, I should still doubt if they could save us. But I am sure we are not to be saved by religious hatred and by religious trifling; by any psalmody, however sweet; or by any persecution, however sharp. I am certain the sounds of Mr. Pitt's voice, and the measure of his tones, and the movement of his arms, will do nothing for us, when these tones, and movements, and voice bring us always declamation without sense or knowledge, and ridicule without good-humour or conciliation. Oh, Mr. Plymley, Mr. Plymley, this never will do. Mrs. Abraham Plymley, my sister, will be led away captive by an amorous Gaul; and Joel Plymley, your first-born, will be a French drummer.

Out of sight out of mind seems to be a proverb which applies to enemies as well as friends. Because the French army was no longer seen from the cliffs of Dover; because the sound of cannon was no longer heard by the debauched London bathers on the Sussex coast; because the *Morning Post* no longer fixed the invasion sometimes for Monday, sometimes for Tuesday, sometimes (positively for the last time of invading) on Saturday; because all these causes of terror were suspended, you conceived the power of Buonaparte to be at an end, and were setting off for Paris with Lord Hawkesbury the conqueror. This is precisely the method in which the English have acted during the whole of the revolutionary war. If Austria or Prussia armed, doctors of divinity immediately printed those passages out of Habakkuk in which the destruction of the Usurper by General Mack and the Duke of Brunswick are so clearly predicted. If Buonaparte halted, there was a mutiny or a dysentery. If any one of his generals were eaten up by the light troops of Russia, and picked (as their manner is) to the bone, the sanguine spirit of this country displayed itself in all its glory. What scenes of infamy did the Society for the Suppression of Vice lay open to our astonished eyes—tradesmen's daughters dancing; pots of beer carried out between the first and second lesson; and dark and distant rumours of indecent prints! Clouds of Mr. Canning's cousins arrived by the waggon; all the contractors left their cards with Mr. Rose; and every plunderer of the public crawled out of his hole, like slugs and grubs and worms after a shower of rain.

If my voice could have been heard at the late changes, I should have said, 'Gently; patience; stop a little; the time is not yet come; the mud of Poland will harden, and the bowels of the French grenadiers will recover their tone. When honesty, good sense, and liberality have extricated you out of your present embarrassment, then dismiss them as a matter of course; but you cannot spare them just now; don't be in too great a hurry, or there will be no monarch to flatter, and no country to pillage; only submit for a little time to be respected abroad; overlook the painful absence of the tax-gatherer for a few years; bear up nobly under the increase of freedom and of liberal policy for a little time, and I promise you, at the expiration of that period, you shall be plundered, insulted, disgraced, and restrained to your heart's content. Do not imagine I have any intention of putting servility and canting hypocrisy permanently out of place, or of filling up with courage and sense those offices which naturally devolve upon decorous imbecility and flexible cunning; give us only a little time to keep off the hussars of France, and then the jobbers and jesters shall return to their birthright, and public virtue be called by its old name of fanaticism.' Such is the advice I would have offered to my infatuated countrymen; but it rained very hard in November, Brother Abraham, and the bowels of our enemies were loosened, and we put our trust in white fluxes and wet mud; and there is nothing now to oppose to the conqueror of the world but a small table wit, and the sallow Surveyor of the Meltings.

You ask me if I think it possible for this country to survive the recent misfortunes of Europe? I answer you, without the slightest degree of hesitation, that if Buonaparte lives, and a great deal is not immediately done for the conciliation of the Catholics, it does seem to me absolutely impossible but that we must perish; and take this with you, that we shall perish without exciting the slightest feeling of present or future compassion, but fall amidst the hootings and revilings of Europe, as a nation of blockheads, Methodists, and old women. If there were any great scenery, any heroic feelings, any blaze of ancient virtue, any exalted death, any termination of England that would be ever remembered, ever honoured in

that western world, where liberty is now retiring, conquest would be more tolerable, and ruin more sweet; but it is doubly miserable to become slaves abroad, because we would be tyrants at home; to persecute, when we are contending against persecution; and to perish because we have raised up worse enemies within, from our own bigotry, than we are exposed to without from the unprincipled ambition of France. It is, indeed, a most silly and afflicting spectacle to rage at such a moment against our own kindred and our own blood; to tell them they cannot be honourable in war because they are conscientious in religion; to stipulate (at the very moment when we should buy their hearts and swords at any price) that they must hold up the right hand in prayer, and not the left; and adore one common God by turning to the east rather than to the west.

What is it the Catholics ask of you? Do not exclude us from the honours and emoluments of the state, because we worship God in one way and you worship Him in another. In a period of the deepest peace, and the fattest prosperity, this would be a fair request; it should be granted, if Lord Hawkesbury had reached Paris, if Mr. Banning's interpreter had threatened the Senate in an opening speech, or Mr. Perceval explained to them the improvements he meant to introduce into the Catholic religion; but to deny the Irish this justice now, in the present state of Europe, and in the summer months, just as the season for destroying kingdoms is coming on, is (beloved Abraham), whatever you may think of it, little short of positive insanity.

Here is a frigate attacked by a corsair of immense strength and size, rigging cut, masts in danger of coming by the board, four feet water in the hold, men dropping off very fast; in this dreadful situation how do you think the captain acts (whose name shall be Perceval)? He calls all hands upon deck; talks to them of king, country, glory, sweethearts, gin, French prison, wooden shoes, Old England, and hearts of oak: they give three cheers, rush to their guns, and, after a tremendous conflict, succeed in beating off the enemy. Not a syllable of all this: this is not the manner in which the honourable commander goes to work: the first thing he does is to secure twenty or thirty of his prime sailors who happen to be Catholics, to clap them in irons, and set over them a guard of as many Protestants; having taken this admirable method of defending himself against his infidel opponents, he goes upon deck, reminds the sailors, in a very bitter harangue, that they are of different religions; exhorts the Episcopal gunner not to trust to the Presbyterian quartermaster; issues positive orders that the Catholics should be fired at upon the first appearance of discontent; rushes through blood and brains, examining his men in the Catechism and 39 Articles, and positively forbids every one to spunge or ram who has not taken the sacrament according to the Church of England. Was it right to take out a captain made of excellent British stuff, and to put in such a man as this? Is not he more like a parson, or a talking lawyer, than a thorough-bred seaman? And built as she is of heart of oak, and admirably manned, is it possible with such a captain to save this ship from going to the bottom?

You have an argument, I perceive, in common with many others, against the Catholics, that their demands complied with would only lead to further exactions, and that it is better to resist them now, before anything is conceded, than hereafter, when it is found that all concessions are in vain. I wish the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who uses this reasoning to exclude others from their just rights, had tried its efficacy, not by his understanding, but by (what are full of much better things) his pockets. Suppose the person to whom he applied for the Meltings had withstood every plea of wife and fourteen children, no business, and good character, and refused him this paltry little office, because he might hereafter attempt to get hold of the revenues of the Duchy of Lancaster for life; would not Mr. Perceval have contended eagerly against the injustice of refusing moderate requests, because immoderate ones may hereafter be made? Would he not have said (and said truly), leave such exorbitant attempts as these to the general indignation of the Commons, who will take care to defeat them when they do occur; but do not refuse me the Irons and the Meltings now, because I may totally lose sight of all moderation hereafter? Leave hereafter to the spirit and the wisdom of hereafter; and do not be niggardly now, from the apprehension that men as wise as you should be profuse in times to come.

You forget, Brother Abraham, that it is a vast art (where quarrels cannot be avoided) to turn the public opinion in your favour and to the prejudice of your enemy; a vast privilege to feel that you are in the right, and to make him feel that he is in the wrong—a privilege which makes you more than a man, and your antagonist less; and often secures victory, by convincing him who contends, that he must submit to injustice if he submits to defeat. Open every rank in the army and navy to the Catholic; let him purchase at the same price as the Protestant (if either Catholic or Protestant can purchase such refined pleasures) the privilege of hearing Lord Castlereagh speak for three hours; keep his clergy from starving; soften some of the most odious powers of the tithing-man, and you will for ever lay this formidable question to rest. But if I am wrong, and you must quarrel at last, quarrel

upon just rather than unjust grounds; divide the Catholic and unite the Protestant; be just, and your own exertions will be more formidable and their exertions less formidable; be just, and you will take away from their party all the best and wisest understandings of both persuasions, and knit them firmly to your own cause. 'Thrice is he armed who has his quarrel just;' and ten times as much may he be taxed. In the beginning of any war, however destitute of common sense, every mob will roar, and every Lord of the Bedchamber address; but if you are engaged in a war that is to last for years, and to require important sacrifices, take care to make the justice of your case so clear and so obvious, that it cannot be mistaken by the most illiterate country gentleman who rides the earth. Nothing, in fact, can be so grossly absurd as the argument which says, I will deny justice to you now because I suspect future injustice from you. At this rate, you may lock a man up in your stable, and refuse to let him out because you suspect that he has an intention, at some future period, of robbing your hen-roost. You may horsewhip him at Lady-day, because you believe he will affront you at Midsummer. You may commit a greater evil, to guard against a less, which is merely contingent, and may never happen. You may do what you have done a century ago in Ireland, made the Catholics worse than Helots, because you suspected that they might hereafter aspire to be more than fellow-citizens; rendering their sufferings certain from your jealousy, while yours were only doubtful from their ambition—an ambition sure to be excited by the very measures which are taken to prevent it.

The physical strength of the Catholics will not be greater because you give them a share of political power. You may by these means turn rebels into friends; but I do not see how you make rebels more formidable. If they taste of the honey of lawful power, they will love the hive from whence they procure it; if they will struggle with us like men in the same state for civil influence, we are safe. All that I dread is, the physical strength of four millions of men combined with an invading French army. If you are to quarrel at last with this enormous population, still put it off as long as you can; you must gain, and cannot lose, by the delay. The state of Europe cannot be worse; the conviction which the Catholics entertain of your tyranny and injustice cannot be more alarming, nor the opinions of your own people more divided. Time, which produces such effect upon brass and marble, may inspire one minister with modesty, and another with compassion; every circumstance may be better; some certainly will be so, none can be worse; and, after all, the evil may never happen.

You have got hold, I perceive, of all the vulgar English stories respecting the hereditary transmission of forfeited property, and seriously believe that every Catholic beggar wears the terriers of his father's land next his skin, and is only waiting for better times to cut the throat of the Protestant possessor, and get drunk in the hall of his ancestors. There is one irresistible answer to this mistake, and that is, that the forfeited lands are purchased indiscriminately by Catholic and Protestant, and that the Catholic purchaser never objects to such a title. Now the land (so purchased by a Catholic) is either his own family estate, or it is not. If it is, you suppose him so desirous of coming into possession, that he resorts to the double method of rebellion and purchase; if it is not his own family estate of which he becomes the purchaser, you suppose him first to purchase, then to rebel, in order to defeat the purchase. These things may happen in Ireland; but it is totally impossible they can happen anywhere else. In fact, what land can any man of any sect purchase in Ireland but forfeited property? In all other oppressed countries which I have ever heard of, the rapacity of the conquerer was bounded by the territorial limits in which the objects of his avarice were contained; but Ireland has been actually confiscated twice over, as a cat is twice killed by a wicked parish-boy,

I admit there is a vast luxury in selecting a particular set of Christians, and in worrying them as a boy worries a puppy dog; it is an amusement in which all the young English are brought up from their earliest days. I like the idea of saying to men who use a different hassock from me, that, till they change their hassock, they shall never be colonels, aldermen, or parliament-men. While I am gratifying my personal insolence respecting religious forms, I fondle myself into an idea that I am religious, and that I am doing my duty in the most exemplary (as I certainly am in the most easy) way. But then, my good Abraham, this sport, admirable as it is, is become, with respect to the Catholics, a little dangerous; and if we are not extremely careful in taking the amusement, we shall tumble into the holy water and be drowned. As it seems necessary to your idea of an established church to have somebody to worry and torment, suppose we were to elect for this purpose William Wilberforce, Esq., and the patent Christians of Clapham. We shall by this expedient enjoy the same opportunity for cruelty and injustice without being exposed to the same risks; we will compel them to abjure vital clergymen by a public test, to deny that the said William Wilberforce has any power of working miracles, touching for barrenness or any other infirmity, or that he is endowed with any preternatural gift whatever. We will swear them to the doctrine of good works, compel them to preach common sense,

and to hear it; to frequent bishops, deans, and other High Churchmen; and to appear (once in the quarter at the least) at some melodrame, opera, pantomime, or other light scenical representation; in short, we will gratify the love of insolence and power: we will enjoy the old orthodox sport of witnessing the impotent anger of men compelled to submit to civil degradation, or to sacrifice their notions of truth to ours. And all this we may do without the slightest risk, because their numbers are (as yet) not very considerable. Cruelty and injustice must, of course, exist; but why connect them with danger? Why torture a bull-dog, when you can get a frog or a rabbit? I am sure my proposal will meet with the most universal approbation. Do not be apprehensive of any opposition from ministers. If it is a case of hatred, we are sure that one man will defend it by the gospel; if it abridges human freedom, we know that another will find precedents for it in the Revolution.

In the name of heaven, what are we to gain by suffering Ireland to be rode by that faction which now predominates over it? Why are we to endanger our own Church and State, not for 500,000 Episcopalians, but for ten or twelve great Orange families, who have been sucking the blood of that country for these hundred years last past? And the folly of the Orangemen in playing this game themselves is almost as absurd as ours in playing it for them. They ought to have the sense to see that their business now is to keep quietly the lands and beeves of which the fathers of the Catholics were robbed in days of yore; they must give to their descendants the sop of political power; by contending with them for names, they will lose realities, and be compelled to beg their potatoes in a foreign land, abhorred equally by the English, who have witnessed their oppression, and by the Catholic Irish, who have smarted under them.

TO THE SAME.

THEN comes Mr. Isaac Hawkins Brown (the gentleman who danced so badly at the Court of Naples), and asks if it is not an anomaly to educate men in another religion than your own? It certainly is our duty to get rid of error, and above all of religious error; but this is not to be done *per saltum*, or the measure will miscarry, like the Queen. It may be very easy to dance away the royal embryo of a great kingdom; but Mr. Hawkins Brown must look before he leaps when his object is to crush an opposite sect in religion; false steps aid the one effect as much as they are fatal to the other: it will require not only the lapse of Mr. Hawkins Brown, but the lapse of centuries, before the absurdities of the Catholic religion are laughed at as much as they deserve to be; but surely, in the meantime, the Catholic religion is better than none; four millions of Catholics are better than four millions of wild beasts; two hundred priests educated by our own Government are better than the same number educated by the man who means to destroy us.

The whole sum now appropriated by Government to the religious education of four millions of Christians is £13,000—a sum about one hundred times as large being appropriated in the same country to about one-eighth part of this number of Protestants. When it was proposed to raise this grant from £8000 to £13,000, its present amount, this sum was objected to by that most indulgent of Christians, Mr. Spencer Perceval, as enormous, he himself having secured for his own eating and drinking, and the eating and drinking of the Master and Miss Percevals, the reversionary sum of £21,000 a year of the public money, and having just failed in a desperate and rapacious attempt to secure to himself for life the revenues of the Duchy of Lancaster; and the best of it is, that this minister, after abusing his predecessors for their impious bounty to the Catholics, has found himself compelled, from the apprehension of immediate danger, to grant the sum in question; thus dissolving his pearl in vinegar, and destroying all the value of the gift by the virulence and reluctance with which it was granted.

I hear from some persons in Parliament, and from others in the sixpenny societies for debate, a great deal about unalterable laws passed at the Revolution. When I hear any man talk of an unalterable law, the only effect it produces upon me is to convince me that he is an unalterable fool. A law passed when there was Germany, Spain, Russia, Sweden, Holland, Portugal, and Turkey; when there was a disputed succession; when four or five hundred acres were won and lost after ten years' hard fighting; when armies were commanded by the sons of kings, and campaigns passed in an interchange of civil letters and ripe fruit; and for these laws, when the whole state of the world is completely changed, we are now, according to my Lord Hawkesbury, to hold ourselves ready to perish. It is no mean misfortune, in times like these, to be forced to say anything about such men as Lord Hawkesbury, and to be reminded that we are governed by them; but as I am driven to it, I must take the liberty of observing, that the wisdom and liberality of my Lord Hawkesbury are of that complexion which always shrinks from the present exercise of these virtues, by praising the splendid examples of them in ages past. If he had lived at such periods, he would have opposed the Revolution by praising the Reformation, and the Reformation by speaking handsomely of the Crusades. He gratifies his natural antipathy to great and courageous measures, by

playing off the wisdom and courage which have ceased to influence human affairs against that wisdom and courage which living men would employ for present happiness. Besides, it happens unfortunately for the Warden of the Cinque Ports, that to the principal incapacities under which the Irish suffer, they were subjected after that great and glorious Revolution, to which we are indebted for so many blessings, and his lordship for the termination of so many periods. The Catholics were not excluded from the Irish House of Commons, or military commands, before the 3d and 4th of William and Mary, and the 1st and 2d of Queen Anne.

If the great mass of the people, environed as they are on every side with Jenkinsons, Percevals, Melvilles, and other perils, were to pray for divine illumination and aid, what more could Providence in its mercy do than send them the example of Scotland? For what a length of years was it attempted to compel the Scotch to change their religion; horse, foot, artillery, and armed prebendaries were sent out after the Presbyterian parsons and their congregations. The Percevals of those days called for blood: this call is never made in vain, and blood was shed; but, to the astonishment and horror of the Percevals of those days, they could not introduce the Book of Common Prayer, nor prevent that metaphysical people from going to heaven their true way, instead of our true way. With a little oatmeal for food, and a little sulphur for friction, allaying cutaneous irritation with the one hand, and holding his Calvinistical creed in the other, Sawney ran away to his flinty hills, sung his psalm out of tune his own way, and listened to his sermon of two hours long amid the rough and imposing melancholy of the tallest thistles. But Sawney brought up his unbreeched offspring in a cordial hatred of his oppressors; and Scotland was as much a part of the weakness of England then as Ireland is at this moment. The true and the only remedy was applied; the Scotch were suffered to worship God after their own tiresome manner, without pain, penalty, and privation. No lightnings descended from heaven; the country was not ruined; the world is not yet come to an end; the dignitaries who foretold all these consequences are utterly forgotten; and Scotland has ever since been an increasing source of strength to Great Britain. In the six hundredth year of our empire over Ireland, we are making laws to transport a man if he is found out of his house after eight o'clock at night. That this is necessary, I know too well; but tell me why it is necessary? It is not necessary in Greece, where the Turks are masters.

Are you aware that there is at this moment a universal clamour throughout the whole of Ireland against the Union? It is now one month since I returned from that country: I have never seen so extraordinary, so alarming, and so rapid a change in the sentiments of any people. Those who disliked the Union before are quite furious against it now; those who doubted doubt no more; those who were friendly to it have exchanged that friendship for the most rooted aversion. In the midst of all this (which is by far the most alarming symptom), there is the strongest disposition on the part of the northern dissenters to unite with the Catholics, irritated by the faithless injustice with which they have been treated. If this combination does take place (mark what I say to you), you will have meetings all over Ireland for the cry of *No Union;* that cry will spread like wild-fire, and blaze over every opposition; and if this is the case, there is no use in mincing the matter, Ireland is gone, and the death-blow of England is struck; and this event may happen *instantly*, before Mr. Canning and Mr. Hookham Frere have turned Lord Howick's last speech into doggerel rhyme; before '*the near and dear relations*' have received another quarter of their pension, or Mr. Perceval conducted the Curates' Salary Bill safely to a third reading. If the mind of the English people, cursed as they now are with that madness of religious dissension which has been breathed into them for the purposes of private ambition, can be alarmed by any remembrances, and warned by any events, they should never forget how nearly Ireland was lost to this country during the American war; that it was saved merely by the jealousy of the Protestant Irish towards the Catholics, then a much more insignificant and powerless body than they now are. The Catholic and the dissenter have since combined together against you. Last war, the winds, those ancient and unsubsidized allies of England—the winds, upon which English ministers depend as much for saving kingdoms as washerwomen do for drying clothes—the winds stood your friends: the French could only get into Ireland in small numbers, and the rebels were defeated. Since then, all the remaining kingdoms of Europe have been destroyed; and the Irish see that their national independence is gone, without having received any single one of those advantages which they were taught to expect from the sacrifice. All good things were to flow from the Union; they have none of them gained anything. Every man's pride is wounded by it; no man's interest is promoted. In the seventh year of that Union, four million Catholics, lured by all kinds of promises to yield up the separate dignity and sovereignty of their country, are forced to squabble with such a man as Mr. Spencer Perceval for five thousand pounds with which to educate their children in their own mode of worship; he, the same Mr. Spencer, having secured to his own Protestant self a reversionary portion of

the public money amounting to four times that sum. A senior Proctor of the University of Oxford, the head of a house, or the examining chaplain to a bishop, may believe these things can last; but every man of the world, whose understanding has been exercised in the business of life, must see (and see with a breaking heart) that they will soon come to a fearful termination.

Our conduct to Ireland during the whole of this war has been that of a man who subscribes to hospitals, weeps at charity sermons, carries out broth and blankets to beggars, and then comes home and beats his wife and children. We had compassion for the victims of all other oppression and injustice except our own. If Switzerland was threatened, away went a Treasury Clerk with a hundred thousand pounds for Switzerland; large bags of money were kept constantly under sailing orders; upon the slightest demonstration towards Naples, down went Sir William Hamilton upon his knees, and begged for the love of St. Januarius they would help us off with a little money; all the arts of Machiavel were resorted to, to persuade Europe to borrow; troops were sent off in all directions to save the Catholic and Protestant world; the Pope himself was guarded by a regiment of English dragoons; if the Grand Lama had been at hand, he would have had another; every Catholic clergyman, who had the good fortune to be neither English nor Irish, was immediately provided with lodging, soup, crucifix, missal, chapel-beads, relics, and holy water; if Turks had landed, Turks would have received an order from the Treasury for coffee, opium, Korans, and seraglios. In the midst of all this fury of saving and defending, this crusade for conscience and Christianity, there was a universal agreement among all descriptions of people to continue every species of internal persecution; to deny at home every just right that had been denied before; to pummel poor Dr. Abraham Rees and his dissenters; and to treat the unhappy Catholics of Ireland as if their tongues were mute, their heels cloven, their nature brutal, and designedly subjected by Providence to their Orange masters.

How would my admirable brother, the Rev. Abraham Plymley, like to be marched to a Catholic chapel, to be sprinkled with the sanctified contents of a pump, to hear a number of false quantities in the Latin tongue, and to see a number of persons occupied in making right angles upon the breast and forehead? And if all this would give you so much pain, what right have you to march Catholic soldiers to a place of worship where there is no aspersion, no rectangular gestures, and where they understand every word they hear, having first, in order to get him to enlist, made a solemn promise to the contrary? Can you wonder, after this, that the Catholic priest stops the recruiting in Ireland as he is now doing to a most alarming degree?

The late question concerning military rank did not individually affect the lowest persons of the Catholic persuasion; but do you imagine they do not sympathize with the honour and disgrace of their superiors? Do you think that satisfaction and dissatisfaction do not travel down from Lord Fingal to the most potatoless Catholic in Ireland, and that the glory or shame of the sect is not felt by many more than these conditions personally and corporeally affect? Do you suppose that the detection of Sir H. M. and the disappointment of Mr. Perceval *in the matter* of the Duchy of Lancaster did not affect every dabbler in public property? Depend upon it these things were felt through all the gradations of small plunderers, down to him who filches a pound of tobacco from the King's warehouses; while, on the contrary, the acquittal of any noble and official thief would not fail to diffuse the most heartfelt satisfaction over the larcenous and burglarious world. Observe, I do not say because the lower Catholics are affected by what concerns their superiors that they are not affected by what concerns themselves. There is no disguising the horrid truth; *there must be some relaxation with respect to tithe:* this is the cruel and heart-rending price which must be paid for national preservation. I feel how little existence will be worth having, if any alteration, however slight, is made in the property of Irish rectors; I am conscious how much such changes must affect the daily and hourly comforts of every Englishman; I shall feel too happy if they leave Europe untouched, and are not ultimately fatal to the destinies of America; but I am madly bent upon keeping foreign enemies out of the British empire, and my limited understanding presents me with no other means of effecting my object.

You talk of waiting till another reign before any alteration is made—a proposal full of good sense and good nature, if the measure in question were to pull down St. James's Palace, or to alter Kew Gardens. Will Buonaparte agree to put off his intrigues, and his invasion of Ireland? If so, I will overlook the question of justice, and, finding the danger suspended, agree to the delay. I sincerely hope this reign may last many years, yet the delay of a single session of Parliament may be fatal; but if another year elapses without some serious concession made to the Catholics, I believe, before God, that all future pledges and concessions will be made in vain. I do not think that peace will do you any good under such circumstances. If Buonaparte gives you a respite, it will only be to get ready the gallows on which he means to hang you. The Catholic and the dissenter can unite in peace as well as war. If they do, the gallows

is ready; and your executioner, in spite of the most solemn promises, will turn you off the next hour.

With every disposition to please (where to please within fair and rational limits is a high duty), it is impossible for public men to be long silent about the Catholics; pressing evils are not got rid of because they are not talked of. A man may command his family to say nothing more about the stone, and surgical operations; but the ponderous malice still lies upon the nerve, and gets so big that the patient breaks his own law of silence, clamours for the knife, and expires under its late operation. Believe me you talk folly when you talk of suppressing the Catholic question. I wish to God the case admitted of such a remedy; bad as it is, it does not admit of it. If the wants of the Catholics are not heard in the manly tones of Lord Grenville, or the servile drawl of Lord Castlereagh, they will be heard ere long in the madness of mobs and the conflicts of armed men.

I observe, it is now universally the fashion to speak of the first personage in the State as the great obstacle to the measure. In the first place, I am not bound to believe such rumours because I hear them; and in the next place, I object to such language as unconstitutional. Whoever retains his situation in the ministry, while the incapacities of the Catholics remain, is the advocate for those incapacities; and to him, and to him only, am I to look for responsibility. But waive this question of the Catholics, and put a general case. How is a minister of this country to act when the conscientious scruples of his sovereign prevent the execution of a measure deemed by him absolutely necessary to the safety of the country? His conduct is quite clear—he should resign. But what is his successor to do? Resign. But is the King to be left without ministers, and is he in this manner to be compelled to act against his own conscience? Before I answer this, pray tell me in my turn, what better defence is there against the machinations of a wicked, or the errors of a weak, monarch than the impossibility of finding a minister who will lend himself to vice and folly? Every English monarch, in such a predicament, would sacrifice his opinions and views to such a clear expression of the public will; and it is one method in which the constitution aims at bringing about such a sacrifice. You may say, if you please, the ruler of a state is forced to give up his object when the natural love of place and power will tempt no one to assist him in its attainment. This may be force; but it is force without injury, and therefore without blame. I am not to be beat out of these obvious reasonings and ancient constitutional provisions by the term conscience. There is no fantasy, however wild, that a man may not persuade himself that he cherishes from motives of conscience; eternal war against impious France, or rebellious America, or Catholic Spain, may in times to come be scruples of conscience. One English monarch may, from scruples of conscience, wish to abolish every trait of religious persecution; another monarch may deem it his absolute and indispensable duty to make a slight provision for dissenters out of the revenues of the Church of England. So that you see, Brother Abraham, there are cases where it would be the duty of the best and most loyal subjects to oppose the conscientious scruples of their sovereign, still taking care that their actions were constitutional, and their modes respectful. Then you come upon me with personal questions, and say that no such dangers are to be apprehended now under our present gracious sovereign, of whose good qualities we must be all so well convinced. All these sort of discussions I beg leave to decline; what I have said upon constitutional topics, I mean, of course, for general, not for particular application. I agree with you in all the good you have said of the powers that be, and I avail myself of the opportunity of pointing out general dangers to the Constitution, at a moment when we are so completely exempted from their present influence. I cannot finish this letter without expressing my surprise and pleasure at your abuse of the servile addresses poured in upon the Throne; nor can I conceive a greater disgust to a monarch with a true English heart, than to see such a question as that of Catholic emancipation argued, not with a reference to its justice or its importance, but universally considered to be of no further consequence than as it affects his own private feelings. That these sentiments should be mine is not wonderful; but how they came to be yours, does, I confess, fill me with surprise. Are you moved by the arrival of the Irish Brigade at Antwerp, and the amorous violence which awaits Mrs. Plymley?

[Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the youngest of a numerous family, was born at Ottery St. Mary, in Devonshire, on the 21st October 1772. He received his early education at Christ's Hospital, where Charles Lamb was one of his schoolfellows. His early love of poetry was nursed and inspired by a perusal of the sonnets of W. L. Bowles. When nineteen years of age, on obtaining his presentation from Christ's Hospital, he entered Jesus College, Cambridge, gaining in classics a gold medal for a Greek ode. About 1794 his acquaintance began with Southey. Coleridge and Southey were afterwards married on the same day to

sisters, and settled at Nether Stowey, in Somersetshire, where they also joined Wordsworth. Some of Coleridge's finest pieces were written there, such as the 'Ancient Mariner,' the 'Ode on the Departing Year,' and the first part of 'Christabel.' Coleridge afterwards visited Germany through the liberality of the Messrs. Wedgwood, the Staffordshire potters, and on returning in 1800 went to reside with Southey at Keswick. Wordsworth was then residing at Grasmere. In 1804 he went to Malta, as secretary to the governor, but soon returned to England. In the latter part of his life he resided with his friend and medical adviser, Mr. Gillman, at Highgate, delighting a large circle by his splendid conversational powers. Here he died on the 20th of July 1834, in the sixty-second year of his age. The letters we quote are from James Gillman's *Memoir of the Poet;* only the first volume of his book has, however, been published. Thomas De Quincey, who first saw Coleridge in 1807, wrote of him in 1834 as the illustrious man who possessed the 'largest and most spacious intellect, the subtlest and most comprehensive, in my judgment, that has yet existed amongst men.' Carlyle, on the other hand, does not admit this. Unfortunately these great qualities were associated with an infirm body and a weak will, which prevented him ever doing justice to his splendid powers. 'In the year 1807, he (Coleridge) wrote those weekly Essays of the Friend, which were published about this time, and thus gave to the world some of his rich intellectual stores. The following letter, which he addressed to Mr. Cottle, will show the progress of his mind from Socinian to Trinitarian belief at that period of his life' (GILLMAN'S *Life of Coleridge*, vol. I).]

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE TO JOSEPH COTTLE.

Bristol, 1807.

DEAR COTTLE,—To pursue our last conversation, Christians expect no outward or sensible miracles from prayer. Its effects and its fruitions are spiritual, and accompanied, says that true divine, Archbishop Leighton, 'not by reasons and arguments, but by an inexpressible kind of evidence, which they only know who have it.'

To this I would add, that even those who, like me, I fear, have not attained it, may yet presume it. First, because reason itself, or rather mere human nature, in any dispassionate moment, feels the necessity of religion; but if this be not true there is no religion, no religation or binding over again, nothing added to reason; and therefore Socinianism (misnamed Unitarianism) is not only not Christianity, it is not even *religion*, it does not religate, does not bind anew.' The first outward and sensible result of prayer is a penitent resolution, joined with a consciousness of weakness in effecting it, yea, even a dread, too well grounded, lest by breaking and falsifying it the soul should add guilt to guilt, by the very means it has taken to escape from guilt; so pitiable is the state of unregenerate man.

Are you familiar with Leighton's Works? He resigned his archbishopric, and retired to voluntary poverty, on account of the persecution of the Presbyterians, saying, 'I should not dare to introduce Christianity itself with such cruelties, how much less for a surplice and the name of a bishop!' If there could be an intermediate space between inspired and uninspired writings, that space would be occupied by Leighton. No show of learning, no appearance or ostentatious display of eloquence, and yet both may be shown in him conspicuously and holily. There is in him something that must be felt, even as the Scriptures must be felt.

You ask me my views of the *Trinity*. I accept the doctrine, not as deduced from human reason, in its grovelling capacity for comprehending spiritual things, but as the clear revelation of Scripture. But perhaps it may be said the *Socinians* do not admit this doctrine as being taught in the Bible. I know enough of their shifts and quibbles, with their dexterity at explaining away all they dislike (and that is not a little); but though beguiled once by them, I happily, for my own peace of mind, escaped from their sophistries, and now hesitate not to affirm that Socinians would lose all character for honesty if they were to explain their neighbour's will with the same latitude of interpretation which they do the Scriptures.

I have in my head some floating ideas on the *Logos*, which I hope hereafter to mould into a consistent form; but it is a gross perversion of the truth in *Socinians* to declare that we believe in *Three Gods*, and they know it to be false. They might with equal justice affirm that we believe in *three suns*. The meanest peasant who has acquired the first rudiments of Christianity would shrink back from a thought so monstrous. Still the Trinity has its difficulties. It would be strange if otherwise. A *Revelation* that revealed nothing, not within the grasp of human reason!—no religation, no binding over again, as before said: but these difficulties are shadows, contrasted with the

substantive and insurmountable obstacles with which they contend who admit the *Divine authority of Scripture*, with the *superlative excellence of Christ*, and yet undertake to prove that these Scriptures teach, and that Christ taught, His own *pure humanity!*

If Jesus Christ was merely a man,—if He was not God as well as man,—be it considered, He could not have been even a *good man*. There is no medium. The SAVIOUR *in that case* was absolutely *a deceiver!* one transcendently *unrighteous!* in advancing pretensions to miracles, by the 'finger of God,' which He never performed; and by asserting claims (as a man) in the most aggravated sense blasphemous! These consequences Socinians, to be consistent, must allow, and which impious arrogation of divinity in Christ (according to their faith), as well as His false assumption of a community of 'glory' with the Father 'before the world was,' even they will be necessitated to admit, completely exonerated the Jews, according to their law, in crucifying one who, 'being a man,' 'made himself God!' But in the Christian, rather than in the *Socinian* or *Pharisaic* view, all these objections vanish, and harmony succeeds to inexplicable confusion. If Socinians hesitate in ascribing *unrighteousness* to Christ, the inevitable result of their principles, they tremble, as well they might, at their avowed creed, and virtually renounce what they profess to uphold.

The Trinity, as Bishop Leighton has well remarked, is 'a doctrine of faith, not of demonstration,' except in a *moral* sense. If the New Testament declare it, not in an insulated passage, but through the whole breadth of its pages, rendering, with any other admission, the Book, which is the Christian's anchor-hold of hope, dark and contradictory, then it is not to be rejected, but on a penalty that reduces to an atom all the sufferings this earth can inflict.

Let the grand question be determined, Is or is not the Bible *inspired?* No one book has ever been subjected to so rigid an investigation as the Bible, by minds the most capacious, and, in the result, which has so triumphantly repelled all the assaults of infidels. In the extensive intercourse which I have had with this class of men, I have seen their prejudice surpassed only by their ignorance. This I found conspicuously the case in Dr. D. (vol. i. p. 167), the prince of their fraternity. Without, therefore, stopping to contend on what all dispassionate men must deem undebateable ground, I may assume inspiration as admitted; and, equally so, that it would be an insult to man's understanding to suppose any other revelation from God than the Christian Scriptures. If these Scriptures, impregnable in their strength, sustained in their pretensions by undeniable prophecies and miracles, and by the experience of the *inner man*, in all ages, as well as by a concatenation of arguments all bearing upon one point, and extending, with miraculous consistency, through a series of fifteen hundred years,—if all this combined proof does not establish their validity, nothing can be proved under the sun; but the world and man must be abandoned, with all its consequences, to one universal scepticism! Under such sanctions, therefore, if these Scriptures, as a fundamental truth, *do* inculcate the doctrine of the *Trinity*, however surpassing human comprehension, then I say we are bound to admit it on the strength of *moral demonstration*.

The supreme Governor of the world, and the Father of our spirits, has seen fit to disclose to us much of His will and the whole of His natural and moral perfections. In some instances He has given His *word* only, and demanded our *faith;* while on other momentous subjects, instead of bestowing a full revelation, like the *Via Lactea*, He has furnished a glimpse only, through either the medium of inspiration or by the exercise of those rational faculties with which He has endowed us. I consider the Trinity as substantially resting on the first proposition, yet deriving support from the last.

I recollect when I stood on the summit of Etna, and darted my gaze down the crater; the immediate vicinity was discernible, till, lower down, obscurity gradually terminated in total darkness. Such figures exemplify many truths revealed in the Bible. We pursue them until, from the imperfection of our faculties, we are lost in impenetrable night. All truths, however, that are essential to faith, *honestly* interpreted, all that are important to human conduct, under every diversity of circumstance, are manifest as a blazing star. The promises also of felicity to the righteous in the future world, though the precise nature of that felicity may not be defined, are illustrated by every image that can swell the imagination; while the misery of the *lost*, in its unutterable intensity, though the language that describes it is all necessarily figurative, is there exhibited as resulting chiefly, if not wholly, from the withdrawment of the *light of God's countenance*, and a banishment from His *presence!*—best comprehended in this world by reflecting on the desolations which would instantly follow the loss of the sun's vivifying and universally-diffused *warmth*.

You, or rather *all*, should remember that some truths, from their nature, surpass the scope of man's limited powers, and stand as the criteria of *faith*, determining, by their rejection or admission, who among the sons of men can confide in the veracity of Heaven. Those more ethereal truths, of which the Trinity is conspicuously the chief, without being circumstantially explained, may be faintly illustrated by material objects. The eye of man cannot discern the satellites of Jupiter, nor become sensible of the multitudinous stars, the rays of which have

never reached our planet, and consequently garnish not the canopy of night; yet are they the less *real* because their existence lies beyond man's unassisted gaze? The tube of the philosopher, and the *celestial telescope*—the unclouded visions of heaven—will confirm the one class of truths and irradiate the other.

The *Trinity* is a subject on which analogical reasoning may advantageously be admitted as furnishing at least a glimpse of light, and with this, for the present, we must be satisfied. Infinite Wisdom deemed clearer manifestations inexpedient; and is man to dictate to his Maker? I may further remark, that where we cannot behold a desirable object distinctly, we must take the best view we can; and I think you, and every candid and inquiring mind, may derive assistance from such reflections as the following:—

Notwithstanding the arguments of Spinoza and Descartes, and other advocates of the *Material system* (or, in more appropriate language, the *Atheistical system!*), it is admitted by all men not prejudiced, not biassed by sceptical prepossessions, that *mind* is distinct from *matter*. The mind of man, however, is involved in inscrutable darkness (as the profoundest metaphysicians well know), and is to be estimated (if at all) alone by an inductive process, that is, by its *effects*. Without entering on the question whether an extremely circumscribed portion of the mental process, surpassing instinct, may or may not be extended to quadrupeds, it is universally acknowledged that the mind of man alone regulates all the voluntary actions of his corporeal frame. Mind, therefore, may be regarded as a distinct genus in the scale ascending above brutes, and including the whole of intellectual existences; advancing from *thought* (that mysterious thing!) in its lowest form, through all the gradations of sentient and rational beings, till it arrives at a Bacon, a Newton, and then, when unencumbered by matter, extending its illimitable sway through seraph and archangel, till we are lost in the GREAT INFINITE!

Is it not deserving of notice, as an especial subject of meditation, that our *limbs*, in all they do or can accomplish, implicitly obey the dictation of the *mind?* that this operating power, whatever its name, under certain limitations, exercises a sovereign dominion, not only over our limbs, but over all our intellectual pursuits? The mind of every man is evidently the moving force which alike regulates all his limbs and actions, and in which example we find a strong illustration of the subordinate nature of mere *matter*. That alone which gives direction to the organic parts of our nature is wholly *mind;* and one mind, if placed over a thousand limbs, could with undiminished ease control and regulate the whole.

This idea is advanced on the supposition that *one mind* could command an unlimited direction over any given number of *limbs*, provided they were all connected by *joint* and *sinew*. But suppose, through some occult and inconceivable means, these limbs were disassociated as to all material connection; suppose, for instance, one mind, with unlimited authority, governed the operations of *two* separate persons, would not this, substantially, be only *one person*, seeing the directing principle was one? If the truth here contended for be admitted, that *two persons*, governed by *one mind*, is incontestably *one person*, the same conclusion would be arrived at, and the proposition equally be justified, which affirmed that *three*, or otherwise *four*, persons, owning also necessary and essential subjection to *one mind*, would only be so many diversities or modifications of that *one mind*, and therefore the component parts virtually collapsing into *one whole*, the person would be *one*. Let any man ask himself, whose understanding can both reason and become the depository of truth, whether, if *one mind* thus regulated, with absolute authority, *three*, or otherwise *four*, persons, with all their congeries of material parts, would not these parts, inert in themselves, when subjected to one predominant mind, be, in the most logical sense, *one person?* Are ligament and exterior combination indispensable pre-requisites to the sovereign influence of mind over mind, or mind over matter?

But perhaps it may be said we have no instance of one mind governing more than one body. This may be, but the argument remains the same. With a proud spirit, that forgets its own contracted range of thought and circumscribed knowledge, who is to limit the sway of Omnipotence? or presumptuously to deny the possibility of *that* Being who called light out of darkness, so to exalt the dominion of *one mind* as to give it absolute sway over other dependent minds, or (indifferently) over detached or combined portions of organized matter? But if this superinduced quality be conferable on any order of created beings, it is blasphemy to limit the power of GOD, and to deny *His* capacity to transfuse *His own* Spirit when and to whom He will.

This reasoning may now be applied in illustration of the Trinity. We are too much in the habit of viewing our Saviour Jesus Christ through the medium of His body. 'A body was prepared for Him,' but this body was mere matter, as insensible in itself as every human frame when deserted by the soul. If, therefore, the Spirit that was in Christ was the Spirit of the Father; if no thought, no vibration, no spiritual communication or miraculous display existed in, or proceeded from Christ, not immediately and consubstantially identified with JEHOVAH, the great first cause;—if all these operating principles were thus derived, in con-

sistency alone with the conjoint divine attributes; if this Spirit of the Father ruled and reigned in Christ as His own manifestation, then, in the strictest sense, Christ exhibited 'the Godhead bodily,' and was undeniably '*one* with the Father;' confirmatory of the Saviour's words, 'Of myself' (my body) 'I can do nothing, the Father that dwelleth in me, He doeth the works.'

But though I speak of the body as inert in itself, and necessarily allied to matter, yet this declaration must not be understood as militating against the Christian doctrine of the *resurrection of the body*. In its grosser form the thought is not to be admitted, for 'flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God;' but that the body, without losing its consciousness and individuality, may be subjected, by the illimitable power of Omnipotence, to a sublimating process, so as to be rendered compatible with spiritual association, is not opposed to reason in its severe abstract exercises, while in attestation of this *exhilarating belief* there are many remote analogies in nature exemplifying the same truth, while it is in the strictest accordance with that final dispensation which must, as Christians, regulate all our speculations. I proceed now to say, that

If the postulate be thus admitted, that one mind influencing two bodies would only involve a diversity of operations, but in reality be one in essence; or otherwise (as an hypothetical argument illustrative of truth), if one pre-eminent mind or spiritual subsistence, unconnected with matter, possessed an undivided and sovereign dominion over two or more disembodied minds, so as to become the exclusive source of all their subtlest volitions and exercises, the *unity*, however complex the modus of its manifestation, would be fully established; and this principle extends to DEITY itself, and shows the true sense, as I conceive, in which Christ and the Father are one.

In continuation of this reasoning, if God who is light, the Sun of the moral world, should in His union of infinite wisdom, power, and goodness, and from all eternity, have ordained that an emanation from Himself (for aught we know an essential emanation, as light is inseparable from the luminary of day) should not only have existed in His Son, in the fulness of time to be united to a mortal body, but that a like emanation from Himself (also perhaps essential) should have constituted the Holy Spirit, who, without losing His ubiquity, was more especially sent to this lower earth *by* the Son, *at* the impulse of the Father, then, in the most comprehensive sense, God, and His Son Jesus Christ, and the Holy Ghost, are ONE—'Three Persons in One God,' and thus form the true Trinity in Unity.

To suppose that more than ONE independent power or governing mind exists in the whole universe, is absolute polytheism, against which the denunciations of all the Jewish and Christian canonical books were directed. And if there be but ONE directing MIND, that Mind is GOD!—operating, however, in Three Persons, according to the direct and uniform declarations of that inspiration which 'brought life and immortality to light.' Yet this divine doctrine of the Trinity is to be received, not because it is or can be clear to finite apprehension, but (in reiteration of the argument) because the Scriptures, in their unsophisticated interpretation, expressly state it. The Trinity, therefore, from its important aspects and biblical prominence, is the grand article of faith, and the foundation of the whole Christian system.

Who can say, as Christ and the Holy Ghost proceeded from, and are still one with, the Father, and as all the disciples of Christ derive their fulness from Him, and in spirit are inviolately united to Him, as a branch is to the vine,—who can say but that, in one view, what was once mysteriously separated may as mysteriously be recombined, and (without interfering with the everlasting Trinity and the individuality of the spiritual and seraphic orders) the Son, at the consummation of all things, deliver up His mediatorial kingdom to the Father, and God, in some peculiar and infinitely sublime sense, become All *in* All! God love you.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

[I had seen the writer of this letter, says Gillman, but twice, and had no intention of receiving an inmate into my house. I determined on seeing Dr. Adams, for whether the person referred to had taken opium from choice or necessity, to me he was equally an object of commiseration and interest. Dr. Adams informed me that the patient had been warned of the danger of discontinuing opium by several eminent medical men, who, at the same time, represented the frightful consequences that would most probably ensue. I had heard of the failure of Mr. Wilberforce's case, under an eminent physician at Bath, in addition to which the doctor gave me an account of several others within his own knowledge. After some further conversation it was agreed that Dr. Adams should drive Coleridge to Highgate the following evening. On the following evening came Coleridge *himself* and alone. An old gentleman, of more than ordinary acquirements, was sitting by the fireside when he entered. We met, indeed, for the first

time, but as friends long since parted, and who had now the happiness to see each other again. Coleridge took his seat. His manner, his appearance, and, above all, his conversation were captivating. We listened with delight; and upon the first pause, when courtesy permitted, my visitor withdrew, saying in a low voice, 'I see by your manners an old friend has arrived, and I shall therefore retire.' Coleridge proposed to come the following evening, but he *first* informed me of the painful opinion which he had received concerning his case, especially from one medical man of celebrity. The tale was sad, and the opinion given unprofessional and cruel—sufficient to have deterred most men so afflicted from making the attempt Coleridge was contemplating, and in which his whole soul was so deeply and so earnestly engaged. In the course of our conversation, he repeated some exquisite but desponding lines of his own. It was an evening of painful and pleasurable feeling which I can never forget. We parted with each other, understanding in a few minutes what perhaps, under different circumstances, would have cost many hours to arrange; and I looked with impatience for the morrow, still wondering at the apparent chance that had brought him under my roof. I felt indeed almost spell-bound, without the desire of release. My situation was new, and there was something affecting in the thought that one of such amiable manners, and at the same time so highly gifted, should seek comfort and medical aid in our quiet home. Deeply interested, I began to reflect seriously on the duties imposed upon me, and with anxiety to expect the approaching day. It brought me the following letter :—]

COLERIDGE TO JAMES GILLMAN.

42 *Norfolk Street, Strand, Saturday, noon, April* 13, 1816.

My dear Sir,—The first half-hour I was with you convinced me that I should owe my reception into your family exclusively to motives not less flattering to me than honourable to yourself. I trust we shall ever in matters of intellect be reciprocally serviceable to each other. Men of sense generally come to the same conclusions; but they are likely to contribute to each other's enlargement of view in proportion to the distance or even opposition of the points from which they set out. Travel and the strange variety of situations and employments on which chance has thrown me, in the course of my life, might have made me a mere man of *observation*, if pain and sorrow and self-mis-complacence had not forced my mind in on itself, and so formed habits of *meditation*. It is now as much my nature to evolve the fact from the law, as that of a practical man to deduce the law from the fact.

With respect to pecuniary remuneration, allow me to say, I must not at least be suffered to make any addition to your family expenses, though I cannot offer anything that would be in any way adequate to my sense of the service; for that indeed there could not be a compensation, as it must be returned in kind, by esteem and grateful affection.

And now of myself. My ever wakeful reason, and the keenness of my moral feelings, will secure you from all unpleasant circumstances connected with me save only one, viz. the evasion of a specific madness. You will never *hear* anything but truth from me: prior habits render it out of my power to tell an untruth, but unless carefully observed, I dare not promise that I should not, with regard to this detested poison, be capable of acting one. No sixty hours have yet passed without my having taken laudanum, though for the last week comparatively trifling doses. I have full belief that your anxiety need not be extended beyond the first week, and for the first week I shall not, I must not, be permitted to leave your house, unless with you. Delicately or indelicately, this must be done, and both the servants and the assistant must receive absolute commands from you. The stimulus of conversation suspends the terror that haunts my mind; but when I am alone, the horrors I have suffered from laudanum, the degradation, the blighted utility, almost overwhelm me. If (as I feel for the *first time* a soothing confidence it will prove) I should leave you restored to my moral and bodily health, it is not myself only that will love and honour you; every friend I have (and, thank God, in spite of this wretched vice I have many and warm ones, who were friends of my youth, and have never deserted me) will thank you with reverence. I have taken no notice of your kind apologies. If I could not be comfortable in your house, and with your family, I should deserve to be miserable. If you could make it convenient, I should wish to be with you by Monday evening, as it would prevent the necessity of taking fresh lodgings in town.

With respectful compliments to Mrs. Gillman and her sister, I remain, dear sir, your much obliged, S. T. Coleridge.

[Coleridge not only expressed his belief that Davy might have been the first poet of our time, if he had not been the first chemist, but coupled him with Wordsworth, as the two great men of the age; and when Southey went to Portugal, he entrusted to Davy the correction of *Thalaba*. His biographer says that, like Pope, he lisped in numbers, and that his best exercises were translations from classical into English verse. A poetical fancy colours all his writings, and he seems to have wanted nothing but the poet's art to obtain the poet's reputation. The following lines, written at Ravenna, during the closing days of his existence, will illustrate the letter:—

'Oh! could'st thou be with me, daughter of heaven,
Urania! I have now no other love;
For time has withered all the beauteous flowers
That once adorned my youthful coronet.
With thee I still may live a little space,
And hope for better intellectual light;
With thee I may e'en still, in vernal times,
Look upon Nature with a poet's eye,
Nursing those lofty thoughts that in the mind
Spontaneous rise, blending their sacred powers
With images from fountain and from flood:
From chestnut groves, amid the broken rocks,
Where the blue Lina pours to meet the wave
Of foaming Serchio; or 'midst the odorous heath
And cistus flowers, that clothe the stream-worn sides
Of the green hills, whence in their purity
The virgin streams arise of Mountain Tiber.—

'Or rest might find on that cloud-covered hill,
Whose noble rocks are clothed with brightest green,
Where thousand flowers of unknown hues and names
Scent the cool air, rarely by man inhaled,
But which the wild bee knows, and ever haunts,
And whence descends the balmy influence
Of those high waters, tepid from the air
Of ancient Apennines, whose sacred source
Hygeia loves; there my weary limbs
I might repose beneath the grateful shade
Of chestnuts, whose worn trunks proclaim the birth
Of other centuries.'

Davy believed himself to be endowed with the faculty divine. 'From a conversation I once had with Sir H. Davy at Althorp,' says Dr. Dibdin in his *Reminiscences*, 'in consequence of a passage in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, I felt quite persuaded that he considered himself to be a poet as well as a philosopher.'—*Willmott.*]

DAVY TO POOLE.

Ravenna, March 14, 1827.

My dear Poole,—I should have answered your letter immediately had it been possible; but I was at the time I received it very ill, in the crisis of the complaint under which I have long suffered, and which turned out to be a determination of blood to the brain; and at last producing the most alarming nervous symptoms, and threatening the loss of power and of life. Had I been in England, I should gladly have promoted the election of your friend at the Athenæum; your certificate of character would always be enough for me; for, like our angling, evangelical Isaac Walton, I know you choose for your friends only good men.

I am, thank God, better, but still very weak, and wholly unfit for any kind of business and study. I have, however, considerably recovered the use of all the limbs that were affected; and as my amendment has been slow and gradual, I hope in time it may be complete; but I am leading the life of an anchorite, obliged to abstain from flesh, wine, business, study, experiments, and all things that I love; but this discipline is salutary, and for the sake of being able to do something more for science, and I hope for humanity, I submit to it, believing that the great Source of Intellectual Being so wills it for good.

I am here lodged in the Apostolical Palace, by the kindness of the Vice-Legate of Ravenna, a most amiable and enlightened prelate, who has done everything for me that he could have done for a brother. I have chosen this spot of the declining empire of Rome as one of solitude and repose, as out of the way of travellers, and in a good climate; and its monuments and recollections are not without interest. Here Dante composed his divine works. Here Byron wrote some of his best and moral (if such a name can be applied) poems; and here the Roman power that began among the mountains with Romulus, and migrated to the sea, founding Asia and Europe under Constantine, made its last stand, in the marshes formed by the Eridanus, under Theodoric, whose tomb is amongst the wonders of the place. After a month's travel in the most severe weather I ever experienced, I arrived here on the 20th of February. The weather has since been fine. My brother and friend, who is likewise my physician, accompanied me; but he is so satisfied with my improvement, as to be able to leave me for Corfu; but he is within a week's call. I have no society here, except that of the amiable Vice-Legate, who is the Governor of the province; but this is enough for me, for as yet I can bear but little conversation. I ride in the pine forest, which is the most magnificent in Europe, and which I wish you could see. You know the trees by Claude Lorraine's land-

scapes; imagine a circle of twenty miles of these great fan-shaped pines, green sunny lawns, and little knolls of underwood, with large junipers of the Adriatic in front, and the Apennines still covered with snow behind. The pine-wood partly covers the spot where the Roman fleet once rode;—such is the change of time!

It is my intention to stay here till the beginning of April, and then go to the Alps, for I must avoid the extremes of heat and cold. God bless you, my dear Poole, I am always your old and sincere friend,

H. Davy.

[Anne M'Vicar was born in Glasgow in 1755; her early years were spent in America, where her father held a commission in the British army. Her father returned to this country and became barrack-master at Fort-Augustus. In 1778 she was married to Rev. James Grant, chaplain to the Fort, and afterwards of Laggan, Inverness. About twenty years afterwards she was left a widow with a large family dependent upon her. A volume of poems which she issued, was so well received that it was followed by her well-known *Letters from the Mountains* and other works. The latter years of her life were spent in Edinburgh. She died in 1838. Money was required for the outfit of one of her sons, when she thought of collecting and publishing her scattered letters. Mrs. Grant hesitated at first, but she was at length prevailed upon to overcome her scruples and prepare her letters with a view to publication, and she thus tells the story of the success of the venture: 'I was at the utmost loss, knowing no bookseller, how to dispose of my defective and ill-arranged manuscripts. Happily I met with a Scotch friend, who knew something of Messrs. Longman & Rees, and promised to introduce me. I went to them with no enviable feelings, being fully as much ashamed of my shabby manuscript as Falstaff was of his ragged recruits. Mr. Longman, however, took it graciously, submitted it to his invisible critic, and in a few days I heard the glad sound that it would do very well for publication. I was told that it would be set about immediately, and would be ready in three or four months, it being arranged that I should receive half of the profits, the booksellers bearing the risk of printing. This was in spring 1805. Summer and autumn passed, winter came, spring returned, still not a word of my book. I thought my papers had been lost or thrown aside as useless, and, occupied with a thousand other cares, I had almost forgotten them, when I received at Woodend a letter informing me that my book was printed, and nothing was wanted but the preface, which, it seems, was the last thing required. Certainly never was preface more expeditiously written. In half an hour after the letter was received, the preface was away to Stirling to overtake the evening post. I had declined to give my name to the public as the author of the letters, and therefore could not be much affected, further than a pecuniary disappointment, by their being overlooked. Yet I have been seldom so much surprised, as when my kind neighbour, Lady Stewart, casually mentioned her hearing from London that a book, called *Letters from the Mountains*, divided with some other new publications the attention of readers that summer. No person, I believe, was so astonished at their success as myself. My booksellers dealt liberally with me, and many persons of distinguished worth interested themselves in me, and sought my acquaintance in consequence of perusing those letters.' The following is the hurried yet effective apology prefixed to the first edition of *Letters from the Mountains*:—'Lest any of my readers should indulge the expectation of meeting, in the ensuing pages, either ingenious fiction or amusing narrative, it is but candid to undeceive them. The simple and careless letters here offered to the public carry in themselves the evidences of originality. They are genuine but broken and interrupted sketches of a life spent in the most remote obscurity. Of the little interest such sketches might possess, much is lost by the necessity of withholding those parts which contained most of narrative and anecdote. Why letters should be published at all, comprehending so little to excite interest or gratify curiosity, is a question that naturally suggests itself. It cannot be truly said that the gratification of the reader could form an adequate motive for

their publication; and, from the nature of them, it is obvious that the unknown author could have no purpose of vanity to answer by it. Yet may not a picture, seldom drawn, peculiar in its shades and scenery, true to nature, and chastely coloured,—may not such a picture amuse, for a while, the leisure of the idle and contemplative? And it is hoped that the images here offered of untutored sentiment, of the tastes, the feelings, and habits of those who, in the secret shades of privacy, cultivate the simple duties and kindly affections of domestic life, may not be without utility. The soul that rises above its condition, and feels undefined and painful aspirations after unattainable elegance and refinement, may here find an inducement to remain in safe obscurity, contented with the love of truth, of nature, and the

"Humanizing Muse;"

while those distinguished beings, who are at once the favourites of nature and of fortune, may learn to look with complacency on their fellow-minds in the vale of life, and to know that they too have their enjoyments. The hope of such a result might, in some degree, console the writer of *Letters from the Mountains* for the painful circumstance that has elicited their publication.']

LETTERS FROM THE MOUNTAINS[1] BY MRS. GRANT OF LAGGAN.

TO MISS HARRIET REID, OF GLASGOW.

Inveraray, April 28, 1773.

My dearest H.,—I have been seriously thinking all the way to Luss, how little we know ourselves, and what odd beings we are. We left Balclutha[2] so mournful, 'thin darkness covered our beauty, and we looked forth from our hill like half-seen stars through the rainy clouds of night. The sigh of the manly youths awaited our departure, and we went away, very sad indeed.' I am sure if St. Mungo's spire were capable of gratitude, it owes me some for the many sad looks I cast back at it. I shall ever love my dear native Balclutha, not only for what I enjoyed, but for what I suffered in it. What I have suffered was the common lot of humanity; what I have enjoyed was much more, for who ever had such friends as mine? But now to our recollections. Who would have supposed, when we were at Dumbarton, that ever we should have dried our eyes? Yet when we met in the great room, when the sea-born swains from Greenock joined us, when 'the flame rose from the burning oak,' we rose to serene, thence to cheerful, and had we not been forced to part so soon, we might have got up to *hilarity*. Then, when the great struggle came, and we did really part, I thought my heart would break; and your last words sounded in my ears like a knell; and I thought I should not smile this whole summer. I read the folded paper James Hall gave me to amuse me when I stept into the carriage, about which you were so curious; it related to real events, and was

'So sad, so tender, and so true.'

'Twas from a young man of merit and parts, who, by a love marriage, had, alas! condemned himself to perpetual poverty. He had gone to scramble among the wealth of England for a subsistence. Why should I tell of his sorrows and disappointments? Finally, my sister, he wrote this letter to a friend (probably James Hall himself) under those impressions which approaching death inspired. That princely knight errant, Francis the First, wrote to his mother from the field of a lost battle: 'Madam, all is lost but honour;' good, but this is better still. 'The result is, all is lost but a sure confidence in the Divine mercy.' And what else can a poor finite creature hold to, when the world, and all that is dear and lovely in it, fades from his sight? It was a most affecting letter: 'I wept abundant, and I wept aloud.' Yet, alas! I fear they were not such generous tears as you might suppose. If I had not been so very sorry myself, I should not have been so easily melted. Well, now I was very sure I would not smile this summer, nor yet read any book but the Bible and the *Night Thoughts;* even the *Odyssey* was to be rejected. And thus I travelled on, so serious and so sad. I was got far beyond moralizing; and then came on such small, soft, melancholy rain, and Ben Lomond's great head was wrapt in such a veil of thick clouds, that the nearer we drew the less we saw of it. And as to my three friends, they showed as much sense and feeling as Job's did at first, whose silence, on an occasion which common minds would have seized to say common things, I always admired. In short, the whole party seemed lost in meditation, till the sight of Loch Lomond roused us. What a happy faculty is an active imagination to combat the evils of sickly sensibility! I passed over all the beautiful groves and corn

[1] *Letters from the Mountains*, being the Real Correspondence of a Lady between the years 1773 and 1807. Second Edition. 1807. A new edition, with additions and numerous notes by J. P. Grant, was issued in 1845.

[2] Glasgow.

fields that adorn the lower side, for I had seen such things before, and they brought images of happiness and tranquillity which my mind could not relish in its depressed state. But the solemn and melancholy grandeur of the lofty dark mountains and abrupt rocks, tufted with heath and juniper, that rose on the other side of the lake, and seemed to close its upper end, arrested my attention at once. I peopled their narrow and gloomy glens with those vindictive clans that used to make such fatal incursions of old. I thought I saw Bruce and his faithful few ascending them in his forced flight from Bute. A train of departed heroes seemed to pass on their clouds in long review, and do but guess who closed the procession; no other than the notorious Rob Roy riding up the loch-side with the lady he forced away, and the 'twenty men in order,' who make such a figure in the ballad. My mother knew the family, and tells the whole history of the transaction. The lady, it would appear, was too delicate a subject for such a rough adventure, for she died of grief very soon after. I saw M. M.'s dwelling beneath romantic cliffs, and by a roaring stream, but I was not near enough to trace her stately steps. I made a happy transition from Rob Roy, to think of her and her good books, and her cheerful piety; such an example to us all. Pray tell her I will never forget her.

All this brought us to Luss, which I am too lazy to describe twice, so must refer you to Bell. But I will tell you how I took a pensive walk to admire Inchmarron and the setting sun while dinner was preparing. There 'I chewed the food of sweet and bitter fancy,' and felt some of those painful twitches, or spasms (are they not?) in my breast, that remind one how much the soul is superior to the frame that is thus influenced by it. Dinner brought us together; conversation grew insensibly cheerful; our Greenock friend amused us with amphibious humour, such as all the west coast abounds in; and before tea, your friend, who was not to relax a muscle this year, more than half smiled, and by supper time laughed outright. But truly might I say, that 'in the midst of laughter the heart is sad.' Give me credit for my honesty, imitate my sincerity, and tell me when *you* laughed first. In the meantime I will tell you something to laugh at. My 'three friends' being engaged in a long discourse, replete with Argyleshire genealogy, I was for a while quite abstracted; my Ossianic mania returned with double force, where every blast seemed to touch a viewless harp, and every passing cloud, brightened with the beams of the moon, appeared to my mind's eye a vehicle for the shades of the lovely and the brave, that live in the songs of other times. How softly sweet, how sadly plaintive, were the strains that now arrested my attention! From the dark caverns of the kitchen they proceeded, and, through the loose disjointed floor of our apartment, they

'Rose like a stream of rich-distilled perfumes.'

This music was both vocal and instrumental; but no such voice, no such instrument, had I ever heard. Could I sit still when curiosity was so powerfully excited? Believe I did not, but, stealing down on tiptoe, beheld a great dark-browed Highlander, sitting double over the fire, and playing 'Macgregor na Ruara' on two trumps at once, while a nymph, half hidden amongst her heavy locks, was pacing backwards, turning a great wheel, and keeping time with voice and steps to his mournful tones. I retired, not a little disconcerted, and dreamt all night of you and Malvina by turns. Spring appears here but in early infancy. Yet how can I tell you how mildly beautiful the sun arose over the distant hills of Morven; or with what secret veneration I traced the footsteps of my fathers along their blue gleaming lakes, or through their narrow vales! I saw, in the course of this morning's ride, Glenfalach, in a secret nook at the end of Loch Loney, I think it is called, a name signifying the hidden vale, and hidden it certainly is. One would think it a sad exile to live in one of these recesses; yet, by what I can gather from the conversation of our friends, people somehow contrive to be both gay and busy here.

We drew near Lochawe, and caught a glimpse of Barabreack, familiar to me as the often-described abode of my ancestors. Here we had a long detail of their simple manner of life, their humble virtues, and the affectionate confidence that subsisted between them and their copartners in the same possession. My father delighted to show us the stream where he first caught a trout, and the little island which had been the object of his first excursion in search of nuts and raspberries: and I listened with delight to tales of other times, told with so much animation. I felt as proud of the genuine worth and unstained probity of my ancestors as if they had been all that the world admires and envies, and only wished that I might not prove unworthy of them. I have already forgotten the name of the place we breakfasted at; but there our fellow-traveller, or attendant rather, forsook us; and there we picked up an original of quite another kind. The carriage was detained while one of the horses was shod, and I took that opportunity of gathering some of the freshest primroses I had ever seen from the roots of a weeping birch, that actually 'wept odorous dews' upon me as I sheltered under its drooping branches. How do I love these artless bowers, and how much I wish to have you with me here, to tell you things that no other mortal would understand or care for! My walk was stopped by streams, whose descent

into the lake was covered by thick shades of alder and hazel, that reminded me of the creek where Ulysses went on shore in Phæacia, and then I wished I had my *Odyssey* out of the chaise. But, alas! no *Odyssey* was to be had. Then I was called to breakfast in an upper room, the floor of which was much worse than that at Luss, and indeed pervious to every sound. We had taken possession of the only tolerable room, and a newly-arrived traveller was heard growling for his breakfast below. He did not swear, but was so fretful and querulous, so displeased with everything that was given or said to him, and his manner of growling too was so amusing,—he showed so much ingenuity in discovering faults in everything,—that I burst out a-laughing, and said we were certainly haunted by the ghost of Smelfungus, of whom Sterne gives such an amusing account. By the bye, we had just that morning passed, '*with reverence due*,' the monument of the original Smelfungus, which rises near his native spot, beside his favourite lake, which he delights to describe in *Humphrey Clinker*. Tea was prepared, but still thunder muttered hoarse below.

My father, inquiring about the stranger, and finding he was a gentleman's son of the country, very good-naturedly sent him an invitation to breakfast; for he concluded the house (a very poor one) could not furnish two breakfasts with their apparatus (of equal elegance), and that this occasioned the ill-humour by which we were incommoded. He was a student, travelling home from college; he left all his irritability below, and came up with an air so manly, well-bred, and accommodating, that, had we not received some previous intelligence of his character through the floor, we should have thought highly of him; yet, through the strong lines of a marked and sensible countenance the scowl of discontent was but too obvious. I, who for my part detest every mode of selfish luxury, could not endure to see a native Highlander make his good-humour dependent on a good breakfast, and was moreover disgusted by certain learned strictures on new-laid eggs, which I am sure made no part of his college acquisitions. Then his appearance was so manly that this puppyism was doubly provoking. However, he sweetened by degrees into an agreeable and intelligent fellow-traveller. But oh! not a single spark of enthusiasm. Ossian himself was never blinder than he is to the soul-moving beauties of that bard.

Why, after tiring you and myself with such a detail, should I tell you of the horrors of Glencoe, through which we travelled in a dismal rainy day! In one particular, I dare say, I agreed with the stranger, for I really thought dinner the most interesting event of this day's journey, not merely as a repast, but the manner of it was so novel. There was a little inn, thatched, and humbler than any of the former; we came very cold to it; we found a well-swept clay floor, and an enlivening blaze of peats and brushwood, two windows looking out upon the loch we were to cross, and a primitive old couple, whose fresh complexion made you wonder at their silver hairs. All the apparatus of fishing and hunting were suspended in the roof; I thought myself in Ithaca, though Homer does not speak of peats or trout, and far less of grouse. The people showed an alacrity in welcoming us, and a concern about our being wet and cold, that could not have been assumed. I never took such a sudden liking to people so far out of my own way. I suppose we are charmed with cheerfulness and sensibility in old people, because we don't expect it, and with unservile courtesy in the lower class for the same reason. 'How populous, how vital is the grave!' says your favourite Young; 'how populous, how vital are the glens!' I should be tempted to say here; but after the 'stupendous solitude' through which we had just passed, the blazing hearth and kindly host had peculiar attractions.

Shall I tell you of our dinner? Never before did I blot paper with such a detail; but it is instructive to know how cheaply we may be pleased. On a clean table of two fir deals we had as clean a cloth, trout new from the lake, eggs fresh as our student's heart could wish, *kippered* salmon, fine new-made butter and barley-cakes, which we preferred to the loaf we had brought with us. Smelfungus began to mutter about the cookery of our trouts; I pronounced them very well dressed, out of pure spite; for by this time I could not endure him, from the pains he took to mortify the good people and to show us he had been used to lodge and dine better. I feasted, and was quite entranced, thinking how you would enjoy all that I enjoyed. Dear Harriet, how my heart longs for you when I think how yours is made to share all my wild pleasures!

The boat was crossing with other passengers over the ferry, which is very wide. We were forced to wait its arrival two hours, to me very short ones; one of them I have given to you, for I could never tell you all this when the warm feeling of the minute had worn off. I have kept my promise of being minute most religiously: there is merit in it.

For you I have forsaken Smelfungus, who is yonder walking on the loch-side, in all the surly dignity of displeasure. I am going to tea, and will put him in good-humour with questions about his college. What a pleasant tea-drinking! The old man knew all my father's uncles, and the good woman was so pleased with my interest in her household economy! It produced a venison ham, sacred to favourites, and every other good thing she had; every

one was pleased, and Smelfungus himself became

'As mild and patient as the female dove,
When first her golden couplets are disclosed.'

And here I conclude this long letter to begin another at Inveraray. Innocent, beloved, and amiable, what more can I wish you, that will not risk a share of your happiness?

Adieu, beloved!

TO MISS EWING, GLASGOW.

Blair-in-Athol, Tuesday morn, May 1777.

MY DEAREST BELL EWING,—Having written to Jenny this morning about my setting out, I must refer you to that letter for the motives of my journey. I found an honest man, whom I knew very well, from our place, driving an empty carriage north. My Robin is driver in ordinary to the Fort, and as wise and careful as a patriarch. I have passed a most agreeable day of solitary enjoyment. I travelled in silent state, without meeting a creature to interrupt my musings. I did not even read, but amused myself with my knitting, in up-hill roads. I did not speak a sentence till I had some necessary communing with my landladies, except getting the history of the famous battle as I came through the pass of Killicrankie. My Robin was very intelligent and distinct about the antiquities of the road. The singular beauty of the morning when I set out, and the satisfaction of getting my mind free from many doubts and fears that had hung upon me, with the hourly change of charming scenes, raised my late dejected spirts to a sweet serenity. I looked forward with pleasure towards home, the dear centre of all social and rational happiness. The beloved friends I had left behind rose in my mind, not with the pensive parting look they usually wear to my imagination, but all cheerful and benignant, warm with the hopes of that reunion in which I have placed so much of my earthly happiness. The day arose with increased beauty, the scenery was enchanting, and all nature smiled around me. My mind had over-wrought itself before, and overflowed with pleasing reflections; gratitude to my friends, and gratitude *for* such friends, inspiring a sublimer aspiration towards the great original source of pure affections and intellectual joys.

I shall not go into a minute description of places you have heard so much of, but content myself with saying that this day's ride afforded more noble and pleasing objects than ever I met with in the same space of time; for you must remember that I came southward through Breadalbane, so all this is quite new to me. The rich and variegated country you pass through on leaving Perth, forms a fine contrast with that gloomy barrenness, and those frowning heights, that mark the entrance to the Highlands, far more savage than the interior, where the green wooded vales, which open towards Dunkeld, relieve the eye, and the ear is soothed with the deep distant sound of streams, that 'wander not unseen' through these dark retreats. Dunkeld has a singular air of romantic grandeur, derived from its wild situation, the remains of antiquity round it, and the soothing gloom of its fine woods, which abound in weeping birch, drooping its pensile branches, and sighing to every wind. These are contrasted by large solemn firs, that stand unmoved, in sullen dignity, amidst the fury of contending elements. You will think me very fanciful, investing plants with sentiment, but you may trust me, when I assure you I don't borrow from Harvey. The reverence I have for his character and intentions has made me often try to like his flowery style, but I never could succeed. I hope your efforts too, like mine, being, I am sure, equally sincere, may prove more successful. From Dunkeld you enter a wild, but not dreary country, in which the sun, looking upon Fascally 'with farewell sweets,' called my attention to 'vales more soft than Arcady of old.' The sweet winding stream of Argentine brought poor Struan to my recollection, with all his wanderings and hidings. If he were not such a sot, I should not think his life at all so unhappy as other people do. Poets have skill to complain, and, no doubt, feel acutely. But if their own imprudence, and the cruelty of the world, did not drive them into corners sometimes, they would neither muse nor warble, nor taste the sweets of nature, so peculiarly their own. And, in the bustle of the world, they would run all the risks other people do, without the common defences of caution and suspicion. Now this furnishes an excellent apology to the rich and powerful, for permitting the ingenious and highly-gifted children of nature to languish in obscurity; and accounts for their letting them starve in corners, while they themselves choose their associates among those whom delicacy and sensibility shrink from—the dull, the callous, and the servile. I am growing ill-natured, and should have been better employed in telling you what a fine twilight scene this other princely seat of the Athol family forms, at this moment, opposite my window,—

'But now the fairy valleys fade,
Dun night has veiled the solemn view;
Yet once again, dear parted maid,
Meek Nature's child, again adieu!'

TO MISS DUNBAR, BOATH.

Laggan, May —, 1803.

My dear Helen,—Very sick and very busy as I am, I am so charmed with your goodness, in being so mindful of me under such a pressure, that I lose no time in thanking you, and in congratulating you on the recovery of a mother, a friend, and an exemplary model of every social and domestic virtue. Do me the justice to believe, though urgently advised to take the measure you mention when I was in England, pressed for money in a land of strangers, that I not only rejected the proposal, but the rejection cost me so little effort that I never once thought of telling you I had refused it. I should consider it as a stain to the memory of the most delicate and disinterested of human beings, if I, walking so long in the pure light of his spotless mind, should be induced to do anything that could bear the construction of disingenuity to benefit his family. By the divine blessing, there is little danger of their wanting what is necessary, and it is my duty to endeavour to limit their wishes within narrow bounds. I know you now perfectly, in the simplicity and very similitude of A. O.'s description. Your patience in illness raises you not a little with me. I can't bear the tribe of croakers; they are indeed

'Like the black raven hovering o'er my peace,'

no less a bird of omen than of prey; for they really prey on my comfort. I do not believe these *dismalites* feel half what I do; if they did, they would be glad to seize a respite when they could. I believe you very deserving, yet if these clouds did not intervene, you would have more than your share of those showers of manna allotted to support us in our travels through the wilderness. I do think you gather more than a Homer, when I take brothers, and music, and literature into the account. I have my share too, though I am doomed to eat it, like the paschal lamb, with bitter herbs. I hope there will be no war, and that your brother will take root and flourish in his native soil. What a feast must rural and domestic life be to an uncorrupted mind, after tossing about in a profession where the mode of life is so unnatural. I will give my opinion, such as it will be after a hasty perusal, of the poem you had the goodness to send me; but you in return must give me yours of Dr. Cowper's *Malachi*. I did not tell you how very ill I have been of the Cowper-mania. I do not now mean the Doctor, but the delightful author of the *Task*. Read his letters and his life by Hayley, as I did, and you will find them

'Of power to take the captive soul,
And lap it in Elysium.'

Your young cousin's 'Poem to Science' is a wonderful proof of premature abilities. It shows genius under the direction of wisdom, and does equal honour to his judgment and his poetical faculties. No wonder those to whom the culture of so fair a flower has devolved should carefully attend to its unfolding. But if it were mine, I would not have it reared in England. Who will care for Scotland, after being bred in so fine a country? I would have a son of the Muses be a patriot and a true-blue Scot. John Bull is not so much alive, either to the tender or ludicrous, as we are. And why? he has too much ease, and too many conveniences, which he cultivates to a degree injurious to social life and social love, and which will produce the same effect on us whenever we attain them. It is partly to this apathy that irreligion, the source so fruitful of every evil, is owing. We struggle by the light that kindles darkness into day, through hunger, poverty, and hardship; our blest enthusiasm lights up the dreariest prospects with rays that stream from heaven. Earth-born views are so bounded, that the soul soon sickens with the reiteration of unvaried comforts, and languishes amidst all its enjoyments. There are, doubtless, very many pious people in England among the more enlightened middle classes, but our 'virtuous populace' is our peculiar and invaluable blessing. I am now speaking of devotion merely as an earthly comfort. Did I tell you I read Campbell's *Pleasures of Hope* at the Wells, and was charmed and elevated beyond measure? Our final day is the 11th June. Did I tell you of the Marquis's visit? Was it not very considerate and good? Farewell. I am tired out of measure, and will not bestow another word on you or him, as well as I like you both. Good-night.

[Sir Stamford Raffles has been compared with Bishop Heber; not, indeed, in brilliancy of classical acquirement, for Raffles was of lowly parentage; nor in beauty and freshness of fancy, for Raffles had no poetic feelings, except those which are common to every amiable and cultivated mind: the resemblance is to be traced in the moral, not in the intellectual features; in love of home; in fidelity of friendship; in purity of life and conversation. In all the loveliest graces that adorn and sanctify the human character, we discover a relationship between the Christian statesman and the Christian prelate; and we may turn from the Journal of Heber to the Correspondence of Raffles, without interrupting the serenity

of mind which that beautiful work always produces. Among the precious collections —the fruit of so many years of diligent labour and inquiry—which were lost in the homeward passage by the burning of the vessel, were copious memoirs for a history of the island of Sumatra.—*Willmott.*]

RAFFLES TO SOMERSET.

Off Sumatra, Feb. 12, 1820.

You will perhaps have condemned me for so long a silence, yet, when you know the cause, I am satisfied you will cease to think unkindly. I have been ill, very ill, so much so that for the last month of my stay in Calcutta I was confined to my bed, and forbidden to write or even to think. I was removed from my room to the ship with very little strength, but I am happy to say that I am already nearly recovered; the sight of Sumatra, and the health-inspiring breezes of the Malayan Islands, have effected a wonderful change; and though I still feel weak, and am as thin as a scarecrow, I may fairly say that I am in good health and spirits. I am beginning to turn my thoughts homeward, and shall ask your advice on a thousand pursuits.

I have just left Tappanooly, situated in the very heart of the Batta country, abounding in camphor and benjamin, and full of interest for the naturalist and the philosopher. If you have occasionally looked into Mr. Marsden's *History of Sumatra*, you will recollect that the Battas are cannibals.

Now do not be surprised at what I shall tell you regarding them, for I tell the truth and nothing but the truth. To prepare you a little, I must premise that the Battas are an extensive and populous nation of Sumatra, occupying the whole of that part of the island lying between Acheen and Menangkabu, reaching to both the shores. The coast is but thinly inhabited, but in the interior the people are said to be 'as thick as the leaves of the forest;' perhaps the whole nation may amount to between one and two millions of souls. They have a regular government, deliberate assemblies, and are great orators; nearly the whole of them write, and they possess a language and written character peculiar to themselves. In their language and terms, as well as in some of their laws and usages, the influence of Hinduism may be traced; but they have also a religion peculiar to themselves; they acknowledge the one and only great God, under the title of Dibata Assi Assi, and they have a trinity of great gods, supposed to have been created by Him. They are warlike, extremely fair, and honourable in all their dealings, and most deliberate in all their proceedings; their country is highly cultivated, and crimes are few. The evidence adduced by Mr. Marsden must have removed all doubt from every unprejudiced mind, that, notwithstanding all this in their favour, the Battas are strictly cannibals; but he has not gone half far enough. He seems to consider that it is only in cases of prisoners taken in war, or in extreme cases of adultery, that the practice of man-eating is resorted to, and then that it is only in a fit of revenge. He tells us that, not satisfied with cutting off pieces and eating them raw, instances have been known where some of the people have run up to the victim, and actually torn the flesh from the bones with their teeth. He also tells us, that one of our residents found the remains of an English soldier, who had been only half-eaten, and afterwards discovered his finger sticking on a fork, laid by, but first taken warm from the fire; but I had rather refer your grace to the book; and if you have not got it, pray send for it, and read all that is said about the Battas.

In a small pamphlet, lately addressed to the Court of Directors, respecting the coast, an instance still more horrible than anything related by Mr. Marsden is introduced; and as this pamphlet was written by a high authority, and the fact is not disputed, there can be no question as to its correctness; it is nearly as follows:—A few years ago, a man had been found guilty of a very common crime, and was sentenced to be eaten according to the law of the land; this took place close to Tappanooly; the Resident was invited to attend; he declined, but his assistant and a native officer were present. As soon as they reached the spot, they found a large assemblage of people, and the criminal tied to a tree, with his hands extended. The minister of justice, who was himself a chief of some rank, then came forward with a large knife in his hand, which he brandished as he approached the victim. He was followed by a man carrying a dish, in which was a preparation, or condiment, composed of limes, chillies, and salt, called by the Malays *sambul*. He then called aloud for the injured husband, and demanded what part he chose; he replied, the right ear, which was immediately cut off with one stroke, and delivered to the party, who, turning round to the man behind, deliberately dipped it into the *sambul*, and devoured it; the rest of the party then fell upon the body, each taking and eating the part most to his liking. After they had cut off a considerable part of the flesh, one man stabbed him to the heart; but this was rather out of compliment to the foreign visitors, as it is by no means the custom to give the *coup de grace*.

It was with a knowledge of all these facts regarding the Battas that I paid a visit to Tappanooly, with a determination to satisfy my mind most fully on everything concerning cannibalism. I had previously set on foot extensive inquiries, and so managed matters as to con-

centrate the information, and to bring the point within a narrow compass. You shall now hear the result; but before I proceed, I must beg of you to have a little more patience than you had with Mr. Mariner. I recollect that, when you came to the story of eating the aunt, you threw the book down. Now I can assure your grace that I have ten times more to report, and you *must* believe me. I have said the Battas are not a bad people, and I still think so, notwithstanding they eat one another, and relish the flesh of a man better than that of an ox or a pig. You must merely consider that I am giving you an account of a novel state of society. The Battas are not savages, for they read and write, and think full as much, and more, than those who are brought up at our Lancasterian and National Schools. They have also codes of laws of great antiquity; and it is from a regard for these laws and a veneration for the institutions of their ancestors, that they eat each other. The law declares that, for certain crimes, four in number, the criminals shall be eaten ALIVE. The same law declares, also, that in great wars, that is to say, one district with another, it shall be lawful to eat the prisoners, whether taken alive, dead, or in their graves. In the four great cases of crimes, the criminal is also duly tried and condemned by a competent tribunal. When the evidence is heard, sentence is pronounced, when the chiefs drink a dram each, which last ceremony is equivalent to signing and sealing with us. Two or three days then elapse, to give time for assembling the people; and in cases of adultery it is not allowed to carry the sentence into effect unless the relations of the wife appear and partake of the feast. The prisoner is then brought forward on the day appointed, and fixed to a stake, with his hands extended. The husband, or party injured, comes up, and takes the first choice, generally the ears. The rest then, according to their rank, take the choice pieces, each helping himself according to his liking. After all have partaken, the chief person goes up and cuts off the head, which he carries home as a trophy. The head is hung up in front of the house, and the brains are carefully preserved in a bottle, for the purposes of witchcraft, etc. In devouring the flesh, it is sometimes eaten raw, and sometimes grilled; but it must be eaten upon the spot. Limes, salt, and pepper are always in readiness, and they sometimes eat rice with the flesh; but they never drink toddy or spirits. Many carry bamboos with them, and, filling them with blood, drink it off. The assembly consists of men alone, as the flesh of man is prohibited to the females; it is said, however, that they get a bit by stealth now and then. I am assured, and *really* do believe, that many of the people do prefer human flesh to any other; but notwithstanding this *penchant*, they never indulge the appetite except on lawful occasions. The palms of the hands, and the soles of the feet, are the delicacies of epicures!

On expressing my surprise at the continuance of such extraordinary practices, I was informed, that formerly it was usual for people to eat their parents when too old for work. The old people selected the horizontal branch of a tree, and quietly suspended themselves by their hands, while their children and neighbours, forming a circle, danced round them, crying out, 'When the fruit is ripe, then it will fall.' This practice took place during the season of limes, when salt and pepper were plenty, and as soon as the victims became fatigued, and could hold on no longer, they fell down, when all hands cut them up, and made a hearty meal of them. The practice, however, of eating the old people has been abandoned, and thus a step in civilisation has been attained, and, therefore, there are hopes of future improvement. This state of society you will admit to be very peculiar, and it is calculated that certainly not less than from sixty to one hundred Battas are thus eaten in a year in times of peace. I was going on to tell your grace much about the treatment of the females and children, but I find that I have already filled several sheets, and that I am called away from the cabin; I will therefore conclude with entreating you not to think the worse of me for this horrible relation. You know that I am far from wishing to paint any of the Malay race in the worst colours, but yet I must tell the truth. Notwithstanding the practices I have related, it is my determination to take Lady Raffles into the interior, and to spend a month or two in the midst of these Battas. Should any accident occur to us, or should we never be heard of more, you may conclude we have been eaten.

I am half afraid to send this scrawl, and yet it may amuse you: if it does not, throw it into the fire; and still believe that, though half a cannibal, and living among cannibals, I am not less warm in heart and soul. In the deepest recesses of the forest, and among the most savage of all tribes, my heart still clings to those far off, and I do believe, were I present at a Batta feast, I should be thinking of kind friends at Maiden Bradly. What an association! God forgive me and bless you all.

I am forming a collection of skulls; some from bodies that have been eaten. Will your grace allow them room among your curiosities?

[In a review in the *Quarterly* of Babbage's work, *Reflections on the Decline of Science in England, and on some of its Causes*, Dr. Brewster (afterwards Sir David) proposed to remedy this by an 'Association of our nobility, clergy, gentry, and philosophers,' which would serve to draw the attention of the sovereign to this want in the public life of the time. In the course of a few months, Brewster's plan of a 'British Association for the Advancement of Science' was matured, and the first meeting was held at York, September 1831. It lasted for a week, and proved a decided success. We quote Brewster's letter, descriptive of the first meeting, from the *Home Life of Sir David Brewster*, by his daughter, M. M. Gordon, author of *Sunbeams in the Cottage*, etc.]

DR. BREWSTER TO HIS WIFE.

Bishopthorpe, Sept. 30, 1831.

I SIT down at one o'clock in the morning to write you a legible letter, which I fear the one I wrote you yesterday could scarcely be called. I came here to-day to dinner, and was most kindly received by the Archbishop, who made me feel at once that I was at home. He and the whole of the party here returned to York to hear Mr. Scoresby's lecture on his new magnetical discoveries. The assemblage of beauty, fashion, and philosophy was really splendid, and after eleven o'clock we returned to the palace. To-morrow we again go to York after breakfast, and after spending the whole day in the arrangement for a '*General British Association for the Advancement of Science*,' and in hearing many scientific papers, we return to dinner as we have done to-day.

The success of the meeting has infinitely surpassed all our most sanguine expectations. No fewer than 325 members have enrolled their names, and a zeal for science has been excited which will not soon subside. The next meeting is to be held at Oxford, in June, at the time of the commemoration, and in the Radcliffe Library or the Theatre. . . . The Archbishop, after reading a letter from the Archbishop of Canterbury, remarked to me that it was not yet known how the lords were to act.[1] He added that the Archbishop of Canterbury had not made up his own mind, and that he held his proxy, so that it is clear that the archbishops have not decided against it. Lord Morpeth's letter stated that several of the lords were not to vote at all, and it seemed to be the opinion that the Reform Bill would be carried by the neutrality of those who might be expected to oppose it. What a charming and princely spot this is, as much from its ancient and splendid apartments as from the richness and variety of the grounds! The Archbishop has invited fifty or sixty of the philosophers to dine here to-morrow, among whom are Sir T. Brisbane, Thos. Allan, and the rest of our Scotch party. . . . Mr. Vernon Harcourt, the soul of our meeting, and one of the most amiable and learned of men, is the eldest son of the Archbishop.

[1] This was the time of the first Reform Bill.

[Charles Maclaren, an accomplished journalist and writer on scientific subjects, was the first editor of the *Scotsman* newspaper, and a contributor to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Sagacious and well-informed, the *Scotsman* from its start in 1817 became under his hand a political power and influence. Not only did he forecast the growing greatness of the American nation, but he gave a forecast, in a series of articles in 1824, of the triumphs of our present railway system. In the intervals of a busy life he also wrote upon astronomical and geological subjects.]

CHARLES MACLAREN TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.[1]

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,—Napoleon, conversing one day with Colonel —— at Fontainebleau, after his deposition in 1814, said, 'It is not the armies that have dethroned me, nor the combined sovereigns, nor the extraordinary efforts of England; *but the progress of liberal ideas*, which if I had regarded four or five years past, I should have confirmed my power for ever.' Such was the confession of a man of stupendous talent, who played the game of sovereign power with advantages which no other individual ever possessed. He had a government excellently organized, vast armies admirably appointed; a people obedient, if not zealously attached to him; he made and unmade kings, and wielded a power which seemed to be established on a rock. Yet he fell—fell suddenly and irretrievably; and he has himself recorded the cause of his overthrow. His power crumbled to dust, because *he disregarded the progress of liberal ideas*. He did not attend to the silent march of opinion, to the love of knowledge and freedom, the hatred of tyranny, the contempt for old prejudices and abuses, which were gradually establishing themselves in the hearts of mankind. He lived to see his

[1] From the *Scotsman* of October 16, 1830.

error and to lament it; and it is this which has impressed his life with the character of *a great moral drama* for the instruction of princes and ministers, and the consolation of mankind.

The Bourbons were restored, but the example was lost on that stupid, priest-ridden race. Their grand aim was to bring back superstition and arbitrary power; to restore absurdities which were held in contempt, and institutions which the people had outgrown. Their rise and fall were accomplished, like Napoleon's, exactly in a period of fifteen years. They were driven with disgrace from a throne which they might have filled for ages; and the cause of their expulsion is written in characters of flame, which the whole world may read. They fell *because they disregarded the progress of liberal ideas.*

At this moment, William Frederick, an enlightened and estimable man, has lost three-fifths of his dominions, because, though liberal in his intentions, he did not adapt his government to the state of opinion. He relied on institutions which had lost the respect of the people, and on an army which was not, as he imagined, inaccessible to popular sympathy. He, too, has been undone, because he *disregarded the progress of liberal ideas!*

It is incontestable that the thrones of Ferdinand and Miguel are at this moment resting on a volcano. No man who can read the signs of the times entertains a doubt that within a short period, probably a few months, both will be blown in the air, and present in their wrecks another monument of the force of that opinion which these two princes have so long outraged. The seeds of revolution are almost equally abundant in Italy; they are fast ripening into a formidable strength in Germany; and they have taken root even in benighted Russia. We now live, in short, in the midst of an epoch of revolutions, of which the great law is, that *public opinion must be satisfied.* It requires from princes, aristocracies, and privileged bodies, the surrender of *irresponsible power*, in all its forms, under the penalty of losing it by force if it is not conceded with good will. The moral agent which overthrew Napoleon is making the tour of Europe, and levelling the thrones of those who have been deaf to the warnings which his fate held out.

Your grace now stands on the pinnacle of earthly greatness. In warlike renown you are without a rival among living men; and the world gives you credit for a clear and vigorous understanding, which may greatly benefit your country in its civil concerns. Permit me to hope that you have studied Napoleon's eventful history, and applied the moral which it affords; and that as a minister you are capable of rising above those purblind slaves of routine who are leading the Continental sovereigns to destruction. England needs a man at this moment at the head of her councils who can look beneath the surface, and see future events in their causes. An ordinary minister, wedded to old systems and opinions, would bring ruin upon us. Two courses are open to you. You may choose the beaten track, and by binding yourself to bad institutions and old corruptions, earn the hatred of your country, like Lord Castlereagh, tarnish the renown you have gained, and end, like Napoleon, by falling a sacrifice to the tide of liberal opinion which you have striven to arrest. But a better and more magnanimous course is open to you. Taking warning from the fate of Napoleon, and instructed by the great events now passing on the Continent, in which a wise British minister would see 'the hand-writing on the wall,' you may become the guide and leader of that spirit of political reform, whose march, certain and irresistible, will sooner or later overwhelm and crush all those who oppose it. Like Napoleon, you have gained your greatness by military achievements; like him, you may lose it by disregarding those moral elements of power which sapped the foundations of his empire; and remember that, if you do, your folly and guilt will be much greater than his, because, in the present state of the world, facts and events ought to speak a much more intelligible language to you than they did to him.

It is very well for fools and sycophants, and traders in falsehood, to congratulate Britain on her exemption from those causes of trouble and confusion which are convulsing all the Continental states. I say that Britain has her share of the grievances and abuses which generate discontent, and that without removing these she cannot escape the evils which have overtaken her neighbours. It is my solemn belief that convulsion impends over this country, if reasonable concessions are not made to popular feeling. For my own part, knowing as I do that the interests of mankind are best promoted by gradual ameliorations, I deprecate convulsions; but I cannot shut my eyes to obvious facts. I do not say that they will come very soon, and, thanks to the schoolmaster, they may not be so calamitous as some which have been witnessed in other countries; but that they will arrive, unless averted by the prudence of the Government, seems to me as certain as that the sun rises and sets; and in the present state of Europe and of this country, I cannot but consider their advent as hastened by every vote against a moderate and reasonable reform.

I ask your grace to reflect on the usual causes of public convulsions. You will find they resolve themselves into two,—a government out of harmony with public opinion, either in its structure or its acts; and the pressure of actual suffering rendering multitudes desperate.

I have too high an opinion of your grace's understanding to enter into any argument to show whether the crowd of English rotten burghs, the miserable hovels which return members while great towns are unrepresented, the paper voters in Scotland, the distinction between copyholders and freeholders in England, and between freemen and unfreemen in burghs, —all those contrivances by which the representation has been rendered a profitable monopoly in the hands of a few,—are or are not in harmony with enlightened opinions. All the first names in the political annals of England are ranged against these abuses,—Saville, Chatham, Fox, Pitt, Burke, Grattan, have condemned them,—every liberal mind, not fettered by interest or cowardice, abhors them as 'the perennial spring,' to use Burke's words, 'of all prodigality, of all disorder, and which loads us with more than millions of debt.' This feeling never can be eradicated from the minds of thinking men. It must grow as knowledge advances and principle is better understood; and the discontent which it generates must gather strength with it. Your grace must well remember the troubles of 1796, of 1800, of 1811, of 1817, of 1819, and of 1822. Rest assured that the conviction, the political truth, which produced these troubles, still lurks in the minds of the great mass of the population, and may easily be awakened into life and vigour by events or external excitement. Is it wise to keep this mass of discontent continually festering within the vitals of the State, even though nothing were likely to occur to render it dangerously active? But your grace sees that external excitement is certain to arrive at one season or another, and you are aware that the stimulus of distress can never be expected to be long absent.

The great impediment to reform here has been the timidity and selfishness of the middle classes; and the first French Revolution was the bugbear by which they were induced to stifle their convictions, and lend their strength to prop a system they inwardly condemned. Thanks to the noble-minded people of Paris, this delusion is now at an end. An uncontrolled populace, inflamed by three days' fighting, has exhibited a degree of moderation and forbearance which ought to redden with shame the faces of the Manchester Yeomanry, and of the men who, acting with all the regular machinery of Government behind them, sanctioned so many acts of cruelty in Ireland in 1798. No rational person will now believe that revolution among an educated and intelligent people is synonymous with massacre and pillage, or that society is to be tumbled from its base by an extension of suffrage, when even the lowest classes give such proofs of a capacity to act a dignified, rational, and virtuous part. The words Jacobinism, Democracy, Revolution, have lost their terrors, and must soon cease to mislead men of sense.

But the events of the 'Great Week' in Paris, and the more recent events in Belgium, have not only disarmed revolution of its terrors,—they have taught the people the secret of their strength. They have shown with what marvellous ease a government may be overturned when it is undermined in men's opinions and affections; and how little reliance can be placed upon the soldiery when the people from whom it is raised are cordially united among themselves. They have made it manifest that a united people may find a fortress in every open town, and are more powerful than numerous armies. We are not stating this to encourage a revolutionary feeling here; we are merely giving utterance to thoughts which must be passing in the minds of thousands, and which it behoves every wise government to be acquainted with.

There is yet another lesson which the events in France teach—that it requires no extraordinary wisdom, prudence, or skill, to render a revolution as advantageous in its consequences as in some circumstances it is easy in its accomplishment. By the expulsion of the Bourbons, France has entered into the possession of unnumbered benefits. In the mere fact of having arms put into the hands of the whole people, the best of all guarantees is given for the pure and faithful administration of the government. France will now have a legislature dependent on the people, but independent of all other parties, and this single condition comprises almost every excellence. Her legislature must, from its constitution and position, enforce economy, not in words, but in deeds, and cut down monopolies and abuses, whether of yesterday or as ancient as the Crusades; it will further the development of public opinion, instead of making laws to coerce the people into silence; and it will labour to bring up all institutions to the level of the age, instead of protecting old absurdities through a blind dread of innovation. France will now have the inestimable blessing of a national system of education, open to all sects, because not prostituted to the purposes of any one. She will have a pure and liberal system of municipal and communal government, very different from rotten town councils and close corporations. This system, backed by the confidence, wealth, and energy of the whole population, will create and nourish that vivifying spirit of improvement which has worked such wonders in the United States. I admit that much of this good is only in prospect; but no rational doubt can be entertained that it will be realized, if external wars do not occur to prevent it.

France must, from the nature of things, now enjoy a popular government — a government

which must be the 'express image of the feelings of the people,' and the organ of their wants and interests. What this is, and what its consequences are, is no longer a matter of speculation. We see it in North America. It is a government without one sinecure, without one rotten burgh, without one job, without those remnants of feudal tyranny and manufactories of crime known by the name of game laws; it is a government under which corn is cheap, wages high, and taxes light; a government which does not draw money from the pockets of the industrious to feed and fatten the idle; under which education is patronized by the State, and knowledge is untaxed, where a newspaper costs three-halfpence, and law is within reach of the poor as well as the rich.

Unless the Englishman's nature is entirely changed, it is morally impossible that the spectacle now exhibited in France should not awaken a spirit of reform in this country. It must make us feel our grievances doubly grievous, and create an impatience under those political evils which no man has the front to defend. An Englishman will never admit that he is unfit to enjoy rights which work well in the hands of a Frenchman. He will not live quietly under abuses which the less enlightened people of the Continent are spurning from them. Pride will come to the succour of conviction; the example of his neighbours will shame him out of his apathy. Reason, argument, remonstrance, are the only weapons he ought to use, and the only ones we shall ever recommend to him; but when an Englishman has been long unjustly dealt with, and his indignation is roused, who will answer for his prudence?

Thank Heaven, we need no revolution—no change effected by violence—in this country. The moment the middle and the lower classes unite their voices in favour of reform, it will be carried. That they will do this by and by is almost certain; but the greatest source of danger is, that the latter may move without the former, or may call for changes which the former would not concur in. Though friendly to a very extensive reform, I would strongly recommend moderation in the first demands; because this is the only means of bringing about that union of all parties without which success must be very problematical. We should remember, too, that moderate reform, as it alarms nobody, and respects all existing interests, has a principle of growth and durability within it.

But what I am most anxious for is, that your grace should take the lead in this good work. Early reforms, it has been said, are concessions to a friend; late ones are capitulations with a victorious enemy. By putting yourself at the head of what is really the spirit of the age, you are at once serving your country and doing honour to yourself. You are acting the part of an enlightened statesman by averting future convulsions, and earning a title to immortality which will outshine the fame of all your victories. Do but make a beginning—only show the people that there is an honest disposition in the Government to rectify abuses, and they will be satisfied, and leave the task entirely in your grace's hands. Let reform be as small as you please in the first instance, but let it be progressive. This is the only wise course for a British minister at the present day. 'To follow, not to force the public inclination; to give a direction, a form, a technical dress, and a specific sanction *to the general sense of the community*, is the true end of legislation' (Burke's *Letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol*).—I am, your grace's very humble servant, THE EDITOR.

JANE TAYLOR (1783–1824) TO MR. J. C.

Marazion, September 23, 1814.

. . . Now that you are so much a man of business I should really scruple to intrude upon you with four pages of *thoughts* and *reflections*, if I were not persuaded that there are frequent moments when, in all respects essential to true friendship and friendly intercourse, you are what you were in times that are past. And as I feel it to be pleasant and refreshing to sit down and converse with you as we were wont, so I have no doubt you will still peruse the somethings or nothings that may escape from my pen with a kindred feeling. Months have passed since I wrote to you; and in the interval I have travelled a hundred miles farther west, and seen many new places and faces; but this I can say (and I hope you will think it worth sending three hundred miles to tell you), that associating with strangers, so far from alienating my thoughts and affections from those I have long known and valued, attaches me still more to them. I am surrounded with those who know that I am—Miss Taylor; but know not that I am—'Jane;' and it sometimes makes me sigh for a renewal of intercourse with those who, for that simple reason, have yielded me an unmerited share of their regard. The many follies, infirmities, and deficiencies, which are intimately known to them, may, it is true, be partially and for a time concealed from strangers; but yet I would rather be with those who, 'with all my faults, have loved me still.'

It is not from intention, but accident, that I am writing to you on this day of the month. You remember, I daresay, the advanced stage at which I am arrived; at five-and-twenty I regretted the departure of youth, but now I am quite reconciled to being as old as I am. In looking back upon the past, nothing strikes me

so forcibly, for future benefit, as the different sensations occasioned by a review of its *misfortunes* and its *faults*. Upon seasons of care, anxiety, and distress, of which (though they have been comparatively few and light) I can remember some, I can reflect without a feeling of regret or uneasiness,—indeed there is a kind of satisfaction and complacency in looking back upon scenes of suffering; while the mistakes, follies, and sins that have marked my life are sources of present and perpetual uneasiness. Of this, past experience and present feeling tend increasingly to convince me, that, whatever afflictions may be appointed for me in future, if, in the course of the next ten or twenty years (should I see so many), I shall attain more holiness, I shall also enjoy more happiness than in the years that are past. To do quietly the duties of to-day, without ambition and without anxiety, is to ensure comfort,—and comfort is a word that suits better the present state than happiness,—and, in truth, it is all that would be desired by us if our thoughts were familiar with death and eternity, if we habitually remembered that the time is short, that all we are most interested about is passing away, and that the flower we best love fadeth.

[About the middle of 1805, after an academic career of almost unexampled brilliancy and success, Heber left England, accompanied by his early and attached friend, Mr. John Thornton, on a tour through the northern countries of Europe. During his travels, he visited Russia, Norway, Sweden, the Crimea, Hungary, Austria, Prussia, and Germany. Some of the most interesting notes in Dr. Clarke's volumes were contributed by Heber. He possessed, in an eminent degree, many of the qualities of a successful traveller. To the painter's eye he united the poet's heart; and described what he saw and what he felt with delightful ease, vivacity, and elegance. Tender, without the affectation of sentiment, and learned, without the profusion of pedantry, he is one of the most agreeable and instructive of tourists. The reader only regrets that he has not written more.—*Willmott.*]

BISHOP HEBER TO HIS MOTHER.

Moscow, Jan. 4, 1806.

My dear Mother,—Our journey has been prosperous, and, after about ninety hours' continued jolting, we arrived safely at Moscow about eight o'clock last night. Mr. Bayley came with us, and we have found his knowledge of the Russian language and manners of great service to us on the road. Our method of travelling deserves describing, both as being comfortable in itself, and as being entirely different too from anything in England. We performed the journey in *kibitkas*, the carriages usually employed by the Russians in their winter journeys: they are nothing more than a very large cradle, well covered with leather, and placed on a sledge, with a leathern curtain in front; the luggage is packed at the bottom, the portmanteaus serving for an occasional seat, and the whole covered with a mattress, on which one or more persons can lie at full length, or sit, supported by pillows. In this attitude, and well wrapped up in furs, one can scarcely conceive a more luxurious mode of getting over a country, when the roads are good, and the weather not intense; but in twenty-four or twenty-five degrees of frost, Reaumur, no wrapping can keep you quite warm; and in bad roads, of which we have had some little experience, the jolting is only equalled by the motion of a ship in a storm.

In the weather we were very fortunate, having a fine clear frost, about as mild as an English Christmas. Our first forty hours were spent in traversing an unfertile and unlovely country, the most flat and uninteresting I ever saw, with nothing but occasional patches of cultivation, and formal fir woods, without a single feature of art or nature which could attract attention. Once, indeed, from a little elevation, we saw the sun set to great advantage; it was singular to see it slowly sinking beneath the black and perfectly level horizon of the sea of land which surrounded us. The night which followed was distinguished by more jolting than usual; and about sunrise, Thornton drew the curtain, and cried out, 'England!' I started up, and found we were on the summit of a low range of stony hills, with an enclosed and populous country before us, and a large town, Valdai, which, with its neighbourhood, had some little resemblance to Oxford as seen from the Banbury road. This is, in fact, the boundary of Ancient Russia; all beyond are the territories of Novogorod, Istria, and other countries they have conquered. The whole plain from Valdai to Moscow is very level, entirely arable, generally common fields, with some shabby enclosures, thickly set with villages and small coppices, in which the firs begin to be relieved by birch, lime, ash, and elm. Tver and Torshok are large towns, but have nothing in them to detain a traveller. During this journey, I was struck by observing the very little depth of snow on the ground, which was not more, nor so much, as we often see in England, and nowhere prevented my distinguishing the meadows from the stubble-fields. Mr. Bayley said he had often made the

same observation, and that it was not peculiar to the present year. We had our guns with us; and often left the *kibitka* in pursuit of the large black grouse, of which we saw several,—a noble bird, as large as a turkey. They were, however, so wild we could not get a fair shot. We had some hopes of killing a wolf, as one or two passed the road during the first part of our journey; but it was during the night, and before we were fairly roused and could get our guns ready, they were safe in the wood. In severe winters they are sometimes easily shot, as they keep close to the road-side, and, when very much famished, will even attack the horses in a carriage: they are not considered dangerous to men, except in self-defence. Of the people, we, of course, saw but little; though having so good an interpreter with us, we asked many questions, and went into several of the cottages, which we found much cleaner than we expected, but so hot that we could not endure to remain in them long. A Russian cottage is always built of logs, cemented with clay and moss, and is generally larger than an English one; it has two storeys, one of which is half sunk, and serves as a storehouse; two-thirds of the upper storey are taken up with the principal room, where they sit and sleep; and the remainder is divided between a closet, where they cook their victuals, and an immense stove, not unlike an oven, which heats the whole building, and the top of which (for the chimney is only a small flue on the side) serves as a favourite sitting and sleeping-place, though we could scarcely bear to lay our hands on it. In the corner of the great room always stands the bed of the master and mistress of the family, generally very neat, and with curtains, sometimes of English cotton: the other branches of the family sleep on the stove or the floor. In the post-houses, which differ in no respect from this description, we always found good coffee, tea, and cream. Nothing else can be expected, and we carried our other provisions with us.

The country people are all alike dirty, good-humoured fellows, in sheep-skin gowns, with the wool inwards. The drivers crossed themselves devoutly before beginning each stage, and sung the whole way, or else talked to their horses. A Russian seldom beats his horse, but argues with him first, and at last goes no farther than to abuse him, and call him wolf or Jew, which last is the lowest pitch of their contemptuous expressions. Their horses are much larger and better fed than the Swedish, and, when talked to *secundum artem*, trot very fast. Nothing on our journey surprised us so much as the crowds of single-horse sledges, carrying provisions to Petersburg; it would not be exaggerating to say that we passed, in twenty-four hours, about a thousand. Every article of necessary consumption must, indeed, be brought from a distance, as the neighbourhood of Petersburg produces nothing to 'make trade,' very little to 'make eat.' When I have seen the fine fertile country, abounding in everything good and desirable, which Peter deserted for the bogs and inclement latitude of the Neva, I wonder more and more at the boldness and success of his project. It is as if the King of England should move his capital from London to Banff, and make a Windsor of Johnny Groat's House.

We reached this vast overgrown village, for I can compare it to nothing else, in the moonlight, and consequently saw it to great advantage; though as we passed along its broad irregular streets, we could not but observe the strange mixture of cottages, gardens, stables, barracks, churches, and palaces. This morning we have been much delighted with a more accurate survey. Moscow is situated in a fine plain, with the river Moskva winding through it; the town is a vast oval, covering about as much ground as London and Westminster. The original city is much smaller; it forms one quarter of the town, under the name of Kataigorod, the city of Kathay; it has preserved the name from the time of the conquest of Russia by the Tartars, when they seized on the city, and made the Russians quit their houses, and build without its walls, what is now called Biel-gorod, or White Town. Katai-gorod is still surrounded by its old Tartar wall, with high brick towers, of a most singular construction; the gates are ornamented in the old oriental style, and several of the older churches have been originally mosques. But it is in the Kremlin, or palace quarter, that the principal vestiges of the Khans are displayed; their palace still exists entire, and is a most curious and interesting piece of antiquity. As I walked up its high staircase, and looked round on the terraces and towers, and the crescents which yet remain in their gilded spires, I could have fancied myself the hero of an eastern tale, and expected, with some impatience, to see the talking-bird, the singing-water, or the black slave with his golden club. In this building, which is now called the treasury, are preserved the crowns of Kasan, Astracan, and Siberia, and of some other petty Asiatic kingdoms. The present imperial apartments are small and mean, and are separated from the Tartar palace by a little court. The first entrance to the Kremlin, after passing the great Saracenic gate, is excessively striking, and the view of the town and river would form a noble panorama. I was, indeed, so well satisfied with what I saw from the court-yard, which is very elevated, that I was not a little unwilling to do what is expected from all strangers,—to clamber up the tower of St. Michael, to see a fine prospect turned into a map. The tower stands in the middle of the court; half-way up is the gallery

whence the ancient monarchs of Russia, down to the time of Peter the Great, used to harangue the assemblies of the people. Before it is a deep pit, containing the remains of the famous bell cast by the Empress Anne, and about three times the size of the great bell at Christ Church. It was originally suspended on a frame of wood, which was accidentally burnt down, and the weight of the bell forced it, like the helmet of Otranto, through the pavement, into a cellar. On each side of the Michael tower is a Christianized mosque, of most strange and barbarous architecture, in one of which the sovereigns of Russia are crowned, and in the other they are buried. The rest of the Kremlin is taken up by public offices, barracks, the archiepiscopal palace, and two or three convents. An immense ditch, with a Tartar wall, surrounds it; and it is approached by two gates, the principal of which a Russian never passes with his hat on. . . . The houses, with the exception of some vast palaces belonging to the nobility, are meanness itself. The shops are truly Asiatic, dark, small, and huddled together in long vaulted bazaars, and the streets ill-paved and lighted.

January 10.—Of the society, we have seen too little to form any judgment. We have called on the governor, and some other persons to whom we had letters of introduction, and have been civilly received. We have also been at two private concerts, at one of which we met Madame Mara, who is now here with Signor Florio, and who sung but very carelessly. Concerts are fashionable at Moscow; and cards, as may be expected in a society which, though they will not allow it, is certainly at present provincial, are much more common than at Petersburg. The society consists, in a great measure, we are told, of families of the old nobility, and superannuated courtiers, who live in prodigious state, and, from what we have seen, great and almost cumbersome hospitality. Some of their daughters seem tolerably accomplished, and very good-natured, unaffected girls; we have seen nothing remarkably beautiful, though the bloom and fresh complexions of Moscow are often envied by the Petersburg belles. We promise ourselves a great deal of amusement and instruction from the number of old officers and ministers who have figured in the revolution and the busy scenes of Catherine's time. This being Christmas Day, according to the Russian calendar, we are going to the grand gala dinner of the governor's. It is necessary for us to go in full uniform, which, indeed, we must frequently do, as 'the old courtiers of the queen, and the queen's old courtiers,' are much more attentive to such distinctions than the circle we have left in Petersburg. The English nation is said to be in high favour here, and we were much gratified by the cordial manner in which many persons expressed themselves towards us. We have been rather fortunate in seeing a splendid Greek funeral, attended by a tribe of priests, deacons, and archimandrites, under the command of one archbishop and two subalterns. The archbishop was a Circassian, and one of the bishops a Georgian. The 'Divine Plato' is not now in Moscow. I am eagerly expecting news from you, which, with some regard to the news from Germany, must decide our future tour.—Believe me, dear mother, yours affectionately,

REGINALD HEBER.

['These letters are among the best in our language. They are less affected than those of Pope and Walpole; they have more matter in them than those of Cowper. Knowing that many of them were not written merely for the gentlemen to whom they were directed, but were general epistles meant to be read by a large circle, we expected to find them clever and spirited, but deficient in ease. We have been agreeably disappointed; and we must confess, that if the epistolary style of Lord Byron was artificial, it was a rare and admirable instance of that highest art, which cannot be distinguished from nature.'—*Edinburgh Rev.* 1831 (MACAULAY). 'Byron's movements and occupations for the remainder of this year will be best collected from a series of his own letters, which I am enabled, by the kindness of the lady to whom they were addressed, to give. Though these letters are boyishly written, and a good deal of their pleasantry is of that conventional kind which depends more upon phrase than thought, they will yet, I think, be found curious and interesting, not only as enabling us to track him through this period of his life, but as throwing light upon various little traits of character, and laying open to us the first working of his hopes and fears while waiting, in suspense, the opinions that were to decide, as he thought, his future fame. The first of the series, which was without date, appears to have been written before he had left Southwell.'—MOORE'S *Life of Byron*, from which the other connecting notes are also drawn.]

FROM LORD BYRON TO MISS PIGOT.

June 11, 1807.

DEAR QUEEN BESS,—*Savage* ought to be

immortal:—though not a *thoroughbred bull-dog*, he is the finest puppy I ever *saw*, and will answer much better; in his great and manifold kindness he has already bitten my fingers, and disturbed the *gravity* of old Boatswain, who is *grievously discomposed*. I wish to be informed what he *costs*, his *expenses*, etc. etc., that I may indemnify Mr. G——. My thanks are *all* I can give for the trouble he has taken, make a *long speech*, and conclude it with 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7. I am out of practice, so *deputize* you as a legate, —*ambassador* would not do in a matter concerning the *Pope*, which I presume this must, as the *whole* turns upon a *Bull*.—Yours.

P.S.—I write in bed.

TO THE SAME.

Cambridge, June 30, 1807.

'BETTER late than never, Pal,' is a saying of which you know the origin, and as it is applicable on the present occasion, you will excuse its conspicuous place in the front of my epistle. I am almost superannuated here. My old friends (with the exception of a very few) all departed, and I am preparing to follow them, but remain till Monday to be present at three *Oratorios*, two *Concerts*, a *Fair*, and a Ball. I find I am not only *thinner* but *taller* by an inch since my last visit. I was obliged to tell everybody my *name*, nobody having the least recollection of my *visage* or person. Even the hero of *my Cornelian* (who is now sitting *vis-à-vis*, reading a volume of my *Poetics*) passed me in Trinity walks without recognising me in the least, and was thunderstruck at the alteration which had taken place in my countenance, etc. etc. Some say I look *better*, others *worse*, but all agree I am *thinner*,—more I do not require. I have lost two pounds in my weight since I left your *cursed*, *detestable*, and *abhorred* abode of *scandal*, where, excepting yourself and John Becher, I care not if the whole race were consigned to the *Pit* of *Acheron*, which I would visit in person rather than contaminate my *sandals* with the polluted dust of Southwell. *Seriously*, unless obliged by the *emptiness* of my purse to revisit Mrs. B., you will see me no more.

On Monday I depart for London. I quit Cambridge with little regret, because our *set* are *vanished*, and my *musical protégé* before mentioned has left the choir, and is stationed in a mercantile house of considerable eminence in the metropolis. You may have heard me observe he is exactly to an hour two years younger than myself. I found him grown considerably, and as you will suppose, very glad to see his former *Patron*. He is nearly my height, very *thin*, very fair complexion, dark eyes, and light locks. My opinion of his mind you already know;—I hope I shall never have occasion to change it. Everybody here conceives me to be an *invalid*. The University at present is very gay from the *fêtes* of divers kinds. I supped out last night, but eat (or ate) nothing, sipped a bottle of claret, went to bed at two, and rose at eight. I have commenced early rising, and find it agrees with me. The Masters and the Fellows all very *polite*, but look a little *askance* —don't much admire *lampoons*—truth always disagreeable.

Write, and tell me how the inhabitants of your *Menagerie* go *on*, and if my publication goes *off* well: do the quadrupeds *growl? A propos*, my bull-dog is deceased—'Flesh both of cur and man is grass.' Address your answer to Cambridge. If I am gone, it will be forwarded. Sad news just arrived—Russians beat —a bad set, eat nothing but *oil*, consequently must melt before a *hard fire*. I get awkward in my academic habiliments for want of practice. Got up in a window to hear the oratorio at St. Mary's, popped down in the middle of the *Messiah*, tore a *woful* rent in the back of my best black silk gown, and damaged an egregious pair of breeches. MEM.—Never tumbled from a church window during service. Adieu, dear ——! do not remember me to anybody:—to *forget* and be forgotten by the people of Southwell is all I aspire to.

[In a letter to his mother, he explains his plans both with respect to Newstead and his projected travels.]

TO MRS. BYRON.

Newstead Abbey, November 2, 1808.

DEAR MOTHER,—If you please, we will forget the things you mention. I have no desire to remember them. When my rooms are finished, I shall be happy to see you; as I tell but the truth, you will not suspect me of evasion. I am furnishing the house more for you than myself, and I shall establish you in it before I sail for India, which I expect to do in March, if nothing particularly obstructive occurs. I am now fitting up the *green* drawing-room; the red for a bed-room, and the rooms over as sleeping-rooms. They will be soon completed;—at least I hope so.

I wish you would inquire of Major Watson (who is an old Indian) what things would be necessary to provide for my voyage. I have already procured a friend to write to the Arabic Professor at Cambridge for some information I am anxious to procure. I can easily get letters from Government to the ambassadors, consuls, etc., and also to the governors at Calcutta and Madras. I shall place my property and my will in the hands of trustees till my return, and I mean to appoint you one. From H—— [Hanson] I have heard nothing; when I do, you shall have the particulars.

After all, you must own my project is not a bad one. If I do not travel now, I never shall, and all men should one day or other. I have at present no connections to keep me at home; no wife, or unprovided sisters, brothers, etc. I shall take care of you, and when I return I may possibly become a politician. A few years' knowledge of other countries than our own will not incapacitate me for that part. If we see no nation but our own, we do not give mankind a fair chance; it is from *experience*, not books, we ought to judge of them. There is nothing like inspection, and trusting to our own senses.—Yours, etc.

[Among the passing events from which he now caught illustrations for his poem [1] was the melancholy death of Lord Falkland, a gallant but dissipated naval officer, with whom the habits of his town life had brought him acquainted, and who, about the beginning of March, was killed in a duel by Mr. Powell. That this event affected Lord Byron very deeply, the few touching sentences devoted to it in his Satire prove. 'On Sunday night (he says) I beheld Lord Falkland presiding at his own table in all the honest pride of hospitality; on Wednesday morning at three o'clock I saw stretched before me all that remained of courage, feeling, and a host of passions.' But it was not by words only that he gave proof of sympathy on this occasion. The family of the unfortunate nobleman were left behind in circumstances which needed something more than the mere expression of compassion to alleviate them; and Lord Byron, notwithstanding the pressure of his own difficulties at the time, found means, seasonably and delicately, to assist the widow and children of his friend. In the following letter to Mrs. Byron, he mentions this among other matters of interest, and in a tone of unostentatious sensibility highly honourable to him.]

TO MRS. BYRON.

8 *St. James' Street, March* 6, 1809.

DEAR MOTHER,—My last letter was written under great depression of spirits from poor Falkland's death, who has left without a shilling four children and his wife. I have been endeavouring to assist them, which, God knows, I cannot do as I could wish, from my own embarrassments and the many claims upon me from other quarters.

What you say is all very true; come what may, *Newstead* and I *stand* or fall together. I have now lived on the spot, I have fixed my heart upon it, and no pressure, present or future, shall induce me to barter the last vestige of our inheritance. I have that pride within me which will enable me to support difficulties. I can endure privations; but could I obtain in exchange for Newstead Abbey the first fortune in the country, I would reject the proposition. Set your mind at ease on that score; Mr. H.—— [Hanson] talks like a man of business on the subject,—I feel like a man of honour, and I will not sell Newstead.

I shall get my seat on the return of the affidavits from Carhais, in Cornwall, and will do something in the House soon. I mush dash, or it is all over. My Satire must be kept secret for a *month;* after that you may say what you please on the subject. Lord Carlisle has used me infamously, and refused to state any particulars of my family to the Chancellor. I have *lashed* him in my rhymes, and perhaps his lordship may regret not being more conciliatory. They tell me it will have a sale; I hope so, for the bookseller has behaved well, as far as publishing well goes.—Believe me, etc.

P.S.—You shall have a mortgage on one of the farms.

[On the 2d of July the packet sailed from Falmouth, and after a favourable passage of four days and a half, the voyagers reached Lisbon, and took up their abode in that city. The following letters from Lord Byron to his friend Mr. Hodgson, though written in his most light and schoolboy strain, will give some idea of the first impressions that his residence in Lisbon made upon him. Such letters, too, contrasted with the noble stanzas on Portugal in *Childe Harold*, will show how various were the moods of his versatile mind, and what different aspects it could take when in repose or on the wing.]

TO MR. HODGSON.

Lisbon, July 16, 1809.

THUS far have we pursued our route, and seen all sorts of marvellous sights, palaces, convents, etc.;—which, being to be heard in my friend Hobhouse's forthcoming *Book of Travels*, I shall not anticipate by smuggling any account whatsoever to you in a private and clandestine manner. I must just observe, that the village

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[1] *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.*

of Cintra in Estremadura is the most beautiful, perhaps, in the world.

I am very happy here, because I loves oranges, and talk bad Latin to the monks, who understand it, as it is like their own,—and I goes into society (with my pocket-pistols), and I swims in the Tagus all across at once, and I rides on an ass or a mule, and swears Portuguese, and have got a diarrhœa and bites from the mosquitoes. But what of that? Comfort must not be expected by folks that go a-pleasuring.

When the Portuguese are pertinacious, I say, 'Carracho!'—the great oath of the grandees, that very well supplies the place of 'Damme,'—and, when dissatisfied with my neighbour, I pronounce him 'Ambra di merdo.' With these two phrases, and a third, 'Avra bouro,' which signifieth, 'Get an ass,' I am universally understood to be a person of degree and a master of languages. How merrily we lives that travellers be!—if we had food and raiment. But, in sober sadness, anything is better than England, and I am infinitely amused with my pilgrimage as far as it has gone.

To-morrow we start to ride post near 400 miles as far as Gibraltar, where we embark for Melita and Byzantium. A letter to Malta will find me, or to be forwarded, if I am absent. Pray embrace the Drury and Dwyer, and all the Ephesians you encounter. I am writing with Butler's donative pencil, which makes my bad hand worse. Excuse illegibility.

Hodgson! send me the news, and the deaths and defeats and capital crimes and the misfortunes of one's friends; and let us hear of literary matters, and the controversies and the criticisms. All this will be pleasant—'Suave mari magno,' etc. Talking of that, I have been sea-sick, and sick of the sea. Adieu. —Yours faithfully, etc.

TO THE SAME.

Gibraltar, August 6, 1809.

I HAVE just arrived at this place after a journey through Portugal, and a part of Spain, of nearly 500 miles. We left Lisbon and travelled on horseback to Seville and Cadiz, and thence in the *Hyperion* frigate to Gibraltar. The horses are excellent—we rode seventy miles a day. Eggs and wine, and hard beds, are all the accommodation we found, and, in such torrid weather, quite enough. My health is better than in England.

Seville is a fine town, and the Sierra Morena, part of which we crossed, a very sufficient mountain; but d—— description, it is always disgusting. Cadiz, sweet Cadiz!—it is the first spot in the creation. The beauty of its streets and mansions is only excelled by the loveliness of its inhabitants. For, with all national prejudice, I must confess the women of Cadiz are as far superior to the English women in beauty as the Spaniards are inferior to the English in every quality that dignifies the name of man. Just as I began to know the principal persons of the city, I was obliged to sail.

You will not expect a long letter, after my riding so far 'on hollow pampered jades of Asia.' Talking of Asia puts me in mind of Africa, which is within five miles of my present residence. I am going over before I go on to Constantinople.

Cadiz is a complete Cythera. Many of the grandees who have left Madrid during the troubles reside there, and I do believe it is the prettiest and cleanest town in Europe. London is filthy in the comparison. The Spanish women are all alike, their education the same. The wife of a duke is, in information, as the wife of a peasant,—the wife of peasant, in manner, equal to a duchess. Certainly they are fascinating; but their minds have only one idea, and the business of their lives is intrigue.

I have seen Sir John Carr at Seville and Cadiz, and, like Swift's barber, have been down on my knees to beg he would not put me into black and white. Pray remember me to the Drurys and the Davies, and all of that stamp who are yet extant. Send me a letter and news to Malta. My next epistle shall be from Mount Caucasus or Mount Sion. I shall return to Spain before I see England, for I am enamoured of the country. Adieu, and believe me, etc.

[The route which Lord Byron now took through Albania, as well as those subsequent journeys through other parts of Turkey, which he performed in company with his friend Mr. Hobhouse, may be traced, by such as are desirous of details on the subject, in the account which the latter gentleman has given of his travels; an account which, interesting from its own excellence in every merit that should adorn such a work, becomes still more so from the feeling that Lord Byron is, as it were, present through its pages, and that we there follow his first youthful footsteps into the land with whose name he has intertwined his own for ever. As I am enabled, however, by the letters of the noble poet to his mother, as well as by others, still more curious, which are now for the first time published, to give his own rapid and lively sketches of his wanderings, I shall content myself, after this general reference to the volume of Mr. Hobhouse, with such occasional extracts from its pages as may throw light upon the letters of his friend.]

TO MRS. BYRON.

Prevesa, November 12, 1809.

My dear Mother,—I have now been some time in Turkey. This place is on the coast, but I have traversed the interior of the province of Albania on a visit to the Pacha. I left Malta in the *Spider*, a brig of war, on the 21st of September, and arrived in eight days at Prevesa. I thence have been about 150 miles, as far as Tepaleen his Highness' country palace, where I stayed three days. The name of the Pacha is *Ali*, and he is considered a man of the first abilities. He governs the whole of Albania (the ancient Illyricum), Epirus, and part of Macedonia. His son, Vely Pacha, to whom he has given me letters, governs the Morea, and has great influence in Egypt; in short, he is one of the most powerful men in the Ottoman empire. When I reached Yanina, the capital, after a journey of three days over the mountains, through a country of the most picturesque beauty, I found that Ali Pacha was with his army in Illyricum, besieging Ibrahim Pacha in the castle of Berat. He had heard that an Englishman of rank was in his dominions, and had left orders in Yanina with the commandant to provide a house, and supply me with every kind of necessary *gratis;* and, though I have been allowed to make presents to the slaves, etc., I have not been permitted to pay for a single article of household consumption.

I rode out on the vizier's horses, and saw the palaces of himself and grandsons; they are splendid, but too much ornamented with silk and gold. I then went over the mountains through Zitza, a village with a Greek monastery (where I slept on my return), in the most beautiful situation (always excepting Cintra, in Portugal) I ever beheld. In nine days I reached Tepaleen. Our journey was much prolonged by the torrents that had fallen from the mountains, and intersected the roads. I shall never forget the singular scene on entering Tepaleen at five in the afternoon, as the sun was going down. It brought to my mind (with some change of *dress*, however) Scott's description of Branksome Castle in his *Lay*, and the feudal system. The Albanians in their dresses (the most magnificent in the world, consisting of a *long white kilt*, gold-worked cloak, crimson velvet gold-laced jacket and waistcoat, silver-mounted pistols and daggers), the Tartars with their high caps, the Turks in their vast pelisses and turbans, the soldiers and black slaves with the horses, the former in groups in an immense large open gallery in front of the palace, the latter placed in a kind of cloister below it, two hundred steeds ready caparisoned to move in a moment, couriers entering or passing out with the despatches, the kettle-drums beating, boys calling the hour from the minaret of the mosque, altogether, with the singular appearance of the building itself, formed a new and delightful spectacle to a stranger. I was conducted to a very handsome apartment, and my health inquired after by the vizier's secretary, 'à-la-mode Turque!'

The next day I was introduced to Ali Pacha. I was dressed in a full suit of staff uniform, with a very magnificent sabre, etc. The vizier received me in a large room paved with marble; a fountain was playing in the centre; the apartment was surrounded by scarlet ottomans. He received me standing, a wonderful compliment from a Mussulman, and made me sit down on his right hand. I have a Greek interpreter for general use, but a physician of Ali's named Femlario, who understands Latin, acted for me on this occasion. His first question was, why, at so early an age, I left my country? (The Turks have no idea of travelling for amusement.) He then said the English minister, Captain Leake, had told him I was of a great family, and desired his respects to my mother; which I now, in the name of Ali Pacha, present to you. He said he was certain I was a man of birth, because I had small ears, curling hair, and little white hands, and expressed himself pleased with my appearance and garb. He told me to consider him as a father whilst I was in Turkey, and said he looked on me as his son. Indeed, he treated me like a child, sending me almonds and sugared sherbet, fruit and sweetmeats, twenty times a day. He begged me to visit him often, and at night, when he was at leisure. I then, after coffee and pipes, retired for the first time. I saw him thrice afterwards. It is singular that the Turks, who have no hereditary dignities, and few great families, except the sultans, pay so much respect to birth; for I found my pedigree more regarded than my title.

To-day I saw the remains of the town of Actium, near which Antony lost the world, in a small bay, where two frigates could hardly manœuvre: a broken wall is the sole remnant. On another part of the gulf stands the ruins of Nicopolis, built by Augustus in honour of his victory. Last night I was at a Greek marriage; but this and a thousand things more I have neither time nor space to describe.

I am going to-morrow, with a guard of fifty men, to Patras in the Morea, and thence to Athens, where I shall winter. Two days ago I was nearly lost in a Turkish ship of war, owing to the ignorance of the captain and crew, though the storm was not violent. Fletcher yelled after his wife, the Greeks called on all the saints, the Mussulmans on Alla; the captain burst into tears, and ran below deck, telling us to call on God; the sails were split, the main-yard shivered, the wind blowing fresh, the night setting in, and all our chance was to make Corfu, which is in possession of the French, or (as Fletcher pathetically termed it)

'a watery grave.' I did what I could to console Fletcher, but finding him incorrigible, wrapped myself up in my Albanian capote (an immense cloak), and lay down on deck to wait the worst. I have learnt to philosophize in my travels; and if I had not, complaint was useless. Luckily the wind abated, and only drove us on the coast of Suli, on the mainland, where we landed, and proceeded, by the help of the natives, to Prevesa again; but I shall not trust Turkish sailors in future, though the Pacha had ordered one of his own galliots to take me to Patras. I am therefore going as far as Missolonghi by land, and there have only to cross a small gulf to get to Patras.

Fletcher's next epistle will be full of marvels. We were one night lost for nine hours in the mountains in a thunder-storm, and since nearly wrecked. In both cases Fletcher was sorely bewildered, from apprehensions of famine and banditti in the first, and drowning in the second instance. His eyes were a little hurt by the lightning, or crying (I don't know which), but are now recovered. When you write, address to me at Mr. Strane's, English consul, Patras, Morea.

I could tell you I know not how many incidents that I think would amuse you, but they crowd on my mind as much as they would swell my paper, and I can neither arrange them in the one, nor put them down on the other, except in the greatest confusion. I like the Albanians much; they are not all Turks; some tribes are Christians. But their religion makes little difference in their manner or conduct. They are esteemed the best troops in the Turkish service. I lived on my route, two days at once, and three days again, in a barrack at Salora, and never found soldiers so tolerable, though I have been in the garrisons of Gibraltar and Malta, and seen Spanish, French, Sicilian, and British troops in abundance. I have had nothing stolen, and was always welcome to their provision and milk. Not a week ago an Albanian chief (every village has its chief, who is called Primate), after helping us out of the Turkish galley in her distress, feeding us, and lodging my suite, consisting of Fletcher, a Greek, two Athenians, a Greek priest, and my companion, Mr. Hobhouse, refused any compensation but a written paper stating that I was well received; and when I pressed him to accept a few sequins, 'No,' he replied, 'I wish you to love me, not to pay me.' These are his words.

It is astonishing how far money goes in this country. While I was in the capital I had nothing to pay by the vizier's order; but since, though I have generally had sixteen horses, and generally six or seven men, the expense has not been *half* as much as staying only three weeks in Malta, though Sir A. Ball, the governor, gave me a house for nothing, and I had only *one servant*. By the bye, I expect Hanson to remit regularly; for I am not about to stay in this province for ever. Let him write to me at Mr. Strane's, English consul, Patras. The fact is, the fertility of the plains is wonderful, and specie is scarce, which makes this remarkable cheapness. I am going to Athens, to study modern Greek, which differs much from the ancient, though radically similar. I have no desire to return to England, nor shall I, unless compelled by absolute want, and Hanson's neglect; but I shall not enter into Asia for a year or two, as I have much to see in Greece, and I may perhaps cross into Africa, at least the Egyptian part. Fletcher, like all Englishmen, is very much dissatisfied, though a little reconciled to the Turks by a present of eighty piastres from the vizier, which, if you consider everything, and the value of specie here, is nearly worth ten guineas English. He has suffered nothing but from cold, heat, and vermin, which those who lie in cottages and cross mountains in a cold country must undergo, and of which I have equally partaken with himself; but he is not valiant, and is afraid of robbers and tempests. I have no one to be remembered to in England, and wish to hear nothing from it, but that you are well, and a letter or two on business from Hanson, whom you may tell to write. I will write when I can, and beg you to believe me, your affectionate son,

BYRON.

[As long as Shelley lived, the regard which Lord Byron entertained for him extended its influence also over his relations with his friend; the suavity and good breeding of Shelley interposing a sort of softening medium in the way of those unpleasant collisions which afterwards took place, and which, from what is known of both parties, may be easily conceived to have been alike trying to the patience of the patron and the vanity of the dependent. That even, however, during the lifetime of their common friend, there had occurred some of those humiliating misunderstandings which money engenders, — humiliating on both sides, as if from the very nature of the dross that gives rise to them,—will appear from the following letter of Shelley's which I find among the papers in my hands.]

SHELLEY TO LORD BYRON.

February 15, 1823.

MY DEAR LORD BYRON,—I enclose you a letter from Hunt, which annoys me on more than one account. You will observe the post-

script, and you know me well enough to feel how painful a task is set me in commenting upon it. Hunt had urged me more than once to ask you to lend him this money. My answer consisted in sending him all I could spare, which I have now literally done. Your kindness in fitting up a part of your own house for his accommodation I sensibly felt, and willingly accepted from you on his part; but, believe me, without the slightest intention of imposing, or, if I could help it, allowing to be imposed, any heavier task on your purse. As it has come to this in spite of my exertions, I will not conceal from you the low ebb of my own money affairs in the present moment,—that is, my absolute incapacity of assisting Hunt farther.

I do not think poor Hunt's promise to pay in a given time is worth very much; but mine is less subject to uncertainty, and I should be happy to be responsible for any engagement he may have proposed to you. I am so much annoyed by this subject that I hardly know what to write, and much less what to say; and I have need of all your indulgence in judging both my feelings and expressions.

I shall see you by and by.—Believe me, yours most faithfully and sincerely,

P. B. SHELLEY.

[John Gibson Lockhart, the son-in-law and biographer of Sir Walter Scott, at the beginning of an illustrious career of authorship made an experiment with the anonymous issue of *Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk* (3 vols. 1819), under the assumed name of Peter Morris, M.D., of Pensharpe Hall, Aberystwith. It has been alleged that as a ruse, no first edition was ever issued, but that the first edition of the book was marked second edition. However this may be, the one quoted from is the third, published by Blackwood in 1819. In a passing allusion to this youthful book in his biography of Scott, Lockhart admits that it is not wholly by one hand; his coadjutor in all probability was his friend Professor Wilson. Scott, in complimenting Lockhart on his work, only regretted that such a work had not been written which should have comprehended twenty-five or fifty years previous to 1819. This clever work has undeservedly fallen aside; it contains many spirited and original portraits of men of that time who moved about in Edinburgh society, names which still by association lend a lustre to Modern Athens.]

TO THE REV. DAVID WILLIAMS.

I THINK you will allow me no inconsiderable share of credit for the cordial manner in which I have lauded the excellences of the Scottish barristers, when I tell you that those whom I have particularly described to you are each and all of them Whigs—most of them fervent, nay, bigoted Whigs, or, as Dr. Parr would say, χυιγωτατοι. Nor will it diminish the merits of my liberality when I inform you that the friend under whose auspices my inspection of Edinburgh has been chiefly conducted, so far from regarding these eminent men with the same impartial eye of which I have made use, has wellnigh persuaded himself into a thorough conviction that their talents and attainments are most extravagantly overrated in common opinion; and has, moreover, omitted no opportunity of detracting from them in private when he may have heard me expatiate upon their praises. There are only two exceptions to this—Mr. Cranstoun and Mr. Jeffrey. The former he cannot help admiring and loving for the beautifully classical style of his eloquence, and, indeed, of all his attainments; but I think it forms no small ingredient both in his love and admiration that Mr. Cranstoun happens to be sprung from one of the greatest of the old Border families, and so, it may be supposed, to have been nourished in infancy with the same milk of romantic and chivalrous tradition, of which he himself imbibed so largely then, and with the influences of which even now his whole character and conversation are saturated and overflowing; for I have already said enough to satisfy you that few men can quote the words of the poet with more propriety than Mr. Wastle:—

> 'The boy is father of the man,
> And I could wish my days to be
> Linked each to each in natural piety.'

In regard to Jeffrey, his mode of thinking may perhaps appear something still more peculiar. In the first place, indeed, the talents of this remarkable man are of such an order that it is quite impossible a man of such talents as Mr. Wastle should not admire them. The direction which has been given to these great talents is a thing which my friend contemplates, and has long contemplated, 'more in sorrow than in anger.' While nobody can more abominate the scope and tendency of the *Edinburgh Review* than he does, he is very far from being one of those who extend the feeling of aversion due to the work from it to its principal conductor, or, indeed, who feel any difficulty in sympathizing with some part at least of those early feelings and circumstances, to which, in all probability, the worst things in the *conduct* of this celebrated Journal may be traced. He understands too much of poor human nature to be an inexor-

able judge of the failings of a man, whose general power of intellect and general rectitude of feeling and principle he cannot but acknowledge. At times, it is true, on some new piece of provocation, his temper deserts him for a moment; but he soon recovers his tranquillity, and, in common, the tone wherein he speaks of Mr. Jeffrey is assuredly more nearly akin to that of affectionate regret than to that of impatient spleen, far less of settled aversion and dislike.

In truth, my old friend's views of literature are of so large a kind, and he has so much accustomed himself to trace the connection which subsists between the manifestations of mind in one age, and those in ages preceding and following, that it would be a very inconsistent thing were he to concentrate any overwhelming portion of the wrath excited in his breast by any particular direction of intellectual forces upon the head of any individual author whatever. Besides, were he inclined to heap the coals of his vengeance upon any one head, on account of the turn which literary and political criticism has taken in our days, most assuredly it would be on no living head that he would think of laying such a burden. He regards the Scotch philosophers of the present day, and among or above the rest Mr. Jeffrey and the Edinburgh Reviewers, as the legitimate progeny of the sceptical philosophers of the last age; and although he is far from having any sympathy with the feelings which the whole style of that philosophy most eminently and powerfully tends to nourish, he cannot for a moment permit himself to lay at the door of any one individual a larger share in the common blame than in strict and yet in comprehensive justice he thinks that individual ought to sustain. There is only one point of view in which Mr. Wastle is accustomed to talk of Mr. Jeffrey as having initiated a bad and destructive species of mental exertion among his countrymen, or at least as having so far assisted the natural tendency towards some such species as to have merited in no inconsiderable measure the dispraise, both present and future, with which the initiator of any such species must of necessity lay his account.

One of the greatest curses of a sceptical philosophy is that by leaving no object upon which the disinterested affections may exercise themselves, it is apt to cause the minds of mankind to be too exclusively taken up about the paltry gratifications of the personal feelings. When the true ornaments of our nature are forgotten, Pride and Vanity must become the arbiters of human life. All those periods of history which are looked back upon as the most splendid, were times when men cared most about principles and least about themselves; but when there are no longer any earnest notions about what is to be loved or respected, even the public themselves become infected with the delirium of wishing to despise everything, and literature is made to assume a tone of petulance which corresponds with this absurd and paltry passion exactly in the same proportion in which it does violence to all the nobler thoughts and more delightful feelings, for whose nourishment the divine field of literature was originally intended by the great Author of our being. It is chiefly in having led the way in giving this direction to the criticism, and through that to the whole literature of our day, that my friend feels himself constrained to regard Mr. Jeffrey as having been the enemy of his country, and as meriting, in all succeeding generations, the displeasure of high-minded and generous Englishmen.

A man of genius like Mr. Jeffrey must indeed have found it an easy matter to succeed in giving this turn to the public mind among a people where all are readers and so few are scholars, as is the case here in Scotland. Endowed by nature with a keen talent for sarcasm, nothing could be more easy for him than to fasten, with destructive effect of *nonchalance*, upon a work which had perhaps been composed with much earnestness of thought on the part of the author, and with a most sincere anxiety after abstract truth, either of reasoning or of feeling. The object of the critic, however, is by no means to assist those who read his critical lucubrations to enter with more facility, or with better preparation, into the thoughts, or feelings, or truths, which his author endeavours to inculcate or illustrate. His object is merely to make the author look foolish; and he prostitutes his own fine talents to enable the common herd of his readers to suppose themselves looking down from the vantage-ground of superior intellect upon the poor, blundering, deluded poet or philosopher who is the subject of review. It is a pitiable thing to contemplate the extent to which these evil fashions have been introduced among us, and I have no doubt that their introduction has been far more owing to the prostitution of the exquisite talents of Mr. Jeffrey than to any one cause whatever. Neither do I at all doubt, after what I have seen of Scotland, that the power of the unholy spells has been far greatest and far most effectual in the immediate centre of their ring. It is probable, I think, that if Mr. Jeffrey were at last to throw aside his character of reviewer, and come before the world in a volume filled with continuous thoughts and continuous feelings, originating in his own mind, he would find that the public he has so well trained would be very apt to turn upon himself, and think themselves called upon to laugh, *more solito*, even at Mr. Jeffrey himself, when deprived of the blue and yellow panoply under which they have for so many years been wont

to regard his blows as irresistible and himself as invulnerable.

The most vulgar blockhead who takes up and reads an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, imagines for the time that *he himself* is quizzing the man of genius whose labours are there sported with. His opaque features are illuminated with triumph, and, holding the journal fast in his hand, he pursues his fantastic victory to the last extremities. Month after month, or quarter after quarter, this most airy species of gratification is renewed, till, by long habit, our blockhead at last becomes *bonâ fide* satisfied and convinced that he is quite superior to anything the age can produce. Now and then, to be sure, some passing event or circumstance may dart a momentary disturbance into the sanctuary of his self-complacency; but this will only make him long the more fervently for the next number of the *Review*, to convince him that he was all in the right—to rekindle the fluttering lamp of his vanity, and make the *sanctum sanctorum* of his conceit as bright a thing as ever. In the meantime, to talk in the plain way the subject deserves, whatever share of understanding or feeling has been allowed him by nature, remains totally uncultivated in the mind of this reader of *Reviews*, and the faculties of his mind are absolutely lost and sunk in one blind brute wish to see everything levelled before his self-love. Of all human passions, that of vulgar and envious insolence is the one which least requires to be pampered and stimulated. It has been the moving principle in all the most disgusting scenes recorded in history. Caligula could not bear to see a man of a handsome person, or with a fine head of hair, in the circus, or in the streets, and generally ordered such persons to be taken away and disfigured. During the direst periods of the French Revolution, the self-love of the people had been gratified with the downfall of so many kinds of distinction, that at last it grew to be a blind, infuriate, ungovernable impulse, which could not remain quiet while any individual yet retained qualities which raised him above the multitude. Every species of merit was sure to be brought to the block, or hoisted up to the *lanterne* in this night of frenzy. The mad and ferocious scepticism also which then prevailed, was only the principle of envy in disguise. It was envy which sought to extinguish every distinction between truth and falsehood, for fear it should be proved that any one thing was more excellent than any other. All was to be reduced to one dead level of uncertainty, and it was illiberal to consider a Greenlander as a less elegant or civilised person than a European. Such is the enthusiasm of the principle of popular self-love, when stimulated by a long series of indulgences, and pushed to the last extremity of its slothful and unwieldy luxuriousness. That any man of genius should ever thoughtlessly or wantonly minister to it in literature, must be a source of the utmost sorrow and regret to every one who has a love, and a love of intelligence, for those qualities which most distinguish man from the brutes. Such a love (in spite of all his many little prejudices and peculiarities) glows nowhere with a more fervent flame than in the breast of my friend, and such are the sorrowful feelings with which he is accustomed to contemplate the main sin which has disfigured and debased the splendid literary career of Mr. Jeffrey.

That such, however, must inevitably be the course and tendency of popular criticism among a nation which had become at once very fond of scepticism and very weary of learning, might, I think, have been foreseen long ago (I by no means think it might have been effectually guarded against). To despise all the most divine emanations of which the human mind can be made the vehicle was a necessary appendage to that system which despises the records of Divine Wisdom itself, and which would erect in their stead a structure built upon no more stable foundations than those of the self-sufficing, self-satisfied sagacity of the speculative intellect of man. It is a very easy thing to deny that the doctrines of religious scepticism have been ever openly and broadly promulgated in the pages of the *Edinburgh Review;* but I think no candid person can entertain the slightest doubt that the tendency of the whole work has been uniformly and essentially infidel. Unless it had been so, it must have been continually at variance with itself—it must have been but one string of discords from beginning to end. The whole tone of the jeering, sarcastic criticisms, with which it has been accustomed to salute the works of the more meditative and Christian authors of the time, would be enough to reveal to us the true purpose it has in view, even although it had never contained a single word expressly and distinctly bearing upon the subject of religion. The truth is, moreover, that, in the present state of the world, all Christians are well entitled to say that 'they that are not with us are against us;' and the coldness and silence of the Edinburgh Reviewers would have been enough to satisfy any good Christian what their tenets are, even although they had never broken upon their general rule of coldness and silence by one single audacious whisper of mockery. The negative would have been without the positive side of the proof; but, alas! those who have eyes to see and ears to hear can have little difficulty in acknowledging that the Edinburgh Reviewers have furnished their adversaries abundantly with both.

The system of political opinions inculcated in the *Edinburgh Review* is, in like manner,

as I honestly think, admirably fitted to go hand in hand with a system of scepticism, but entirely irreconcilable with the notion of any fervent love and attachment for a religion which is, above all other things, the religion of feeling. The politicians of this *Review* are men of great shrewdness and sagacity, and many of them are men of much honesty; but it is impossible to suppose for a moment that they are men either of very high or of very beautiful feeling. The whole of their views, in regard to the most important series of political convulsions which modern times have ever witnessed, are at variance with deep or refined feeling; they appeal uniformly and unhesitatingly to ideas which stand exactly in the opposite extremity from those which men inspired with such feelings would have inculcated upon such occasions. To submit to Buonaparte, for example, and to refuse aid to the young patriotism of Spain—these were advices which could only have been seriously pressed upon the consideration of such a nation as England by men who had banished from their own minds a very great part of that reverence for *Feeling* (as abstracted from mere questions of immediate and obvious utility), in the strength and nourishment of which the true old character of England, and of English politicians, grew. In a word, it is sufficiently manifest that whatever faults the system of these Reviewers may have had, or may still have, it has at least had the merit of being a system uniform and consistent in itself. To destroy in men's minds the lingering vestiges of love for a religion which is hated by self-love, because its mysteries baffle and confound the scrutiny of the self-complacent; to reduce the high feeling of patriotism to a principle of arithmetical calculation of utility; and to counteract, by a continued series of sarcastic and merry antidotes, the impression likely to be produced by works appealing to the graver and more mysterious feelings of the human heart,—these are purposes which I would by no means say the leaders of this celebrated journal ever contemplated calmly and leisurely as the prime objects of their endeavours; but they are purposes which have been all alike firmly, although some of them perhaps unconsciously, pursued by them; and, indeed, to speak the plain truth of the whole matter, no one of which could have been firmly or effectually pursued without being pursued in conjunction with the others. 'A house divided against itself cannot stand.'

I am happy to say, however, that from all I have now seen and heard of the state of Scotland, this *Review*, in spite of the fierce popularity it for some years enjoyed, is by no means likely to effect any such lasting, and, of course, miserable change in the feelings and character of the people of Scotland as might have been at one time expected by the Reviewers themselves, or dreaded by those who held sacred a very different set of feelings and principles, in all points, from those of which they have been the champions. In spite of the infidelity of the *Edinburgh Review* (for I really feel no scruple in using the word broadly), and, indeed, in spite of the sceptical tendency of the whole body of Scotch philosophy, the Scotch are still a religious people, and likely, I trust, very long to continue so. In spite of the mean views of general polity illustrated and exemplified in the *Edinburgh Review*, and the still more offensive levity with which things nearer home have sometimes been treated by it, there is still an immense majority of the people of Scotland who see things with the eyes, I do not say of sincere (for of no one do I question the sincerity), but of enlightened patriots—men who understand the value of national experience, and venerate those feelings of loyalty and attachment to the more formal and external parts of the English constitution, with the general decay of which, I have very little doubt, the whole fabric to which they are fixed would be found to have lost many of its firmest props as well as of its finest ornaments.

In regard to literature, I think the success of the *Edinburgh Review* has been far more triumphant than in any other department of its exertions. Here it had to encounter fewer obstacles in the previous character and habits of the Scottish people; for the influence of the Sceptical Philosophy, introduced by the great men of the last age, had very much removed all feelings of intense admiration for any works besides their own from among almost the only class of people who in Scotland are much interested about such subjects. The Scottish education, too, as you have already seen in part, is not such as to oppose any very formidable barrier of repugnant feelings against the encroachment of the spirit of degrading mockery. Ignorant in a great measure of the mighty spirits of antiquity, the Scottish student wants in truth the most powerful of all those feelings which teach and prepare other men to regard with an eye of humility, as well as of admiration, those who in their own time seem to revive the greatness of the departed, and vindicate once more the innate greatness of our nature. It is, indeed, no uncommon thing to meet with men, calling themselves classical scholars, who seem to think it a part of their character as such to undervalue, on all occasions, the exertions of contemporary genius. But these are only your empty race of solemn pretenders, who read particular books only because few other people read them, and who, unable themselves to produce anything worthy of the attention of their own age, are glad to shelter their imbecility under the shadow of

overstrained exclusive reverence for ages that have gone by. It is not necessary to suppose that liberal and enlightened scholarship has anything in common with these reverend Tom Folios. The just and genuine effect of intimate acquaintance with the great authors of antiquity is to make men love and reverence the great authors of their own time—the intellectual kinsmen and heirs of those whom they have so been wont to worship.

It is, indeed, a very deplorable thing to observe in what an absurd state of ignorance the majority of educated people in Scotland have been persuaded to keep themselves concerning much of the best and truest literature of their own age, as well as of the ages that have gone by. Among the Whigs in Edinburgh, above all, a stranger from the south is every day thunderstruck by some new mark of total and inconceivable ignorance concerning men and things, which, to every man of education with whom he has conversed in any other town of Britain, are 'familiar as household words.' The degree to which the intellectual subjection of these people has been carried, is a thing of which I am quite sure you cannot possibly have the smallest suspicion. The Edinburgh Reviewers have not checked or impeded only the influence of particular authors among their countrymen; they have entirely prevented them from ever coming beyond the Tweed. They have willed them to be unknown, absolutely and literally unknown, and so are they at this moment. I do not on my conscience believe, that there is one Whig in Edinburgh to whom the name of my friend Charles Lamb would convey any distinct or definite idea. His *John Woodville* was ridiculed in the *Edinburgh Review*, and the effect of this paltry ridicule has been not only to prevent the Scotch from reading *John Woodville* (a tragedy which, although every way worthy of Lamb's exquisite genius, wants very many of the popular charms in which some of his other pieces are rich to overflowing), but almost to prevent them from remembering that such a person as Charles Lamb exists, at least to prevent them most effectually from ever having recourse for delight and instruction to volumes wherein as much delight and instruction may be found as in any of similar size which an English library possesses. Even the commanding, majestic intellect of Wordsworth has not been able to overcome the effect of the petty warfare kept up against it by a set of wits, one of whom only might have been expected to enter with some portion of intelligence into the spirit of so great and original a poet. To find fault with particular parts of Mr. Wordsworth's poems, or with particular points in the psychological system upon which the whole structure of his poetry is built, might have been very well either for the Reviewers or the readers of the *Review;* but the actual truth of the case is something very different indeed from this. The reading public of Edinburgh do not criticise Mr. Wordsworth; they think him below their criticism; they know nothing about what he has done, or what he is likely to do. They think him a mere old sequestered hermit, eaten up with vanity and affectation, who publishes every now and then some absurd poem about a Washing-tub, or a Leech-gatherer, or a Little Grey Cloak. They do not know even the names of some of the finest poems our age has produced. They never heard of 'Ruth,' or 'Michael,' or the 'Brothers,' or 'Hart-Leap Well,' or the 'Recollections of Infancy,' or the 'Sonnets to Buonaparte.' They do not know that there is such a thing as a description of a churchyard in the *Excursion*. Alas! how severely is their ignorance punished in itself! But after all, Mr. Wordsworth can have no very great right to complain. The same people who despise and are ignorant of him, despise also and are ignorant of all the majestic poets the world has ever produced, with no exceptions beyond two or three great names, acquaintance with which has been forced upon them by circumstances entirely out of their control. The fate of Homer, of Æschylus, of Dante—nay, of Milton—is his.

The spirit of this facetious and rejoicing ignorance has become so habitual to the Scotchmen of the present day, that even they who have thrown off all allegiance to the *Edinburgh Review* cannot divest themselves of its influence. There is no work which has done so much to weaken the authority of the *Edinburgh Review* in such matters as *Blackwood's Magazine;* and yet I saw an article in that work the other day in which it seemed to be made matter of congratulatory reflection, that 'if Mr. Coleridge should make his appearance suddenly among any company of well-educated people on this side the Tweed, he would meet with some little difficulty in making them comprehend who he was.' What a fine idea for a Scottish critic to hug himself upon! How great is the blessing of a contented disposition!

P. M.

[Mrs. Hemans was born at Liverpool, September 25, 1794, and her poetical taste soon began to show itself in a passion for Shakespeare, whom she delighted to read among the boughs of an apple-tree in the garden. The inscription on the tablet to her memory records that 'her character is best portrayed in her writings.' Her talents ought not, perhaps, to be estimated by those forced fruits which she scattered

with so much profusion over the periodical press. Byron said that she was a poet, but too stilted and apostrophic, and quite wrong—a harsh but an accurate criticism. Her language is generally rich and musical, and her sentiments are arrayed in oriental splendour. Her pictures frequently contain objects of beauty, but coloured up to the exhibition-brilliancy. She loved Wordsworth, but she imitated Darwin. Some of her smaller poems, the 'Palm Tree,' for example, are perfectly excellent, and breathe the spirit of genuine poetry. Her letters have the defects, without the graces, of her verse; but the following account of a visit to the Poet of the Lakes possesses an intrinsic and independent interest.—*Willmott.*]

MRS. HEMANS TO A FRIEND.

Rydal Mount, June 22, 1830.

YOU were very kind in writing to me so soon, and making the remembrance of my journey with you one of unmingled pleasure, by your assurance that all was well on your return. For myself, I can truly say, that my enjoyment of your society and kindness, and the lovely scenery by which we were surrounded, made those pleasant days seem as a little isle of sunshine in my life, to which I know that memory will again and again return. I felt very forlorn after you were gone from Ambleside: —— came and went without exciting a smile, and my nervous fear, at the idea of presenting myself alone to Mr. Wordsworth, grew upon me so rapidly that it was more than seven before I took the courage to leave the inn. I had, indeed, little cause for such trepidation. I was driven to a lovely cottage-like building, almost hidden by a profusion of roses and ivy; and a most benignant-looking old man greeted me in the porch: this was Mr. Wordsworth himself; and when I tell you that, having rather a large party of visitors in the house, he led me to a room apart from them, and brought in his family by degrees, I am sure that little trait will give you an idea of considerate kindness which you will both like and appreciate. In half an hour I felt myself as much at ease with him as I had been with Sir Walter Scott in half a day. I laughed to find myself saying on the occasion of some little domestic occurrence, 'Mr. Wordsworth, how could you be so giddy?' He has, undeniably, a lurking love of mischief, and would not, I think, be half so safely entrusted with the tied-up bag of winds as Mr. —— insisted that Dr. Channing might be. There is almost a patriarchal simplicity, and an absence of all pretension, about him, which I know you would like: all is free, unstudied, 'the river winding at its own sweet will.' In his manner and conversation there is more of impulse than I had expected, but in other respects I see much that I should look for in the poet of meditative life; frequently his head droops, his eyes half close, and he seems buried in great depths of thought. I have passed a delightful morning to-day in walking with him about his own richly-shaded grounds, and hearing him speak of the old English writers, particularly Spenser, whom he loves, as he himself expresses it, for his 'earnestness and devotedness.' It is an immeasurable transition from Spenser to ——; but I have been so much amused by Mr. Wordsworth's characterizing her as 'a tumultuous young woman,' that I cannot forbear transcribing the expression for the use of my friends. I must not forget to tell you that he not only admired our exploit in crossing the Ulverston sands as a deed of 'derring do,' but a decided proof of taste; the lake scenery, he says, is never seen to such advantage as after the passage of what he calls its majestic barrier. Let me write out the passage from Haco before I quite exhaust my paper; this was certainly the meaning we both agreed upon, though I did not recollect your translation sufficiently well to arrange the versification accordingly.

'Where is the noble game that will not seek
A perilous covert, even from wildest rocks,
In his sore need, when first the hunters' train
Press on his panting flight.'

[In a change of Government caused by the resignation of Sir Robert Peel in November 1834, Mr. Disraeli put himself forward as the Tory candidate for Taunton, in opposition to Mr. Labouchere, the Liberal candidate. In the course of his speech he made a violent attack on Daniel O'Connell, the Irish liberator. O'Connell had just been reconciled to the Whigs, and Disraeli was disappointed in losing his support. At a meeting of the Trades Unions, held in Dublin, the latter took the opportunity of replying to Mr. Disraeli's attack. The reply is one of the bitterest and most memorable in political history. 'He possesses,' said O'Connell, alluding to his opponent, 'just the qualities of the impenitent thief, whose name, I verily believe, must have been Disraeli. For aught I know, the present Disraeli is descended from him; and with the impression that he is, I now forgive the

heir-at-law of the blasphemous thief who died upon the cross.' O'Connell's speech was copied into nearly every newspaper in the kingdom, so that there could have been no more terrible public ordeal. The following is Disraeli's letter in reply to this attack:—]

MR. DISRAELI TO MR. DANIEL O'CONNELL, M.P. FOR DUBLIN.

London, May 5, 1834.

MR. O'CONNELL,—Although you have long placed yourself out of the pale of civilisation, still I am one who will not be insulted even by a yahoo without chastising it. When I read this morning in the same journals your virulent attack upon myself, and that your son was at the same moment paying the penalty of similar virulence to another individual on whom you had dropped your filth, I thought that the consciousness that your opponents had at length discovered a source of satisfaction might have animated your insolence to unwonted energy, and I called upon your son to reassume his vicarious office of yielding satisfaction for his shrinking sire. But it seems that gentleman declines the further exercise of the pleasing duty of enduring the consequences of your libertine harangues.

I have no other means, therefore, of noticing your effusion but this public mode. Listen, then, to me! If it had been possible for you to act like a gentleman, you would have hesitated before you made your foul and insolent comments upon a hasty and garbled report of a speech, which scarcely contains a sentence or an expression as they emanated from my mouth; but the truth is, you were glad to seize the first opportunity of pouring forth your venom against a man whom it serves the interest of your party to represent as a political apostate. In 1831, when Mr. O'Connell expressed to the electors of Wycombe his anxiety to assist me in my election, I came forward as the opponent of the party in power, and which I described in my address as a rapacious, tyrannical, and incapable faction — the English Whigs — who, in the ensuing year, denounced you as a traitor from the throne, and every one of whom, only a few months back, you have anathematized with all the peculiar grace of a tongue practised in scurrility. You are the patron of these men now, Mr. O'Connell; you, forsooth, are 'devoted' to them. I am still their uncompromising opponent. Which of us is the most consistent? You say that I was once a Radical, and that now I am a Tory. My conscience acquits me of ever having deserted a political friend, or ever having changed a political opinion. I worked for a great and an avowed end in 1831, and that was the restoration of the balance of parties in the State—a result which I believe to be necessary to the honour of the realm and the happiness of the people. I never advocated a measure which I did not believe tended to this result; and if there be any measure which I then urged, and now am not disposed to press, it is because that great result is obtained. In 1831, I should have been very happy to have laboured for this object with Mr. O'Connell, with whom I had no personal acquaintance, but who was a member of the Legislature, remarkable for his political influence, his versatile talents, and his intense hatred and undisguised contempt of the Whigs. Since 1831 we have met only once, but I have a lively recollection of my interview with so distinguished a personage. Our conversation was of great length. I had a very ample opportunity of studying your character. I thought you a very amusing, a very interesting, but a somewhat overrated man. I am sure on that occasion I did not disguise from you my political views. I spoke with a frankness which, I believe, is characteristic of my disposition. I told you I was not a sentimental but a practical politician; that what I chiefly desired to see was the formation of a strong but constitutional government, that would maintain the empire, and that I thought if the Whigs remained in office they would shipwreck the State. I observed then, as was my habit, that the Whigs must be got rid of at any price. It seemed to me that you were much of the same opinion as myself, but our conversation was very general. We formed no political alliance, and for a simple reason. I concealed neither from yourself nor from your friends, the repeal of the Union was an impassable gulf between us, and that I could not comprehend, after the announcement of such an intention, how any English party could co-operate with you. Probably you then thought that the English movement might confederate with you on a system of mutual assistance, and that you might exchange and circulate your accommodation measures of destruction. But even Mr. O'Connell, with his lively faith in Whig feebleness and Whig dishonesty, could scarcely have imagined that, in the course of twelve months, his fellow conspirators were to be my Lord Melbourne and the Marquis of Lansdowne. I admire your scurrilous allusion to my origin. It is clear that the 'hereditary bondsman' has already forgotten the clank of his fetters. I know the tactics of your Church —it clamours for toleration, and it labours for supremacy. I see that you are quite prepared to persecute. With regard to your taunts as to my want of success in my election contests, permit me to remind you that I had nothing to appeal to but the good sense of the people. No threatening skeletons canvassed for me. A death's-head and cross-bones were not blazoned on my banners. My pecuniary resources, too, were limited. I am not one of those public

beggars that we see swarming with their obtrusive boxes in the chapels of your creed; nor am I in possession of a princely revenue arising from a starving race of fanatical slaves. Nevertheless, I have a deep conviction that the hour is at hand when I shall be more successful, and take my place in that proud assembly of which Mr. O'Connell avows his wish to be no longer a member. I expect to be a representative of the people before the repeal of the Union.

We shall meet at Philippi; and rest assured that, confident in a good cause, and in some energies which have been not altogether unimproved, I will seize the first opportunity of inflicting upon you a castigation, which will make you at the same time remember and repent the insults that you have lavished upon

BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

['Did you read in the London papers within the last few weeks an account of the energetic support which they derive from the Emperor of Austria? Did you see that the Emperor of Austria sent for the British Ambassador, Sir Henry Elliot, and told Sir Henry Elliot what a pestilent person he considered a certain Mr. Gladstone, as a man that did not approve of the foreign policy of Austria, and how anxious he was—so the Emperor of Austria was condescendingly pleased to say for the guidance of the British people, and of the electors of Midlothian—how anxious he was, gentlemen, that you should all of you give your votes in a way to maintain the Ministry of Lord Beaconsfield? Well, if you approve of the foreign policy of Austria, the foreign policy that Austria has usually pursued, I advise you to do that very thing. If you want to have an Austrian foreign policy dominant in the councils of this country, give your votes as the Emperor of Austria recommends. What has that policy of Austria been? I do not say that Austria is incurable. I hope some day or other it will be cured, because it has got better institutions at home; and although its condition is one of much difficulty and doubt, I heartily wish it well in its attempts, if it makes honest attempts, to confront its difficulties. Yet I must look to what that policy has been. Austria has been the steady, unflinching foe of freedom of every country in Europe. Russia, I am sorry to say, has been the foe of freedom too, but in Russia there is one exception—Russia has been the friend of Slavonic freedom. But Austria has never been the friend even of Slavonic freedom. Austria trampled Italy under foot; Austria resisted the unity of Germany; Austria did all she could to prevent the creation of Belgium; Austria never lifted a finger for the regeneration and constitution of Greece.'—GLADSTONE'S *Midlothian Speeches.*]

MR. GLADSTONE'S LETTER TO COUNT KAROLYI.

London, May 4, 1880.

DEAR COUNT KAROLYI,—I thank your Excellency for your letter, which, uniting frankness with kindness, renders my task an easy one.

Without discussing the accuracy of certain expressions in the report you have forwarded, I proceed at once to the subject. At the moment when I accepted from the Queen the duty of forming an Administration, I forthwith resolved that I would not, as a minister, either repeat or even defend in argument polemical language, in regard to more than one foreign power, which I had used individually when in a position of greater freedom and less responsibility.

Two points have been raised by your Excellency. I will dispose of the first by expressing my regret that I should even have seemed to impute to His Imperial Majesty language which he did not use.

Your Excellency says that His Imperial Majesty expressed, in conversation with Sir H. Elliot, 'his deep regret at my hostile disposition towards Austria.' Permit me to say I have no such disposition towards any country whatever, and that I at all times have particularly and heartily wished well to Austria. In the performance of the arduous task of consolidating the empire, I feel a cordial respect for the efforts of the Emperor, and I trust that their complete success may honourably and nobly mark his reign.

With respect to my animadversions on the foreign policy of Austria in times when it was active beyond the border, I will not conceal from your Excellency that grave apprehensions had been excited in my mind lest Austria should play a part in the Balkan peninsula hostile to the freedom of the emancipated populations, and to the reasonable and warranted hopes of the subjects of the Sultan. These apprehensions were founded, it is true, upon secondary evidence; but it was not the evidence of hostile witnesses, and it was the best at my command.

Your Excellency is now good enough to

assure me that your Government has no desire whatever to extend or add to the rights it has acquired under the treaty of Berlin, and that any such extension would be actually prejudicial to Austria-Hungary.

Permit me at once to state to your Excellency that had I been in possession of such an assurance as I have now been able to receive, I never would have uttered any one of the words which your Excellency justly describes as of a painful and wounding character. Whether it was my misfortune or my fault that I was not so supplied, I will not now attempt to determine; but will at once express my serious concern that I should, in default of it, have been led to refer to transactions of an earlier period, or to use terms of censure which I can now wholly banish from my mind.

I think that the explanation I now tender should be made not less public than the speech which has supplied the occasion for it; and as to the form of such publicity, I desire to accede to whatever may be your Excellency's wish. I have only to thank your Excellency alike for the matter and the manner both of your oral and of your written communications.—With, etc. (Signed) W. E. GLADSTONE.

[Mr. Ephraim Rigby of Drighlington, near Leeds, received, in answer to a 'few questions on Free-trade *versus* Foreign Tariffs,' the following characteristic letter from the Right Hon. John Bright, M.P. :—]

MR. JOHN BRIGHT, M.P., AND FRENCH AND AMERICAN TARIFFS.

London, March 29, 1881.

DEAR SIR,—I have not time to answer your letter at length. If you will read the little book to which I referred in my letter on the speech of the member for Preston, you may learn much from it—more than I can tell you in any letter I can write.

We all regret that France, the United States of America, and other countries continue their high tariffs; it is, we believe, a misfortune to them and injurious to us; but we can only legislate for our own country and not for them. If you think that, *not being able to sell freely*, we should mend ourselves by *giving up the power to buy freely*, I must leave you to that opinion, only expressing my wonder at it. But you will perhaps say that we can force other nations to reduce their tariffs if we impose a tariff against them. You forget probably that we have tried this in past times, and that it has wholly failed. Sir Robert Peel taught this nearly 40 years ago, and he believed, as I believe, that the best defence we can have against the evils of foreign tariffs, is to have no tariff of our own.

You speak of France. The French Senate is in favour of more Protection. The Chamber of Deputies is disposed to Free-trade and a more liberal policy. The Free-trade party in France is more powerful than in past times, and it is not certain that the proposed treaty will be less favourable to trade between the two countries. As to America, how will you compel its government to reduce their tariff? By placing duties on American exports to England? If so, on what exports? On cotton for the mills of Lancashire, or on corn for the food of all our people? The American protective tariff makes it difficult or impossible for Americans to become great exporters of manufactures. If you fight them at the Custom Houses, you can only assail them by duties on cotton or on corn, and this surely will not benefit Lancashire or the West Riding. When the debt of the United States is much reduced, when the revenue is in excess of their wants, then their tariff will be reformed and their import duties will be reduced.

If you doubt what Free-trade has done for England, go back to your histories, and read what was the condition of our working men and their families for the first forty years of this century, when everything was supposed to be protected, and compare it with what it is now.

For some years past manufacturers and farmers have suffered greatly, and workmen have suffered much, but they have not seen one-tenth part of the distress which afflicted them during the forty years of the high duties from 1800 to 1840. The country suffers now, not from our purified tariff, and not wholly, or in chief part, from foreign tariffs. It suffers from want of sunshine—from the short harvests of several years; and till we have again good harvests, we must suffer and endure. Parliament cannot give sun and heat for our fields, and it will be no compensation to reimpose import duties and to deny us the right to purchase freely what we need from foreign nations.—I am, very respectfully, yours, JOHN BRIGHT.

[For moral earnestness and beauty, and the expression of great truths in noble and burning language, Mr. Ruskin's letters collected by an Oxford pupil in *Arrows of the Chace*, or the numbers of *Fors Clavigera*, are among the most notable of modern times. As every utterance of the author of *Modern Painters* is more or less characteristic, we quote two upon current topics, written since the issue of the above. The following letter, announcing the acceptance by Mr. Ruskin of the office of President of

the Associated Societies of Edinburgh University, and addressed to E. Monteith Macphail, secretary of the Associated Societies, is reprinted from the *Scotsman*.]

Brantwood, Coniston, Lancashire.

MY DEAR SIR,—I very gratefully acknowledge your favour of yesterday's date, and the courtesy of its message, no less than its more serious meaning.

The confidence placed in me by the youth of Sir Walter's town—may I say my father's also, and much more to me than mine—will, I hope, give me the best encouragement possible in the work which I am at present planning for years to come,—if permitted to come,—and whatever I can be to them, as a helper, I will be to the best of my power. I cannot, after reading your message from them, doubt their acquitting me of having paused at first in reply to their call, either in disrespect to them or in affectation. My late illnesses have made it necessary for me, if not to cease work, at least to waste none, and I was entirely doubtful if any of my old-fashioned principles could be, at present, spoken for any good except in the form of quietly recorded protest, which is not the duty of a 'president.' However, if even it turn out eventually that I cannot much help you, at least I will promise not to hinder, and to remain in such ways as you can show me always your Societies' respectful and faithful servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

[Mr. Ruskin, a friend to both man and beast, sent the following letter to the *Morning Post* in connection with the sale, by the London Zoological Society, of the elephant Jumbo to Mr. P. T. Barnum, the American showman, in 1882. In spite of this and other warm demonstrations of feeling on the part of an excited British public, and the legal measures which were taken to prevent it, Mr. Barnum triumphed, and Jumbo was transported across the Atlantic, where he was welcomed and exhibited to thousands on the American continent.]

MR. RUSKIN AND JUMBO.

SIR,—Permit me, as a life fellow of the Zoological Society, to contradict in the sternest and most direct manner the statement made by its secretary in your columns of to-day that 'it is quite certain that the members of the Council share in this regret' (at selling their old elephant to a caravan) 'as much as any of the fellows.' I, for one of the said fellows, am not in the habit of selling my old pets or parting with my old servants because I find them subject occasionally, perhaps even 'periodically,' to fits of ill-temper, and I not only 'regret' the proceedings of the Council, but disclaim them utterly as disgraceful to the city of London and dishonourable to common humanity. If the Council want money, let them beg it; if they want a stronger elephant's house, let them build it. There is brick and iron enough in London to keep a single beast safe with, I suppose, and if there are not children in London brave enough to back him in his afternoon walk, let them look at him and go to their rocking-horses. It seemed to me, however, that Mr. Sclater's letter is quite ground enough to justify the police in preventing any further direct violence to the animal, and while the Council and Mr. Barnum's agent are concocting new methods of treachery to him, there is time for the children to say their say, and pay their pence, and make Jumbo their own for ever. Then, if there are any other fellows of my mind, we'll find board and lodgings for him and peace.—I am, sir, your faithful servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

[The following letter from the Queen was received by Secretary Sir William Vernon Harcourt in connection with the demonstrations of sympathy from her loyal subjects from all parts of the kingdom, drawn forth by the attempt to shoot Her Majesty while leaving Windsor Station on the 2d March 1882, by a half-witted person named Roderick Maclean.]

THE QUEEN AND HER SUBJECTS.

Windsor Castle, March 12, 1882.

THE Queen wishes, before she leaves England for a short while for some comparative rest and quiet, to express from her heart how very deeply touched she is by the outburst of enthusiastic loyalty, affection, and devotion which the painful event of the 2d inst. has called forth from all classes and from all parts of her vast empire, as well as by the universal sympathy evinced by the sovereigns and people of other nations. The Queen cannot sufficiently express how deeply gratified she is by these demonstrations, and would wish to convey to all, from the highest to the humblest, her warmest and most heartfelt thanks.

It has ever been her greatest object to do all she can for her subjects, and to uphold the honour and glory of her dear country, as well as to promote the prosperity and happiness of those over whom she has reigned so long, and these efforts will be continued unceasingly to the last hour of her life. The Queen thanks

God that He spared her beloved child who is her constant and devoted companion, and those who were with her in the moment of danger, as well as herself; and she prays that He will continue to protect her for her people's sake, as He has hitherto so visibly done.

[On Saturday, 6th May 1882, Lord Frederick Cavendish, second son of the Duke of Devonshire, the newly appointed Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and Thomas H. Burke, permanent Under Secretary at Dublin Castle, were foully murdered while walking together in the Phœnix Park, Dublin. This crime awoke a thrill of horror throughout the land, and the following is the kindly letter which the Queen sent to Miss Burke, sister of the Under Secretary :—]

LETTER FROM THE QUEEN TO MISS BURKE.

Buckingham Palace, May 10, 1882.

DEAR MISS BURKE,—Though not personally acquainted with you, I am anxious to express to you again in writing how deep and sincere my sympathy is with you in this hour of affliction and bereavement, and how much I deplore the loss of one who had devoted his life to the service of his sovereign and country so loyally, faithfully, and ably.

It is impossible to express the horror which, in common with the world at large, I have experienced at the dreadful event of last Saturday; and whilst nothing can make up to you and to poor Lady Cavendish for the loss of a beloved brother and husband, the universal sympathy which is felt for you may, I hope, be soothing to you. Trusting that your health may not suffer, and praying that God may support you, believe me, sincerely yours,

(Signed) VICTORIA.

[The Chancellor of the University of Cambridge sent the following reply to the address of condolence adopted by the Senate at the congregation, in connection with the same sad event as the foregoing.]

Chatsworth, Chesterfield, May 15, 1882.

TO THE VICE-CHANCELLOR AND SENATE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

GENTLEMEN,—I thank you from my heart for your address of condolence. I have derived a melancholy satisfaction from its language expressive of your sympathy and of your feelings of horror and detestation at the foul crime of which my beloved and excellent son has been the victim.

It has afforded me no small consolation to remember that he has perished, as you remind me, in the performance of his duty. He went to Ireland, as I know from his own lips, in the conviction that he ought not to shrink from the acceptance of the post that was offered to him, and in the earnest hope that he might be of service to his country; and now that he has fallen, I pray that it may please Almighty God to overrule this fearful calamity to the restoration of peace and goodwill in Ireland.—I am, gentlemen, your very faithful servant,

DEVONSHIRE.

[Isabella L. Bird (now Mrs. Bishop) has added several charming and picturesque volumes to the literature of modern travel. Her first work was the *Englishwoman in America*, issued anonymously; then *Hawaii*, an account of a sojourn in the Sandwich Islands; next, *Letters from the Rocky Mountains;* which was followed by *Unbeaten Tracks in Japan*. The latter three volumes, for the most part, are made up of letters sent home to an invalid sister in Edinburgh, now deceased. All these letters were well worth reprinting. They are bright, chatty, and agreeable; the authoress has very unusual descriptive power, which helps the reader to realize in a more than usually vivid manner the events, scenes, and characters she may be describing. Our extract is from *Unbeaten Tracks in Japan*, by the kind permission of the author.]

THE AINOS OF YEZO.

Aino Hut, Biratori.

I AM in the lonely Aino land, and I think that the most interesting of my travelling experiences has been the living for three days and two nights in an Aino hut, and seeing and sharing the daily life of complete savages, who go on with their ordinary occupations just as if I were not among them. I found yesterday a most fatiguing and over-exciting day, as everything was new and interesting, even the extracting from men who have few if any ideas in common with me, all I could extract concerning their religion and customs, and that through an interpreter. I got up at six this morning to write out my notes, and have been writing for five hours, and there is shortly the prospect of another savage *séance*. The distractions, as you can imagine, are many. At

this moment a savage is taking a cup of *saké* by the fire in the centre of the floor. He salutes me by extending his hands and waving them towards his face, and then dips a rod in the *saké*, and makes six libations to the god—an upright piece of wood with a fringe of shavings planted in the floor of the room. Then he waves the cup several times towards himself, makes other libations to the fire, and drinks. Ten other men and women are sitting along each side of the fire-hole, the chief's wife is cooking, the men are apathetically contemplating the preparation of their food; and the other women, who are never idle, are splitting the bark of which they make their clothes. I occupy the guest-seat—a raised platform at one end of the fire, with the skin of a black bear thrown over it.

I have reserved all I have to say about the Ainos till I had been actually among them, and I hope you will have patience to read to the end. Ito is very greedy and self-indulgent, and whimpered very much about coming to Biratori at all—one would have thought he was going to the stake. He actually borrowed for himself a sleeping-mat and *futons*, and has brought a chicken, onions, potatoes, French beans, Japanese sauce, tea, rice, a kettle, a stew-pan, and a rice-pan, while I contented myself with a cold fowl and potatoes.

We took three horses and a mounted Aino guide, and found a beaten track the whole way. It turns into the forest at once on leaving Sarfuto, and goes through forest the entire distance, with an abundance of reedy grass higher than my hat on horseback along it, and as it is only twelve inches broad and much overgrown, the horses were constantly pushing through leafage soaking from a night's rain, and I was soon wet up to my shoulders. The forest trees are almost solely the *Ailanthus glandulosus* and the *Zelkowa keaki*, often matted together with a white-flowered trailer of the Hydrangea genus. The undergrowth is simply hideous, consisting mainly of coarse reedy grass, monstrous docks, the large-leaved *Polygonum cuspidatum*, several umbelliferous plants, and a 'ragweed,' which, like most of its gawky fellows, grows from five to six feet high. The forest is dark and very silent, threaded by this narrow path, and by others as narrow, made by the hunters in search of game. The 'main road' sometimes plunges into deep bogs, at others is roughly corduroyed by the roots of trees, and frequently hangs over the edge of abrupt and much-worn declivities, in going up one of which the baggage-horse rolled down a bank fully thirty feet high, and nearly all the tea was lost. At another the guide's pack-saddle lost its balance, and man, horse, and saddle went over the slope, pots, pans, and packages flying after them. At another time my horse sank up to his chest in a very bad bog, and as he was totally unable to extricate himself, I was obliged to scramble upon his neck and jump to *terra firma* over his ears.

There is something very gloomy in the solitude of this silent land, with its beast-haunted forests, its great patches of pasture, the resort of wild animals which haunt the lower regions in search of food when the snow drives them down from the mountains, and its narrow track, indicating the single file in which the savages of the interior walk with their bare, noiseless feet. Reaching the Sarufutogawa, a river with a treacherous bottom, in which Mr. Von Siebold and his horse came to grief, I hailed an Aino boy, who took me up the stream in a 'dug-out,' and after that we passed through Biroka, Saruba, and Mina, all purely Aino villages, situated among small patches of millet, tobacco, and pumpkins, so choked with weeds that it was doubtful whether they were crops. I was much surprised with the extreme neatness and cleanliness outside the houses; 'model villages' they are in these respects, with no litter lying in sight anywhere, nothing indeed but dog troughs, hollowed out of logs, like 'dug-outs,' for the numerous yellow dogs, which are a feature of Aino life. There are neither puddles nor heaps, but the houses, all trim and in good repair, rise clean out of the sandy soil.

Biratori, the largest of the Aino settlements in this region, is very prettily situated among forests and mountains, on rising ground, with a very sinuous river winding at its feet and a wooded height above. A lonelier place could scarcely be found. As we passed among the houses the yellow dogs barked, the women looked shy and smiled, and the men made their graceful salutation. We stopped at the chief's house, where, of course, we were unexpected guests; but Shinondi, his nephew, and two other men came out, saluted us, and with most hospitable intent helped Ito to unload the horses. Indeed their eager hospitality created quite a commotion, one running hither and the other thither in their anxiety to welcome a stranger. It is a large house, the room being 35 by 25, and the roof 20 feet high; but you enter by an ante-chamber, in which are kept the millet-mill and other articles. There is a doorway in this, but the inside is pretty dark, and Shinondi, taking my hand, raised the reed curtain bound with hide, which concealed the entrance into the actual house, and leading me into it, retired a footstep, extended his arms, waved his hands inwards three times, and then stroked his beard several times, after which he indicated by a sweep of his hand and a beautiful smile that the house and all it contained were mine. An aged woman, the chief's mother, who was splitting bark by the fire, waved her hands also. She is the queen-regnant of the house.

Again taking my hand, Shinondi led me to the place of honour at the head of the fire, a rude, moveable platform six feet long, by four broad, and a foot high, on which he laid an ornamental mat, apologizing for not having at that moment a bearskin wherewith to cover it. The baggage was speedily brought in by several willing pairs of hands; some reed mats fifteen feet long were laid down upon the very coarse ones which covered the whole floor, and when they saw Ito putting up my stretcher they hung a fine mat along the rough wall to conceal it, and suspended another on the beams of the roof for a canopy. The alacrity and instinctive hospitality with which these men rushed about to make things comfortable were very fascinating, though comfort is a word misapplied in an Aino hut. The women only did what the men told them.

They offered food at once, but I told them that I had brought my own, and would only ask leave to cook it on their fire. I need not have brought any cups, for they have many lacquer bowls, and Shinondi brought me on a lacquer tray a bowl full of water from one of their four wells. They said that Benri, the chief, would wish me to make his house my own for as long as I cared to stay, and I must excuse them in all things in which their ways were different from my own. Shinondi and four others in the village speak tolerable Japanese, and this of course is the medium of communication. Ito has exerted himself nobly as an interpreter, and has entered into my wishes with a cordiality and intelligence which have been perfectly invaluable; and though he did growl at Mr. Von Siebold's injunctions regarding politeness, he has carried them out to my satisfaction, and even admits that the mountain Ainos are better than he expected; 'but,' he added, 'they have learned their politeness from the Japanese!' They have never seen a foreign woman, and only three foreign men, but there is neither crowding nor staring as among the Japanese, possibly in part from apathy and want of intelligence. For three days they have kept up their graceful and kindly hospitality, going on with their ordinary life and occupations, and though I have lived among them in this room by day and night, there has been nothing which in any way could offend the most fastidious sense of delicacy.

They said they would leave me to eat and rest, and all retired but the chief's mother, a weird, witch-like woman of eighty, with shocks of yellow-white hair, and a stern suspiciousness in her wrinkled face. I have come to feel as if she had the evil eye, as she sits there watching, watching always, and for ever knotting the bark thread like one of the Fates, keeping a jealous watch on her son's two wives, and on other young women who come in to weave—neither the dulness nor the repose of old age about her; and her eyes gleam with a greedy light when she sees *saké*, of which she drains a bowl without taking breath. She alone is suspicious of strangers, and she thinks that my visit bodes no good to her tribe. I see her eyes fixed upon me now, and they make me shudder.

I had a good meal seated in my chair on the top of the guest-seat to avoid the fleas, which are truly legion. At dusk Shinondi returned, and soon people began to drop in, till eighteen were assembled, including the sub-chief, and several very grand-looking old men, with full, grey, wavy beards. Age is held in much reverence, and it is etiquette for these old men to do honour to a guest in the chief's absence. As each entered he saluted me several times, and after sitting down turned towards me and saluted again, going through the same ceremony with every other person. They said they had come 'to bid me welcome.' They took their places in rigid order at each side of the fire-place, which is six feet long, Benri's mother in the place of honour at the right, then Shinondi, then the sub-chief, and on the other side the old men. Besides these, seven women sat in a row in the background splitting bark. A large iron pan hung over the fire from a blackened arrangement above, and Benri's principal wife cut wild roots, green beans, and seaweed, and shred dried fish and venison among them, adding millet, water, and some strong-smelling fish-oil, and set the whole on to stew for three hours, stirring the 'mess' now and then with a wooden spoon.

Several of the older people smoke, and I handed round some mild tobacco, which they received with waving hands. I told them that I came from a land in the sea, very far away, where they saw the sun go down, so very far away that a horse would have to gallop day and night for five weeks to reach it, and that I had come a long journey to see them, and that I wanted to ask them many questions, so that when I went home I might tell my own people something about them. Shinondi and another man, who understood Japanese, bowed, and (as on every occasion) translated what I said into Aino for the venerable group opposite. Shinondi then said 'that he and Shinrichi, the other Japanese speaker, would tell me all they knew, but they were but young men, and only knew what was told to them. They would speak what they believed to be true, but the chief knew more than they, and when he came back he might tell me differently, and then I should think that they had spoken lies.' I said that no one who looked into their faces could think that they ever told lies. They were very much pleased, and waved their hands and stroked their beards repeatedly. Before they told me anything, they begged and prayed that I would not inform the Japanese Government

that they had told me of their customs, or harm might come to them!

For the next two hours, and for two more after supper, I asked them questions concerning their religion and customs, and again yesterday for a considerable time, and this morning, after Benri's return, I went over the same subjects with him, and have also employed a considerable time in getting about 300 words from them, which I have spelt phonetically of course, and intend to go over again when I visit the coast Ainos.

The process was slow, as both question and answer had to pass through three languages. There was a very manifest desire to tell the truth, and I think that their statements concerning their few and simple customs may be relied upon. I shall give what they told me separately when I have time to write out my notes in an orderly manner. I can only say that I have seldom spent a more interesting evening.

About nine the stew was ready, and the women ladled it into lacquer bowls with wooden spoons. The men were served first, but all ate together. Afterwards *saké*, their curse, was poured into lacquer bowls, and across each bowl a finely-carved '*saké-stick*' was laid. These sticks are very highly prized. The bowls were waved several times with an inward motion, then each man took his stick, and, dipping it into the *saké*, made six libations to the fire, and several to the 'god,' a wooden post with a quantity of spiral white shavings falling from near the top. The Ainos are not affected by *saké* nearly so easily as the Japanese. They took it cold, it is true, but each drank about three times as much as would have made a Japanese foolish, and it had no effect upon them. After two hours more talk one after another got up and went out, making profuse salutations to me and to the others. My candles had been forgotten, and our *séance* was held by the fitful light of the big logs on the fire, aided by a succession of chips of birch bark, with which a woman replenished a cleft stick that was stuck into the fire-hole. I never saw such a strangely picturesque sight as that group of magnificent savages with the fitful firelight on their faces, and for adjuncts the flare of the torch, the strong lights, the blackness of the recesses of the room and of the roof, at one end of which the stars looked in, and the row of savage women in the background—Eastern savagery and Western civilisation met in this hut, savagery giving, and civilisation receiving, the yellow-skinned Ito the connecting-link between the two, and the representative of a civilisation to which our own is but an 'infant of days.'

I found it very exciting, and when all had left crept out into the starlight. The lodges were all dark and silent, and the dogs, mild like their masters, took no notice of me. The only sound was the rustle of a light breeze through the surrounding forest. The verse came into my mind, 'It is not the will of your Father which is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish.' Surely these simple savages are children, as children to be judged; may we not hope as children to be saved through Him who came 'not to judge the world, but to save the world'?

I crept back again and into my mosquito net, and suffered not from fleas or mosquitoes, but from severe cold. Shinondi conversed with Ito for some time in a low musical voice, having previously asked if it would keep me from sleeping. No Japanese ever intermitted his ceaseless chatter at any hour of the night for a similar reason. Later, the chief's principal wife, Noma, stuck a triply-cleft stick in the fire-hole, put a potsherd with a wick and some fish-oil upon it, and by the dim light of this rude lamp sewed until midnight at a garment of bark cloth which she was ornamenting for her lord with strips of blue cloth, and when I opened my eyes the next morning she was at the window sewing by the earliest daylight. She is the most intelligent-looking of all the women, but looks sad and almost stern, and speaks seldom. Although she is the principal wife of the chief, she is not happy, for she is childless, and I thought that her sad look darkened into something evil as the other wife caressed a fine baby boy. Benri seems to me something of a brute, and the mother-in-law obviously holds the reins of government pretty tight. After sewing till midnight she swept the mats with a bunch of twigs, and then crept into her bed behind a hanging mat. For a moment in the stillness I felt a feeling of panic, as if I were incurring a risk by being alone among savages, but I conquered it, and after watching the fire till it went out, fell asleep till I was awoke by the severe cold of the next day's dawn.

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